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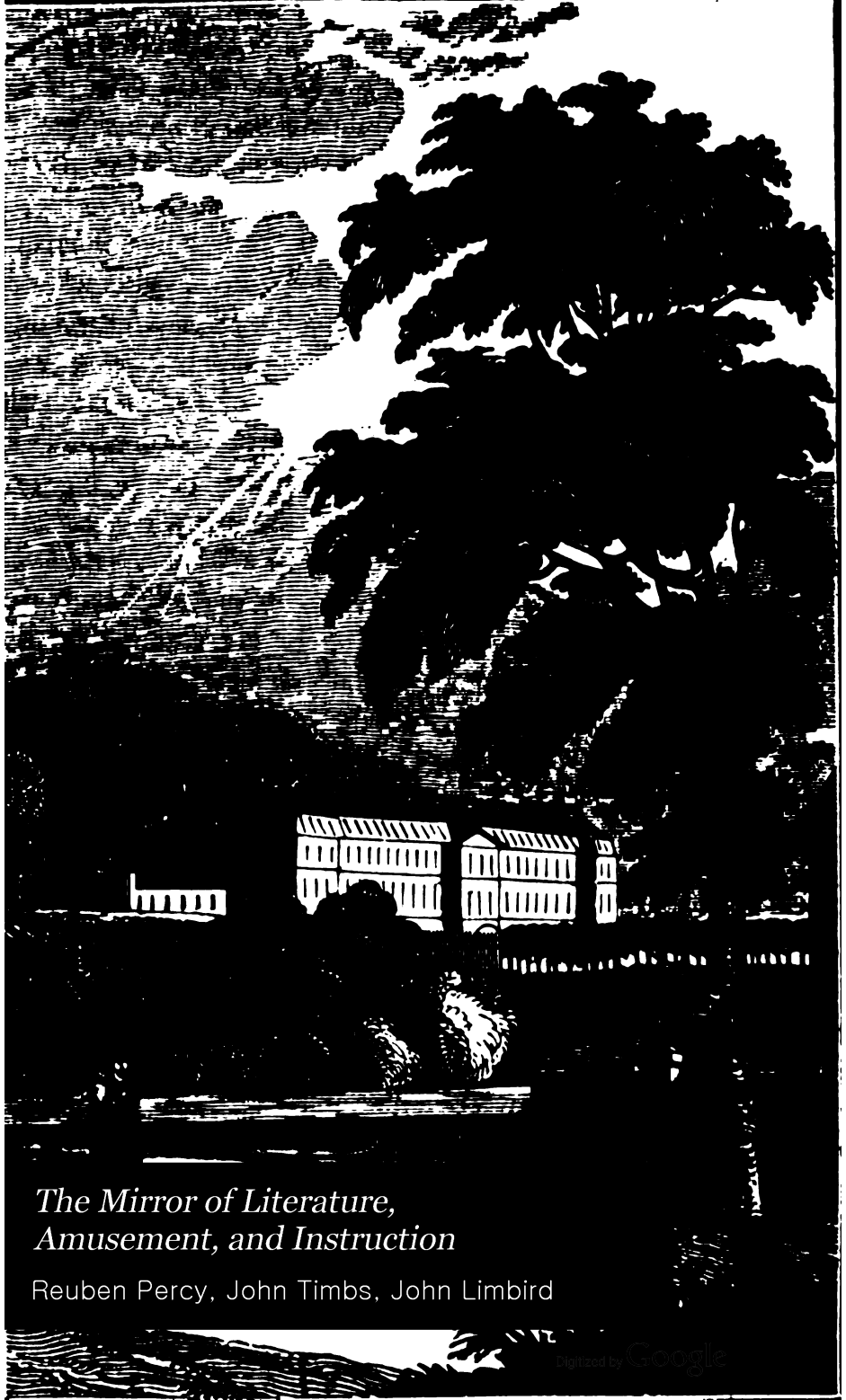

The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction

Reuben Percy, John Timbs, John Limbird

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Capt.ⁿ JOHN ROSS.

R. N.

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THE

Mirror

OF

LITE AMUSEMENT,

HISTORICAL NARR
SOCIETY; TOPOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTIONS; NOVELS
AND TALES; ANECDOTES;

SELECT EXTRACTS

FROM

NEW AND EXPENSIVE WORKS;

POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED;

The Spirit of the Public Journals;

DISCOVERIES IN THE ARTS AND SCIENCES;

USEFUL DOMESTIC HINTS;

&c. &c. &c.

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1833.

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PREFACE.

TIME and the tide of public favour have brought us to a twenty-second preface, and with it the pleasure of renewing our thanks to the patrons of this Miscellany. If this acknowledgment savour of sameness, we feel it does not lack sincerity; and, to quote from a succeeding page of this volume— "one of the sublimest things in the world is plain truth!"

Upon turning over the pages of this volume there will be found more novelty, or subjects of current interest, than in some of its predecessors. We use the term novelty in a qualified sense, being aware how little we see or hear that is actually new: the last new mode of paving Fleet-street was adopted in Pompeii many centuries since; steam was employed to blow up a house in the reign of Justinian; and the idea of a north-west passage is certainly not of our times, by nearly three centuries and a half. Yet, with all this barefaced borrowing from antiquity, there is a disposition abroad to disparage whatever is old. Critics begin to rate Shakspeare lowly; but while the *Spectator* is damned "an overpraised book," hundreds furtively dip their pens in the incorrodible ink of its pages. In morality, says Bruyere, "we are come too late, by several thousand years, to say anything new." Yet, people who seem to ride upon mankind, like Pyrrhus on his elephant, are constantly vaunting their originality, forgetting that "there is not so poor a book in the world, that would not be a prodigious effort, were it wrought out entirely by a single mind, without the aid of prior investigators."

It may be a comparison of large things with small to say that such an opinion will be evident in every sheet of this Miscellany, from its commencement. To render it a storehouse of facts and searches after profitable knowledge, and place these in the most entertaining and attractive forms, has been our constant aim; while a not less inviting feature of our plan has been to catch questions of public interest, "living

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as they rose," and bring to their illustration such facts, views, and bearings, as our industry could command, and our best judgment select. In this portion of our duty, we have been influenced by no desire to please or flatter any party; to sweeten sentiments to suit the taste of any knot of theorists, or to recommend any set of schemes for improvement to especial adoption. We have, on the other hand, left such matters on their own merits, and thus, at least, maintained impartiality.

Public improvements and occurrences are, perhaps, most prominent in the following pages; but the picturesqueness of English antiquities has not been forgotten among notices of schemes for raising what a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* calls "the standard of comfort." The donjon tower and castle wall are not passed by for the wonders of the steam engine; nor is the preservation of ancient art neglected for the triumphs of modern science. Neither has the enlargement of our knowledge of nature been overlooked, nor her splendid world been left for the mere contrivances of man. To cherish kindly feelings, and to draw more closely the cords of affection that should bind all mankind as one great family, is the object of many a scene or sketch from social life; and a lively anecdote often illustrates a point or principle more effectually than a well-rounded discourse: for men are better taught by example than precept. By means such as these we have endeavonred to provide the reader with a successive fund of instruction and entertainment; with what fortune his favour has best determined. Past success shall stimulate us to further diligence, and our ample recompense will be the continued encouragement of an enlightened public.

DECEMBER, 23, 1833.

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OUTLINE OF THE PUBLIC SERVICES
OF
CAPTAIN JOHN ROSS, R.N.

Of Captain Ross' early appointments and services in the Navy, we find the following recent record.* He was made Lieutenant in March, 1805; advanced to the rank of Commander in February, 1812; and appointed to the Briseis brig, of 10 guns, on the Baltic station, March 21st, in the same year. In the night of June 28th following, his lieutenant, Thomas Jones, with a midshipman and 18 men, most gallantly attacked and recaptured an English merchant-ship, lying in Pillau Roads, armed, in expectation of such an attempt, with 6 guns and 4 swivels, defended by a party of French troops on her deck, and surrounded by small craft in the act of receiving her cargo. In this affair, the British had one man killed, and the midshipman, one sailor, and one marine wounded. In October, the Briseis captured Le Petit Poncet, French privateer, of 4 guns and 23 men, and drove on shore three other vessels of the same description. Captain Ross' subsequent appointments were, June 7, 1814, to the Actæon, of 16 guns; August 23, 1815, to the Driver sloop; and, in 1818, to the command of the first Polar expedition of the present century.

The details of this expedition will be found in the second volume of *The Mirror;* but it is necessary to repeat them for the completeness of this outline. When the late war was at an end, and the British government had time to employ some portion of its marine in the labours of peace, it was determined to send an expedition to explore Baffin's Bay and search for a north-west passage into the Pacific. For this purpose, the Isabella,† of 368 tons, and 58 officers and men, and the brig Alexander, of 252 tons, and 37 officers and men, were fitted out, and placed under the command of Captain Ross, whose experience in the navigation of northern seas recommended him to the post: the Alexander, being commanded by Lieutenant (now Sir Edward) Parry.

On April 25, 1818, the ships put to sea, and, on the 30th, anchored in Lerwick harbour, Shetland, which they quitted on the 3d of May. They made the first iceberg on the 26th, considerably to the southward of Cape Farewell. Proceeding along the coast of Greenland, the ships, on June 14th, reached Kron-Prins Island, and, on the 23d, were stopped by the ice, in company with several whalers, near Four-point Island, about ten miles to the northward of Wiggat, or Hare Island. From observations made at the island of Wiggat, it appeared that this coast was erroneously laid down in all the charts; the error in longitude, in those of the Admiralty, amounting to more than 5°. On July 5th, the ships were enabled to advance; on the 31st, they parted company with the last whaler; and, on the 6th and 7th of August, were in great danger from being caught by a gale of wind among the ice. The two ships ran foul of each other; the ice-anchors and cables broke, one after another; and the sterns of the vessels came so violently into contact, as to crush to pieces a boat that could not be removed in time. Nothing but the admirable manner in which they had been strengthened enabled the Isabella and Alexander to weather the storm.

In lat. 75° 54′, when the ships had passed what were hitherto deemed the inhabited parts of Greenland, a party of Esquimaux were seen approaching the navigators over the ice. Further on, our voyagers saw cliffs covered with snow of a deep red colour, which, when thawed, had the appearance of muddy port wine. Some of it was brought home, and submitted to the examination of chemists and naturalists: "a few pronounced that the colouring matter was of an animal, more of a vegetable, nature; but the question seems now

* Spectator Newspaper, Nov. 2, 1833.

† The Isabella was launched at Hull, in the year 1812, and named after the daughter of one of the owners, the late W. Moxon, Esq. for whom, and J. White, Esq. of Cottingham, the vessel was built. She was then engaged in the transport service, and was at the taking of St. Sebastian, with the troops, when several of the crew were killed. After the war she was selected by the government for the Polar expedition, and fitted up as above. A detailed account of the fittings, with a drawing of the vessel, will be found in the *Nautical Magazine* for December, 1833.

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decided in favour of the latter opinion, an extremely minute lichen being supposed to vegetate even upon snow."*

Captain Ross, though acknowledged to be an experienced commander, appears to have been, in most instances, indifferent to the objects of this expedition. He passed Wolstenholm Sound and Whale Sound without examining them; and he sailed so distant as only to discover the great inlet on the northern coast of Baffin's Bay, which Baffin named Sir Thomas Smith's Sound; and, by carelessness, which he must have felt to be hazardous to his own fame, he pronounced inlets to be only bays, the terminations of which he asserted, on his single authority, to be visible.

We have not space to follow the voyagers step by step, but must hasten to the result. "On descending the western shore of Baffin's Bay, towards the south, a great change was observed; the sea was clear of ice, and extremely deep; its temperature was increased, the land was high, and the mountains in general, free from snow." This promising aspect raised the hopes of the voyagers generally, but not that of their Commander, and his conduct on the occasion is thus related in one of the most valuable histories of the time.† "On the morning of August 30, the two ships stood into the inlet in Baffin's Bay, known by the name of Lancaster Sound, driven onward by a fine easterly wind, through a sea entirely free from ice. Towards evening, the wind rather headed the ships, and continued unfair throughout that night. Daylight on the 31st came, and still no ice was to be seen. The ships were now in the midst of a channel about 15 leagues wide, and continued standing on until three o'clock in the afternoon; when the Isabella, then four or five miles a head of the Alexander, in lat. 74° 14′ 50″ north, longitude 80° 9′ 50″ west, tacked, and stood back." In explanation, Captain Ross affirmed that he saw land stretching across the inlet, at eight leagues distance; and this imaginary range of hills which seemed to prevent his progress to the west, he named *Croker's Mountains*. His officers were, however, confident that the inlet, now recognized as Lancaster Sound, was a strait communicating with the open sea to the westward; and their mortification at thus hastily leaving it can scarcely be described. Proceeding southward, the Commander showed the same indifference to add to our geographical information of the coast. On October 1, the ship reached the entrance of Cumberland Strait, where much might have been done; but Captain Ross directed his course homeward, and returned to England without accident. He published an account of his expedition in a quarto volume, in the following year 1819; when his conduct was severely animadverted on. Meanwhile, lieutenant Parry had sailed on another expedition, and instead of Captain Ross' land, found a sea without bottom, at 170 fathoms, and subsequently passed the meridian of 110° west longitude, in latitude 74° 44′ 20″, and thus entitled the crew to £5000. the first sum in the scale of rewards granted by Parliament. Thus, it has been well observed, Captain Ross, in this expedition, "unhappily for himself, although too easily satisfied of the contrary, pointed out the very course which led to the discoveries of his more fortunate successor, Sir Edward Parry.‡" Captain Ross was absent about seven months, during which time, not an officer or man was on the sick list.

Such a result would have daunted many vigorous minds; but it had a contrary effect upon Captain Ross. The mistrust with which his statements were received, and the success with which his failure was followed up by Parry, stimulated him to the important duty of establishing his own views, and thus clearing himself of the imputations which had been unsparingly thrown upon his skill. Government could not be expected to sanction another attempt by an outfit; but, in 1829, Captain Ross was enabled by his friend Mr. Felix Booth, (late Sheriff of London and Middlesex), to equip an expedition in a superior style; consisting of the Victory steamer, formerly a Liverpool trader, with twenty-three men. In May, in the above year, the Captain, his nephew,

* History of Maritime and Inland Discovery, vol. iii. (Cabinet Cyclopædia.)
† James's Naval History of Great Britain, vol. iii.
‡ Nautical Magazine,

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Commander Ross, and their intrepid companions left the Thames, their object being, in the Captain's words, "to solve, if possible, the question of a north-west passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, particularly by Prince Regents' Inlet." "This," observes the *Nautical Magazine*, "appears to have been Sir Edward Parry's favourite theory in the voyage after returning from Melville Island, when the Fury was lost on the western shore of the inlet."

In crossing the Atlantic, the Victory was dismasted by a storm; but the damage being repaired from the wreck of a whaler, she wintered on the west coast of Greenland, and was seen in the summer of 1830, standing across Baffin's Bay. Her crew were then in excellent health and high spirits; and the Victory, in her captain's estimation, was in better trim than when she left the port of London. Captain Ross fixed the autumn of 1832 as the period of his return, his provisions being calculated to last so long. He not, however, having returned by that time, it was feared that his vessel had been destroyed; although, if such had been the case, Captain Ross and his crew would probably have escaped; since a ship in high latitudes is seldom crushed so suddenly as to afford no time to launch the boats, with a supply of arms and provisions on the ice. The interest excited for the safety of the voyagers now led to a proposal for a land expedition in search of them.

It formed part of Captain Ross' plan to visit the wreck of the Fury, and to return and winter beside it, if in the course of the summer, he could penetrate to the westward. It was, therefore, in Regents Inlet, that the search for him or some trace of him, was most likely to be successful; and for thence the expedition, headed by Captain Back, left England, in February last; his outfit being provided by 7000*l.* raised by subscription.*

The first intelligence of Captain Back, after he had left Montreal, where he may be said to have commenced his undertaking, appeared in the same newspaper with the report of the safe return of Captain Ross, and his companions, except three; two of whom died on the voyage out, and one at a later period. The earliest account of their safety was received in a letter from the agent to Lloyd's, at Peterhead, dated the 12th of October, the intelligence having been brought home by the Clarendon whaler from Davis's Straits. "Hope had been excited in consequence of the arrival of the Cove, Greenlandman, in the Tyne, which vessel had picked up a portable soup-canister, near a small hut in which coal had been used as fuel. The site was Eardly Bay, near the entrance of Prince Regent's Inlet. The Swan, (of Hull) another whaler, picked up several tobacco-pipes, marked Deptford, not far from the same place; and these came as a presage of the happy omen."† On Friday morning, October 18th, last, Captain Ross, Commander Ross, Mr. Thom, the naturalist, and Mr. M'Diarmid, the surgeon, arrived at Hull in a steam-packet from Rotterdam; whither they had been carried by the Isabella, Captain Humphreys, the vessel which conveyed them from the ice-regions, and which is the very ship in which Captain Ross made his first voyage of discovery in 1818.‡ The news was immediately communicated to the King; on the 20th, Captain Ross reported himself at the Admiralty, and on the same day the Captain and Commodore Ross dined with his Majesty at Windsor. The Captain wore the Swedish order of the Sword, which he received after the battle of Ratan, in which he served as flag-captain. In the following week, a narrative of the voyage, under the signature of Captain Ross himself, was communicated to the public journals through the Admiralty and Lloyd's; but, as this document has appeared in nearly every newspaper,

* It would occopy more room than we can spare, and require illustration, to explain the track of Captain Back's land expedition: a paper on which was read by the Captain, before the Royal Geographical Society, on November 26, 1832. A subscription was also opened for the outfit of a voyage by sea in search of Captain Ross, the amount of which it is now proposed to apply "to the relief of the ship-wrecked mariners, who have lost their all, and remuneration of those instrumental to the preservation of their lives."

† Literary Gazette.

‡ After the return of this expedition, the Isabella was paid off, and the vessel was then sold to the present owners, who have strengthened her for the whale fisheries, and thus enabled her to go further into the ice than other ships could venture.

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and literary and scientific publication, and at page 281-3 of the present volume of *the Mirror*, it is not requisite to reprint it. We prefer quoting an outline of the memoir of Captain Ross' discoveries, read by him to the Geographical Society, at the first meeting of the present session :

"The Victory encountered severe weather, and had to sail across the Atlantic to Davis's Straits under a jury-mast. At Holstenberg, a port belonging to the Danish government, the vessel was rigged anew and repaired from the wreck of a whaler; the adventurous party then set sail again, and had open sea to Fury Beach. Here, four years previously, Commodore Ross (the captain's nephew) had assisted in preserving the provisions saved from the wreck of the Fury, little dreaming that these provisions would be the means of prolonging and saving his life, and the lives of others, so long afterwards. The winter was passed by the officers in scientific inquiry—by the men in amusement. The spring was enlivened by a friendly visit from some Esquimaux, with whom our party went on an excursion, travelling on sledges, drawn by hand and dogs: a skin-boat, in which the adventurers crossed rivers in their route, served also as a roof to the snowy burrows in which they passed their nights. Nothing remarkable attracting their notice, they turned to the southern shore, which appeared to be of granitic formation—bold and high, possessing numerous islands and inlets. Here Captain Ross, by a fall, broke two of his ribs; which terminated inquiry for 1830. The winter was severe, the thermometer sinking to 92 below the freezing point of Fahr. It was then that the true magnetic pole of the earth was ascertained—the perpendicularity of the needle could not be doubted. The party continued to suffer much from cold. So intense was the frost, that water froze within a short distance of the fire kept constantly burning at either end of the tent. The weather becoming milder, Captain Ross and his companions ultimately left Fury Beach, three of the number being sick and requiring to be occasionally carried. In lat. 72° 30′ they fell in with the Isabella, and were immediately taken on board, after having been four years lost to the civilised world."

It is reasonable to suppose that the adventures of Captain Ross and his enterprising party, during their absence of four years and a half, will form a most interesting narrative; though it has been surmised that the dangerous experiment will add but little to our knowledge. Commander James Ross is stated to have made some interesting magnetic, meteorological, and other observations; but geography can be little benefited by the journey. This will be seen on the publication of Captain Ross' Journal, which, with the accompanying maps, are in course of preparation under the able editorship of Mr. Barrow, who is understood to have been the originator of the expedition, which led Captain Ross to undertake his recent voyage.

The liberal and judicious conduct already shown by our Government towards Captain Ross and his crew should not, however, be passed over. "Although the crew were actually privately engaged for this expedition, and had consequently no claim on the national purse, the Admiralty has caused them to be paid as if they had been in his Majesty's service; and double pay has been issued to every man for the time out, as was done to the sailors who accompanied Sir Edward Parry. The extent of pay thus issued will amount, we see it estimated, to between four and five thousand pounds; which will give to each man about the net sum of two hundred pounds."*

Among the honorary tributes already paid to the intrepidity of Captain Ross, are the following. The Gottenburg Society of Science and Literature has enrolled the Captain among its members; and the freedoms of the City of London, and of Liverpool, have been voted to him. The Council of the Geographical Society have also awarded him their annual geographical premium.

At the conclusion of the year 1832, the Duke of Sussex, as President of the Royal Society, in his Anniversary address, had to allude to the probable loss of Captain Ross and his brave companions. At a similar meeting in the present year, on Nov. 30, his Royal Highness feelingly observed: "With sincere pleasure he had now to announce, that the lost had been found; the importance of the discoveries made by the bold adventurer, was of little moment compared with the fact of his unexpected restoration to his family and friends."†

* Literary Gazette. † Athenæum.

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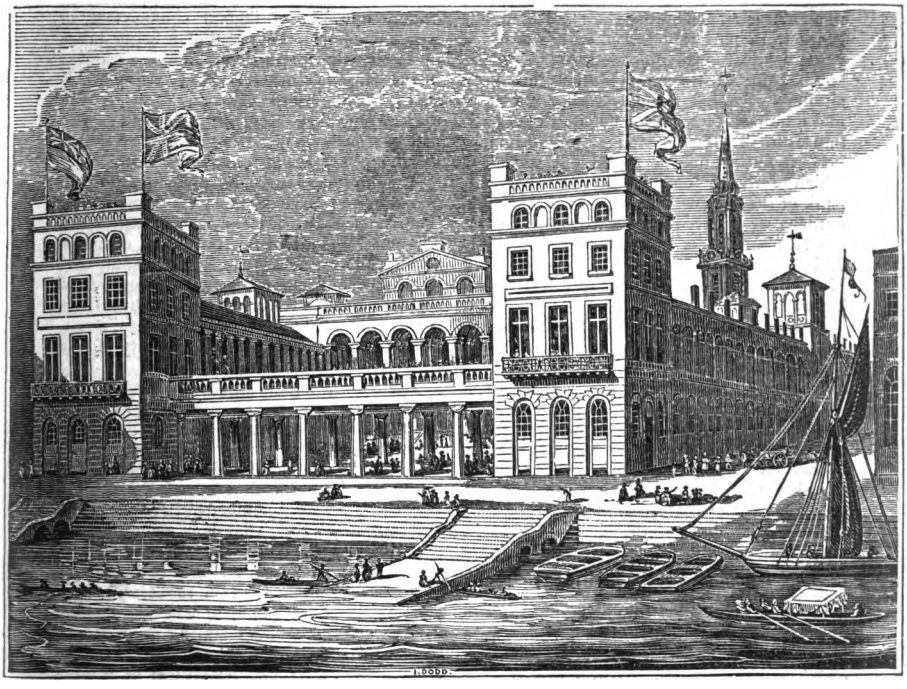
The Mirror

OF

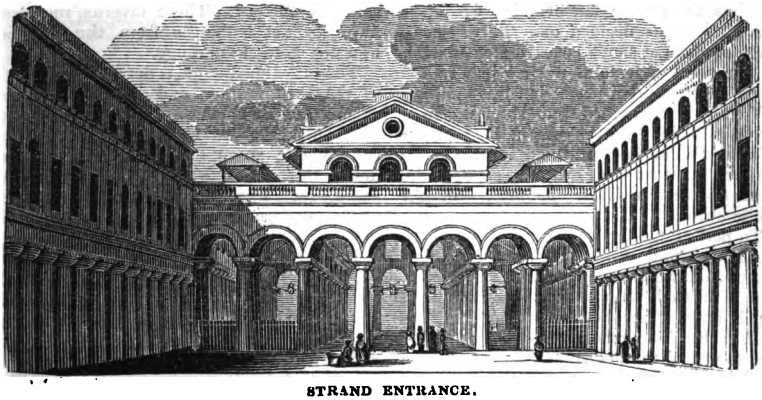
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 613.] SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1833. [Price 2*d*.

HUNGERFORD (NEW) MARKET.



RIVER FRONT.



STRAND ENTRANCE.

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HUNGERFORD (NEW) MARKET, STRAND.

THE revival of Hungerford Market was first agitated about nine years since. The old market had almost become a nuisance to its neighbourhood; and its removal, and the substitution of premises of greater extent suggested itself to a public-spirited Company, upon whose responsibility the handsome new Market, in part represented on the annexed page, has just been completed.

The site of the new Market has been similarly occupied for upwards of a century and a half. Here originally stood Hungerford Inn, the town residence of the Hungerford family, one of the stately mansions which formerly embellished the northern bank of the Thames, and to whose appended gardens we referred in our recent paper on the London Walks and Gardens. Hungerford Inn must have stood between York House, and Suffolk, or the present Northumberland, House.

We are not informed of the motives which led the Hungerfords to convert their mansion and gardens into a market, though conjecture attributes it to their waning fortunes. Malcolm tells us that Sir Edward Hungerford, "influenced by the same motives that prompted his illustrious eastern neighbours, determined to sacrifice the honours of his ancestors, at the shrine of Plutus; and obtained an act in the reign of Charles II. to make leases of the site of his mansion and grounds, where a market was soon afterwards erected."* This privilege was granted in 1679, but, with the restriction of malt, meal, and grain, from being offered for sale in the Market. In the year 1685, however, the Market rights were fully established, with license to sell the above articles, granted to Sir Stephen Fox, and Sir Christopher Wren, the then proprietors of the Market estate. Of the old premises there were few remains when the new Market was decided on. These were a range of stalls or shops beneath a colonnade, on the west side, and a lofty hall in the centre of the Market-place; but this building had long been divided into stables. In a niche over its entrance was a bust of Sir Edward Hungerford, with an inscription to the purport that Sir Edward erected the Market-place "*utilitati publicæ*," or for public utility.

To perfect the buildings and to purchase the Hungerford estate and some adjoining ground, on which they have been erected, was estimated at upwards of 200,000*l.*; which amount has been raised in shares of 100*l.* each. The general plan of the Market was to extend the buildings from the Strand to the front of the river, from the design of Mr. Fowler, the architect of the new Market, Covent Garden.

* Londinium Redivivum, vol. iv. p. 308.

The new embankment was commenced in 1830, and the first stone of the building was laid by Lord Dover, on the 18th of June, 1831, so that little more than two years have been occupied in the erection of this great work. The whole area of the Company's estate comprises about three acres and a quarter; of which the Market buildings occupy upwards of 60,000 square feet, or nearly one-half—the remainder being taken up in the wharf, approaches, and accessories; in which are included New Hungerford-street, Hungerford Arcade, forming the eastern entrance from the Adelphi; and part of Charles-court, which has been pulled down, and at present remains vacant.

The buildings may be divided into two quadrangles; a large hall; the front facing the river; and the land, or Strand front. The buildings are of fine brick, the columns, (of the Tuscan order,) stairs, pavement, and parts of the frontages being throughout of granite; and the cost of the market-buildings is stated at 53,000*l.*, a moderate sum, considering the great extent and solidity of the work.

The wharf, represented in the first Engraving, has a frontage of more than 220 feet. Spacious and easy granite stairs project from its centre, with a causeway extending 150 feet into the river. This front consists of a central colonnade (with a commodious balustraded roof or terrace) flanked by two handsome buildings, which have flat roofs, or terraces at the top, formed of tiles and cement upon iron bearers. These buildings are fitted up as taverns, and their terraced roofs will form pleasant prospect galleries, whence the delightful scenery of the Thames, its southern bank, and the verdant Surrey hills, may be enjoyed with the social festivities of "mine inn;" and from the balconied windows, the ardour of a boat-race on the river may be closely witnessed. These taverns, moreover, have distinct entrances from the galleries over the Market-buildings.

The lower quadrangle is devoted exclusively to the Fish Market, and is 120 by 70 feet within the colonnades. There are 24 compartments or shops at the sides, besides a considerable space for stalls and benches under the colonnades; the whole of this space, including the open court and the vaults underneath, forming an extensive range of cellarage.

From the Fish Market the ascent is by a spacious flight of steps leading to the Hall, the dimensions of which are 188 by 123 feet. It consists of a nave and two aisles, besides ranges of shops against the side walls, with galleries over, the latter being approached by four staircases at the extremities. The whole building is lighted and ventilated from above, the centre part or nave being raised by open arches, and the

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roofs of the aisles carried up in the centre with open intervals. The floor of the Hall contains twenty-three shops; the eastern side being for the sale of fruit and vegetables, and the western side for poultry, butchers' meat, &c. The galleries contain ranges of counters for the display of ornamental wares, as in a bazaar. Under the whole of this building is a double tier of cellars and warehouses, covered with brick vaulting, and having entrances from various points, so as to be independent of uses connected with the shops above them.

The upper quadrangle is 140 feet by 70 feet in the clear of the colonnades, and is occupied by shops with dwellings, which are appropriated to range with those in the Hall, keeping the two sides quite distinct. The principal approach is from the Strand, *(see the second Engraving,)* through the New Hungerford-street, which is 163 feet in length and 30 feet wide. The east entrance from Duke-street, Adelphi, is formed by an arcade 12 feet wide, lighted from above, and flanked by shops on each side; over the eastern end of which are erected the court room and offices of the Company, forming a conspicuous and lofty elevation towards the Adelphi. The western entrance is by a court from Craven-street.

Mr. Fowler will be remembered as the architect of the new Covent Garden Market, which has been described as a structure "of great architectural beauty and elegance:" but he is considered to have surpassed his former undertakings in the design and execution of the New Hungerford Market; and a writer in the *Morning Chronicle* asserts that "there is not to be witnessed, in this or any other country, a building so light and elegant, at the same time so substantial and roomy, or so well suited for its purposes." We are not prepared to accord with every word of this high encomium; though we cheerfully allow the architectural merit of the New Hungerford buildings to be of a superior order. They partake highly of that classic character which, in this country, has but of late years distinguished structures intended for commercial purposes; for, the market-places of old England were indeed unsightly and unpretending piles.

But, there remain other and more important advantages to be considered in connexion with this new Market. The principal of these result from its situation on the bank of the Thames, the life-stream of this vast metropolis. On this account much must be conceded on the scores of convenience, cleanliness, and salubrity. The Fish Market deserves first mention; for the supply of fish will be entirely conveyed by the river, a plan which threatens an alleged monopoly in the old market at Billingsgate—by which close attention to self-interest, the price of the commodity is enhanced to the consumers, especially to those resident at the west end of the town.* Next, the Company are desirous of encouraging the sale of country-killed meat, (acknowledged to be of superior wholesomeness,) so as to abate the nuisance of driving cattle through the crowded streets, and slaughtering them in the very nucleus of the pent-up city. Thirdly, many of the Essex farmers have turned their attention to market-gardening, and, it is supposed they will gladly avail themselves of this opportunity of sending their produce to market direct by water carriage; though, this is a minor advantage of the new Market, considering the almost equal proximity of Covent Garden to the river. Altogether, the great extent of the Market premises, as counting-houses, warehouses, vaults, independently of the accommodations for retail dealers, is well adapted for various and important business in provisions, malt, hops, corn, seed, flour, &c.

The New Market was formally opened to the public on the 2nd inst. by what our neighbours would call a *fête bourgeoise*. Many thousand persons were present, on the river, and in all parts of the Market. The galleries of the lower quadrangle were filled with gay company admitted by tickets. Cannon announced the commencement of the ceremonies, and pealed its joyous thunder at intervals throughout the eventful day. The formal business was by a procession formed of the Market beadle, workmen, contractors, and architect of the Market, with the Directors and other officers of the Company, and the parochial authorities, through the bounds of the premises; and by the Chairman of the Company delivering an appropriate address, followed by a band of music playing "God save the King." The sports then commenced with a regatta: next, a balloon was filled in the lower quadrange, and at four o'clock, Mr. Graham, and two companions,† ascended magnificently. The taverns, their roofs, and the river terrace, with the steps and causeway, were crowded throughout the day; and many were the Johnsonian "thrones of human felicity" set up on this festal occasion in the tavern rooms and roofs; their occupants verifying the great moralist's definition of a tavern chair. Flags streamed in every direction, and music lent its stirring charms to the more substantial fare.

In the evening, the terrace was prettily lit with many-hued lamps, which threw their variegated fires on the river. Fireworks followed; then a ball on the terrace, and the festivities were loud long after the witching and piping time of midnight.

* Probably the female dealers in this portion of the new Market may be of gentler manners than "the ladies of the British fishery," as Goldsmith, with elegant humour, terms the fishwomen of Billingsgate.

† Our respected Correspondent, *P. T. W.* and his brother.

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THE NEW CREATION.

(From the German.)

A NOBLEMAN, who inherited from a rich uncle a large tract of land, that was marshy, unfruitful, and desert, had the waters and fens drained, and all sorts of trees and vegetables planted therein: so that it became a pleasant garden, with a shady, little wood, which extended itself to the village. Some years after, the teacher of his youth visited the nobleman, who showed him how he had drained the lazy moor-ground, and converted it into a beautiful garden. The old teacher beheld all with joy, and extolled the single as the whole. The possessor, however, recounted how much more yet he intended to cultivate it, and inclose in the plantations all sorts of game, and what enjoyment the little creation assured to him. "Thou deservest such," answered the old man, "since thou, in godlike man, hast created anew the deadly fen into a habitation of life and joy; but there is wanting one thing to complete this creation." "And what may that be?" asked the nobleman. "Knowest thou not," said the old man, "that when God the Lord had created the garden of Eden, he placed the man therein?" The rich man, however, was silent, and took these words to heart; and when in the next spring, the faithful old teacher visited him again, he led him round about, even to the end of the little wood. Here stood two friendly buildings. Then smiled the old man, squeezed the nobleman's hand, and said, "I knew well that thy heart would understand me. Now has love the work completed." The buildings were, the one an orphan house, the other a school.

W. G. C.

THE "INIMITABLE" BANK NOTE.

IT is, we believe, generally known to the mercantile interest in London, that, a few years since, an engraving for a Bank of England note was produced by a celebrated machinist, which was pronounced to be inimitable; and that it was about to be adopted by that establishment as a certain panacea against forgery; the inventer having assured the principals that the machinery requisite to produce an imitation would require a capital of, at least, twenty thousand pounds. It is not, however, so well known what circumstances induced the Bank to relinquish its adoption. The public expectation was excited at the time; but it gradually died away, and the subject has long since been forgotten. The following account may be relied on, as containing an authentic explanation of this now obsolete affair.

One of these alleged "inimitable" notes happened to fall into the hands of a gentleman residing in Cambridgeshire, who was well known in the neighbourhood for his mechanical genius, and particularly for his skill *as an amateur* at the lathe.

Upon a minute examination of the note in question, it forcibly occurred to him, that every stroke of the engraving was produced by the geometrical lathe; and, conversing on the subject with a brother ameteur of the wheel, he was confirmed in this opinion by the full concurrence of the latter therein. With this impression they went together to the Bank of England; and being introduced to one of the chief clerks, requested to see one of the new notes; which being handed to them, a conversation ensued, in which the clerk expressed his entire conviction that it would prove a certain preventive to forgery. The result of the interview was the following proposal on the part of the gentlemen: viz. that they would attempt an imitation of the note; and should they be unsuccessful, would take the expense upon themselves; but, if they succeeded, then the expense should be defrayed by the Bank, or the clerk on their behalf. This disinterested proposal was instantly acceded to; and, *like gentlemen*, the proposers required no other *than a verbal guruntee*.

Having made this arrangement, they went to an old turner, well known in the trade for his great skill; and one of the notes being submitted to his inspection, he undertook to produce a fac-simile of it in a month. Accordingly, at the expiration of that period, when they again waited on him, he produced a note taken from his engraving, which fully justified their previous opinion as to the mode in which the original note was produced. The engraving itself was on steel of the hardest temper—so much so as to resist, and even spoil, every tool of the same metal the workman applied to it, and he was at length obliged to have recourse to *diamond*, with which he effected the object.

Perfectly satisfied with the execution of the work, the gentlemen paid the cost, (which exceeded a hundred pounds;) and repairing to the Bank of England, handed to the same gentleman with whom the agreement was made, half-a-dozen notes, among which was the "inimitable" one, and requested him to select his own. So close, however, was the resemblance of the copy to the original, that he confessed himself unable to do so. It will, then, be scarcely believed, that he refused to pay the expenses incurred, *unless he was allowed to take the whole merit of the discovery as his own!*

Indignant at this conduct, they demanded to be introduced to the chief cashier. This gentleman, who comprehended in a moment the importance of the discovery, treated them with all the attention their disinterested conduct entitled them to, and without hesitation paid the account; and they subsequently received from him a letter, on behalf of the

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directors, thanking them for the essential service they had thus rendered to their establishment. A CORRESPONDENT.

CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE TURKS.

IT is now 380 years since the proud and persecuting followers of Mahomet became masters of one of the finest capitals in Europe; and mosques usurped the place of churches, where the meek followers of Christ poured forth their praise and thanksgiving to the throne of a beneficent Creator; the fine language of Holy Writ gave way to the dogmas of the Koran; and arts, sciences, and literature, to spoliation, rapine, and ignorance.

The Turkish empire, politically speaking, may, however, be said to have expired since its occupation by the Russians; and, whatever may be the duration of their sway, it is to be hoped that some amelioration will be speedily effected in the social condition of the ill-fated people. Of their superstitious character, the Rev. Mr. Hughes gives the following eloquent view, in his *Travels in Greece*:—

"It is possible," says he, "that the people of England may be unacquainted with the superstition of these barbarians, who are so zealously supported by Christian powers! They may not know that it is fiercely and implacably hostile to Christianity—that it was hatched and matured in falsehood, hypocrisy, and blood—that it addresses itself to the sensual appetites and corrupt passions—that it cherishes inordinate pride, fanatic zeal, and is a pander to the most abominable impurities—that it degrades the dignity of human nature, and depreciates the value of human life—that it encourages ignorance, by representing all arts, sciences, and literature, as unnecessary, or prejudicial to mankind, unless warranted by the Koran—that it produces mental torpor and apathy, chilling every tendency to speculative exertion, or intellectual and moral improvement, by the desolating doctrines of predestination—finally, that it establishes the horrid principle, that civil and political power shall depend exclusively upon faith in the law of Mahomet, whilst it exposes every Christian to the unrestrained brutality and irresponsible tyranny of the vilest wretch that wears a turban. If the reader would learn what insults and horrors the very ministers of the Gospel are subjected to in this vile land of abominations—if he has forgotten the public execution of the Patriarch of Constantinople, hung like a dog at the gates of his own cathedral—let him peruse a narrative, which I have extracted from the interesting work of my friend, M. Pouqueville, formerly consul of France at the court of Ali Pacha:—

"'Would the reader know more concerning the internal government of this wretched country? Let him take the portrait as I am able to sketch it from personal observation; for I have traversed no small part of these interesting realms, so rich in all the gifts of bountiful nature, and so dispoiled by tyrant man. I have seen the pallid countenances and squalid forms of their wretched peasantry, worn to the very bones by labour, want, and oppression—I have seen blows inflicted by wanton authority, and borne with patient submission—I have seen those, who, by commercial or any other fortunate speculations, had amassed wealth, either careful to hide it from their rapacious tyrants under the external garb of misery, or dissipating it in prodigality, in order that they might secure a few moments of happiness, and then live upon the recollection of the past—I have seen rich and amiable families turned out of houses and possessions, at the caprice of a Pacha, who desired them for his favourites—I have seen whole districts so appropriated, after the inhabitants had been exposed to unheard-of persecutions, in order to make them voluntarily throw up their territory into the hands of a tyrant—I have rode over the ruins of large villages, scathed by the flames of destruction, because some reputable family had refused to deliver up a beautiful son or daughter, as the victim of that tyrant's execrable lusts—I have seen part of the Turkish population, in a large city, armed against its Frank inhabitants, cutting and maiming with swords and ataghans every Christian they met with, on account of a private quarrel—I have seen large towns professing the Mahometan faith, whose inhabitants had all to a man apostatized from that of their forefathers, to escape the inordinate exactions and oppressive cruelties to which as Christians they were subjected—I have seen rich tracts of country turned into deserts, fields languishing without culture, and cities fallen into decay, where misrule and injustice had combined with plague and famine against the constitution of society; and, as public immorality flourishes most and grows up to maturity, under the reign of despotism; I have seen apostates, false witnesses, secret poisoners, open assassins, and all the other agents of unlimited tyranny, clothed in the spoils and rioting on the property of their unhappy victims. In short, I have seen a nation humbled, degraded, and abused; I have seen man, made in his Maker's likeness, reduced below the standard of the brute creation, living without civil or political existence, plundered without remorse, tortured without mercy, and slaughtered without commiseration!'"*

* Our thanks are due to our zealous correspondent *W. G. C.*, for pointing attention to these powerful extracts. An outline of the taking of Constantinople by the Turks was printed in *The Mirror*, vol. xii. which circumstance will not allow us farther to avail ourselves of *W. G. C.*'s obliging offer.

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New Books.

SHIPWRECKS AND DISASTERS AT SEA.

[These form the 78th and 79th volumes of *Constable's Miscellany*, the issue of which we are glad to see resumed with subjects of such intense interest. The Editor, Mr. Cyrus Redding, observes in the Preface:]

These volumes may be regarded, in some respect, as a continuation of what has been already laid before the reader in the earlier portion of this miscellany. The losses of the Antelope, Pandora, and Medusa, as well as the perils of Madame Godin, and the captivity of De Brisson, were published some time ago. The present narratives of the same nature have been drawn from valid authorities, British and foreign, and have been condensed, in order, while nothing material is omitted, to bring into the smallest compass as much interesting matter as possible. Thus they continue a record of the fortitude, patience, and suffering of gallant seamen under perils, oftentimes beyond example in human endurance.

[The first of the volumes is occupied with Narratives of the Polar and Northern Seas, from 900, and Zeno, in 1380, (not 1830, as printed in the Contents,) to the Loss of the Lady Hobart in 1808.

The second volume contains disasters in different climates, chronologically arranged. One of the most interesting of the narratives is that of—]

The Famine in the Peggy.

From the following narrative it is probable Byron drew part of the shipwreck scene in Don Juan. The sloop Peggy, commanded by Captain Harrison, sailed from New York in 1765, for the island of Fayal, and having discharged her cargo, weighed anchor upon her return, on the 24th of October. The weather was fine until the 29th, when it came on to blow hard, and so continued for a whole month till the 1st of December. The rigging was so much injured that the ship could make but little way through the water, and the provisions, except a small quantity of bread, were all exhausted: a quarter of a pound, a pint of wine, and a quart of water, each man, were the daily allowance of those on board.

The ship was also, from continual straining, in a very bad condition, leaky and much injured. The sea still ran very high. Thunder and lightning prevailed almost without intermission, and the starving crew were in great fear of the ship going down. While the gale continued so strong, that there could be no communication with another vessel, they had the disappointment to see two ships pass them without the possibility of communicating their sufferings. They had only the miserable prospect before them of dying with hunger. The allowance of bread and water was now further reduced by the general consent, until at length the food was all eaten up, and only two gallons of water were left at the bottom of a cask, which was thick and dirty. The crew, while they could obtain sustenance, were obedient to superior orders, but every thing being consumed, their sufferings made them desperate. They drank the wine and brandy, became intoxicated, and mingled their cries of distress with oaths and imprecations.

The captain, to whom they abandoned the dregs of the water-cask, abstained from wine as much as possible, and husbanded the wretched remnant of the liquid. In the midst of this, their desperation, a sail was seen. All beheld it with eager eyes, and even their despair was for a moment hushed. They hoisted a signal of distress, and the stranger sail came so near them, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon of the day she was first seen, that they were able to communicate their pitiable condition. The weather was calm, and the captain promised them a supply of bread, but he had nothing more which he could spare. Yet even this the inhuman wretch delayed sending, coolly occupying himself with taking an observation for the space of an hour, while the famishing crew of the Peggy, with wild and ravening eyes, expected the food, without which they could hardly hope to exist longer, and which they made sure of ultimately obtaining. Captain Harrison was then so weak he was obliged to leave the deck with hunger and faintness; a film came over his eyes, and suffering as well from rheumatism as hunger, he went down into his cabin.

In a short time one of the crew came down to him, in an agony of despair, telling him the strange vessel was gone without sending them the scanty assistance which had been promised. Captain Harrison again crept upon the deck, and saw the ship standing away with additional canvass: in five hours she was out of sight.

As long as the vessel of this inhuman commander was to be descried, the poor fellows in the Peggy hung about the rigging, and ran from one part of the ship to another, in frantic consternation. Their looks were ghastly: their cries rent the air, and must have been plainly heard by the commander of the vessel which had gone away when he had got under sail, coming louder and quicker upon his ear every yard the ships separated from each other. Their lamentations and supplications were reiterated until despair choked their voices, and they died away in feeble groans. When they recovered the cruel disappointment a little, they were not idle in studying means to preserve existence as long a possible. They had two pigeons and a cat on board: the former they cooked

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for their Christmas dinner; the cat was killed on the following day, and divided into nine parts by lot. The head fell to the share of the captain, who enjoyed it better than any food he had ever before tasted. The day following they began to scrape the bottom of the ship for barnacles; but most of these, which had been within reach, were beaten off by the waves, and the men were too weak to hang long over the vessel's side to get at them. The crew now got intoxicated again, and they vented their sufferings in imprecations and oaths.

The captain continued eking out his miserable pittance of dirty water, half a pint of which, mingled with some drops of a medicinal balsam he found by him, made all his sustenance for twenty-four hours. The crew, in the meanwhile, were heating wine in the steerage, reckless of every thing in their frenzy. The captain quietly contemplated the doom which they now cared nothing about. The approach of the king of terrors he could have beheld without the slightest emotion, but that he had a wife and children, whom it would involve in difficulties. He now and then flattered himself that some vessel might yet come in sight, and relieve them; but he was aware that unless it appeased very quickly, from the weakness and ebriety of the crew, and the leakiness of the vessel, they could hardly be expected to keep much longer a-float. The pumps they were too feeble to work. They had no light during a night of sixteen hours but what the glimmering of their fire afforded. The candles and oil had all been used for food. The vessel made a little progress, until the 28th of December, when their only remaining sail was blown away, and she lay a wreck upon the ocean. For sixteen days, until the 13th of January, it is not known how the crew subsisted, yet on that day they were still alive. In the evening the mate entered the cabin, with the crew at his heels, half drunk. They wore countenances of the most frightful ghastliness. They told the captain they could go on no longer; they had exhausted their tobacco, eaten up the leather from the pumps, and even the buttons from their jackets, and that they had now no way of averting death but by casting lots which should die to sustain the lives of their comrades. They trusted the captain would agree to the proposal, and demanded his determination. The captain tried to divert them from their purpose, by saying that if they would postpone until the morning the execution of their scheme, and by that time they were not relieved by an interposition of Providence, he would confer with them further.

This only made them more outrageous. They with oaths and execrations declared what was done must be done at once. They said it was indifferent to them, whether he consented or not. They had paid him the compliment of consulting him, but he must take his chance with the rest, for the calamity levelled all distinctions. On this they left him, and went into another part of the vessel, from whence they returned in a few minutes, and told the captain that they had taken a chance for their lives, and that the lot had fallen on the negro who was part of the cargo. They loaded a pistol, which the poor fellow seeing, flew to the captain, who, though he imagined the negro had not been fairly treated by the rapidity of the proceedings, told him he could only lament he was unable to protect him. The negro was dragged upon deck and shot.

His life was scarcely extinct, when they made a large fire and began to cut up the body; as in order to make it last, they intended only to dress the entrails that night. One of the crew, James Campbell, was so ravenous, that he snatched the liver from the body and devoured it without dressing. That night, until morning came, they were busy at their loathsome meal. The next day they demanded from Captain Harrison, if they should pickle the body. This proposal was so shocking, that he took up a pistol, and declared if they who made such an application did not leave the cabin, he would send them after the negro. The crew then cut up the body, threw the head and fingers overboard, and duly preparing it, put it in pickle.

Three days after, Campbell, who had eaten the raw liver, died mad. The crew became more sober from this circumstance, but for fear of contracting madness by using their comrade's body, they threw it overboard. On the following day, the men said, "though he would not give his consent, let us give the captain some of the meat." A boiled piece was taken to him in the cabin, but he refused it with horror, chid the messenger, and threatened him. His appetite went away from nausea at the spectacle of human flesh.

The negro's body, which had been used with the utmost economy, lasted from the 17th to the 26th of January. They were then as badly off as before. They bore it for three days, when the mate told the captain, they had delayed as long as they could sustain their hunger, that no help had come, and that they must cast lots a second time. It was better they said to die in detail, than all at once, as the remnant might still be saved. The captain, who could not move from his bed, tried unsuccessfully to reason with them. He then considered that if the lots were not drawn in his presence he might not himself be fairly treated. He was just able to raise himself up in bed, high enough to cause the lots to be drawn equitably. The

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fatal lot fell on one David Flat, a seaman much beloved on board. The shock this decision produced on them all, rendered them speechless for some time, until the victim who was resigned to his doom, addressed them saying, "My dear comrades, all the favour I ask is to dispatch me as you did the negro, with as little torture as is possible." He then said to Doud, the man who had killed the negro, "It is my wish that you should shoot me." Doud reluctantly consented. He then begged a short time to prepare for his end, which they readily conceded. They were even inclined not to insist upon the sacrifice. But they had no alternative, save that of dying themselves. They drank freely of wine, and thus lulled the last feeling of humanity. They then made preparations for the dreadful act. They kindled a fire to cook the flesh of the comrade they loved, for the protraction of their own miserable existence, and awaited the moment when they were to dispatch him, in bitter agony of feeling. As the time drew near, their reluctance increased. Friendship and humanity contended with famine and death in their hearts. They determined the devoted man should live until the next morning at eleven o'clock, praying that God would interpose during the interval, to save his life. They begged the captain to read prayers to them, which he had scarcely strength left to do. When they were concluded, he felt ready to faint, and fell back in his bed. The seamen went to Flat, and were overheard by the captain talking with great kindness to him, and trusting God would yet preserve him, they told him that they had been unable to catch a single fish, but they would put out their hooks, and try if heaven would in that way relieve them. Poor Flat, however, was beyond their kind consolations, already weak, he became so agitated, that by midnight he was deaf, and in two or three hours more, raving mad. His comrades then began to think it would be a merciful act to dispatch him, but still having promised to spare his life until eleven o'clock, they resolved to abide scrupulously by their determination.

At eight o'clock in the morning, the captain whose weakness was increasing, but who was still able to think more upon the fate of his poor seamen, than his own sufferings, was surprised by two of the crew coming into the cabin in great haste. They eagerly seized his hands, and fixed their eyes on his face, but were unable to articulate. Still they looked at him so earnestly, that he was unable to conjecture their meaning. He at first imagined that as they were afraid to eat the body of Campbell, and had thrown him overboard, they were also in the same fear with respect to Flat. He imagined he saw

The longings of the cannibal arise
(Although they spoke not) in their wolfish eyes!

He therefore disengaged his hands, and snatched a pistol which was within his reach, to defend himself. The poor famine-stricken fellows, seeing his error, managed to show him that they were dumb from their emotions, which in their enfeebled state, had completely overcome them. Joy and surprise had thus affected them, at the sight of a strange sail. It appeared a large vessel had been seen to leeward, standing toward them in as good a direction as they could desire.

The remainder of the crew followed the two first into the cabin, but in addition said that the vessel seemed now to be bearing away from them. The captain at the mere mention of the ship being in sight steering in whatever direction, nearly expired with joy. As soon as he was recovered enough to speak, he told them to lose no time in making every signal of distress they were able. The sight of the ship was enough for this of itself, and could hardly give the stranger an idea that there was life on board to preserve. The crew did the best they could to fulfil the orders they received, and he soon heard from his bed, a sort of jumping movement on the deck, and the cry, "She nears us! she nears us!" The truth of this became every moment more clear, and the hopes of the crew were strong, of obtaining assistance. Yet amidst all their joy, their generous hearts turned upon their comrade Flat. He could feel none of their gratification; they lamented his situation in the midst of the eagerness with which they contemplated their hope of deliverance. A can of wine was proposed, but the captain resisted their application, assuring them that their deliverance must yet depend upon their being masters of their conduct, when their deliverers might come alongside. They had all the self-denial, in the midst of their burning thirst, to refrain, except the mate, who retired by himself to drink, unable to resist the temptation. They continued to watch the ship for several hours, until, as it were to tantalize them, the breeze died away and she lay becalmed about two miles from them. They were cheered notwithstanding by seeing the boat put off from her, and come towards them, with all the dispatch she could make.

During the progress of the boat, their anxiety after their previous disappointment of relief may be imagined; joy, fear, hope, anxiety, were seen by turns on their emaciated and haggard faces. They were not sure until the boat was alongside, that they should be saved. The conflict of the various passions in bodies so enfeebled was scarcely endurable by their enfeebled frames, until doubt became certainty, and then for a time

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they scarcely appeared to be animated. The strangers paused with surprise at the cadaverous appearance of these unfortunate people, when they came within a few yards of them. They even rested on their oars, and looking at them with countenances which cannot be pictured, asked, "Who are you—are you men?" They came on board, but requested the crew to make haste in quitting their wreck of a vessel, as they feared a gale of wind was coming on, and they might be prevented from regaining their own. The captain was so weak he could not move, and they conveyed him more like a corpse than a man to the deck, and then lowered him with ropes into the boat. The crew followed, the wretched man Flat, to whom joy and misery were the same, being among them. The mate was still missing, and was added to their number with no more strength, than just enough to crawl to the ship's side. The can of wine had produced an oblivion of everything preceding that moment. He was received into the boat, and in about an hour they were all safe on board the stranger vessel, the Susanna of London, of which Thomas Evers was master. She was on her return from Virginia to London. Evers received the miserable crew as might be expected from a noble-spirited British tar. He treated them with the utmost humanity and gentleness. He lay by the wreck in hopes to save some clothes for the captain the next morning, but it came on to blow hard, and he was obliged to carry sail the same night. They saw the Peggy no more.

The Susanna was scant of provisions, they were obliged to put all on board upon short allowance, and she was much shattered in the hull and rigging. They succeeded in making the Land's End on the 2nd of March, and proceeded at once to the Downs, whence Captain Harrison reached London by land. The mate, Doud the seaman, who shot the slave, and Warren, a sailor, died on the passage to England. Three only, besides the captain, survived, they were named Ashley, Wentworth, and Flat. Whether the last was ever restored to reason is unknown.

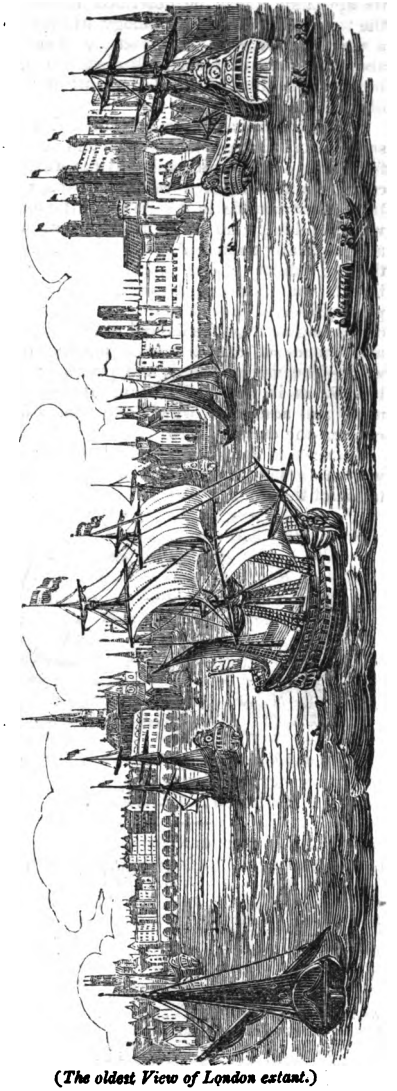
[We shall return to this work in our next.]

The Topographer.

OLD LONDON.

The annexed Cut is probably as curious an illustration of olden topography as it has ever been our good fortune to present to the readers of this Miscellany. It represents a south-east view of London before the destruction of St. Paul's Steeple by fire, A. D. 1560: showing the ancient state of London Bridge and its neighbourhood, the Tower, St. Paul's Cathedral, &c.

The Cut has been engraved from one of a Series of Views of the Ancient Metropolis, published by Messrs. Boydell and Co. in the year 1818. Appended to the Print is the following note stating its authority: "A view of London, from a painting in the possession of Mr. John Grove, of Richmond, was engraved in 1754, and dedicated to Lord Hardwicke and the Antiquarian Society; but the plate, (which was a private one,) was afterwards mislaid." From this print the original of the subjoined Cut was engraved. The view is bird's eye, reaching from the Bridge to St. Catharine's. In it appears St. Paul's



(The oldest View of London extant.)

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Church, with the steeple, fixed 1561: consequently *this is the oldest view of London extant.* Over the Tower Gates from the hill, are two towers since gone. Behind the Tower is the only view we have of Grace Dieu Abbey, in the Minories, with four towers and two or three spires. Above this is a spired church; also a dome, with four towers or chimneys lower down. To the left of the view is seen the fine pinnacled tower and church of St. Mary Overie.

The Bridge is covered with buildings, and its appearance may be described nearly in the words of a descriptive eulogy attached to a very curious view, executed by Norden, about the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, but not published till the latter part of that of James I.:—

"This famous Bridge is adorned with sumptuous buildings, and statelie and beautifull houses on either side, inhabited by wealthy citizens, and furnished with all manner of trades, comparable in it selfe to a little citie, whose buildings are so artificially contriued, and so firmly combined, as it seemeth more than an ordinary streete; for it is as one continuall vaute or roofe, except certain void places, reserved from buildings, for the retire of passengers from the danger of carres, carts and droues of cattle, vsually passing that way.—The vaults, sellers, and places in the bowels, as it were, of the same Bridge, are many and admirable, which arte cannot discover to the outward view."

Annexed to the print already described, by way of vignette, is the subjoined representation of the

Ancient and Modern Arms of the City of London.)

Notes of a Reader.

TAGLIONI.

(*From a Poem by the Rev. J. Mitford, prefixed to his New Edition of the Works of* PARNELL.)

ONE moment linger! lo, from Venus' bowers
Descends the youngest of the roseate hours:
She comes, in all her blushing beauty borne,
From the fair mountains of the purple morn.
Aurora's self! what time her brow resumes
The bright refulgence of its golden plumes.
Sylph of the earth! the sky! and oh, as fair
And beauteous as the sisters of the air.
In that sweet form what varied graces meet,
Love in her eye, and music in her feet!
Light as the bounding fawn along the lea,
Or blithe bird glancing on the summer tree;
Light as the foam when Venus leaves the wave,
Or blossoms fluttering over April's grave.
Mark on you rose lights the celestial tread—
The trembling stalk but just declines its head.
Sweet Ariel floats above her as she springs,
And wafts the flying fair, and bends her wings.
Now wreath'd in radiant smiles she seems to glide
With buoyant footsteps like Favonius' bride,
Or Psyche, zephyr-borne, to Cupid's blushing side.
Her light symar in lucid beauty streams,
Of woven air, so thin the texture seems.
Round her small waste the zone young Iris binds,
And gives the sandals that command the winds.
A thousand voices challenge music's throne.
Daughter of Air! this empire is thine own:
Here Taglioni reigns, unrivall'd and alone!

PICTURE OF MORNING.

A VALE of beauty!—lo! the morn
In clouds of crimson radiance born,
Hath risen from the couch of night,
And fills the air with fresh delight;
While hues, like harmonies that range
The world of sound with lovely change,—
In varied lustre o'er the sky
Awaken, mingle, melt, and die;
Till full-orb'd on his flaming throne
The Sun-king is beheld alone!
And, blue as Baltic waves asleep,
Before him lies a dazzling sweep
Of azure, in its deep excess
Of morn-created loveliness!—

How exquisite this breathing hour!—
As though awhile some choral bower,
Where cherubim partake repose,
Its crystal gates did half unclose,
Till fragments of delicious sound
Came wafted on the winds around,
And bloom and balm to nature giv'n
Made earth a momentary heaven!—
Hark! to the choir of yonder wood,
Where life exults in solitude:
On each unrifled bough is heard
The lay of some melodious bird,
And young-wing'd breezes as they float
From brook and meadow learn a note;
And streams like tides of gladness flow,
And in the air there dwells a glow
Of elemental youth and joy,
Unchill'd by one corrupt alloy.—
How dazzlingly with rosy dies
The fairies of the field arise!
And flutter on their insect wings,
As each a song of matin sings;
And where around the glitt'ring blade
A liquid web of dew is laid,
As early peasants' footsteps pass,—
How greenly shines the shaken grass!
While many a lark from out the ground
Is startled, like a magic sound
That ere the sense be half aware
Is kindled by the harp of air!

And list! from out yon village dell,
Upon the breeze, in broken swell,
The goings-on of life begin
To charm the ear with social din.
The creak of hill-ascending wain,
The shout of some exulting swain,
The watch-dog baying far behind,
The mill-sounds hoarse upon the wind,
With voices from the child or crone,—
Are all in gay confusion thrown!
And travel on the morning breeze
With notes whose human echoes please.
From the thatch'd chimney now have broke
The tinted wreaths of cottage smoke,—
Ascending delicately bright,
And braided by a golden light,
Like air-wing'd hopes they glide away,
Commingling with the boundless day!
And see, amid the straw-roof'd throng
Of homes that to yon dale belong,—

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As dwelt the patriarch on the plain,
Surrounded by his pastoral train,—
A mansion smiles; whose neater state,
Though unallied to proud or great,
A central grace around it throws,
And o'er each cot a charm bestows.
Embower'd in laurels, green and calm,—
To view it yields the eye a balm!
But, when at eve its garden hath
A lustre on each lilied path;
When bough, and branch, and grape-hung vine,
In rays of pensive beauty shine,
While gladsome bee, and quiring bird,
And leafy songs, are faintly heard,—
More lovely than a dream-built dome
Appears that hush'd and heavenly home!
There often hath the worldling cast
A longing eye, ere on he past,
And while it wander'd o'er the scene,
Mused—oh! that such my own had been!

Woman—by R. Montgomery.

KITCHEN ORTHOGRAPHY.

[Mr. Theodore Hook, in his novel, *The Parson's Daughter*, is unusually sparing of his satire on the people who "eat peas with a knife, and burn tallow candles," but the reader must not expect to find their sins against propriety altogether overlooked; nor, has the author spared lower grades; for, to aid the working of the plot, he makes one of the leading characters avail herself of the following letter, written by the red-elbowed correspondent of Robert the footman: she wrote about him and about herself, to show the interest she took in him; and to maintain the interest which she truly believed he felt about her. But, in order to entertain him and exhibit the versatility of her own genius, she mixed in her letters much information upon "affairs in general," to which, it must however be admitted, she was more particularly induced, by the solicitude of Robert to "tell hime something of what's going on:"]

"Dale Cottage.

"Deer Robert,—Yours of Sunday cum safe to and,—I am mutch obligged to yew for hall yew say, as well as for Missus Alls civilarity; ples mak my ruspecks too her, and ope she is wel. as for youre aving ad my air put into a lochete, i niver cud ave thot of sich a thing and shall never foggit it.

"Yew ask me for noose, noose here is scace. This place isn't the same since yew went. The Squirr is at the all, but no sich doins as wen Missis Arbottle was there—all mail creturs now, not a phemale cums nigh the plaice, and the Squirr always inhebrewated. Miss Ollis is gon to toun with her brother George—they say to be marred to some rich man; but this I think is all fuge, and bleve the Squirr is not so thick with Ollis as eretofore, and as hordered them of. Mister Ollis was very much shagreened at their suppuration.

"Miss Hemmer Lovell is returned, but not Missis Arbottle, which has said she shall nivir come back to the Squirr, because thy say he beet her, the nite she went away in the morning—and thy say she was so black and blu with the brewses that she would not take Missus Deffon with hur on accesunt she shud not see the whales wich were to be seen playing round her boddy. Miss Hemmer has not cum aloan. she has brote home a bow wich I hav not seen. a french lord—I here he is very assums ane that Miss Hemmer is very fond of him—her maid you now is as close as whacks and theres no gitin nothing out of her, speshally to sich as me—wot she is amungst the ladys I can't say, but I sed to her yestardy nowing ow fond Miss Hemmer is of Lord W. that I was afrayed she was cockgetting about with this french nobbelman, and she laffed phit to kill husself. wech I tuk to meen that eyes right in my conjectures howsewver Robert i never middles nor mucks wich i am sewer is the whysest whey.

"We ad a goose on Micclemus day wich pot me so in mind of yew, because of what yew used to say aboat good luck; and we drunk hall habsent frends. incloodeng my Lord and my Lady Phransis wich i ope is in jude ealth as I am at present. an so is the knary burds and the vergin knyhtangull wich as a been malting but as now in eye pheathir.

"So jood bye, send me sum noose of your sylph and wen yew think it lickly yeu shall cum here, for I feel quit dissolute without yew and mop aboat all day for your sak—sins the Squirr has begun to shoote the Peasants on his hestate, there is more cumpunny at the All and several grums and helpers hat the Gorges but I never goes out of the gait, except in the ducks of the heavening praps to Mrs. Hervens for hany triffling thinks we wants—the hold ooman and i are good frends. and if we ad yewer sockity I shud be ass apie has the dey is long. Adoo, no more at presant. give mi luv and komps to Missus All from yewers truly and fatfully

"Mary Green."

[This *caricatura* orthography is preposterous; but then, to be sure, its production must have cost the writer some pains.]

SONG.

Oh think not, when my brow is calm,
My eye undimm'd is seen,
That Peace hath shed her heavenly balm
Upon the soul within;
Nor deem that grief can only dwell
Where sorrow casts a cloud—
That hearts alone a pang can feel
Who tell their woes aloud.

Like sunny streams, when Winter's chill
Hath check'd them in their pride,
When clear, and cold, and calmer still
Now sleeps the marble tide,
Beneath the icy waste the wave
Is living still below—
The current yet will sink and heave,
Though none behold it flow.

And thus the eye may beam the while
As wont in happier days—
The brow may wear the clear calm smile
That speaks a mind at ease;

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And none may learn, that deep within
The heart lies bleeding there,
That Joy's reflection is but seen
Held frozen in despair.

No smile that beams from sunniest eyes
Can kindle Transport's glows,
No sigh can break, no tear surprise,
My fix'd and chill repose:
The gloomless brow shall still conceal
The wakeful heart beneath;
No rising throb shall e'er reveal
Its swift dark course—to death.

Cobbett's Magazine.

DOMESTIC LUXURIES AT THE ACCESSION OF CHARLES I.

The progress of luxury in dress, diet, furniture, and decorations of every kind, had fully kept pace with the extension of commerce and the increase of national wealth. In the article of court-dresses, especially those of men, the extravagance was such as no succeeding times have attempted to emulate. King James, amongst his other weaknesses, had a childish admiration of what was then called *bravery*. His favourites could scarcely by their utmost efforts satisfy his demands upon them for splendour and variety in their personal decorations; and the common phrase of a man's "wearing his estate on his back," hyperbolical as it sounds in modern ears, could scarcely be called an exaggeration at a time when a court suit of the Duke of Buckingham's was estimated at 80,000*l.*

In their state entertainments, the tables of the great groaned under lofty piles of dishes of massy silver, replenished with the most delicate as well as substantial viands, the cost of which was enhanced by a wonderfully elaborate art of confectionary, and by the lavish use of ambergris, and sometimes of musks and other scents, to fume and flavour the meats and wines. In conformity with this mode, Milton describes,

"A table richly spread in regal mode,
With dishes piled and meats of noblest sort
And savor, beasts of chace or fowl of game,
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boil'd,
Gris-amber steam'd . . . ."

and

. . . . "the wine
That *fragrant smell diffused.*"*

Thus also Beaumont and Fletcher:

. . . . "Be sure
The wines be lusty, light, and full of spirit,
And *amber'd* all."†

Magisterial of pearl was likewise employed as an article of cookery. It is observable, however, that whilst the court gave the example of this wantonness and absurdity of pomp and luxury, the simple old English hospitality in its primitive forms was still maintained by the independent portion of the nobility, who lived secluded in their own demesnes, in the midst of hereditary tenants and retainers.

* *Par. Regained*, B. ii.
† *Custom of the Country*, A. iii. Sc. ii.

The courtly poet Carew, several years after the accession of Charles I., thus describes in an epistle the feasting in the great hall of Wrest, the seat of the Earls of Kent, in Bedfordshire, which he describes as a mansion unadorned with carved marble or porphyry, with lofty chimney-pieces, or Doric or Corinthian pillars, but built for "hospitality."

"The lord and lady of this place delight
Rather to be in act than seem in sight.
Instead of statues to adorn their wall,
They throng with living men their merry hall.
Where, at large tables fill'd with wholesome meats
The servant, tenant, and kind neighbour eats:
Some of that rank, spun of a finer thread,
Are with the women, steward, and chaplain, fed
With daintier cates; others of better note,
Whom wealth, parts, office, or the herald's coat
Have sever'd from the common, freely sit
At the lord's table, whose spread sides admit
A large access of friends to fill those seats
Of his capacious *sickle*,‡ fill'd with meats
Of choicest relish, till his oaken back
Under the load of piled-up dishes crack."

The nobility and leading gentry of a former age, whose rude ideas of grandeur were comprised in a retinue of two or three hundred servants and retainers, and a mansion capable of lodging and entertaining half a county, had reared enormous piles of building, court behind court, with long suites of galleries and saloons, which when built they knew not how suitably to furnish or adorn; but taste and luxury were now busily at work upon their decoration.

Under the patronage of King James, Sir Francis Crane had established, at Mortlake, in Surrey, a manufactory, where the weaving of tapestry was carried to great perfection: designs both in history and grotesque being supplied by a native of Denmark, named Cleyne, an admirable artist, patronized by the prince. In costliness, its fabrics must apparently have vied with the finest of the Netherlands. Charles, in the first year of his reign, acknowledged a debt to Crane of 6,000*l.*, for three sets of "gold hangings." Archbishop Williams paid him 2,500*l.* for a piece representing the Four Seasons; and the more affluent of the nobility purchased of him, at proportional prices, various rich hangings "wrought in silk."

Foreign artists of considerable eminence were employed to paint walls, staircases, and ceilings with figures and arabesques, and collections of pictures began to be formed. Fine carving and gilding was bestowed on various articles of furniture; and with such profusion were the richest materials brought into use, that state beds of gold and silver tissue, embroidered velvet, or silk damask fringed with gold; silk carpets from Persia; toilets covered with ornamental pieces of dressing plate; tables of massy silver, richly embossed with figures; and enormons cabinets elaborately carved in ebony, became the familiar ornaments of the principal man-

‡ Curved dining-table.

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sions. Inigo Jones, with taste matured by a second residence in Italy, had begun to supply designs of edifices, both public and private, in which the Greek or Roman style, in its purity and beauty, had superseded the incongruous mixtures of his earlier works; and King James, purposing to commit to him the task of rebuilding the ancient palace of Whitehall, had already caused him to execute the only part of the building which was ever completed: that noble banqueting-house, on the ceiling of which Rubens afterwards painted the apotheosis of the monarch.

The art of sculpture could scarcely be said to exist in the land. Tombs and monuments executed by mere masons and stone-cutters, and gaudily bedecked with colours and gilding, marked the miserable declension of this branch since those ages when the arts and artists of Rome had found free entrance as followers in the train of her religion. But the deficiency was felt, and steps had already been taken for enriching the country with a store of those immortal models bequeathed to the world by Grecian antiquity.

Miss Aikin's Memoirs of Charles I.

Spirit of Discovery.

INDIAN RUBBER.

At the Royal Institution, Mr. Brockedon lately gave an interesting lecture upon the properties and present applications of caoutchouc, or Indian rubber, the former uses of which were only for the rubbing out of pencil marks. It was introduced into this country about a hundred years since, and is now extensively used for making water-proof clothes, and elastic materials of every description. It is particularly adapted to surgical bandages, and all materials where an equal pressure is required, which can be regulated by the wearer. The lecturer stated that he was much indebted for the substance of his lecture, and the materials furnished, to Messrs. Cornish and Co., of Holloway, who have a very extensive factory. The Indian rubber is cut into fine threads, by machinery; and so rapid is the rate of the machine, that two girls, by the aid of steam-power, can cut into threads, not much coarser than thick sewing thread, 240,000 yards per day, 8,000 yards of which weigh a pound. A curious experiment was also exhibited—the strengthening of unsound Indian rubber; a strand of thread of which broke upon the smallest tension; the same strand being dipped in a solution, immediately became perfectly strong. The lecturer stated himself unacquainted with the secret of this solution, the result of which was most important to its possessors. The machinery and secret mode of strengthening the Indian rubber was the invention of Mr. Sievier, the sculptor. Whale fishing-lines, elastic cables and ropes, were exhibited, and their uses ably illustrated, by the lecturer.

The Public Journals.

LORD BYRON.

(*From Lady Blessington's Conversations.*)

Talking of his proposed expedition to Greece, Byron said that, as the moment approached for undertaking it, he almost wished he had never thought of it. "This (said Byron) is one of the many scrapes into which my poetical temperament has drawn me. You smile; but it is nevertheless true. No man, or woman either, with such a temperament, can be quiet. Passion is the element in which we live; and without it we but vegetate. All the passions have governed me in turn, and I have found them the veriest tyrants;—like all slaves, I have reviled my masters, but submitted to the yoke they imposed. I had hoped (continued Byron) that avarice, that old gentlemanly vice, would, like Aaron's serpent, have swallowed up all the rest in me, and that now I am descending into the vale of years, I might have found pleasure in golden realities, as in youth I found it in golden dreams, (and let me tell you, that, of all the passions, this same decried *avarice* is the most consolatory, and, in nine cases out of ten, lasts the longest, and is the latest,) when up springs a new passion, —call it love of liberty, military ardour, or what you will,—to disgust me with my strong box, and the comfortable contemplation of my *moneys*,—nay, to create wings for my golden darlings, that may waft them away from me for ever; and I may awaken to find that this, my present ruling passion, as I have always found my last, was the most worthless of all, with the soothing reflection that it has left me *minus* some thousands. But I am fairly in for it, and it is useless to repine; but, I repeat, this scrape, which may be my last, has been caused by my poetical temperament."

"It is odd (said Byron) that I never could get on well in conversation with literary men: they always seemed to think themselves obliged to pay some neat and appropriate compliment to my last work, which I, as in duty bound, was compelled to respond to, and bepraise theirs. They never appeared quite satified with my faint praise, and I was far from being satisfied at having been forced to administer it; so mutual constraint ensued, each wondering what was to come next, and wishing each other (at least I can answer for myself) at the devil. Now Scott, though a giant in literature, is unlike literary men; he neither expects compliments nor pays them in conversation. There is a sincerity and simplicity in his character and manner that stamp any com-

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mendation of his as truth, and any praise one might offer him must fall short of his deserts; so that there is no *gêne* in his society. There is nothing in him that gives the impression I have so often had of others, who seemed to say, I praise you that you may do the same by me. Moore is a delightful companion (continued Byron;) gay, without being boisterous, witty, without effort, comic without coarseness, and sentimental without being lachrymose. He reminds one (continued Byron) of the fairy, who, whenever she spoke, let diamonds fall from her lips. My *tête-à-tête* suppers with Moore are among the most agreeable impressions I retain of the hours passed in London: they are the redeeming lights in the gloomy picture; but they were

"Like angel visits, few and far between;"

for the great defect in my friend Tom is a sort of fidgety unsettledness, that prevents his giving himself up, *con amore*, to any one friend, because he is apt to think he might be more happy with another: he has the organ of locomotiveness largely developed, as a phrenologist would say, and would like to be at three places instead of one. I always felt, with Moore, the desire Johnson expressed, to be shut up in a post-chaise, *tête-à-tête* with a pleasant companion, to be quite sure of him. He must be delightful in a country-house, at a safe distance from any other inviting one, when one could have him really to one's self, and enjoy his conversation and his singing, without the perpetual fear that he is expected at Lady this or Lady that's, or the being reminded that he promised to look in at Lansdowne House or Grosvenor Square. The wonder is, *not* that he is *récherche*, but that he wastes himself on those who can so little appreciate him, though they value the *eclat* his reputation gives to their stupid *soirees*. I have known a dull man live on a *bon-mot* of Moore's for a week; and I once offered a wager of a considerable sum that the reciter was *guiltless* of understanding its point, but could get no one to accept my bet.

"Do you know ———? (asked Byron). He is the king of prosers; I called him he of the thousand tales, in humble imitation of Boccaccio, whom I styled he of the hundred tales of love—*mais helas!* ———'s are not tales of love, or that beget love; they are born of dulness, and inciting sleep, they produce the same effect on the senses that the monotonous sound of a waterfall never fails to have on mine. With ——— one is afraid to speak, because whatever is said is sure to bring forth a reminiscence, that as surely leads to interminable recollections,

'Dull as the dreams of him who swills vile beer.'

Thus (continued Byron), ——— is so honourable and well-intentioned a man that one can find nothing bad to say of him, except that he is a bore; and as there is no law against that class of offenders, one must bear with him. It is to be hoped, that, with all the modern improvements in refinement, a mode will be discovered of getting rid of bores, for it is too bad that a poor wretch can be punished for stealing your pocket-handkerchief or gloves, and that no punishment can be inflicted on those who steal your time, and with it your temper and patience, as well as the bright thoughts that might have entered into the mind, (like the Irishman who lost a fortune before he had got it) but were frighted away by the bore. * * * * * * I have known people who were incapable of saying the least unkind word against friends, and yet who listened with evident (though attempted to be suppressed) pleasure to the malicious jokes or witty sarcasms of others against them; a proof that, even in the best people, some taints of the original evil of our natures remain. You think I am wrong (continued Byron) in my estimate of human nature; you think I analyze my own evil qualities and those of others too closely, and judge them too severely. I have need of self-examination to reconcile me to all the incongruities I discover, and to make me more lenient to faults that my tongue censures, but that my heart pardons, from the consciousness of its own weakness."

"It is no wonder (said Byron) that I am considered a demon, when people have taken it into their heads that I am the hero of all my own tales in verse. They fancy one can only describe what has actually occurred to one's self, and forget the power that persons of any imagination possess of identifying themselves, for the time being, with the creations of their fancy. This is a peculiar distinction conferred on me, for I have heard of no other poet who has been identified with his works. I saw the other day (said Byron) in one of the papers a fanciful simile about Moore's writings and mine. It stated that Moore's poems appeared as if they ought to be written with crow-quills, on rose-coloured paper, stamped with Cupids and flowers; and mine on asbestos, written by quills from the wing of an eagle;—you laugh, but I think this a very sublime comparison,—at least, so far as I am concerned,—it quite consoles me for 'chantre d'enfer.' By the by, the French poet is neither a philosopher nor a logician, as he dubs me by this title merely because I doubt that there is an *enfer*,—ergo, I cannot be styled the *chantre* of a place of which I doubt the existence. I dislike French verse so much (said Byron) that I have not read more than a few lines of the one in which I am dragged into public view. He calls me, (said Byron,) 'Esprit mystérieux, mortel, ange ou démon;' which I call very uncivil, for a well-bred Frenchman, and moreover one

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of the craft: I wish he would let me and my works alone, for I am sure I do not trouble him or his, and should not know that he existed, except from his notice of me, which some good-natured friend has sent me. There are some things in the world, of which, like gnats, we are only reminded of the existence by their stinging us; this was his position with me."

Had Byron read the whole of the poem addressed to him by M. de Lamartine, he would have been more flattered than offended by it, as it is not only full of beauty, but the admiration for the genius of the English poet, which pervades every sentiment of the ode, is so profound, that the epithet which offended the morbid sensitiveness of Byron would have been readily pardoned. M. de Lamartine is perhaps the only French poet who could have so justly appreciated, and gracefully eulogized, our wayward child of genius; and having written so successfully himself, his praise is more valuable. His "Meditations" possess a depth of feeling which, though tempered by a strong religious sentiment that makes the Christian rise superior to the philosopher, bears the impress of a true poetical temperament, which could not fail to sympathize with all the *feelings*, however he might differ from the *reasonings* of Byron. Were the works of the French poet better known to the English bard he could not, with even all his dislike to French poetry, have refused his approbation to the books of M. de Lamartine.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

Old Poets.

LOVE.

Now, lovers, in a word to tell
What noble love is, mark me well.
It is the counterpoise that minds
To fair and virtuous things inclines;
It is the gust we have and sense
Of every noble excellence:
It is the pulse, by which we know
Whether our souls have life or no;
And such a soft and gentle fire,
As kindles and inflames desire;
Until it all like incense burns,
And into melting sweetness turns.

Flecknoe.

VERISIMILITUDE.

What you'll be in time we know
By the stock on which you grow,
As by roses we may see
What in time the buds will be:
So in flowers, and so in trees,
So in every thing that is;
Like its like does still produce,
As 'tis nature's constant use;
Grow still then till you discover
All the beauties of your mother:
Nothing but fair and sweet can be
From so sweet and fair a tree.

Flecknoe.

ON A RICH MISER.

Thou boasts thy money, and if that be all
Thy praise and commendation are but small;
For every cobbler may, with industry
And pains, in time, boast that as well as thee:
Money's like muck, that's profitable while
'T serves for manuring of some fruitful soil.
But on a barren one, like thee, methinks
'Tis like a dunghill, that lies still and stinks.

Flecknoe.

ON FRIENDS AND FOES.

Two painters, friend and foe, once went about
To paint Antigones, whose one eye was out,
Which t'one to show, and t'other for to hide,
That turn'd his blind, and this his better, side.
Just so 'twixt friends and foes men are exprest,
By halves set forth, whilst they conceal the rest;
None, as their friends or foes, depaint them wou'd,
Being ever half so bad, or half so good.

Flecknoe.

THE COMMUTATION OF LOVE AND DEATH'S DARTS.

Love and Death o'th' way once meeting
Having past a friendly greeting,
Sleep their weary eye-lids closing,
Lay they down themselves reposing.
Love, whom divers cares molested,
Could not sleep, but whilst Death rested,
All in haste, away he posts him,
But his haste too dearly costs him;
For it chanced, that going to sleeping,
Both had given their darts in keeping
Unto Night, who, Error's mother,
Blindly knowing not one from t'other,
Gave Love Death's, and ne'er perceived it,
Whilst as blindly Love receiv'd it.
Since which time their darts confounding,
Love now kills instead of wounding:
Death our hearts with sweetness filling,
Gently wounds instead of killing.

Flecknoe.

SILENCE.

Sacred silence, thou that art
Flood-gate of the deeper heart;
Offspring of a heavenly kind;
Frost o'th' mouth, and thaw o'th' mind.
Admiration's readiest tongue,
Leave thy desert shades among
Reverend hermit's hallow'd cells,
Where retir'd Devotion dwells,
With thy enthusiasms come,
Cease this nymph, and strike her dumb.

Flecknoe.

THE COURTIER'S ART.

'Tis not huge heapes of figurative devises
Nor luxury of metaphors or phrases,
Nor fineness of connexion that intices
Court-learned eares, and all the world amazes;
But depth with pleasure craving all the graces
Of art and nature curiously precize,
Serenely modest, excellently wise.

It is not learning, for the courtiers know it;
Nor folly, but for councellors most fit;
Nor grave demeanor, for we must bestow it
On ladies toyes; nor quintessence of wit,
For that is most unstaide; nor doth it sit
With courtiers majestie to be reputed
Too learn'd, too grave, too fine, or too conceited.

A skill transcendent over every art,
Yet subject or essentiall unto none,
Unperfect too, yet having every part,
And thus, though strange, unperfect and but one;
Yet all admire and reverence it alone,
Unknowne and undefin'de, save in discerning;
By practise to be got, but not by learning.

Storer's Life of Wolsey.

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The Gatherer.

Walpoliana.—In one of Sir Robert Walpole's letters, he gives a very instructive picture of a skilful minister and a condescending parliament. "My dear friend," writes Sir Robert, "there is scarcely a member whose purse I do not know to a sixpence, and whose very soul, almost, I could not purchase at the offer. The reason former ministers have been deceived in this matter is evident—they never considered the temper of the people they had to deal with. I have known a minister so weak, as to offer an avaricious old rascal a star and garter, and attempt to bribe a young rogue, who set no value upon money, with a lucrative employment. I pursue methods as opposite as the poles, and therefore my administration has been attended with a different effect."

"Patriots," says Walpole, "spring up like mushrooms. I could raise fifty of them within four-and-twenty hours. I have raised many of them in one night. It is but refusing to gratify an unreasonable or insolent demand, and up starts a patriot."

Walpole was fond of playing at billiards, at which his friend, Dr. Monsey, excelled him. "How happens it, Monsey," said Sir Robert, "that nobody beats me at billiards, or contradicts me, but you?"—"The solution is easy," answered Monsey: "I want neither places nor money from you;—perhaps, if I did, I should be as great a bungler at billiards as you are."

Walpole, in one of his letters, tells us that Lord Baltimore made a whimsical mistake in speaking to the Prince of Wales, (father of George III.,) on his marriage. "Sir," said his lordship, "your royal highness's marriage will form a new *area* in the history of England."

Walpole had always very exact intelligence of all that was passing at the court of the Pretender. When Alderman Barber visited the minister, after his return from Rome, he asked him how his old friend the Pretender did. The alderman was much surprised. Sir Robert then related some minute particulars of a conversation which had taken place between them. "Well, then, Jack," said Sir Robert, "go and sin no more, lest a worse thing befall thee."

After the retirement of Sir Robert Walpole from the fatigues of public life, his son Horace, wishing to amuse him one evening, offered to read him some historical work. "Anything," exclaimed Sir Robert, "but *history*; that *must* be false." W. G. C.

Paralysis.—From Mr. Savory, formerly of Bond-street, we remember to have heard an account, eight or nine years ago, of a friend of his, a baronet, well known in the gay world, having been seized with paralysis, and finding himself, on his return from a convivial party, suddenly deprived of speech and power of moving one side of his body. Either from feelings of desperation, or an impulse of mental aberration, the gentleman had a bottle of port wine brought to his bed-side, and having finished it, he turned with great composure on his side, and went to sleep. That gentleman is now living, his intellect wholly unimpaired, his speech restored, and his general health as good as it ever was, and he still daily discusses his bottle or two of port wine with apparent impunity.—*Infirmities of Genius; by R. F. Madden, Esq.*

Crystal Bed.—There has been lately exhibited in the palace of Tamedo, at St. Petersburgh, a state-bed, constructed at the Russian manufactory by order of the Emperor, to be sent as a present to the Schah of Persia. It is formed of solid crystal, resplendent with silver ornaments. It is ascended by steps of blue glass, and has a fountain underneath so contrived as to throw out on each side jets of odoriferous waters. The effect, when the chamber is lighted up, is absolutely dazzling, as it has the appearance of myriads of diamonds.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

Vale of the White Horse.—In our last volume, p. 69 to 72, and 86 and 87, we gave a somewhat protracted account of the origin of the celebrated White Horse, in Berkshire, and referred to the custom of *scouring the horse*, or a sort of annual festival, when the peasantry clipped the turf to preserve the outline of the horse cut on the hill, and removed weeds, &c. from the chalk figure. Dr. Wise thought the custom lost in the mazes of antiquity; but, a few days since, when at Englefield Green, we heard of a custom common to this day, in Berkshire, of *boys going to the chalk pits*, annually. May not this be a relic of the White Horse scouring?—*Ed. M.*

Ancient Salary of the Recorder of the City of London.—The pay of the Recorder of the City of London in the time of Edward I. was 10*d.* annually, with an allowance of 20*d.* for "every written charter," and "each testament enrolled" in the Court of Hastings. P. T. W.

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

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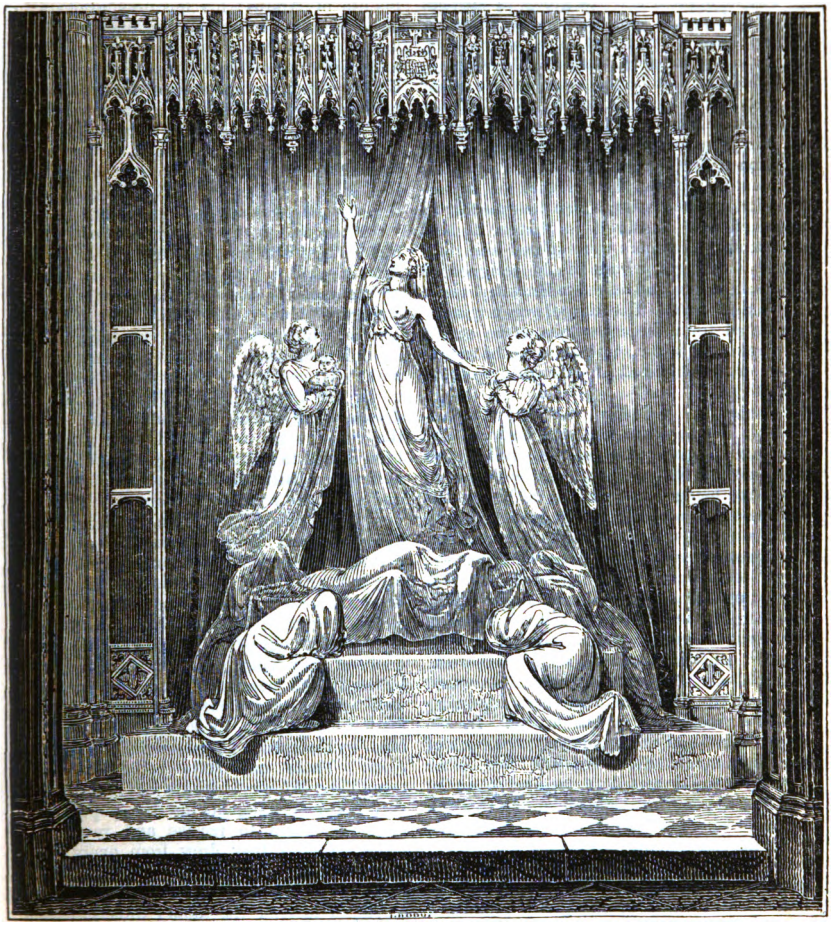
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 614.] SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1833. [Price 2d.



MONUMENT OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE

OF WALES AND SAXE-COBOURG, IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

This is an interesting testimonial of national affection, which is honourable to British character. It is no record of private sympathy or of overweening sorrow, but a sublime expression of a people's grief, and universal woe: so truly has it been observed of the death of the Princess Charlotte, that "the grief exhibited by the people for her loss, was entirely without parallel: her death being almost as deeply and generally lamented, as though she had been a member of every family in the kingdom."* Scarcely had

> The fair-haired daughter of the Isles,
> The love of millions,

been laid in the dust, and the nation's lament subsided into "humiliation meek," when every class of the people, sought to perpetuate the Princess' exemplary worth and their own affection for her memory, by

* Georgian Era, vol. i.

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some lasting national tribute. The guineas of the rich and the pence of the poor were cheerfully contributed for this sacred purpose; and the result is now before the reader.

The monument is a fine group in spotless marble, designed and executed by Matthew Wyatt, Esq. Its situation is appropriate, being in the beautiful Chapel of St. George, at Windsor.* It occupies one of the minor chapels called Urswick, from Dr. Christopher Urswick, a Dean of Windsor, and a coadjutor of Sir Reginald Bray, in completing the erection of St. George's Chapel. Henry VII. frequently employed Dr. Urswick on important foreign embassies, which he executed so satisfactorily to his sovereign, that the highest ecclesiastical honours were offered him; but rather choosing a private life, he resigned all his preferments, and retired to Hackney, where he died in 1521. The chapel was originally separated from the nave by a stone screen now removed to the south aisle. The monument was completed in the spring of the year 1826.

The subject is divided into two compartments: in the lower one, the body of the deceased Princess is represented lying on a bier, covered with drapery, the lower part of one hand being alone visible, although the outline of the whole figure is preserved. At each corner is an attendant female mourner. The apotheosis of the Princess forms the second division of the subject: her spirit is ascending from a mausoleum, supported by two angels, one of whom bears her infant. The whole group is surmounted by an elegant canopy, enriched with point-work, and gilding, the arms of Great Britain and those of the house of Saxe-Cobourg being boldly emblazoned in the centre. In the upper division of the windows at the back of the monument, St. Peter and five other apostles are delineated in painted glass by Mr. Wyatt; and the light streaming through two side windows painted orange and purple, upon the monument, produces a fine effect: indeed, the broad beams of the sun through these tinged windows upon the gilded tracery and spotless white of the group produce a richness and brilliancy which are scarcely describable.

Beyond this outline, the Engraving will aid the reader in estimating the beauties of this superb tribute to the memory of the amiable princess. The design has been decided to be in very censurable taste; nevertheless, it was selected from a number of others; and the execution has many redeeming points of excellence.

* The remains of the Princess are placed in the Royal Vault, beneath Wolsey's Chapel, adjoining that of St. George.

ANTIQUITY OF BANKING.

Brayley, in his *London and Middlesex*, says—"So early as about 260 years before the Christian era, a *banker* of Sicyon, a city of Peloponesus, is mentioned by Plutarch, in his life of Aratus: his business appears to have consisted in exchanging one species of money for another. The money-changers of Judea, who were driven out of the temple by Christ, were most probably of the description mentioned by St. Matthew, in the parable of the Talents;—that is, such as made a trade of receiving money in deposit, and paying interest for it. St. Luke, in his relation of the same parable, expressly alludes to a *banking establishment*.

"From Judea, the institution of banks was brought into Europe; and the Lombard *Jews* are said to have kept *benches*, or *banks*, in the market-places of Italy, for the exchange of money and bills. The Bank of Venice, which was the first foundation upon an enlarged scale that we are acquainted with, was established about the year 1171, under the appellation of *The Chamber of Loans*—(la Camera degl' Imprestiti;)—and the contributors to a forced loan, that had been raised to meet the exigencies of a Venetian war with the Emperors of the East and West, were made creditors of the Chamber, from which they were to receive an annual interest of *four per cent.*

"At what period the knowledge of banking was introduced into this country is unknown; though it may reasonably be conjectured to have been within a short time after the Conquest. There can be little doubt of its having been first practised here by the Italian merchants; all of whom, who were engaged in money transactions, were distinguished, both in France and in England, by the name of *Lombards*, or of *Tuscans*. These merchants being dispersed throughout Europe, 'became (says Anderson) very convenient agents for the popes, who employed them to receive and remit the large revenues they drew from every state which acknowledged their ecclesiastical supremacy.' Hence, and from their being employed to lend the money thus gathered upon interest, they are called by Matthew Paris, the 'Pope's merchants.' We learn from the same historian, that some of the English nobles availed themselves of the same agency, and 'sowed their money to make it multiply.'

"Henry III., in his 29th year, forbade his subjects to borrow money from any foreign merchants. This was on account of the great exactions which they are said to have committed.

"In the 14th century, the business of banking was carried on by the *Drapers*, at Barcelona, in Spain; as it was in after ages by the *Goldsmiths* of London."

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Banks first began in Italy, by Lombard Jews, in the year 808—that of Genoa, 1345; of Amsterdam, 1609; of Rotterdam, 1635; of England, 1694; of Hamburgh, 1710; in the East Indies, 1787; in America, 1787, at Philadelphia.

Bankers, on their first establishment, allowed to those who intrusted their money in their hands, a moderate interest for the same. Hereby their business was very considerably increased. P. T. W.

A DREAM.

It chanc'd that, fatigued with the heat of the day,
As evening drew in, on my mattress I lay;
I had toss'd off my boots, and was just in a doze,
When, lo! the said boots from the flooring arose:—
First they got them upright, and then drawing full wide,
The one drew his foot to the other's inside;
This, by way of a bow,—and then nearing the bed,
Thus the right boot began:—"Sir, excuse us," he said—
"Excuse your poor servants; you need not be told
How Love may wax hot, and so Friendship grow cold;
But the matter is this: we are both out of heel,
And unless you can patch up the quarrel, we feel
That our journey through life must be trodden with pain,
For we never can jog on so smoothly again.

"You know, sir, you courted a lady to-day,
And we all the while not ingloriously lay;
For by no means intending such minutes to lose,
We were soon paying court to her dear little shoes.
And here comes the rub: I, who scorn to be caught,
Fell in love with the right little shoe, as I ought;
And so I maintain that my obstinate brother
Should have kept back his slippery heart for the other;
But not he, indeed—for deserting his game,
He falls over-boots into love with the same.
Then he vows neither shape nor her binding would do,
But her firm upperleathers are equally true;
And for all her good points, not to dwell on the rest,
He declares that the cut of her pleases him best:
Says she's made of right stuff, and in faith, so say I;
May my sole go to shreds, in a gutter I'll lie,
Ere I pass such ungracious impertinence by!
By her sandal I vow, and by Hoby I swear,
He shall try all the weight of the iron I wear.
I was shod to some purpose;—ere long he shall feel
That tho' brother he be, he must take to his heel."

Well, I look'd at the case,—now the pleading was done,
(Neither Sancho nor Solomon had such an one;)
But when, to give judgment, I rose, as 'twould seem,
I found it, (how could it be else?) but a dream.

F.

RECENT BALLOON ASCENT FROM HUNGERFORD (NEW) MARKET.

(FROM ONE OF THE AERONAUTS.)

(To the Editor.)

As my brother, *P. T. W.*, is an experienced aëronaut, and has already furnished you with an account of his first ascent, he wishes me to state for the amusement of your readers, my feelings and ideas of our united excursion with Mr. Graham from Hungerford Market, on Tuesday the 2nd instant; previous to which I must offer some apology to my friends for what they may consider an imprudent act. I can only say that I had no previous intention whatever of trusting myself in a balloon; but, meeting with my brother by mere chance at the market, on the day of its opening, he expressed a desire that I should accompany him on an aërial voyage, pointing out to me in the most glowing colours the delights he had already enjoyed; against which, however, I was proof, until I found he was determined upon a trip, when I immediately resolved to accompany rather than desert him; and I have now no reason to regret the result, as you may imagine from the following account.

After I had pledged myself to my brother, I must acknowledge I felt a slight nervous irritation approaching timidity, which I, however, concealed from those of my friends who happened to be assembled, and with whom I occasionally conversed upon the subject; but, when I saw my brother, who called to me to join him, seated in the car, my nerves became on a sudden braced up, I took my seat with a heart as buoyant as the balloon itself, and from that moment I felt not the least apprehension, but was only eager for our departure. In two minutes this took place, and it was then I began to experience all the delightful sensations I had heard my brother at different times dilate upon with enthusiasm. I felt, as if by magic, I was gifted with the power of flying; of which, by the by, I have often dreamed. We quitted the earth so rapidly yet majestically and steadily, that, in a few seconds the immense concourse of persons assembled in the market, and all around, were scarcely discernible, and the cheering and buzz of the metropolis was succeeded by an awful stillness. My brother then exclaimed, "Is not this delightful!" I must say I was in an ecstacy. Of the wonderful scene that was suddenly presented to our view, St James's Park, with its picturesque landscape-garden, and the Palace and Horse Guards at either end, more immediately fixed our attention, and excited our admiration. We passed along the Thames, and in a few minutes found ourselves suspended over St. Paul's, which from this height, appeared in size like a model, but presented to our view the exact form, as represented in a drawing of the ground plan. I could distinctly see the area in front, with the statue of Queen Anne. We remained in this position some time: I then recollected the awe I once felt in looking down from the gilded ball of St. Paul's, and the terror I experienced at peeping over the railings of the Whispering Gallery, which I dared not approach to lean over; whereas, I was now many thousand feet above, in a wicker basket like a cradle, with the balloon the size of a six-roomed house over our heads, and only secured by six small cords

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scarcely as large as my little finger—without feeling the least alarm.

At starting, the wind was N.W. but our course was now E. passing directly over the City. The principal objects which excited my attention were Bunhill Fields Burial Ground, which was conspicuous from the number of tombstones, and the Artillery Ground, adjoining; Finsbury Square and the Circus, near to it; the Bank, like a small town, and the Royal Exchange, which by its side looked insignificant. Bow Church appeared strikingly beautiful — as if glazed with snow for the occasion; and, the Vinegar Yard, near Southwark Bridge, was conspicuous, with its casks placed in direct lines. The bridges had nothing particular in their appearance, more than roads passing over the river. We crossed the London Docks and the Isle of Dogs, leaving Greenwich Hospital to the right, which appeared like a gentleman's house, and the Park its walled garden. I must here observe that the various objects although considerably reduced, were perfectly seen, and their outlines most beautifully defined; the view being rather different in this respect to that from the Colosseum, which, however, gives an excellent representation of London and its surrounding scenery, as seen from a balloon. While I was busied in pointing out the well-known sites on *terra firma*, my brother, whose ideas are probably more lofty than mine, was wrapt up in the awful sublimity of the clouds, exclaiming ever and anon "how beautiful! how grand!" We passed through two clouds, without feeling very cold; indeed, I have felt the cold much more intense on high mountains in the month of August; my hearing, as well as Mr. Graham's, was much affected, almost to pain, which continued some time after our descent.

Our highest elevation was about two miles, just sufficient to afford us a very extensive and clear view of the country beneath us, with London, which was now like a map, and so much reduced to the sight that I fancied I could have thrown my cloak over it.

We passed over Blackwall, and entered upon the country, when the principal object was the Thames, which, though traceable to a considerable distance, with its horse shoe and serpentine windings, was the least striking of any object we had beheld;—being like a small muddy river, probably from our being immediately over it. On a former ascent, my brother described its appearance as very splendid; but he must have had a more oblique view, so as to reflect the rays of the sun which silvered its surface. Passing Barking Creek and Dagenham Water, leaving Woolwich Warren on our right like a town as represented by Dutch toys, with Purfleet in the front, we proceeded inland, and approached a flat, open country very favourable for a descent; when Mr. Graham opening the valve, we lowered gradually, which we ascertained by throwing out a small piece of paper, and as that seemed to ascend, so we in reality descended. Our descent was now very interesting, and the excitement almost equal to starting. It was very pleasing to look over the side of the car and watch the objects grow upon the sight; first, the trees became singly and distinctly visible, then the hedges, and lastly the different crops on the fields. I gazed with delight, till Mr. Graham desired me to suspend myself from the hoop to break our fall; we almost immediately landed, with a slight rebound, in a fallow field, and then drifted along, a little to the annoyance of my brother who was to leeward. The grappling irons which we had some time previously suspended from the balloon by a cord 90 feet long, did not lay hold, but were drawn along the field slightly grazing the earth, till the balloon cleared the hedge in pretty style, in which the grapples fixed. We were then suspended a few feet over a fine field of wheat, the wind wafting us pleasantly to and fro, till some men whom we then saw for the first time, running from different directions, secured us, and at our request, hauled us into the next field, which was fallow, to avoid injuring the wheat. Thus, we alighted at half-past five o'clock P.M. having made a voyage of 20 miles in about one hour and a half. The place of our alighting proved to be on the farm of Mr. Snowden, of North Ockendon Hall, Essex, who gave us a friendly welcome. The whole village of Ockendon was assembled, and I have now to express our thanks to Mr. Eve, of the manor-farm, who entertained us very hospitably, and sent a horse immediately to Romford, six miles, for a post-chaise, in which we started for London, and returned to Hungerford Market soon after midnight.

I am afraid, on a perusal of the above, the reader may consider me prosy; but, as an excuse, I never yet read an account of a balloon ascent sufficiently circumstantial to satisfy my curiosity. To conclude, in answer to a few observations that have been made, more in candour than politeness or good taste, I must observe, that, if we have been foolish, it has been at our own risk; if we have not benefited mankind by any new discovery, we have injured no one; and if we have given amusement to thousands, we have left no reproachful reflection.

I. H. W.

THE RETURN.

On our journey home, the moon rose in spendour; the beauty and stillness of the night, and the country through which we passed, when contrasted with the recollection of the lively scene on our ascent, and the magnificent one witnessed in the ethereal regions, cannot easily be described, or their

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effects on the mind be soon effaced. The aërial machine—frail image of the ingenuity of man—which had enabled us to behold the sublime scene, which had delighted thousands on the earth, in its progress through the air—whose dome, at one time, was capt with clouds, which harmlessly hovered over us—was now folded up and tied on the top of the post-chaise, and about one o'clock in the morning resumed its former situation, within the walls of the Pantheon, in Oxford-street. P. T. W.

Manners and Customs.

SPORTS OF THE BEAR GARDEN IN SOUTHWARK, 1639.

[In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for the present month, we find the following illustration of the amusements of two centuries since,—translated from a Latin MS., by A. J. K., a clever, and we believe, frequent, contributor to the above valuable Journal.]

A facetious Description of the Sports of the Paris Bear Garden, Southwark, and of the inauguration of a certain scullion named Pack, to the office of Cook to the Bears, to which he had been appointed by Sir Thomas Badger, King James's huntsman; in a letter addressed to the celebrated Lord Cottington, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

To the most Illustrious and most Excellent Lord Francis Lord Cottington, Honest William wisheth all health and happiness.

I have been informed that you have recently been at the Bear Garden, and truly I was much rejoiced to hear it; for it is a pleasant and delightful place, and above all others, well calculated to give lessons in life and manners. Therefore, although it is commonly called the *Garden of Paris*, or *Paris Garden*, that is surely a corruption, or rather contraction of the word (for whatever the French may say, they have no such place in all Paris), and the better sort call it the *Garden of Paradise*. And so indeed it is; such is the variety of pleasure it affords, as Sir Robert Cotton in his Antiquities, and before him John Stow, in his Survey of London, have most learnedly related. For, if you are fond of perfumes, what can be called sweeter, what can be imagined more wholesome, than to snuff up the scent of so many sweet-smelling dogs? What can be more exhilarating than to see men infinitely more careful of their dogs than of themselves, and urging on their whelps with so much ardour, as sometimes themselves to rush foremost upon the bear? If you delight in music, where else is it possible to enjoy so wonderful, so astonishing a concert, of such a variety of voices? There will you hear men shouting, dogs barking, bears roaring, and bulls bellowing altogether;—and thus, though the voices may in themselves differ, yet when combined they produce most incomparable music; especially when a good bear, who knows his business, on being brought to the stake, strikes the ground with his paws, and as it were keeps time. I know many fellows who call themselves amateurs of music, will be excessively angry with me, for calling this *incomparable* music; but I wish them to understand, that I don't mean their delicate *Lydian* measures, which they call "*Chamber music*," —no; I mean those sublime and sonorous *Doric* strains, which we call "*Loud Music*;" and, in short, no music, as it appears to me, can be more harmonious, none more concordant; for the men, the bears, and the dogs, are alike hallooing, roaring, and barking. But the decision of this question may be safely left to the ears of the judicious,—I mean to your own. But now let us have done with music, for I have to speak of more solemn and sublimer matters. There you may see the same men, at one moment, engaged in a battle, beating, thumping, kicking, and almost killing one another, without any positive cause; and at the next, drinking together, and embracing each other in the most friendly manner, equally without reason. Truly this appears to me to be a picture of the world, a mirror of the age, and the most perfect resemblance of a Court that can be imagined. This is the very place where a wise man may learn how he ought to live in this world; and so my old friend Petronius, who was a shrewd and cunning courtier in his time (you know he lived in the Court of Henry VIII.) was wont to say, "Mundus universus exercet ursiludium;" that is, "All the world is but a bear-baiting."

I had almost forgot to speak of the blind bear, who, when he is bound to the stake, contrives to loosen the knot with his nose and claws; and, as soon as he has freed himself, bolts off to his den, upsetting all in his way, making the men tumble one over another, and putting all into confusion, so that men with eyes in their heads appear to be blinder even than the blind bear himself. Why need I tell you of the bull, with the great bag; or of the pony and monkey which gambol about, and afford a truly royal pastime? Therefore it is that good and wise Monarchs patronize this spectacle; and come once a year to partake of it, in Whitsun week. It is, to say the truth, sport worthy of a King; and I would rather enjoy the sport afforded by that blind bear, than witness a hundred masques.

There are some stupid fellows in the world who neither know how to transact business, nor to take recreation; but when we wish to characterize a fellow particularly clever, knowing, and experienced, we commonly say, "*Take care of that chap,—he has seen the bears.*" And, again, when one sharp fellow is overreached by another still sharper, it is a common proverb among us,—"*What, are you there, with your bears?*" For my own

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part, I honestly confess I would much rather enjoy myself with bears and dogs, than play with cats or monkeys, as is now the fashion; and, therefore, I intreat you, as often as your business will permit, that you fail not to visit the Bear Garden, for you will always find to be, as Cicero says, "Schola disciplinæ, morum regula, et magistra vitæ."

Of which I will now give you a great example, in a humble personage. There was a scullion in my Lord's kitchen, whose name was Pack, a clever fellow enough; he obtained, through my influence, from Tom Badger, of most happy memory, the office or place of cooking for the bears, and preparing their dinners and food. When he was introduced into the bears' stable, the bear-wards carefully placed him, according to custom, upon the back of one of the largest bears (which is the usual ceremony of inauguration for all who are to have any charge over the beasts), and in this manner, possession, or what we term in law "livery and seisin" of his office, is delivered to him. The bear carried his rider with great good nature, and he with no less merriment, having in one hand a tankard of ale, and in the other a pipe of tobacco, began to drink to the health of "*All the Bears.*" At this moment, two large dogs were slyly let in; the instant the bear saw them, up got old Bruin on his hind legs, capsized poor Pack, and spilled the ale-pot with almost all the contents into his lap. However, it did him no further harm: and Pack told me, when he came home, that he never enjoyed his ale so much before. Now as often as I think of this story, I fancy I see you, my dear Sir Francis, reposing on your couch, wrapped up in skins and furs, and looking exactly like a great old bear, drinking up my ale, and calling out, like Pack, "Long live Honest William with his ale, I think I never drank better in all my life."

But I won't detain you any longer. I have received your warrant for a buck, for which I heartily thank you, hoping you'll soon send me another. I intended to have dined with you yesterday, but did not know whether or not you would be at home, and I was invited elsewhere; and you well know that Honest William is always a man of his word,—and so farewell.

From my little cabin in the world.
July 26, 1639.

Old Poets.

THE LONG VACATION.

Now at such times as lawyers walke the streets,
Without long rowles of papers in their hands;
When friendly neighbour with his neighbour meetes,
Without false chalenge to each others lands,
The counsellor without his client stands!
When that large capitoll lies voide and waste,
Where senators and judges late were plac't.

Storer's Life of Wolsey.

WOLSEY'S LAMENT.

All as my chrysom, so my winding-sheete,
None joy'de my birth, none mourn'd my death to see;
The short parenthesis of life was sweete,
But short, what was before unknown to me,
And what must follow, is the Lord's decree:
The period of my glory is expreat;
Now of my death; and then my muse take rest.

[The second of these two stanzas contains an image almost as fine as any to be found in poetry:]

I did not meane, with predecessors' pride,
To walke on cloth, as custome did require;
More fit that cloth were hung on either side
In mourning wise, or make the poor attire;
More fit the dirige of a mournfull quire
In dull sad notes all sorrowes to exceede,
For him in whom the prince's love is dead.

I am the tombe where that affection lies,
That was the closet where it living kept;
Yet wise men say, affection never dies;—
No, but it turnes; and when it long hath slept,
Looks heavy, like the eie that long hath wept.
O could it die, that were a restfull state;
But living, it converts to deadly hate.

Ibid.

VIRTUE.

Exceeding fair she was not; and yet fair
In that she never studied to be fairer
Than nature made her; beauty cost her nothing.
Her virtues were so rare they would have made
An Ethiop beautiful; at least, so thought
By such as stood aloof, and did observe her
With credulous eyes.

Ibid.

LOVE.

Love is nature's second son,
Causing a spring of virtue where she shines;
And as without the sun, the world's great eye,
All colours, beauties, both of art and nature,
Are given in vain to men; so, without love,
All beauties bred in women are in vain;
All virtues born in men lie buried;
For love informs us as the sun doth colours:
And as the sun, reflecting his warm beams
Against the earth, begets all fruits and flowers;
So love, fair shining in the inward man,
Brings forth in him the honourable fruits
Of valour, wit, virtue, and haughty thoughts;
Brave resolution, and divine discourse:
O, 'tis the paradise—the heaven of earth:
And didst thou know the comforts of two hearts
In one delicious harmony united,—
As to joy, one joy; and think both one thought;
Live both one life, and therein double life;
To see their souls meet at an interview;
In their bright eyes,—at parley in their lips;
Their language, kisses; and t'observe the rest—
Touches, embraces, and each circumstance
Of all love's most unmatched ceremonies,
Thou would'st abhor thy tongue for blasphemy.
O, who can comprehend how sweet love tastes,
But he that hath been present at its feasts.

Ibid.

LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

Such love is like a smoky fire
In a cold morning: though the fire be cheerful,
Yet is the smoke so sour and cumbersome,
'Twere better lose the fire than find the smoke.
Such an attendant then as smoke to fire,
Is jealousy to love; better want both
Than have both.

Ibid.

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A PETIT MAITRE OF THE TIME OF ELIZABETH.

I wonder where that neat spruce slave becomes;
I think he was some barber's son, by the mass,
'Tis such a picked fellow, not a hair
About his whole bulk, but it stands in print;
Each piu hath its due place, not any point
But hath its perfect tie, fashion and grace.
A thing whose soul is specially employ'd
In knowing where best gloves, best stockings, waistcoats,
Curiously wrought, are sold; sacks milliners' shops
For all new types and fashions, and can tell ye
What new devices, of all sorts, there are:
And there is not, in the whole Rialto,
But one new-fashion'd waistcoat, or one night-cap,
One pair of gloves, pretty or well perfum'd,
And from a pair of gloves, of half-a-crown
To twenty crowns, will to a very scute
Smell out the price; and for these womanly parts
He is esteem'd a witty gentleman.

Ibid.

The Naturalist.

THE ELECTRICAL EEL.

This curious creature is a fish of the order termed apodal, or without ventral fins. Several species are known to naturalists; the most famous of which is the *gymnotus electricus*, found in the rivers of South America. The body is nearly of an equal thickness throughout; head and tail obtuse; and the length five or six feet. In colour, and altogether, on first view, it appears very much like an eel, from which resemblance it has most probably received its name; but, according to John Hunter, "it has none of the specific properties of that fish." The most singular fact in its history is its possession of the property of communicating a sensation similar to the shock from an electrifying machine, when touched with the hand, or an electric conductor. The seat of the organs which produce this extraordinary effect is along the under side of the tail. They are composed of four bundles of parallel membraneous laminæ, placed very near each other, and nearly horizontally, extending from the skin to the central medial plane of the body, connected together by numerous vertical laminæ, arranged transversely. The little cells, or canals, which are intercepted by these two kinds of laminæ, are, according to Cuvier, filled with a gelatinous substance, and the whole apparatus is abundantly supplied with nerves. A specimen of the gymnotus, which was conveyed alive to England some years since, afforded the curious an opportunity of verifying the reports of travellers as to its electric property. The celebrated John Hunter was one of its most successful examiners, and his very interesting "Account" will be found in the *Philosophical Transactions*, (1775). His results accord with the conclusions of more recent observers. Among the latter, the indefatigable Humboldt is entitled to first rank, and a summary of his observations may be stated as follows:—

"These electrical eels inhabit the Rio Colorado, the Guarapiche, and several small streams which cross the Chayma missions, as well as the Orinoco, the Meta, and the Maranham; and in the Ilanos, particularly in the environs of Calabozo, the pools of stagnant water, and the streams which fall into the Orinoco, are filled with them. They are, at once, dreaded and detested by the natives. The muscular part of the flesh is tolerably good eating, but the electric organ, which fills more than two-thirds of the body, is slimy and disagreeable, and is, accordingly, carefully separated from the rest.

"The gymnotus is the largest electrical fish known, some of those measured by him being from five feet four inches to five feet seven inches in length. One, four feet one inch long, weighed 15¾ Troy pounds, and its transverse diameter was three inches seven and a half lines. The colour was a fine olive-green; the under part of the head yellow mingled with red. Along the back are two rows of small yellow spots, each of which contains an excretory aperture for the mucus, with which the skin is constantly covered. The swimming-bladder is of large size, and before it is situated another of smaller dimensions; the former separated from the skin by a mass of fat, and resting upon the electric organs, which occupy more than two-thirds of the fish.

"It would be rash to expose one's self to the first shocks of a very large individual,—the pain and numbness which follow in such a case being extremely violent. When in a state of great weakness, the animal produces in the person who touches it a twitching, which is propagated from the hand to the elbow; a kind of internal vibration, lasting two or three seconds, and followed by painful torpidity, being felt after every stroke. The electric energy depends upon the will of the creature, and it directs it toward the point where it feels most strongly irritated. The organ acts only under the immediate influence of the brain and heart; for, when one of them was cut through the middle, the fore part of the body alone gave shocks. Its action on man is transmitted and intercepted by the same substances that transmit and intercept the electrical current of a conductor charged by a Leyden jar or a Voltaic pile. In the water the shock can be conveyed to a considerable distance. No spark has ever been observed to issue from the body of the eel when excited.

"The gymnoti are objects of dread to the natives, and their presence is considered as the principal cause of the want of fish in the pools of the Llanos. All the inhabitants of the waters avoid them; and the Indians asserted that when they take young alligators and these animals in the same net, the latter never display any appearance of wounds, because they disable their enemies before they

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are attacked by them. It became necessary to change the direction of a road near Urituco, solely because they were so numerous in a river that they killed many mules in the course of fording it."

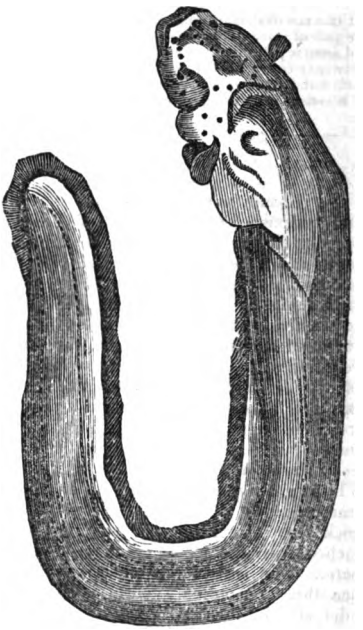
The narrative of Humboldt's mode of catching the specimens, from an examination of which he obtained these results, will be read with equal interest:—

"It being very difficult to catch the gymnoti with nets, on account of their extreme agility, it was resolved to procure some by intoxicating or benumbing them with the roots of certain plants, which when thrown into the water produce that effect. At this juncture the Indians informed them that they would fish with horses, and soon brought from the savannah about thirty of these animals, which they drove into the pool.

"The extraordinary noise caused by the horses' hoofs makes the fishes issue from the mud, and excites them to combat. These yellowish and livid eels, resembling large aquatic snakes, swim at the surface of the water, and crowd under the bellies of the horses and mules. The struggle between animals of so different an organization affords a very interesting sight. The Indians, furnished with harpoons and long, slender reeds, closely surround the pool. Some of them climb the trees, whose branches stretch horizontally over the water. By their wild cries and their long reeds, they prevent the horses from coming to the edge of the basin. The eels, stunned by the noise, defend themselves by repeated discharges of their electrical batteries, and for a long time seem likely to obtain the victory. Several horses sink under the violence of the invisible blows which they receive in the organs most essential to life, and, benumbed by the force and frequency of the shocks, disappear beneath the surface. Others, panting, with erect mane, and haggard eyes expressive of anguish, raise themselves and endeavour to escape from the storm which overtakes them, but are driven back by the Indians. A few, however, succeed in eluding the vigilance of the fishers; they gain the shore, stumble at every step, and stretch themselves out on the sand, exhausted with fatigue, and having their limbs benumbed by the electric shocks of the gymnoti.

"In less than five minutes two horses were killed. The eel, which is five feet long, presses itself against the belly of the horse, and makes a discharge along the whole extent of its electric organ. It attacks at once the heart, the viscera, and the cæliac plexus of the abdominal nerves. It is natural that the effect which a horse experiences should be more powerful than that produced by the same fish on man, when he touches it only by one of the extremities. The horses are probably not killed but only stunned; they are drowned from the impossibility of rising amid the prolonged struggle between the other horses and eels.

"The gymnoti at length dispersed, and approached the edge of the pool, when five of them were taken by means of small harpoons fastened to long cords. A few more were caught towards evening, and there was thus obtained a sufficient number of specimens on which to make experiments."



(*Gymnotus Electricus, or Electrical Eel.*)

YUCCA GLORIOSA, OR GREAT ADAM'S NEEDLE.

This magnificent plant has lately been seen in splendid bloom, in the garden of Mr. James Bagust, near the end of Boyer-lane, Camberwell New Road. It contained, in its full vigour, from 1,500 to 2,000 blossoms, and attracted vast numbers of beholders, who were struck with admiration of its magnitude and beauty. It has been dormant for many years in the garden of Mr. Bagust, but this summer unfolded its beauties. According to Mr. Bagust, it is far more splendid than the American aloe. Its superiority consists in the number of liliaceous blossoms, which are equal in size to the tulip, and possess the rare quality of attracting insects, as the substance of the flower is of a honey hue:

"How Nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on her *bloom*, extracting liquid sweet."—*Milton.*

P. T. W.

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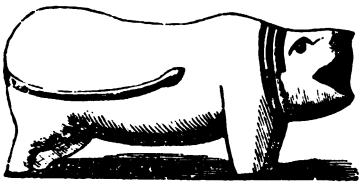
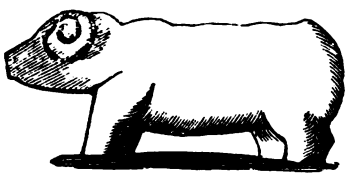
PERSIAN TOMBS.

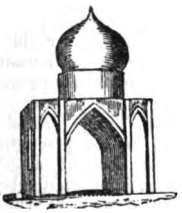
In Mr. Moriers's interesting *Second Journey through Persia*, the annexed are figured as specimens of the tombs of persons of distinction or note among the Persians. Their tombs generally are much like those of the Armenians, but with inscriptions in Persian and Arabic. Those of the poorer sort of people are built with bricks, with a small piece of marble at the head for the epitaph: the poorest have only a piece of broken stone at the end of the graves.



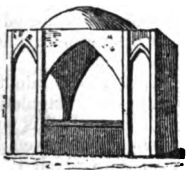
Stone lions and rams, rudely sculptured, are very frequently seen in Persian burial-grounds, and are placed over the tombs of soldiers, or those famed for their courage.



The rich, over their tombs, have small cupolas, which rest upon four pilasters. The largest and most considerable are built over the remains of holy and learned men. In a burial-ground in the district of Takht Roulad. is the tomb of a famous dervish, which is much resorted to by the people of Ispahan on holidays, and particularly on the eve of *Jumah*, (Friday,) as a place of worship.



Around this and similar monuments are, in general, to be seen collections of minor tombs; for it is a received opinion, that those who are buried in the vicinity of an holy personage will meet with his support at the day of resurrection. The Persians do not, however, take the same care of their dead as the Turks.



Retrospective Gleanings.

ERASMUS IN ENGLAND.

[It is well known, that Erasmus, in the reign of Henry VIII., spent a considerable time in England, of which and of its inhabitants we find frequent mention scattered through his writings. Of these notices we select a translated specimen.

First is his description of England, written to the physician of Cardinal Wolsey.]

I often grieve and wonder how it happens, that Britain has now for so many years been afflicted with a continual plague, and chiefly with the sweating sickness, which is a malady that seems almost peculiar to the country. We have read of a state being delivered from a long continued pestilence by changing the style of building, upon the advice of a philosopher. If I am not deceived, England may be freed in a similar manner. In the first place the English have no regard to what quarter of the heavens their windows or doors are turned; in the next, their sitting rooms are generally so constructed, as to be incapable of being ventilated, which is a thing that Galen particularly recommends. Furthermore, a great part of the wall is made transparent by glass plates (or squares) which admit the light, but exclude the wind; and yet through the small crevices they admit the air to be strained, which becomes somewhat more pestilent by staying there a long time. The streets too are generally covered with clay and rushes, which are so seldom renewed, that the covering sometimes remains twenty years, concealing beneath, a mass of all descriptions of filth, not fit to mention. Hence, upon a change in the atmosphere, a certain vapour is exhaled, in my opinion not at all wholesome for the human body. Added to this, England is not only surrounded by the sea on every side, but is also, in many places, marshy, and intersected by salt streams, to say nothing at present of the salt food, of which the common people are amazingly fond.

"It is my firm opinion, that the island would become much more wholesome, if the spreading of rushes on the ground were not used, and if the chambers were so built as to be exposed to the heavens on two or three sides, the windows of glass being so made as to open altogether, and close in the same way, and to shut so as not to admit noxious winds through the crevices. Since, as it is sometimes wholesome to admit the air, so it is sometimes as much so to keep it out. The common people laugh if a person complain of the cloudy sky. If, even twenty years ago, I had entered into a chamber which had been uninhabited for some months I was immediately seized with a fever. It would contribute to this object, (to render

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the island more healthy) if more sparing diet could be more generally recommended, and a more moderate use of salt provisions; and if certain public officers were commissioned to keep the roads more free from nuisances. Those parts too should be looked to more particularly, which are in the neighbourhood of a town. You will laugh at my having time to trouble myself about these matters. I love the country which has for so long a time given me an hospitable abode, and in it, should circumstances allow, I would willingly spend what remains of life.

I have no doubt from your character for wisdom, that you know these matters better than myself; I resolved, however, to mention them to you, that you may, if my opinion coincides with yours, recommend these hints to the notice of the great. For in former days, kings were wont to interest themselves in such things, &c. &c.—*Epist.* 432

[A curious notice of an obsolete custom.]

I too in England have made some small improvement.—That Erasmus, whom you know, is now almost a good hunter, not the worst horseman, no unskilful courtier; he salutes with a little more grace, and smiles more agreeably, and all this he does without any natural talent for it—how are my affairs; you will ask, they go on pretty well.—You too, if you are wise, will fly hither.—Why should you who are a man of such nice taste choose to grow old in the midst of Gallic filth?—But your gout prevents you: I wish it was at the devil provided you did not go with it.

Although, Faustus, if you well knew the advantages of Britain, truly you would hasten hither with wings to your feet, and if your gout would not permit, you would wish you possessed the art of Dædalus. For, just to touch on one thing out of many, here there are lasses with heavenly faces, kind, obliging; and you would far prefer them to all your muses. There is, besides, a practice never to be sufficiently commended. If you go to any place, you are received with a kiss by all; if you depart on a journey, you are dismissed with a kiss; you return, kisses are exchanged; they come to visit you, a kiss the first thing; they leave you, you kiss them all round: do they meet you any where? kisses in abundance: lastly, wherever you move, there is nothing but kisses. And if you, Faustus, had but once tasted them, how soft they are, how fragrant, on my honour you would wish not to reside here for ten years only, but to take up your abode in England for life. We will enjoy the rest of our month together, for I shall see you, I hope, soon.—*Ep.* 65, *dated* 1499.

[He gives but a very unpromising account of his Cambridge residence, where he was appointed Greek reader, and had apartments in Queen's College.

As for myself, I have been living in my study these many months, wrapt up in my books like an oyster in his shell. This is a dull place even at fullest, and at present it is almost entirely deserted, the fear of the plague having driven the inhabitants away. My expenses are enormous, and my emoluments next to nothing. As to accumulating it is absolutely out of the question. I have not been here five months, and my charges already amount to sixty nobles; while the only profit I have ever reaped from my lectures, is the offer of a single noble from certain of my audience, which, after many refusals, and with much unwillingness, I consented to accept. My case is becoming desperate. I must positively make a vigorous effort, this winter, to better my condition in some way or other. Should I succeed, I shall provide myself somewhere a comfortable place of retreat; at any rate, I am determined to leave Cambridge; for this is not a place which I can even die in with comfort.

Cambridge, Nov. 28, 1511.—*Ep.* 131.

The Public Journals.

ON THE THUGS.*

(*Received from an Officer in the service of his Highness the Nizam.*)

The Thugs form a perfectly distinct class of persons, who subsist almost entirely upon the produce of the murders they are in the habit of committing. They appear to have derived their denomination from the practice usually adopted by them of decoying the persons they fix upon to destroy, to join their party; and then, taking advantage of the confidence they endeavour to inspire, to strangle their unsuspecting victims. They are also known by the name of Phanseegurs; and in the north-eastern part of the Nizam's dominions, are usually called "Kockbunds." There are several peculiarities in the habits of the Thugs, in their mode of causing death, and in the precautions they adopt for the prevention of discovery, that distinguish them from every other class of delinquents; and it may be considered a general rule whereby to judge of them, that they affect to disclaim the practice of petty theft, housebreaking, and indeed every species of stealing that has not been preceded by the perpetration of murder.

The Thugs adopt no other method of killing but strangulation; and the implement made use of for this purpose is a handkerchief, or any other convenient strip of cloth. The manner in which the deed is done will be described hereafter. They never attempt to rob a traveller until they have, in the first instance, deprived him of life: after the

* Pronounced Túg, but with a slight aspirate.

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commission of a murder, they invariably bury the body immediately, if time and opportunity serve, or otherwise conceal it; and never leave a corpse uninterred in the highway, unless they happen to be disturbed.*

They usually move in large parties, often amounting to 100 or 200 persons, and resort to all sort of subterfuges for the purpose of concealing their real profession. If they are travelling southward, they represent themselves to be either proceeding in quest of service, or on their way to rejoin the regiments they belong to in this part of the country. When, on the contrary, their route lies towards the north, they represent themselves to be Sepoys from corps of the Bombay or Nizam's army, who are going on leave to Hindustan. The gangs do not always consist of persons who are Thugs by birth. It is customary for them to entice, by the promise of monthly pay or the hopes of amassing money that are held out, many persons, who are ignorant of the deeds of death that are to be perpetrated for the attainment of these objects, until made aware of the reality by seeing the victims of their cupidity fall under the hands of the stranglers; and the Thugs declare that novices have occasionally been so horrified at the sight, as to have effected their immediate escape. Others, more callous to the commission of crime, are not deterred from the pursuit of wealth by the frightful means adopted to obtain it, and remaining with the gang, too soon begin personally to assist in the perpetration of murder.

Many of the most notorious Thugs are the adopted children of others of the same class. They make it a rule, when a murder is committed, never to spare the life of any one, either male or female, who is old enough to remember and relate the particulars of the deed. But in the event of their meeting with children of such a tender age as to make it impossible they should be enabled to relate the fact, they generally spare their lives, and, adopting them, bring them up to the trade of Thugs. These men of course eventually become acquainted with the fact of the murder of their fathers and mothers by the very persons with whom they have dwelt since their childhood, but are still not detered from following the same dreadful trade.

In every gang of Thugs there are to be found one or more jemadars, who appear to hold that rank not by the choice of their followers, but in consequence of their wealth and influence in their respective villages, and having assembled their immediate followers in the vicinity of their homes. The profits of a jemadar are of course greater than those of his followers; he receives six and a half or seven per cent. on all silver coin, and other property not hereafter specified, and then shares in the remainder in common with the other Thugs of the party. When gold is obtained in coin or in mass, the tenth part is taken by the jemadar previous to dividing it; and he has a tithe of all pearls, shawls, gold embroidered cloths, brass and copper pots, horses, &c. The jemadar acts as master of the ceremonies when the poojah is performed, and he assigns to every Thug the particular duty he is to undertake in the commission of every murder that is determined on. These duties are performed in succession by all the Thugs of the party, and to the regularity and system that exists among them is to be attributed the unparalleled success that has attended their proceedings. Next to the jemadar, the most important person is the *bhuttoat*, or strangler, who carries the handkerchief with which the Thugs usually murder their victims. This implement is merely a piece of fine, strong cotton cloth, about a yard long; at one end a knot is tied, and the cloth is slightly twisted, and kept ready for use in front of the waistcoat of the person carrying it. There is no doubt but that all Thugs are expert in the use of the handkerchief, which is called boomal, or paloo; but if they are to be believed, only particular persons are called upon, or permitted to perform this office. When a large gang is collected, the most able-bodied and alert of their number are fixed upon as bhuttoats, and they are made the bearers of the handkerchief only after the performance of various and often expensive ceremonies, and only on the observance of a favourable omen. The old and experienced Thugs are usually denominated gooroo bhow, and the junior Thugs make a merit of attending upon them, filling their hookahs, shampooing their bodies, and performing the most menial offices. They gradually become initiated into all the mysteries of the art, and if they prove to be powerful men, these disciples of the *gooroo* are made bhuttoats. The Thugs say, that if one of

* The Thugs were known in the time of the Emperor Akbar of Delhi, by whom many were executed. They were first known to the British Government in 1812, and then many were hung in Bundelkund. Again, in 1817, they attracted notice by their horrible acts, and twelve villages in Bundelkund, which were peopled almost entirely by them, were taken by a force sent against them. They were then dispersed but assembled in various parts in Sindhia's and the Nagpoor country, also in Holkar's dominions. From 1817 till 1831, they were not molested; and, in consequence, increased greatly in the latter year. Measures were taken to suppress them, which have been attended with great success in this year. One hundred and eleven have been executed at Jubbulpoor, and upwards of 400 transported for life to the eastern settlement of Pinang, and upwards of 600 are now in jail at Sangor to take their trial at the next sessions at Jubbulpoor. Their apprehension, and their consequent disclosures, gave the means of those in this part of the country being pointed out. Mr. Reynolds the officer who has the work here, has apprehended more than 100 in less than six months, and is catching others almost daily.

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their class was alone, and had never strangled a person, he would not presume to make use of the handkerchief until he observed a favourable omen.

When a murder is to be committed, the bhuttoat usually follows the particular person whom he has been nominated by the jemadar to strangle; and, on the preconcerted signal being given, the handkerchief is seized with the knot in the *left hand*, the right hand being about nine inches farther up, in which manner it is thrown over the head of the person to be strangled from behind; the two hands are crossed as the victim falls, and such is the certainty with which the deed is done, as the Thugs frequently declare, that before the body falls to the ground the eyes start out of the head, and life becomes extinct. Should the person to be strangled prove a powerful man, or the bhuttoat inexpert, another Thug lays hold of the end of the handkerchief, and the work is completed. The perfection of the act is said to be, when several persons are simultaneously murdered without any of them having time to utter a cry, or to be aware of the fate of their comrades.

Favourable opportunities are given for bhuttoats to make their first essay in the art of strangling. When a single traveller is met with, a novice is instructed to make a trial of his skill; the party sets off during the night, and stops while it is still dark to drink water or to smoke. While seated for the purpose, the jemadar inquires what time of the night it may be, and the Thugs look up at the stars to ascertain. This being the preconcerted signal, the bhuttoat is immediately on the alert, and the unsuspecting traveller, on looking up at the heavens, in common with the rest of the party, offers his neck to the ready handkerchief, and becomes an easy prey to his murderer. The bhuttoat receives eight annas (half a rupee) extra for every murder that is committed, and if the plunder is great, some article of value is assigned to him over and above his share. The persons intended to be murdered are called by different names, according to their sect, profession, wealth, &c. &c.; a victim having much property is entitled "*niamud*;" and they are also often called bunj. To aid the bhuttoat in the preparation of a murder, another Thug is especially appointed under the denomination of samsecah. His business is to seize the person to be strangled by the wrists if he be on foot, and by one of his legs if he be on horseback, and so to pull him down. A samsecah is told off to each traveller, and he places himself in a convenient situation near him to be ready when required. In the event of the traveller being mounted on horseback, another Thug assists under the denomination of "bhugdurra;" his business is to lay hold of the horse's bridle, and to check it as soon as the signal for murder is given.

One of the most necessary persons to a gang of Thugs is he who goes by the name of tillaëe. The Thugs do not always depend upon chance for obtaining plunder, or roam about in the expectation of meeting travellers, but frequently take up their quarters in or near a large town, or some great thoroughfare, from whence they make expeditions, according to the information obtained by the tillaëes. These men are chosen from among the most smooth-spoken and intelligent of their number, and their chief duty is to gain information. For this purpose they are decked out in the garb of respectable persons, whose appearance and manners they must have the art of assuming. They frequent the bazaars of the town near which their associates are encamped, and endeavour to pick up intelligence of the intended dispatch or expected arrival of goods or treasure, of which information is forthwith given to the gang, who send out a party to intercept them. Inquiry is also made for any party of travellers who may have arrived, and who put up in the suraee, or elsewhere. Every art is brought into practice to scrape an acquaintance with these people. They are given to understand that the tillaëe is travelling the same road. An opportunity is taken to throw out hints regarding the unsafeness of the roads, and the frequency of murders and robberies; an acquaintance with some of the friends or relatives of the travellers is feigned, and an invitation from them to partake of the repast that has been prepared where the tillaëe has put up,—the conveniences of which and the superiority of the water are abundantly praised. The result is, that the travellers are inveigled into joining the gang of Thugs, and they are feasted and treated with every politeness and consideration by the very wretches who are at the time plotting their murder, and calculating the share they shall acquire in the division of their property.

It is on the perfection which they have attained in the art of acting as tillaëes that the Thugs pride themselves, and they frequently boast that it is only once necessary to have an opportunity of conversing with a traveller, to be able to mark him as an easy victim, whenever they choose to murder him.

Having enticed the travellers into the snare they have laid for them, the next object is to choose a convenient spot for their murder. This, in their technical language, is called a *bhil*, and is usually fixed upon some distance from a village on the banks of a small stream, where the trees and underwood afford a shelter from the view of occasional passengers. The Thug who is sent on this duty is called a *bhilla*, and having fixed on the place, he either returns

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to the encampment of his party, or meets them on the way to report the result of his inquiry. If the bhilla returns to the camp with his report, the *suggaees*, or grave-diggers, are sent out with him to prepare a grave for the interment of the persons it is intended to murder. Arrangements are previously made so that the party in company with the travellers shall not arrive at the bhil too soon. At the particular spot agreed on, the bhilla meets the party. The jemadar calls out to him "Bhilla naujeh?" (Have you cleared out the hole?) The bhilla replies "Naujeh," on which the concerted signal is given that serves as the death-warrant of the unsuspecting travellers, who are forthwith strangled. While some are employed in rifling the bodies, others assist in carrying them away to the ready-prepared graves. The suggaees perform the office of burying the dead, and the remainder of the gang proceeds on its journey, having with them a certain number of the tillaees or watchmen on the look-out to prevent their being disturbed. Should a casual passenger appear, the tillaee gently throws a stone among the suggaees, who immediately desist and crouch on the ground until the danger is averted.

It often happens that the arrangements and precautions above-mentioned cannot be entered into; that travellers are casually met with on the road, and hastily murdered, and as carelessly interred. In these cases, if the opportunity is afforded them, the Thugs always have some one to keep watch at the place; and, rather than run the risk of detection, by the bodies being dug up by wild animals, they return, and re-inter them. If the ground is strong, they never touch the corpse; but if the soil is of that loose texture as to render it probable that the bodies, in swelling, will burst the graves, they generally transfix them with knives or spears, which effectually prevents that result.

When the Thugs may choose to strangle their victims in some more exposed situation, —as in a garden near a village where they may have put up for the night,—they resort to further precautions to prevent discovery. The grave is on this occasion prepared on the spot, after the murder has been committed, and the corpse having been deposited therein, the superfluous soil is carried away in baskets, and strewn in the neighbouring fields; the place is watered and beaten down, and it is ultimately plastered over with wet cow-dung, and *choolahs*, or fire-places for cooking, are made on the spot. If the party find it necessary to decamp, they light fires in the choolahs, that they may have the appearance of having been used to cook in. Should they determine on staying, they use the choolahs to cook their food in on the succeeding day, having few qualms of conscience to prevent their enjoying the victuals prepared on a spot, the associations attendant on which might be considered too revolting for even a Thug to dwell on.

The peculiar designation by which they are known is a point in which the Thugs are particularly tenacious, and they attach an importance and even respectability to their profession, that they say no other class of delinquents is entitled to. The denomination of *thief* is one that is particularly obnoxious to them, and they never refrain from soliciting the erasure of the term, and the substitution of that of Thug, whenever it may occur in a paper regarding them, declaring that, so far from following so disgraceful a practice as theft, they scorn the name, and can prove themselves to be as honest and trustworthy as any one else, when occasion requires it.

It seems their ambition to be considered respectable persons; and with this view they expend much of their gains on their personal decoration. Even those who have been seized and admitted as approvers, or informers against their comrades, in fact, king's evidence, are more solicitous about their dress and decent appearance than anything else. They mostly seem to be men of mild and unobtrusive manners, possessing a cheerfulness of disposition entirely opposed to the violent passions and ferocious demeanour that are usually associated with the idea of a professed murderer.

Such is the extent to which this dreadful system has been carried that no idea can be formed of the expenditure of human life to which it has given occasion, or the immensity of the wealth that has been acquired by its adoption. When it is taken into consideration that many of the Thugs already seized confess to their having, for the last twenty-five and thirty years, annually made a tour with parties of more than a hundred men, and with no other object than that of murder and rapine; that they boast of having successively put their tens and twenties to death daily; and that they say an enumeration of all the lives they have personally assisted to destroy would swell the catalogue to hundreds, and, as some declare, to thousands*—some conception of the horrid reality may be formed; of the amount of the property that they have yearly made away with, it must be impossible to form any calculation; for, independent of the thousands in ready money, jewels and bullion, the loads of valuable cloths, and every description of merchandise, that continually fall into their hands, the hoondies that they invariably destroy must amount to a considerable sum.

Abridged from the New Monthly Mag.

* Ameer Ali, an approver and noted Thug, now at this place, declares and glories in having been present at the murder of 719 persons, whose property is estimated at two lacs and a half of rupees!

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New Books.

SHIPWRECKS AND DISASTERS AT SEA.

(*Continued from page 9.*)

[The second volume contains the following narrative of mixed atrocity and suffering.]

Abandonment of Madame Dunoyer, in an open boat, by pirates, 1766.

It was in the year 1766, that M. Dunoyer, an inhabitant of Cape François, in the French part of St. Domingo, went to Samona on the Spanish side of the island, for the purpose of forming a residence at that place. He had been there about a year, when Madame Dunoyer wished her husband to return to Cape François, the air of which being that of her native place, she thought would prove favourable to her health, which was then delicate. They accordingly embarked in a small vessel belonging to M. Dunoyer, with one infant at the breast and another about seven years old. A negress, their domestic servant, called Catharine, accompanied them. Just as they were about to set sail, an English bark was shipwrecked on the coast hard by, but the crew were saved. There happened at that time to be a French vessel at Samona about to sail, and eight of the shipwrecked party prevailed upon the commander, named Verrier, to receive and land them either at Cape François or Monte-Christo. But still thinking they were too many to afford a passage without incommoding himself, Verrier asked M. Dunoyer to take two in his little vessel. One called himself Captain John; the other was named Young. M. Dunoyer received them, gave them necessaries, even linen, they promising, on the other hand, to help him during the passage to the utmost of their power.

It was in the beginning of March that everything was ready for sea. M. Dunoyer first discharged two Frenchmen whom he had engaged to work the vessel, because the two Englishmen offered their services for the purpose, and were good sailors. They accordingly set sail, but came to an anchor in the evening at a place called Grigri, about a league from Porto Plata, on the north side of St. Domingo. Supper was got ready near the land, not far from a Spanish dwelling where people customarily stopped to get refreshments. After supper, the stern, which was shaded with palm leaves, was divided by a sail across it from the rest of the bark. Behind it a mattress was placed for Madame Dunoyer, her children, and the negress. The two sailors lay down in the bow of the bark. M. Dunoyer slept upon a mattress which lay at the feet of his wife.

All was still before the midnight hour, when one of the children began to cry. M. Dunoyer handed aft some milk which was carried for the purpose of feeding it, and all was again hushed as at first. Between the hours of three and four, Madame Dunoyer was awakened by a kind of dull blow which seemed to be struck with a hammer or hatchet upon her husband's mattress, and she thought she heard him heave a sigh. Frightened, trembling, and anticipating the truth, she awoke the negress by crying "Oh God, they are killing M. Dunoyer!" She lifted the sail or curtain at her feet between her husband's mattress and her own, when the man called John came to her bed, and with ferocious air lifting the hatchet, threatened to kill her if she gave the least alarm. He then struck her husband two blows more with the hatchet. Young took the tiller, and John loosened the sail, as they said, for New York. At daybreak the bark was two leagues from land, and Madame Dunoyer, who had scarcely strength to rise from the awning, saw cast over the side of the bark and floating on the sea, the mattress on which the bleeding body of her husband had just been extended. The man called John said to the affrighted wife, "Don't be alarmed—your husband sleeps well." He then came to her, and demanded the keys of the boxes and trunks and her husband's arms, which she immediately gave up. He searched through every package, but found no money. With eyes drenched in tears, she asked why the wretch had the barbarity to kill her husband; for that he had no money in the vessel. The murderer replied it was to get possession of the vessel to take them to New York.

Seeing there was no money, the assassin became milder in his manner, and offered the unfortunate lady food, tea, and chocolate. She refused his offer, upon which they told her not to vex herself or be unhappy; that they would do her no injury, but disembark her, on the contrary, with all her baggage, upon the French territory. The rest of the day they said nothing, but left this unfortunate woman to her fears and lamentations.

Night now approached; repose was not to be expected in so dreadful a situation, being in the power of the murderers of her husband. She wept all night over her children. She thought of their father and of her own situation. Her husband's image was ever before her eyes; and hour after hour passed away in bitter suffering.

* * * * * *

Having lashed the helm and set the mainsail, they lay down. The negress proposed putting out their eyes with a nail as they slept, but she thought they were not both really asleep, and this hindered her making an attempt that must have been fatal both to her mistress and herself. It is difficult to imagine, unless she had four hands to use at once, how she could have prevented one of them from taking the alarm before such a

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design could have been effectually completed.

In the morning they were making rapid way, when Madame Dunoyer again asked if they intended to carry her to New York. They replied, if she wished to go to Cape François, one of them would take her, together with the children and negress, in the boat. The horror of her situation with the murderers of her husband made her accept any alternative, for what doom was not preferable to remaining on board the bark! She did not recollect that the boat was small, and not calculated to resist the waves of the open sea. It was, in fact, a canoe hollowed out of a single tree, such as is used by the American Indians. On stating her determination to go at any risk, they told her to make up a packet of her linen, or what she most wished to take, as there was no room to stow away her trunks. They put an old paliasse in the bottom of the canoe, four biscuit cakes, a bottle containing a few pints of fresh water, six eggs, a little salt pork, and a kettle. The man John placed the two children and negress in the canoe first, and then searched the pockets of Madame Dunoyer, in which he found her husband's shoe and collar buckles of silver which she happened to have in her possession. These he took away, as well as the packet of linen she had made up to take in the canoe, and compelled her to follow the negress and children. She expected one of the men would have gone with them to guide the canoe. Instead of this they cast it loose, hoisted every sail, and in no great while were out of sight.

This unfortunate lady was then left with her children and servant by these pirates, for such no doubt they were, to float whither the waves would carry them. Nothing but sky and water was in view, no land could be seen. As the bark quitted them, she prayed in vain for help, even from the assassins of her husband, but she implored in vain. There was nevertheless a more powerful protection extended over her and her little ones. The Eye that never slumbers nor sleeps watched them in their hour of desolation, and they did not perish. The consternation of Madame Dunoyer imagination cannot paint. The thought of her children, one an helpless infant, almost reduced her to utter despair. Her kind servant, or "slave" according to common parlance, tried to revive and console her mistress. All the little aid she could give—all the humble efforts she could make, she exerted to sustain and comfort her. Madame Dunoyer had swooned away at one time; the kind creature laboured to restore her, and succeeded, but Madame Dunoyer only became conscious of existence to deplore afresh the horrors of their unhappy situation. She fancied her children the prey of the shark, she pressed them to her bosom and bathed them in tears, and every look she gave she imagined was the last she should ever bestow upon the faces of the innocents, unconscious of the magnitude of the dangers that menaced them. At length she attained sufficient composure to deliver herself and children over to the care of heaven, and to leave all besides to the waves and to the conduct of the negress, who endeavoured to manage the canoe without knowing how their course lay. Night came on, and dark and fearful hours were to be passed. The danger of upsetting was augmented by the rising of the wind. The waves were swollen, and one of them entering the canoe carried away their biscuit and water, leaving them in dread of another which should overwhelm them entirely. Fortunately the negress could steer well enough not to hasten such a catastrophe by any ill-management. The hours of night seemed as if they would never pass away.

The day broke over a calm ocean, but this was all that appeared to afford them consolation. They knew not where to steer, had they been able to sail; no land was yet in sight. Their hope that some vessel might pick them up was past. Madame Dunoyer could only pray and implore the aid of the Protector of the widow and fatherless. Seven days and nights did these unfortunate females pass in a similar manner, exposed to the atmosphere, and without any food but the salt pork. Nearly worn out, Madame Dunoyer every moment expected to succumb. The power of women to endure bodily suffering is far beyond that of the other sex. The rigid tendons of man snap asunder quickly, while the more flexible fibres of women do not break until they have been attenuated to the utmost. The thought of her children being left in so deplorable a state was worse to Madame Dunoyer than death. She saw that they must soon perish, and proposed opening a vein to prolong the life of the infant at her breast, because the maternal stream had ceased to yield it the wonted supply. About this critical time a vessel was seen at a distance by the negress. Anxiously did they watch its approach and make all the signals in their power when it was within view. They were at last seen; the vessel made for the canoe, but a new danger arose from the sea's recoiling off the ship and nearly sinking the shallow canoe as it came alongside. The people on board were aware of the hazard they ran, and by good management got them all on board safely. The ship was bound to New Orleans, and Madame Dunoyer happened fortunately to have a relation there, M. Rougeot, a notary by profession, who received her and her fatherless children with great kindness, arisen as they were almost from the tomb.

The inhabitants of Louisiana, which was

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then a French colony, generously raised a sum of money for the use of Madame Dunoyer and her children. The first thing she did was to make her relation the notary give freedom to the negress her companion in misfortune, but the faithful creature would not leave her mistress while she lived.

A deposition of the facts relating to the murder of M. Dunoyer was made at New Orleans, and transmitted to New York in the hope of bringing the assassins to justice. No such persons could be discovered there, nor is it probable they intended proceeding thither, when, from their own statement, they might be traced, if a vessel should have chanced to pick up the canoe; though it is as likely they calculated on its perishing with all the witnesses of their crime. However this might have been, nothing more was ever heard of the murderers.

The Gatherer.

Life of an Editor.—There is no labour more destructive to health than that of periodical literature, and in no species of mental application, or even of manual employment, is the wear and tear of mind and body so early and so severely felt. The readers of those light articles which appear to cost so little labour in the various literary publications of the day, are little aware how many constitutions are broken down in the service of their literary taste.—*Infirmities of Genius; by R. F. Madden, Esq.*

Parry, the friend of Lord Byron.—With feelings of regret, we have to state that this unfortunate gentleman, whose goodness of heart and straightforward conduct Byron was wont to speak of in the highest terms, is now the inmate of a lunatic asylum. A long series of misfortunes, the cause or consequence, we know not which, of intemperate habits, had "steeped him in poverty to the very lips," and ultimately deprived him of reason. A friend of ours, who had known him in better days, when lately visiting the wards of Bedlam, heard his name pronounced as he passed one of the cells, and when he turned to the speaker, and tried to recognise his features, the wretched man exclaimed, "Do you forget poor Parry!" If this note should fall under the eye of any friend of Byron, who would willingly do that, which, if Byron were within the influence of earthly feeling, could not fail to be pleasing to his spirit, he may probably be induced to inquire into the fate of this poor gentleman, and have the charity, if it be practicable, to relieve his misery.—*Ibid.*

Good Retort to Fanatical Insolence.—Albert Pio, (once Prince of Carpi, afterwards an author, and ultimately a fanatic,) entering one of the churches at Madrid, presented holy water to a lady, who had a very thin hand, ornamented with a valuable ring. He exclaimed in a loud voice, as she reached the water, "Madam, I admire the ring more than the hand." The lady instantly replied, with reference to the cordon with which he was decorated, "And for my part, I admire the halter more than I do the ass!"

FERNANDO.

Fish-hooks.—Mr. Ellis, in his *Narrative of a Tour through Hawaii*, states that the natives told him why they stole Captain Cook's boat was, because they saw it was not sewed together, but fastened with *nails*, which they wanted to make fish-hooks of; and so anxious were they to obtain a large supply of nails, that the Society Islanders actually, whilst he was there, planted them in the ground, thinking they would grow, like potatoes or other vegetables; and such is the value set on them, that the fishermen would rather receive a wrought nail to make a fish-hook of it according to his own taste, than the best English made hook that could be given them.

I. E. I.

Unlucky Pause.—A country actor performing the part of *Richmond*, in the tragedy of *Richard the Third*, had the misfortune to find his memory completely fail, when he had reached the words: "Thus far into the bowels of the land have we marched on without impediment." After having repeated these words several times, the audience testified their displeasure by a general hiss,—when, coming forward, he thus addressed them: "Ladies and gentlemen, thus far into the bowels of the land have we marched on without impediment, and hang me if we can get any farther."

FERNANDO.

Cold Beauties.—Theodore Hook makes one of his characters observe: "I never give credit to those icicles for anything but shyness, and a notion that it looks fine to be prudish, and well-bred to be disagreeable."

Love at first Sight—has often been a subject of ridicule amongst slow-going people; but, nevertheless, it has frequently turned out to be both serious and lasting.—*Parson's Daughter.*

It is an old remark, that no man ever looked on, at a game of chance or skill, played by two people, both previously unknown to him, without, in less than five minutes, feeling an interest for the success of one of them, over the other.—*Ibid.*

A female friend will contribute more to a lover's success in a month than all his own labour and pains in a year without her.—*Ib.*

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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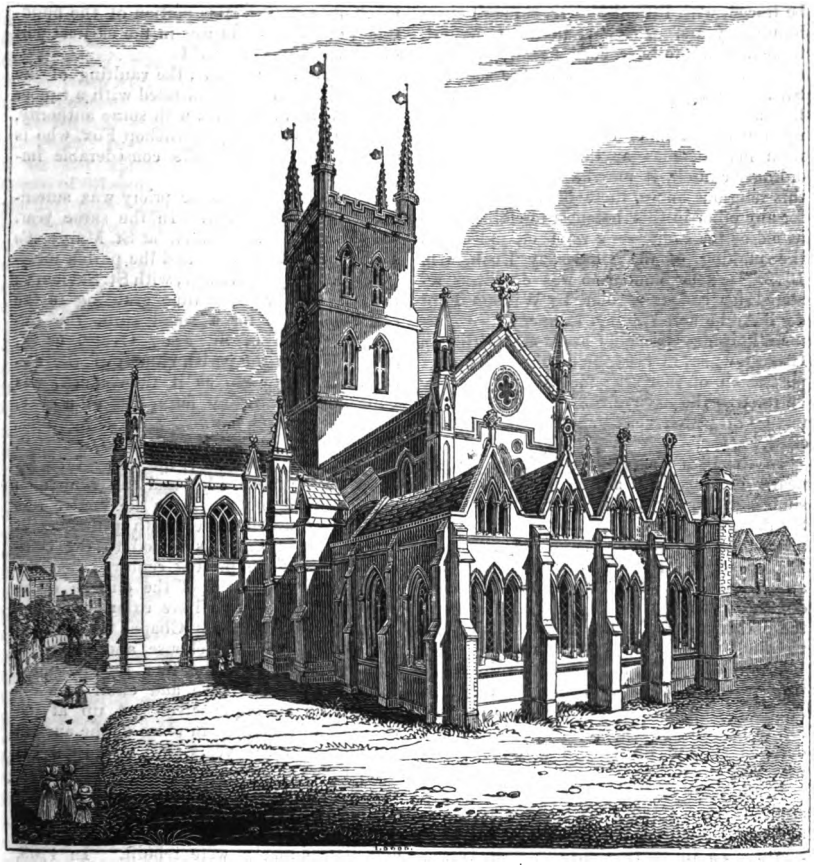

ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH, SOUTHWARK.

In magnitude and architectural character, this edifice has been decided, by a competent authority,* to rank as the third church in the metropolis. It has always been an object of great interest to the antiquary and the architect; and, in our humble sphere of chronicling the relics of old London, we have not passed over its history and illustration. In one of our early volumes† will be found a few historical particulars of the church,—yet so brief, as not to induce us to forego the present opportunity of giving a more detailed description of this noble structure. From our boyhood we have taken an unusual interest in its history; and many are the changes which our brief memory can recall in destruction and decay, renovation and repair. Our little feet have pattered up its broad aisle with each returning Sabbath;—there were first imprinted on our mind the blessed truths of holy writ. Its stupendous organ, with its billows of sound, its solemn clock, its joyous peal of bells, and its deep-toned knells, are familiar to our ears; as are its "high em-

* Mr. E. W. Brayley, F.S.A., &c.

† See *Mirror*, vol. v. p. 343.

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bowed" roof, clustering columns, and lengthening nave and choir, its gigantic clock-face, and battlemented and pinnacled tower, to our eyes. In short, our childhood was passed within a few poles of this venerable structure: how could we then be insensible to early impressions of its magnificence?

The history of the site of this church can be traced, with little difficulty, through eight hundred years. Previous to the Conquest, there appears to have been a religious house on or near the site, known by the name of St. Mary Overy; for, in Domesday Book, we find mention of a "*monasterium*" hereabout; upon which Tanner observes, "if monasterium here denotes anything more than an ordinary church, it may be thought to mean this religious house, there being no pretence for any other in this borough to claim to be as old as the Confessor's time, or, indeed, as the making of the Domesday Book, A.D. 1083."* The foundation was doubtless restored for canons regular, by William Pont de l' Arche and William Dauncey, two Norman knights—probably assisted by Bishop Giffard, when, in 1107, he obtained the quiet possession of this see; to whose time may be referred the nave of the church, the architecture of which corroborates the date above cited.†

In the 14th of John, 1213, the priory was nearly destroyed by a fire, which also consumed a large portion of the borough of Southwark. It was not until many years afterwards re-built by Peter de Rupibus, Bishop of Winchester, who also founded, and perhaps erected, the spacious chapel there dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen, afterwards the parish church for the inhabitants of the vicinity.

The repairs and additions which the structure received subsequent to the reign of Edward I. did not much alter its appearance; for, in that monarch's reign, the poverty and decayed state of the church and monastery were very great.

In the reign of Richard II. this house was again much damaged, and again repaired, and partly rebuilt in that and the subsequent reign. To these repairs, the poet Gower was a great, if not the sole, contributor. He lies entombed here;‡ and it is certain that he founded a chantry here in the chapel of St. John, now the vestry-room. Though there be no historical evidence to prove that the church was nearly rebuilt after the last-mentioned accident, it is clear that at least very extensive reparations were made, inasmuch as a considerable portion of the building is of the style in use in the earliest part of the reign of Henry III.

In 1469, 9. Edw. IV., the vaulting of the nave fell in. It was reinstated with a timber roof, which is supposed, with some authority, to have been put up by Bishop Fox, who is also stated to have made considerable improvements at the altar.

At the Dissolution, the priory was surrendered to Henry VIII. In the same year, the church of St. Margaret, (at St. Margaret's Hill,) was pulled down, and the parish incorporated, by royal privilege, with St. Saviour's; the king at the same time granting to the churchwardens, for a small sum, the collegiate church of St. Mary Overy, or St. Saviour's, now the parish church of the district. The church, as it then stood, was built in the cathedral form, that of a cross, the superstructure showing a nave, transepts, choir, and Lady Chapel, with a small chapel, the Bishop's, attached; the chapel of St. John, on the north side; and the Magdalen chapel, on the south. From the centre rose a lofty embattled tower, with pinnacles at the angles. From this period to the commencement of the present century, the desecration and defacement of the church by repairs may be said to have extended. The corporation let the Lady Chapel to a baker, who used it as a bakehouse, and partly for hog-sties. In 1618, the fine, uninterrupted perspective of the nave and choir was destroyed, by an organ-screen set up at the west end of the choir, in place of the ancient rood-loft. In the years 1621 and 1622, the greater part of the west front and north side was coated with brick. In 1624, the Lady Chapel was restored and newly paved. In 1689, the tower was repaired and restored, and the pinnacles were rebuilt. In 1703, the old altar-screen, a beautiful specimen of pointed work, was encased with oaken columns, painted Commandment and other tables, whole-length portraits of Moses and Aaron, volant cherubim, &c.; the ancient and more appropriate stalls were removed, and the pewing erected; and thus the cathedral character of the church was already destroyed.§

The church was now neglected until the

* Stow relates that the monks of St. Mary Overy were the builders of the original London Bridge.

† Some time, we think, in the year 1827, on a week-day visit to the church, we found Mr. Gwilt and his eldest son enthusiastically inspecting a doorway with Saxon mouldings, which they had uncased from brickwork, in the north aisle of the nave. "The archivolt mouldings are very bold, and are enriched with the chevron, or zig-zag ornament, as well as by some elegant leaves deeply undercut: these mouldings spring from the capitals of three slender cylindrical columns, attached to each jamb." We may here mention, that until this discovery, the only relics of Bishop Giffard's church were a few capitals; "in taking down some portions of the transept, in 1830, several fragments of Norman workmanship were taken out of the walls, in which they had been used as rubble."—*Brayley.*

‡ For an Engraving of his Tomb, see *Mirror*, vol. xiii. p. 225.

§ About this time, the embattled parapets of the nave and south aisle, which appear in Hollar's view of this church, were removed. From the tower, by the way, Hollar drew his celebrated View of London.

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year 1734, when considerable repairs were executed in the nave, and the stonework was cased with barbarous brick, as was the south transept in 1735; "when, doubtless, the elegant rose window was destroyed, as well as some of the most beautiful features in the moulded tracery of the six east and west front windows of the time of Edward III., or, perhaps, somewhat earlier." Probably, about the same time, the northern front of the northern transept was removed, and timber framework covered with tiles put up as a substitute.

At length, early in the present century, the greater part of the structure was found to be fast approaching, if not at, "that degree of dilapidation which indicates to the practical man what will just stand, or rather, in what state a building can exist without falling down." The freestone of which it was chiefly built, had suffered much from time and weather, and was hastening to crumbling decay. The parishioners were alarmed, and appointed a committee to conduct the repairs; but they slumbered, either from indolence or incapacity, till, in 1818, to the honour of the wardenship of Mr. John Crawford, (whose name deserves record as an example to all churchwardens,) it was resolved to begin by repairing the tower; "the pinnacles and embattled parapets were rebuilt; several new windows were inserted in the bell-loft and belfry; and the tower, split in every direction by the violent vibratory action of the bells, and exhibiting fissures three and four inches in breadth, was secured by encircling it with cast-iron ties of three tiers in height, so concealed within the masonry as not to be perceptible, and so contrived as not to injure the work by contraction or expansion." We should previously have observed that the tower was probably commenced in the fourteenth, and completed late in the sixteenth century, as may be gleaned from its architecture; for there is but scanty record of its erection. In its repair, the original has been followed with a scrupulousness which, in many instances, must have been the result of the erudite research of the architect, Mr. Gwilt.

The beautiful execution of the tower repairs led to a proposition of the Committee, in 1821, to build an entirely new church to fit the old tower; but the opposition of the parishioners, which had factiously shown itself to the repair of the tower, was now redoubled, and the plan for the entire rebuilding was rejected. This attempt, however, led to one good consequence: for, in the following year, a contract was made for the repair, or rather, the rebuilding, of the choir; for the roof was removed, as well as the greater part of the walls. This important work was likewise confided to Mr. Gwilt, who took down the east end to the clerestory, and substituted the end as it now appears, from his own design; consisting of an enriched gable, with an elaborate foliated cross on its apex; staircase turrets, crowned with chaste pinnacles, with niches at the angles; and a new triple lancet window, in the more florid style of the thirteenth century, instead of the original window of five lights of the time of Henry VII.; and a Catherine-wheel window of extraordinary richness and beauty. The pedestal of the cross bears this inscription:

This Cross, the last stone,
towards the rebuilding of the east
end of the Choir of this Church
was laid in the presence of the
wardens and gentlemen composing
the Committee of Church repairs.
By GEORGE SADLER, Esq.
Warden of the Great account.
GEORGE GWILT,
Architect.

Sept. 17, 1824.

Over the vaulting, a new cast iron roof was erected, and covered with copper. The Magdalen Chapel, which had its beauty (never striking) impaired by incongruous alterations, was now removed from the south side of the choir, which was thus advantageously displayed. A new doorway was opened, and the windows in the side aisles built anew: "the piers of the flying buttresses on each side were cased with stone, the arches of them rebuilt, and the pinnacles and finials terminating the abutting piers were added."* These repairs gave a new face to the choir. "The principal part of the masonry," says Mr. Gwilt, "is executed with a sharp grit-stone from the Houghtree (vulgo Hifftree) quarries in the vicinity of Kirkstall Abbey: the rest of the facing is made out with surface flints which are found upon many of the high lands in various parts of Surrey." The characteristic of Mr. Gwilt's repairs is as rigid an adherence as possible to the former work, as observed in the *Retrospective Review*, "not only in the general design, but in the minutest details, wherever prototypes could be found;" though, we must add, from facts within our knowledge, that the architect's laborious research can only be appreciated by the true lover of art: the nicety of his enthusiasm and devotedness may be "caviare to the million," but it will be justly estimated by all whose approbation or opinion is worth cherishing to build up a fair fame.

The transepts were next restored in 1829 and 1830, from the designs of Mr. R. Wallace. Groined roofs are added to both of them: in the south is introduced a circular window, designed from that in the ruins of Winchester Palace, discovered through a fire

* For the outline of the history and restoration of the Church to this period, we are largely indebted to a clever paper in the *Retrospective Review*, New Series, Part II.

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on Bankside, about twenty years since. In the north transept, of earlier date than the south, Mr. Wallace has introduced a window of circular tracery, (adds Mr. Brayley,) "in the style of Westminster Abbey;" but the side windows, which were of beautiful length, have been injudiciously shortened.

The nave remained for repair. Its clustered columns had been strapped with iron, and its walls had grown green and dank with apparent decay. The whole building was considered insecure: its repair was regarded by the parishioners as a frightful expense, and the only result of their deliberations was the removal of the roof, by "an order of Vestry," the necessity for which has been much questioned. This roof was a noble specimen of the skill of our forefathers: it had the striking peculiarity of the corbels, from which the ribs sprung out, being perpendicularly over the pillars of the nave. Some of the timbers are said to have been in fine preservation. Thus, dismantled and desolate, a splendid ruin, stand the sides and west end of the nave, with a Tudor doorway. The organ is *moved up* to form a temporary end to the choir, and thus matters rest in this part of the building.*

The choir and transepts are now used for divine service, and together have the sublime grandeur of a cathedral; though description will but ill convey an idea of the four magnificent arches which support the tower, or the lofty and massive character of the several arches and columns.† The unique effect is likewise aided by the substitution of open seats for pews. The fine altar screen is now uncased of its oak and plaster covering. It is considered to have been the workmanship of Bishop Fox, early in the sixteenth century; from its resemblance to the screen of Winchester Cathedral, and from the pelican being among its ornaments. It will shortly be restored by a subscription nearly raised for that purpose; the estimated expense being 800*l.*

The Lady Chapel remains to be noticed; but, as we have already explained the circumstances which have happily led to its restoration,‡ we need only here observe that the exterior is now completed, as shown in the annexed Engraving. The interior will shortly be finished, when we hope opportunity will be taken of the late Mr. Bray's suggestion, many years since, that some tracery compartments at the back of the screen once afforded through them a view of the choir. This would indeed be a consummation of effect.

The restoration of the Lady Chapel has been gratuitously superintended by Mr. Gwilt. The cost of the work will be 2,500*l.* but, we fear, the funds are somewhat deficient. Our readers may remember the arduous struggle made for the preservation of this interesting structure. The cause has been a national one, and its result will doubtless be honourable to the country; but the conduct of the intelligent Southwarkians is above all praise. They have only to persevere to complete the restoration: and we entreat them to bear in mind Dryden's line:

The greater part perform'd, achieve the less.

We should add, that by an interesting discovery of some Roman remains in Southwark, about four months since, some further light has been thrown on the early history of the site of St. Saviour's Church. On March 20, Mr. Kempe observed, at a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, that "at the attack and destruction of Roman London by Boadicea, great numbers of the Romans escaped into Southwark, and remaining there, much increased its size and importance. The principal buildings appear to have been round the site of St. Saviour's Church, and on that site *there was probably a temple.* Some coarse tesselated pavement was discovered in November last, with boars' teeth and other articles on it; and a rude pavement was lately discovered in digging a grave, about ten feet deep, in the churchyard, with a coin, and two large brass rings."*

THE LAMBTON FAMILY.

(To the Editor.)

When I was in the North of England, some years ago, it was told me, by an old chronicler of local customs, events, and family history, that a Lambton was never yet known to die in his bed. Lord Durham is the head of that ancient house. I think it was also mentioned to me, one of his brothers was killed in hunting, and his father died in his chair. Your pleasing miscellany is widely circulated in the county of Durham. Will some of your readers in that district communicate the nature of the tradition, and the confirmatory facts bearing upon it?—H. I.

SUPERIORITY OF INFANTRY TO CAVALRY.

The British army furnishes us with many brilliant examples of the power of infantry. Perhaps the most extraordinary on record occurred at Minden. In this battle, six regiments of English infantry, supported by two regiments of Hanoverian guards, charged sixty squadrons of French cavalry, which

* We may here mention that in the south wall of the nave is "a singular and once elaborate porch, one of the earliest specimens of pointed architecture. Within a niche, over this doorway was formerly the statue of our Saviour."—*Brayley.*

† The columns are cylindrical, but, soon after the completion of the church they were cased with masonry, and made to assume their present polygonal or clustering forms.

‡ See *Mirror*, vol. xix. p. 98.

* Literary Gazette, No. 854.

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they drove before them without any other assistance than their own artillery.

At the battle of Fontenoy, the French cavalry was totally unable to overcome the British infantry; and had not Marshal Saxe brought up the Irish brigade to his assistance, the Duke of Cumberland must have gained the battle.

Sir John Stuart beat Reynier, at Maida, by infantry alone.

At the battle of Fuentes de Honor, the allied army retired in squares for two miles, repelling every effort of General Monthrun's cavalry; which was obliged to give up the pursuit, leaving about 500 dead or disabled.

At El-bodon, a body of British and Portuguese infantry, not exceeding 1,500 men, nearly unsupported by cavalry and artillery, not only resisted, but attacked and repulsed, between thirty and forty squadrons of French cavalry, supported by fourteen battalions of infantry, and six pieces of cannon.

The French army is not without similar examples:—The grenadiers of Buonaparte's guard resisted every attack of the numerous Austrian cavalry at Marengo. General Kleber's little corps of 2,000 men, though surrounded by 25,000 Turkish cavalry, at the battle of Mount Tabor, in the year 1799, was perfectly impenetrable.

But, if these and many similar examples were wanting, the battle of Waterloo is alone sufficient to prove that the best and most intrepid cavalry is totally unable to make any impression upon infantry, which is formed to receive, and determined to resist, it. "The most distinguished courage of the French officers," says Colonel Batty, "who daringly exposed their persons to draw on the fire of the English infantry, before their regiment approached near the squares, could not prevail." "Yet," says the author of *Paul's Letters*, "in full view of those clouds of cavalry, waiting, like birds of prey, to dash upon them, where slaughter should afford the slightest opening, did these gallant troops close their files over the bodies of their dead and dying comrades, and resume, with stern composure, that close array of battle which their discipline and experience taught them afforded the surest means of defence."

FERNANDO.

MADAGASCAR.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

THERE is an island situated in a portion of the globe which renders it a conspicuous object to European voyagers in their progress to the East; and yet, very little is known concerning it by the civilized part of the globe. Our geographical readers will probably perceive that we refer to Madagascar; and it is a remarkable fact in the history of the world, that so large and interesting a section of it, should have remained until the present day, comparatively unknown; no regular attempt having been made to explore it (except very recently,) since about the year 1647, when Flacourt, who was appointed governor of the island by the French East India Company, (that body having obtained an exclusive patent to trade there,) ordered a survey of it to be made. The following memoir is condensed chiefly from Copland's *History of Madagascar*, published some years since, and which embodies all that has been written on the subject, both by English and foreign authors, up to the period of its publication. We propose, in this analysis, to give such a description of the island, its inhabitants, natural productions, and general history, as to excite curiosity in the minds of our reader for more extended information.

Lawrence Almeida, a Portuguese, appears to have been the first European who touched at the island of Madagascar, in his passage to the East Indies, of which his father had been appointed governor or viceroy. This was in 1506, and it is probable that the island was unknown previous to this period in our quarter of the globe, although the Arabs and Moors had been in the habit of trading thither from time immemorial. Madagascar is situated between 12° and 25° 40′ South latitude, and 43° 41′ and 50° 30′ East longitude. It lies opposite to Mosambique on the African coast, the channel between them being only 87 leagues across. Through this channel, most of our East India ships pass in their way to and from the East; but the navigation is dangerous, both on account of the rapidity of the current, and of a sand bank called the Bank of Prucel, which extends nearly to the middle of the channel. This immense island is estimated to contain two hundred millions of acres of land, and is divided into 28 provinces of unequal size. These provinces were formerly each under the dominion of its own chieftain, but latterly a large portion of the island has, by conquest, been consolidated into one kingdom, the seat of government being at Tananarivoo, a town nearly in the centre of the island. The coast is furnished with numerous excellent harbours, the principal of which are St. Augustines, Bombetoque, Narranda, Dalrymple and Passandava Bays on the western coast; and Port Dauphin, St. Lucia, Itapore, Tamatave, Antongil and Angotcy, on the eastern. Those, however, principally frequented by Europeans at present, are St. Augustines, Port Dauphin, and Tamatave, particularly the latter, which may be considered the emporium of the commerce of the island. Here our East India ships both outward and homeward bound, touch for supplies of beef and other necessaries, which may be procured in abundance, and at a cheap rate. Madagascar is,

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indeed, equal in richness of soil and natural productions to any country on the face of the earth. Myriads of cattle, sheep, goats, and hogs, range over its luxuriant plains, which under the glow of a tropical sun, and intersected with innumerable rivers and streamlets from the mountains, are clothed with perennial verdure; while the umbrageous recesses of the contiguous forests afford them an agreeable shelter from the scorching heat of the noontide rays. The fields, which are cultivated with great care by the natives, produce rice, barley, maize, yams, bananas, &c. in abundance. The sugar cane is indigenous, but the mode of manufacturing the sugar is not known. There are also four different kinds of silk worms, which do not appear to have been much valued on account of their produce, by the aborigines. In proof of this a remarkable and ludicrous fact is mentioned by Flacourt. In his instructions as governor, his attention was particularly directed to the collecting of hides, bees-wax, and silk, as articles of commerce; "but," says he, "we were greatly disappointed, for on inquiry we found that the Blacks *ate the hide with the beef, and the wax with the honey;* and that in regard to silk, they invariably opened the cocoons, and *after eating the worm threw the silk away!*" There are four kinds of honey found in the woods, one of which is the genuine Tabaxir of the ancients. Timber of every kind, fitted for either ornamental or useful purposes, is found in their forests, some of it of immense size and height, and crested with parasitical and creeping plants, which add to the gloomy sublimity of the deep recesses. Among these the raven palm deserves notice on account of its useful qualities. Like the bread-fruit tree, it seems to supply the general wants of the natives. The ends of the branches afford a pleasant and wholesome food. The timber, which is incorruptible, is used in building houses. The leaves not only form durable roofs, but furnish the table with mats, plates, dishes, cups, and spoons; while the ribs or fibrous parts of the leaves, which are large, are manufactured into partitions and floors, and a gum is extracted from the flower buds, sweet as honey and of an exquisite flavour. There are also found in the woods, the cocoa nut, lemons, oranges, limes, tamarinds, figs, grapes, of various kinds, (one of which is an annual,) plums, nutmegs, pimento, pepper, ginger, grains of paradise, and many other fruits and spices; abundance of dyeing woods of various colours, and several kinds of hard wood, forming valuable articles of commerce, when civilization shall have succeeded the present state of barbarism. Thousands of flowering shrubs and plants deck the woods and fields, presenting a boundless sphere for the botanist. Among these, the anramatico deserves particular notice. Its leaves are large and throw out shoots at their extremities, but what particularly distinguish it are its flowers, which are bell-shaped, with one convolution, which brings the mouth upwards; they are so large as to hold more than half a gallon of water, and, being generally full, they afford an agreeable relief to the natives in their hot and toilsome journeys through the woods; while the fruit is curiously formed like a vase and cover, and possesses an excellent flavour. There are few kinds of quadrupeds on the island, but of these few there are abundance: four species of oxen are found, among which is the bison with his shaggy and capacious front, being wide enough between the points of the horns for three men to sit. Many of the farmers possess incredible herds of cattle, to the number of 20 or 30,000; and there are numerous herds running wild about the plains in some provinces. There is an animal of the zebra, or ass kind, but it does not appear that any attempt has been made to tame it. The porcupine, babyroussas, tendrues, wild hogs, swarms of monkeys of every size and kind, and various other quadrupeds, live in perfect security in these forests. The Madagascar bat, or Harpy of the ancients, is a most formidable animal. It is as large as a hen, and its wings extend two feet from tip to tip. They hang, with their heads downwards, on the top branches of the tallest trees during the day, but in the evening they sally out in great numbers and annoy the natives very much, frequently fastening upon their faces, and inflicting terrible wounds. Of reptiles, they have scorpions, lizards, centipedes, several kinds of snakes, immense spiders, chameleons, &c. &c. The breast-leaper is a singular animal which we have never seen described by any writer except Flacourt. It is a kind of lizard which attaches itself to the trunks or branches of trees, and being itself of a greenish hue is not easily perceived. Its principal peculiarity is, its being furnished with little claws or hooks, like those of a bat's wing, on the back, legs, tail, neck, and lower jaw. If a native approaches the tree where it hangs, it instantly leaps upon his naked breast, where it sticks so firmly, that, in order to remove it, it is frequently necessary to cut away the skin with a razor. A vast variety of the feathered creation, including eagles, flamingoes, a species of ostrich, hawks, paroquets, pigeons, pheasants, partridges, wild fowl of every kind, and domestic poultry, are found in abundance. Singing birds of various kinds enliven the forests and valleys with their notes, and diversify the scene which Nature has so bountifully spread for these islanders; while their coasts, rivers, and streams, furnish numerous tribes of fishes, which afford an agreeable variety in their food, and a stimulus to indus-

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try and exertion. The crocodile is an inhabitant of all their rivers, and proves a great annoyance to the natives in their aquatic diversions. They, however, hunt them with their spears into nets made of strong ropes, and placed at the narrowest passes of the streams, and by these means destroy great numbers of them.

While the surface of the earth is thus rich in natural productions, its bowels are not less so in the variety of metals, minerals, and precious stones which they contain. Iron and steel, copper, zinc, tin, lead, and tutaneg, are found in the mountains, a chain of which reaches nearly the whole length of the island. Iron and steel are smelted and wrought with considerable skill by the natives, and the quality of those specimens, which have been brought over and tested, is equal to any which Europe affords. Of gold, there are four different kinds found on the island; but it is believed that only two are native, and these are of inferior quality, being pale and almost as soft as lead. The streams from the mountains furnish the supply of this article, as well as silver, sufficient for the wants of the inhabitants, who use it principally in manufacturing trinkets and ornaments for their women and the chiefs. It is said, however, that the Portuguese, who first attempted to colonize the island, discovered and worked a gold mine with considerable success in the interior; but their labours were stopped by the native chiefs, who, becoming jealous of the establishment of foreigners in the heart of the country, gave directions to massacre the whole party, which was done accordingly. Many of their ornaments, in gold and silver, display great taste and skill, considering they are destitute of the tools used by artisans in a civilized country. The only minerals at present known on the island are salt, saltpetre, sulphur, and pitch (Pix. Asphaltum). Of precious stones they have an abundance of every description in the streams and brooks; and large masses of rock crystal are found in many of the provinces; these also are manufactured by the ingenious natives into a variety of ornaments and trinkets.

Such is the island of Madagascar as it regards its natural productions; and, with a climate congenial to the prolongation of human life, it would, under other circumstances than those in which its inhabitants have been placed, present a perfect paradise. But, to the ignorance of savage life, which yet allowed them to pluck the fruits spontaneously offered to their hand, in peace, has succeeded the gloomy and frightful ravages, which the introduction of the slave trade by Europeans, has inflicted upon them; converting a garden into a desert, tearing asunder the ties which unite society together, and affording the fruitful causes of interminable wars and the bitterest animosities. For centuries has this infernal traffic been the scourge of this beautiful portion of the globe; and but for its influence, Madagascar would probably at this day afford a very different spectacle to the world than that of a nation of savages.

(To be continued.)

Anecdote Gallery.

THE BOAT.

Some four or five years since, the worthy Mr. L—— was employed in the customs or excise of Scotland, whose situation conferred on him the command of a small sail-boat; and in this real idol of his heart, he was constantly out at sea, either in his official capacity, or for recreation. Those consolidations of, and reductions in, government offices, which have since been more extensively pursued, were already commencing; and Mr. L—— was threatened with the loss of a situation he had filled for years, with probity, and so as to give general satisfaction.

On learning the likelihood of this misfortune befalling him, he said—"For the loss of my place I shall care little, if I am not deprived of my boat, that boat which I love like my own child, and for which, if I lose it, I shall die broken-hearted."

Mr. L——, though not a very young man, was tall, upright, and hale-looking—with that fresh complexion, and cheerfulness of countenance and spirit, which declare "a green old age." He was in perfect health when he spoke thus, and to all appearance, might have seen twenty summers more; but, in a few days, the loss of his situation involved that of his boat, and in a few weeks he was dead! Peace to his manes! There is no question but that the unfortunate man really died broken-hearted, for the loss of the boat, which had been to him "even as a daughter;"—and when we remember that we have more than once crossed, and sailed about, the Frith of Forth, in that identical light bark, we sigh for the fate of its owner!

RESULT OF SUPERSTITIOUS TERROR.

To a couple of ladies, sisters, and members of a well-known family of friends in Norfolk, the following distressing incident, some time since, occurred:—

One night, the door of their dormitory opened, and, by the sound of light footsteps, they were satisfied of the entrance of some person into the chamber; the curtains at the foot of their bed were hastily undrawn, and a female figure, resembling that of a servant who happened at the time to be ill in the house, appeared, and throwing up her arms, with a groan, or strange guttural sound, immediately vanished. Exceedingly alarmed, the Misses G. only sought to shut out from

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their sight a repetition of the vision, by concealing their heads beneath the bed-clothes; and so they laid till morning; when, upon rising, they were shocked to behold, lying cold and dead at the foot of their bed, the unfortunate invalid; who, without doubt, finding herself worse in the night, had made her way into the ladies' chamber, and then, unable to ask for the medicine and assistance she required, had expired in the attempt.

Blame, however, must not be attached to the Misses G. for superstitious terror having in this instance prevented their rising, to aid the presumed ghost of their servant, since their humane dispositions are generally known and appreciated; and, as it does not appear that they heard anything of her after she had seemed to vanish, it is probable that when the poor woman sank down at the bed's foot, the spark of life was already extinct.

Great Marlow, Bucks. M. L. B.

THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

The historical treatment of the noble fraternity of the Temple is by no means creditable to its writers. They are reviled by way of record, as they were tortured by cruel persecutors. The Order was instituted about the year 1117 or 1118, and they were called Templars, says an heraldic manuscript in the British Museum, "for that they were placed in a house adjoining to, or near to, the Temple of Jerusalem, by vow and profession to bear and wage war against the Pagans and Infidels, and keep from spoil and profanation the sacred Sepulchre of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, attempted by Turks, Saracens, and Argarins, and other barbarous miscreants, pursuing, with malice and hostility, Christians, and infesting Palestine, or the Holy Land, with cruelty, homicide, and bloodshed." The fraternity was instituted by two Crusaders, who were at first joined by seven other persons only; but eventually the brotherhood increased to such a degree, and became so renowned for valour, that the most illustrious nobility in Christendom deemed it an honour to be admitted into their Order. Matthew Paris must not be numbered with their friends, for he remarks that though they at first lived upon alms, "and were so poor that *one horse served two of them* (as was apparent from their seals) yet they suddenly waxed so insolent, that they disdained other orders, and sorted themselves with noblemen.

(*Seal of the Knights Templars.*)

Their standard, also represented in the Cut, was black and white.

In the reign of Stephen, the Templars established themselves in London, and they afterwards formed *Preceptories*, as their houses were called, in various parts of the kingdom. One of these Preceptories, at Swinfield, and another at Hackney, will be found in early volumes of our Miscellany.

Hundreds of our London readers who in passing through Fleet-street, have noticed the *Agnus Dei* over the portal of *the Temple* may not be aware that the Order exists to this day: according to Mr. Mills, it "has now its grand master, Bernardus Raymundus Fabré Palaprat, and there are colleges in England, and in many of the chief cities in Europe." Mr. Mills observes, in a note, "The Templars find no favour in the eyes of the author of *Ivanhoe*, and *Tales of the Crusaders*. He has imbibed all the vulgar prejudices against the order; and when he wants a villain to form the shadow of his scene, he as regularly and unscrupulously resorts to the fraternity of the Temple, as other novelists refer to the church, or to Italy, for a similar purpose."* So much for the tendency of historical romance writing.

* History of Chivalry, vol i. p. 337.

The Topographer.

OLD WINDSOR.

Associated as is the town of Windsor with some of the early established events of British history, it is called *New*, that it may not be confounded with the village of the same name, but of higher antiquity, about two miles distant, adjoining the parish of Egham, and called *Old* Windsor. In the Domesday-book, this village is said to consist of one hundred houses, twenty-two of

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(Old Windsor Church.)

which were exempted from taxes. Previous to the Conquest, it is reported to have formed a strong pass, and to have been the seat of several Saxon kings; but, from the period when the Conqueror fixed his seat on the neighbouring hill, (the present site of Windsor Castle,) it gradually decayed; the *new* town, which sprung up under the protection of the fortress, having superior attractions.

The village retains its picturesque character beside its more showy neighbour. Its church is a venerable structure: its walls bear the hatchments of many honoured names, and near the altar is an interesting memorial—an old monument, inlaid with effigies engraven on brass plates, to the memory of Humphrey Michell, Esq. "surveyor of Queene Elizabeth's castle of Windsor," his wife and son, who died respectively in 1598, 1613, and 1621. The churchyard has much of that sombre and pensive beauty which befits a resting-place for wearied nature. The principal approach is through an avenue of majestic elms; and yew and cypress trees lend a "behovable" air of peaceful solemnity to the scene. The memorials of celebrated individuals are neither few nor far between. Withered age and faded beauty together lie sleeping here. All that now remains of the blooming Mrs. Robinson, once the reigning toast of a royal table, lies in a narrow cell of this hallowed ground. Alas! "get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come." The latter part of Mrs. Robinson's life was as gloomy as her youth had been brilliant: the canker-worm of care spoiled her personal attractions, and she became dropsical; her love was "turned to folly," she lost the use of her limbs, died in 1800, neglected and poor at Englefield Green, (within sight of the paternal palace of her protector,) and was interred at Old Windsor. Here, to the left of the avenue, a plain monumental tomb has been raised upon her grave, and the following lines enlist the sympathy of the lingering reader:

Of Beauty's isle her daughters must declare
She who sleeps here was fairest of the fair;
But, ah! while Nature on her favourite smiled,
And Genius claimed his share in Beauty's child,
Even as they wove a garland for her brow,
Sorrow prepared a willowy wreath of woe,
Mixed lurid nightshade with the buds of May,
And twined her darkest cypress with the bay,
In mildew tears steeped every opening flower,
Preyed on the sweets, and gave the canker power.
Yet O, may Pity's angel from the grave,
The early victim of misfortune save,
And, as she springs to everlasting morn,
May Glory's fadeless crown her soul adorn!

Mrs. Robinson died in the prime of life: her age, as well as that of her daughter, interred with her, was but forty-three years. Beneath a similar tomb, beside an aged yew tree, lies the widow of R. B. Sheridan. Pleasure, with her motley and gilded train, we know, shuns the meditative melancholy of a churchyard: but many a powerful appeal may be made, and perchance with lasting effect, by a visit to the cemetery of Old Windsor.

In this parish is Grove House, built by Mr. Bateman, uncle to the celebrated Lord Bateman. He travelled much, and especially delighted in visiting the monasteries on the continent. On his return home, he fitted up the above villa in the monastic style; the bed-chambers being contrived like the cells of monks, with a refectory, and every other appendage of a monastery, even to a cemetery and a coffin, inscribed with the name of a suppositious ancient bishop. Some Gothic chairs, bought at a sale of the curiosities in this house, are now at Strawberry Hill.

Near the churchyard, on the bank of the Thames, is Old Windsor Manor House, a large brick mansion partly moated, and presenting the complete similitude of an ancient manorial residence. Adjoining the grounds is Old Windsor Priory.

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New Books.

CIVIL WAR IN 1642.

[In Miss Aikin's *Memoirs of the Court of King Charles the First*, just published, we find the following interesting account of the circumstances and dispositions of Charles and his Parliament towards the close of the first campaign of civil war, and of the eventful year 1642:]—

In the early part of September, the Earl of Essex quitting Northampton, put a garrison into Coventry and took possession of Warwick, whence he advanced to Worcester.—Before his arrival, however, Rupert had attacked and defeated, in the immediate neighbourhood of that city, a body of parliamentarians, under Colonel Sandys, who fell in the action, leaving to the prince the trophy of prisoners and colours, by which the spirits of the royalists were much elated, and their opponents inspired with a formidable idea of himself and his troops. It was at Chester that intelligence of this success reached the king, who had gone thither for the double purpose of securing that city and the adjacent parts of North Wales in his favour, and of countenancing the feeble attempts of the Earl of Derby to make head against the parliamentarians in Lancashire. On his return to Shrewsbury, he was attended by a number of gentlemen, who offered to raise both horse and foot at their own expense. To defray the charges of his increasing host, Charles now established a mint at Shrewsbury, which was supplied with silver to a considerable amount by college-plate sent from Oxford, and the family-plate of the noblemen and gentry attached to the royal cause. He was likewise persuaded to ask a loan from the Roman Catholics of Shropshire and Staffordshire; which, after some difficulties, was obtained. By all these means he very suddenly grew in strength, "almost beyond what himself could hope, or the parliament suspect."*

The greatest difficulty which at present pressed upon the king was to find arms for his soldiers: few had yet arrived from Holland, and the deficiency was to be supplied partly by compulsory loans from the trained bands, partly from the ancient armouries of noblemen. Clarendon thus describes the equipment of officers and men:—

"The foot, all but three or four hundred, who marched without any weapon but a cudgel, were armed with muskets, and bags for their powder, and pikes; but in the whole body there was not a pikeman had a corselet, and very few musketeers who had swords. Among the horse, the officers had their full desire, if they were able, to procure old backs and breasts, with pots, with pistols, and carabines, for their two or three first ranks, and swords for the rest; themselves, and some soldiers by their examples, having gotten, besides their pistols and swords, a short pole-axe."

The numbers of the royal army at this time are apparently not recorded; but the foot formed three brigades, under Sir Jacob Astley, a good officer, and major-general to the Earl of Lindsey, commander-in-chief. There were also two or three regiments of dragoons, besides the cavalry which was under the orders of Rupert, assisted in the command by General Ruthven, afterwards Earl of Forth and Brentford, who bore the rank of a field-marshal. The king's troop of guards, commanded by Lord Bernard Stewart, was chiefly composed of persons of rank and quality. Sir Philip Warwick, who was of the number, informs us that they calculated their united rentals at not less than 100,000*l.* per annum.

It was at the head of this force, and very slightly incumbered with baggage, that the king quitted Shrewsbury, about the middle of October, and directed his march upon London, by Bridgenorth, Wolverhampton, and Birmingham, to Kenelworth, then a royal castle. The Earl of Essex, who had been lying for some time with his army at Worcester, in a state of inactivity, put himself in motion on the news of the king's advance, and set forth to meet him in Warwickshire, leaving his artillery to follow. The approach of the royal army gave a severe alarm to the parliament, which immediately dispatched members, as deputy-lieutenants, into several counties, to forward all levies to the army, and to make additional ones; preparations were likewise actively made for the defence of the capital itself, by calling out the trained bands, erecting fortifications, on which the whole population, men, women, and children, zealously laboured, and planting cannon in the city and suburbs;—so completely the aspect of affairs was changed!

On October the 22nd, the Earl of Essex had reached the village of Kineton, in Warwickshire, of which Rupert apprized the king, with the intimation that if his majesty thought proper, he might be brought to action. This suggestion, though of very doubtful expediency, was approved by Charles, and in consequence was fought, on the following day, the battle of Edgehill, so called from the ridge on which the royal army had taken post, and from which it descended to charge the parliamentarians in the plain below. The king proceeded to the field in royal pomp, clad in complete armour, over which he wore a black velvet mantle, with the star and George; and advancing to the head of the line, addressed his soldiers in a bold and animating speech—in which, whilst cordially acknowledging their love and zeal, he told them, however, that he trusted less in

* May's History of Long Parliament.

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their numbers or valour than in the justice of his cause, and his rights, derived from God himself, whose substitute he was. A king-at-arms was present in the action with a long train of heralds and pursuivants; and the royal host was additionally swelled and encumbered with an unarmed train, consisting of the ministers of state, the household officers and their followers, to the number, in all, of more than twelve hundred.

Events were sufficiently balanced in this first day of battle between Charles and his people to enable both parties to lay claim to the victory. The royal troops suffered considerably by the superior artillery of their opponents; on the other hand, Rupert's impetuous charge of cavalry carried all before it; but by pursuing the fugitives too far from the field, and suffering his troopers to busy themselves in the plunder of the enemy's baggage, he gave opportunity to Sir William Balfour, with his regiment of horse, to break in upon the royal infantry, making great slaughter, and nearly to disperse it. On his return to the scene of action, Rupert found the king and his two elder sons with a small retinue only surrounding them, and the field in utter confusion. Each party now occupied itself in collecting its scattered and discomfited troops: neither was disposed to renew the combat; but the parliamentarians occupied the field of battle during the night, whilst Charles retired to his post on the hill.

From the report of burials made to the king by the rector of Kineton, it appears that little more than thirteen hundred men fell on both sides in this action, though the common accounts raise the numbers to five or six thousand. It seems probable that the greater loss in private men was on the parliament's side; and Ludlow honestly confesses that theirs were slain flying, the king's as they stood. In persons of note, however, the royal army suffered by far the most.

It is a striking fact, supplied by the royal historian, that whilst supplies of all kinds were readily furnished by the peasantry to the parliament's camp, they carefully concealed or carried away from the king's troops all provisions for man or horse; and that "the very smiths hid themselves, that they might not be compelled to shoe horses, of which in those stoney ways there was great need." This proceeded, he affirms, less from any radical dislike to the cause or person of the king, than from an opinion industriously spread among the people, which he treats as a calumny, "that the cavaliers were of a fierce, bloody, and licentious disposition, and that they committed all manner of cruelty upon the inhabitants of those places where the came, of which robbery was the least." He states, that in consequence of this feeling, on the arrival of the royal army at Edgehill, "there were very many companies of common soldiers who had scarcely eaten bread in eight-and-forty hours before;" and that after the battle, many of the men who straggled into the villages for refreshment were knocked on the head by the inhabitants. Judging from the results, the king would appear to have been the real victor of this field. Essex, whose characteristic, however, it was to err on the side of caution rather than of enterprise, though reinforced immediately after the combat by Hampden with three fresh regiments, relinquished for the present the important design of placing himself between the royal army and the capital, and turned aside to Warwick. The king, after resting a day, and appointing General Ruthven to succeed to the command of the Earl of Lindsey, marched on to Aynho, to make a survey of the defences of Banbury Castle; and such was the terror he inspired, that this fortress, garrisoned by the parliament with eight hundred foot and a troop of horse, was yielded to him without a blow, and many of the soldiers entered his service.

From Banbury, Charles proceeded to his palace of Woodstock, and to Oxford; which city having been left undefended by the parliament, received him gladly, and remained firm to him ever after. The university omitted no testimonies of its loyalty;—by pecuniary aid from the different colleges, he was enabled to recruit his troops, in which many Catholics were enlisted, whilst his sick and wounded were received in comfortable quarters. After a halt of only three days, he marched onwards as far as Reading, which was deserted by its garrison at his approach. Rupert preceding him with his cavalry, entered Henley, Abingdon, and other small, defenceless towns in the neighbourhood, committing "strange violences and insolences,"* and bringing away a great booty.

The parliament, roused by the approaching peril, sent in haste an order to Essex to march up his army for the defence of London: he obeyed, and by the beginning of November, cantoned his troops in the west of Middlesex: on the 7th of the month, he came himself to Westminster, where he was honourably received by both houses, and presented with a gratuity for his not very eminent services. The London apprentices were enticed to enlist by an ordinance proclaiming them free on that condition; and the Scotch were invited to come to the assistance of their English brethren, by the assurance of a more speedy and effectual proceeding in the long-promised church-reform, by which the English establishment was to be closely assimilated to that of Scotland.

Having thus provided and exhibited their resources for a renewal of the war, should it prove inevitable, the parliament regarded it as no derogation to dispatch a messenger to

* Whitelock.

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the king at Reading, desiring a safe conduct for a committee of two lords and four commoners to attend his majesty with a humble petition from the two houses. The prayer of their petition was, that his majesty would appoint some convenient place, within a small distance of Westminster, where he would please to reside until commissioners from the parliament should wait upon him with propositions for a settlement of all differences. With many professions of his readiness to treat at any place, and his anxious desire, as father of his people, to put an end to their sufferings, Charles accepted the proposal, and named Windsor Castle as the residence which he should choose, provided the garrison thrown into it by the parliament were withdrawn.

The next morning, this answer being read to both houses, Essex rose and demanded whether he was now to pursue or to suspend hostilities. He was ordered to suspend them, and Sir Peter Killigrew was dispatched to require a like cessation on the king's part; but on reaching Brentford he found the war renewed. Without regard to the pending treaty, the king had continued to advance, and taking advantage of a fog, had fallen by surprise on a part of Hollis's regiment, quartered there, thinking to overpower it without difficulty; but the brave resistance of this small body, of which many were slain, and many driven into the river and drowned, gave time for the regiments of Hampden and Lord Brook to come up, which for several hours supported alone the charge of the royal army.

The startling report of cannon was heard in London, whilst the cause remained unknown. Essex, at the sound, rushed forth from the house of lords, which was sitting, mounted his horse, and hastened with such force as he could collect to the rescue of his men. The action had ceased on his arrival. After suffering themselves to be nearly cut in pieces, night coming on, the remains of the regiments had quitted the field, and the king occupied Brentford, which his troops plundered; but he had halted, and showed no disposition to advance.

The common danger united all parties in the metropolis. During the whole night the city poured out men towards Brentford: the trained bands were ordered to incorporate with Essex's army; and they marched forth cheerfully under Skippon, their able leader, who encouraged them, not by a formal oration, but with short speeches—now to one company, now to another, as they went along, to this effect: "Come, my boys, my brave boys, let us pray heartily and fight heartily; I will run the same fortunes and hazards with you; remember the cause is for God, and for the defence of yourselves, your wives, and children. Come, my honest, brave boys, pray heartily and fight heartily, and God will bless us."*

The whole army, four-and-twenty thousand strong, was drawn up on Turnham Green, about a mile from Brentford. They were arrayed chiefly by the Earl of Holland, who appeared to take great pains and to possess great skill in martial affairs. He was accompanied by the Earl of Northumberland, and most of the lords who remained with the parliament, and by many members of the lower house; and all were armed. "The general Essex likewise took great pains in the field, and accompanied with the lords and commons with him, rode from regiment to regiment, encouraging of them; and when he had spoken to them, the soldiers would throw up their caps and shout, crying, Hey for old Robin!"† The two armies stood many hours thus facing one another. It was then debated whether the parliament's army, which had greatly the advantage in numbers, should advance to the attack, which was the opinion of most of the members of parliament who were officers; but, in the language of a contemporary historian, "God was not yet appeased towards this nation," so as to permit this sad war to be concluded at a stroke. The soldiers of fortune, who had already, from very equivocal motives, caused a movement to be recalled by which the royal army would have been completely surrounded, opposed this proposition also, as did the Earl of Holland, never very hearty in the cause; and before the consultation was ended, the king was observed to begin drawing off his carriages and ordnance. "The city goodwives and others," says Whitelock, "mindful of their husbands and friends, sent many cart-loads of provisions and wines, and good things to Turnham Green, with which the soldiers were refreshed and made merry—and the more when they understood that the king and all his army were retreated. Upon this there was another consultation, whether we should pursue them, which all advised but the old soldiers of fortune."—These held it too hazardous, and Essex was of their opinion, and remained quiet; but some of the king's party afterwards confessed that they had not at this time bullet enough to have held fight for a quarter of an hour; that this was the cause of their retreat, and that if pursued, they would have been in all probability entirely broken. So many hazards had the king incurred!

His army retired for the night to Kingston, and he lodged himself at Hampton Court. The next day they retrograded to Reading, in which having placed a garrison, his majesty, about the end of the month, returned to Oxford, "unsatisfied" says Clarendon, "with the progress he had made, which had likewise raised much faction and discontent

* Whitelock. † Ibid.

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amongst the officers, every man imputing the oversights which had been committed to the rashness and presumption of others; and Prince Rupert in the march contracting an irreconcileable prejudice to Wilmot, who was then lieutenant-general of the horse, and was not fast in the king's favour."*

From Reading Charles sent a message to both houses, for the purpose of exculpating himself relative to the affair of Brentford, and of renewing the expression of his desire for peace. But his professions found little credit on either point; the parliament showed themselves for the present averse to enter upon fresh negotiations, and a welcome petition was presented to them by the London citizens, in which they were entreated to proceed no further in the business of accommodation, because evil counsel was so prevalent with the king, that he would but delude them. The subscribers added, that they had heard his forces were but weak, and that if the lord general would follow and fall upon them, making no delays, for fear of foreign forces coming over, the City, as heretofore, would with all willingness spend their lives and fortunes to assist the parliament.†

Owing to various impediments, this concluding request was not complied with, and Essex remained in his quarters till spring.

* Hist. Rebellion. † May.

The Public Journals.

HYMN TO THE DAYLIGHT.

Come from the crystal chambers of thy rest,
O Light! the life of sleep-forsaken eyes!
The Earth has worn a sorrow, since the west
Tracked thy last footstep in the purple skies;—
The air is sick with darkness, and the breast
Of the old deep slow heaves with hollow sighs.
Cast on this world of gloom, and grief, and fear,
Thy torch of sparkling beams; Fair Light, appear!

Come! for the earth shows ghastly; clammy dews
Load the chill forest; dark the meadows lie:
Music is mute; all lovely scents and hues
Are dead or hidden:—through the rack on high
The errant moon her lonely path pursues,
Hymned by the wailing winds, that pant and sigh,
Like parted spirits o'er the corpse of earth;—
Bring glory forth: O give the Morning birth!

There be worn watchers thirsting for that sight,
Perplexed with sudden fears, and wan with awe:
Old griefs have risen, and moaned the livelong night;
And graves have yielded bloodless shapes, to draw
The shivering wretch's curtain:—vague affright
Hath sat in painted halls and huts of straw,
And bound the strangling sleepers in a chain
Of frenzied dreams. O give them breath again!

And there have been stern visitants, that haste
In the thick darkness to the watcher's ear,
Telling unwelcome histories of the past;
And, raising from the gloom, with words severe,
Guilt, weakness, error suffered or embraced,
Have bid forgotten wrong and shame appear;
Till conscience shrank, and started at the view
Of gathered ill, yet owned the picture true.

Come! these are soft, yet wo-provoking, sprites,
Born of light fancy in the teeming brain,
That chase the soul with show of fond delights,
And baseless hopes, and prizes none may gain;
Most mocking bliss; that wakened sense requites
With blank regrets, and disappointment vain!
Come! ere the bright possessions grow too fair,
And madness strike the eyes that find them air!

Day hath enough of mourning! Come, and still
The vision-anguish, drawn from phantom themes,
That strikes the passive sense with fancied ill,
And darkens slumber with distressful dreams
Of friends grown false, of bitter wrongs that chill
The spirit's trust; with childish grief, that streams
In tears most passionate from sleeping eyes,
And adds a shade to waking miseries.

Come, and win back to earth the vagrant, Thought;
Haste! for its might grows fearful when alone;
Free from the slumbering clay wherein it wrought,
It seeks to pierce the veil of mystery thrown
Betwixt the seen and hidden; and, distraught
With sounds half-heard, and sights obscurely shown,
Eager and dizzied with its strange delight,
Throbs o'er the gulf where Life and Death unite.

And Night hath memories. From the broken chain
Of warm affection worn in youth's fair spring,
From loves the tomb hath severed yet not slain;
From hopes that once were happiness, they bring
A strain of sad bereavement; while a train
Of plaintive spectres to the mourner cling,
Most dear, yet oh! most thrilling; and his breath
Faints at the silent earnestness of Death!

Life may not bear such pangs of sick regret—
Alas! most vain! the task of labouring still
Through Day's incessant toil, and wear, and fret,
They make too heavy. Wake the languid will
To hope and struggle; bid the heart forget
A void it must not feel, and cannot fill;
Chase the fond gloom those dear subduing shades
Cast o'er the soul that craves all strengthening aids.

Shine through the half-lit chamber, where the hours
Creep with slow misery past the sick man's bed;
Allay the restless burning that devours
The fevered frame when fickle sleep hath fled;
Let thy sweet mate, the morning-breath of flowers,
Cool the hot pulses of his weary head.
O! he hath tossed and yearned in long, long strife;
Shed o'er his couch thy smile, O joy of life!

Symbol of freedom, open truth and right,
Shoot thy keen arrows through this gloom below,
Where, in the shelter of accomplice night,
The prowling caitiff strikes his coward blow,
And pale-eyed traitors' whispering bands unite,
And rapine prowls, and lawless passions glow;
Shine out,—abash the guilt that shrinks from day,
And scare its slaves, like vultures, from their prey!

Hark! what glad music bursts from Nature's tongue
To hail the opening of thy seraph-eye!
The mountain peaks in glory forth have sprung,
The sun-kissed waters sparkle to the sky;
The air is quick with fragrance; Earth has flung
Her funeral robe aside: sick phantoms fly;
Vain dreams and sadness, mystery and shade
Are fled: 'tis day! The wakened world is glad!

Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE TURF.

[An anecdotic paper on this amusing topic occupies nearly seventy pages in the *Quarterly Review*, just published. It is an appropriate companion to the article on "The Road," which we noticed in a recent number of the Review. So far as the provision of amusement, the Turf paper is sufficiently interesting: the subject is pleasantly illustrated, and the writer is never betrayed into

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that vulgar slang, which many a less accomplished writer than the *Quarterly* author would have employed. It is altogether agreeable, light reading, and, next to Dr. Johnson's post-chaise companion, this number of the *Review* will be the pleasantest travelling accompaniment. We quote a few of the anecdotes, but must observe that the choice of "the Turf" for the *Quarterly Review*, either indicates a lamentable lack of literary novelty, or some strange perversion in the taste of its readers.]

George III. and IV.

George III., though not much a lover of the turf, gave it some encouragement as a national pastime; in the fourth year of his reign, however, Eclipse was foaled, and *from that period may English racing be dated!*

George IV. outstripped all his royal predecessors on the turf, in the ardour of his pursuit of it, and the magnificence of his racing establishment. Indeed, the epithet "delighting in horses,"—applied by Pindar to Hiero,—might be applied to him, for no man could have been fonder of them than he was, and his judgment in everything relating to them was considered excellent. He was the breeder of several first-rate race-horses, amongst which was Whiskey, the sire of Eleanor, the only winner of the Derby and Oaks great stakes, &c. &c. Our present gracious monarch—bred upon another element—has no taste for this sport; but continued it for a short time after his brother's death to run out his engagements, and also with a view of not throwing a damp over a pastime of such high interest to his subjects. It was at one time given out, that his Majesty had consented to keep his horses in training, *provided he did not lose more than* 4,000*l. per annum by them*, but such has not been the case. A royal stud, however, still exists at Hampton Court, and the following celebrated horses and mares are now there,—namely, an Arab, given to George IV. by (*chez!*) *the late* Sir John Malcolm; the Colonel, Waterloo, Tranby, and Ranter, as stallions; Maria, Posthuma, Fleur-de-Lis, besides several other mares, some with foals to his own horses, and some to Sultan, Æmilius, Camel, Priam, and others, the best horses of the day. If we may judge from the last two sales of the yearlings—eighteen bringing within a trifle of 4,000*l.*—his Majesty may find breeding not a losing game; and it is worthy of remark, that in his stud, a regard is paid to what is termed stout blood.

Some amusing anecdotes are on record touching the rather incongruous association of our sailor-king with the turf, one of which we will venture to repeat. Previously to the first appearance of the royal stud in the name of William IV., the trainer had an audience of his Majesty, and humbly requested to be informed what horses it was the royal pleasure should be sent down? "Send the whole *squad*," said the king; "*some* of them, I suppose, will win."

We find the Prince of Wales (George IV.) in 1788, when only in his twenty-sixth year, a winner of the Derby. In 1789, he accompanied the Duke of York to York races, where he purchased his famous horse Traveller, by Highflyer, which ran the grand match against the late Duke of Bedford's Grey Diomed, on which it is supposed there was more money depending than was ever before known, or has ever been heard of since. But it was in the years 1790 and 1791 that his late Majesty's stud was so conspicuous—the days of Baronet and Escape, the former notorious for winning the Ascot Oatlands, beating eighteen picked horses of England, with twenty to one against him; and the latter, for his various races against Grey Diomed, which caused his royal owner's retirement from Newmarket. This is now an old story; and though we should be among the first to say—

"Curse on the coward or perfidious tongue
That dares not e'en to kings avow the truth,"

yet we think the Jockey Club dealt rather hardly by the young prince, and he was quite right in refusing their invitation to return. We wish for proof before we condemn; and we think proof was wanting here. Where were the orders to the jockey to lose, and where was the money won by losing?—We can hear of neither.

After quitting Newmarket, his late Majesty was a great supporter of country races, sending such horses as Knowsley, by Sir Peter, and others nearly as good, to run heats for plates; and he particularly patronized the meetings of Brighton and Lewes, which acquired high repute. But Bibury was his favourite race-ground; where, divesting himself of the shackles of state, he appeared as a private gentleman, for several years in succession, an inmate of Lord Sherborne's family, and with the Duke of Dorset, then Lord Sackville, for his jockey. During the last ten years of his Majesty's life, racing appeared to interest him more than it had ever done before; and by the encouragement he then gave to Ascot and Goodwood, he contributed towards making them the most fashionable and by far the most agreeable meetings—we believe we may say—in the world. Perhaps the day on which his three favourite horses came in first, second, and third, for the cup at the latter place, was one of the proudest of his life.

The last time George IV. was at Ascot was in 1829, but he lived to hear of the next year's meeting. He was on the bed of death; and so strong was the "ruling passion" in this awful hour—and his Majesty

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was well aware his hour was come—that an express was sent to him *after every race*.

Newmarket.

Previously to 1753, there were only two meetings in the year at Newmarket for the purpose of running horses, one in the spring, and another in October. At present there are seven, distinguished by the following terms:—The *Craven*, in compliment to the late Earl Craven, commencing on Easter Monday, and instituted in 1771. The *First Spring*, on the Monday fortnight following; the *Second Spring*, a fortnight after that, and instituted 1753. The *July*, commonly early in that month, instituted 1753. The *First October*, on the first Monday in that month; the *Second October*, on the Monday fortnight following, instituted 1762; and the *Third October*, or *Houghton*, a fortnight afterwards, instituted 1770. With the last-mentioned meeting, which, weather permitting, generally lasts a week, and at which there is a great deal of racing, the sports of the turf close for the year, with the exception of Tarporley, a very old hunt-meeting in Cheshire, now nearly abandoned; and a Worcester autumn meeting, chiefly for hunters and horses of the farmers within the hunt.

Although other places claim precedence over Newmarket as the early scenes of public horse-racing, it is nevertheless the metropolis of the turf, and the only place in this island where there are more than two race meetings in the year. It does not appear that races took place there previously to Charles II.'s time; but Simon d'Ewes, in his Journal, speaks of a horse-race near Linton, Cambridgeshire, in the reign of James I., at which town most of the company slept on the night of the race.

The racing ground on the heath has been the property of the Jockey Club since the year 1753. A great advantage is gained here by giving the power of preventing obnoxious persons coming upon it during the meetings; and it would be well if that power were oftener exerted. Betting posts are placed on various parts of the heath, at some one of which the sportsmen assemble immediately after each race, to make their bets on the one that is to follow. As not more than half an hour elapses between the events, the scene is of the most animated description, and a stranger would imagine that all the tongues of Babel were let loose again. No country under the heavens, however, produces such a scene as this, and he would feel a difficulty in reconciling the proceedings of those gentlemen of the betting-ring with the accounts he might read the next morning in the newspapers of the distressed state of England. "What do you bet on this race, my lord?" says a vulgar-looking man, on a shabby hack, with "a shocking bad hat." "I want to back the field," says my lord. "*So do I*," says the *leg*. "I'll bet 500 to 200 you don't name the winner," cries my lord. "I'll take *six*," exclaims the leg. "I'll bet it you," roars my lord. "*I'll double it*," bellows the leg. "Done," shouts the peer. "*Treble* it?" "No." The bet is entered, and so much for *wanting to back the field*; but in love, war, and horse-racing, stratagem, we believe, is allowed. Scores of such scenes as this take place in those momentous half hours. All bets lost at Newmarket are paid the following morning, in the town, and 50,000*l*., or more, have been known to exchange hands in one day.

The principal feature in Newmarket is the New Rooms for the use of the noblemen and gentlemen of the Jockey Club, and others who are *members of the Rooms only*, situated in the centre of the town, and affording every convenience. Each member pays thirty guineas on his entrance, and six guineas annually, *if he attends*—otherwise nothing. The number at present is fifty-seven:—two black balls exclude.

On entering the town from the London side, the first object of attraction is the house long occupied by the late Duke of Queensberry, but at present in a disgraceful state of decay. "Kingston House" is now used as a "hell" (sic transit gloria!); and the palace, the joint-work of so many royal architects, is partly occupied by a training groom and partly by his Grace of Rutland, whose festivities at Cheveley, during the race meetings, have very wisely been abridged. The Earl of Chesterfield has a house just on entering the town, and the Marquis of Exeter a most convenient one with excellent stabling attached. The Duke of Richmond, Mr. Christopher Wilson, father of the turf, and several other eminent sportsmen, are also *domiciled* at Newmarket during the meetings. But the lion of the place *will be* the princely mansion now erecting for Mr. Crockford, of ultra-sporting notoriety. The *pleasaunce* of this *insula* consists of sixty acres, already inclosed by Mr. Crockford, within a high stone wall. The houses of the Chifneys are also stylish things. That of Samuel, the renowned jockey, is upon a large scale, and very handsomely furnished—the Duke of Cleveland occupying apartments in it during the meetings. That of William Chifney, the trainer, is still larger, and, when finished, will be perhaps, barring Crockford's, the best house in Newarkst. Near to the town is the stud farm of Lord Lowther, where Partisan, and a large number of brood mares are kept—the latter working daily on the farm, which is said to be advantageous to them. Within a few miles we have Lower Hare Park, the seat of Sir Mark Wood, with Upper Hare Park, General Grosvenor's, &c.

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The stables of Newmarket are not altogether so good as we should expect to find them. Of the public ones, perhaps those of Robinson, Edwards, Stephenson, and Webb's (now Mr. Crockford's), are the best.

The Gatherer.

Voluminous Writer.—Richard Baxter, the eminent divine and nonconformist, was a most voluminous writer, and his works are sufficient to make a library of themselves. Above 145 distinct treatises of his composition have been reckoned; of which four were folios, 73 quartos, 49 octavos, and 19 in twelves and twenty-fours, besides single sheets. In the reign of James II., he was committed prisoner to the King's Bench, by a warrant from the execrable Judge Jefferies, who treated this worthy man at his trial in the most brutal manner, and reproached him with having written a cart load of books, "every one as full of sedition and treason as an egg is full of meat." P. T. W.

A Gooseberry Picker.—His duty is to hover about, to watch his patroness' wants and wishes; escort her, if she require it, to the supper-room, make way for her, and secure a place for her, stay by her, until somebody comes up with whom she wishes to flirt, and then withdraw, and give his place to *that* person; to be constantly on the *qui vive*, to take off the attention of any young *protegée*, if necessary; to hunt up his patroness' shawls; call up her carriage, and if required go out shooting or sailing with her husband, (as the case may be,) on the shortest notice.—*Hook.*

Gigantic Steam-boat.—The dimensions of the *Monarch* Edinburgh steamer, launched a few days since, are as follow: extreme length, 206 ft. 1¼ in.; width of deck, 37 ft.; width outside the paddles, 54 ft. 4 in.; length of keel in the tread, 166 ft.; length in deck from the stem to the taffrail, 193 ft; depth in hold, 18 ft. The extreme length given above is within two feet of the largest ship in the British navy; she is larger than any of His Majesty's frigates, and longer than our 84-gun ships. Her tonnage is somewhat more than 1,200 tons, and the accommodation below is so extensive, that she will make up 140 beds: and 100 persons may conveniently dine in her saloon.

Lord Byron.—It may not be generally known that the present Lord Chancellor Brougham is the real author of the famous article in the *Edinburgh Review*, on Byron's juvenile production, *Hours of Idleness;* for which Jeffrey was so severely taken to task in the satire, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.* We have this fact from authority on which we can place the utmost reliance.—*Edinburgh Observer.*

Imprisonment for Debt.—By the return of persons imprisoned for debt in 1832, in England and Wales, just printed by order of the House of Commons, it appears that the gross number was 16,470; of whom maintained themselves, 4,093; so that three-fourths of the whole were too poor to provide themselves with bread.—*Times.*

Hats.—Father Daniel relates, that when Charles II. made his public entry into Rouen, in 1449, he had on a hat lined with red velvet, and surmounted with a plume or tuft of feathers. He adds, that it is from this entry, or at least under this reign, that the use of hats and caps is to be dated, which henceforth began to take place, of the chaperoons and hoods that had been worn before. The ecclesiastics of Brittany and the canons, previous to this time, used to wear no other than a kind of cap; and from hence arose the square caps worn in colleges.—I. E. I.

Quid pro Quo.—Don Pedro de Toledo being at the court of France, and conversing with Henri Quatre, said to that prince, in allusion to the ill-built French churches, that no one was "worse lodged in France than God." To which the king replied—"We Frenchmen lodge the Almighty in our hearts, and not between four walls, as you do in Spain." FERNANDO.

Churches in the United States.—In 1831, there were more than 12,000 churches in the United States. The principal religious denominations were Baptists and Methodists, who had altogether 4,484; Presbyterians, 1,472; Congregationalists, 1,381; Episcopalians, 922; Roman Catholics, 784; Dutch Reformed, 602; Universalists, 298; Lutherans, 240; Unitarians, 127; Calvinistic Baptists, 84; Swedenborgians, 73; and Moravians, 56; the Friends, 462 societies; and the Jews, 96 synagogues. W. G. C.

Very like each other.—It appears that there were two persons of the name of Dr. John Thomas, not easily to be distinguished; for somebody (says Bishop Newton) was speaking of Dr. Thomas, when it was asked, "Which Dr. Thomas do you mean?"—"Dr. John Thomas."—"They are both named John."—"Dr. Thomas who has a living in the city."—"They have both livings in the city."—"Dr. Thomas who is chaplain to the King."—"They are both chaplains to the King."—"Dr. Thomas who is a very good preacher."—"They are both good preachers."—"Dr. Thomas who squints."—"They both squint." They were afterwards both bishops. P. T. W.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 616.] SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1833. [Price 2*d.*

ROTTERDAM.

Rotterdam is a place of sterling interest to the English reader. Its imports of hardware, cotton, and woollens from our flourishing seats of manufacture, are extensive, and its commercial industry is untiring; but, apart from this gratifying recognition, Rotterdam is remembered in literary history as the birthplace of Erasmus, and the residence of Bayle.

Rotterdam is situate in Lat. 51° 55½′ N. Lon. 4° 29½′ E. near the mouth of the Maese, in South Holland. It ranks next after Amsterdam in extent, wealth, and enterprise, and has been accustomed to hold the first place in the assembly of the states among the smaller cities. It is of triangular form, the longest side extending a mile and a half in the direction of the river. On the land side it is surrounded by a moat, but has no wall. The Rotte, which here unites with the Maese, and from which the town takes its name, enters it from the north; but during its course through the city, is divided into two channels, supplying numberless canals, which abound here more than in any other place throughout the country. Some of these canals are so large as to admit vessels of considerable burthen to land their cargoes at the warehouses of the merchants. Many of them are also margined with trees; and, as the ebbing and flowing of the tide twice a day prevents the stagnation of their water, they become a source of pleasing recreation to the inhabitants. Over some of the canals are drawbridges; but over others, the bridges are permanent, except for the breadth of three feet in the centre of the arch, where there is a plank opening upon hinges, in order to afford a passage for the masts of small vessels.

"The houses are built of small bricks, in a peculiar style of architecture. They are very lofty, and, in many, the higher stories project over those beneath, so as to place the upper part of the building several feet out of the perpendicular. In their interior accommodations they are convenient rather than elegant. The windows are much larger than what is usual either in France or England. Some have mirrors attached to them, in such

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a manner that the person inside can see at his ease whatever occurs in the street, in both directions. In many houses the ground floor is not inhabited, but merely serves, with its gate and arched passage, for an entrance to the warehouses. The streets are generally long and narrow, and some of them so similar in appearance as often to mislead the stranger. The Boomtjes, corruptly called Boom-quay, is the finest. It extends along the Maese, and thus commands a pleasing prospect over that river. The small house in which the celebrated Bayle resided, while he held the professorship of philosophy and history here, is situated in this street, and is still pointed out to strangers.

"The public buildings are remarkable neither for number nor elegance. The Stadthouse is an old fashioned brick edifice; the Exchange, an oblong, with a covered walk on each side. The cathedral of St. Laurence contains an exquisitely wrought screen of brass, by which the choir is separated from the rest of the church. Its summit also commands an extensive prospect, exhibiting the Hague, Leyden, and Dort, in different directions. This cathedral contains the monument of admiral De Witt. Rotterdam enjoys the advantages of a public library, a cabinet of antiquities, and one of natural history: an academy of sciences was also founded here, in 1771."

The celebrated statue of Erasmus is placed in a conspicuous situation on one of the canals. An engraving of this memorial, as well as of the house in which Erasmus was born, has already appeared in our Miscellany. (Vol. vii. page 385.)

"This town also gave birth to the celebrated Vanderwerfe, whose works were so highly esteemed by the elector palatine, that he conferred on him the honour of knighthood, ennobled his descendants, and accompanied these marks of favour by the more solid testimony of a liberal pension and several valuable presents. This painter excelled in historical subjects. His brother, Peter Vanderwerfe, who distinguished himself as a painter of portraits, was born near this city."

The vicinity of Rotterdam, though flat, is thickly studded with villas, with gardens and pleasure-grounds. On many of the entrances are inscribed characteristic mottoes; as "Hope and repose,"—"The Abode of Peace,"—"Peace is my garden,"—"Consider those beneath you."

"As a commercial emporium, Rotterdam enjoys several advantages. The navigation of the Maese brings to it an extended inland traffic. The ice breaks up earlier in spring than at Amsterdam, and a single tide wafts a vessel from its quays to the main sea; whereas the navigation of the Zuyder Zee to the Texel is intricate and tedious. In antiquity it may also claim superiority over the last-named city. It was a privileged town, secured by fortifications, so early as the thirteenth century. Its prosperity progressively increased from that period, till the invasion by France in 1795. During its connexion with that power, so great and so rapid was its decline, that while in 1802 its number of ships amounted to 1,786, in 1808 it had sunk to 65, and in the subsequent years its trade was utterly extinct. On the restoration of general peace in 1814, its shipping interest sprung up again with wonderful energy, insomuch that the number of vessels in 1817 nearly equalled that in 1802.

"Its commercial transactions are chiefly with the north of Europe; by much the greater proportion of its tonnage being engaged in transporting the bulky productions of the Baltic, corn, timber, flax, and hemp. The peculiar commerce of the town may be said to be madder, geneva, and refined sugar."*

CHERRIES.

Cherries were first planted in Britain one hundred years before Christ; and afterwards brought from Flanders, and planted in Kent, with such success, that an orchard of thirty-two acres produced, in the year 1540, 1,000*l.* Miller has enumerated a great variety; but since his time, their culture has much increased.

"Cherries (says Sturm) are a fruit which, from their sweetness mixed with a pleasing acidity, quench the thirst, allay the fever of the blood in the heat of summer, and prevent the bad humours to which we are but too liable at this season. In the first place, they quench the thirst by their sharpness, which contracts the glands, cools the parched tongue, and moistens the dry palate. This method of appeasing the thirst in hot weather is much to be preferred to all those drinks with which we fill ourselves, and only the more increase our heat and perspiration. But, besides the cherries quenching our thirst in the most pleasing way, they have a cooling quality, which tempers the heat of the blood, calms the animal spirits, of which the too great impetuosity and agitation affect and weaken the nerves. Thus the wholesome juice of the cherries, their acidity, and their astringent virtue, cool us delightfully in the great heats, prevent the blood from being too thick, thin the fluids, and keep them from corrupting."

Peacham, author of the *Complete Gentleman*, published in the reign of James I., who was reduced to poverty in his old age, and chiefly subsisted by writing little penny books for children, says: "July I would have drawn in a jacket of light yellow, eating *cherries*, with his face and bosom sun-burnt."

* Abridged, in the main, from the Cabinet Cyclopædia, vol. vii.

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Sir Hugh Platt, in his *Garden of Eden*, relates the following curious anecdote of a cherry-tree:—"Sir Francis Carew, on Queen Elizabeth's visit to him at Beddington, in Surrey, led her Majesty to a cherry-tree, whose fruit he had of purpose kept back from ripening, at the least, one month after all cherries had taken their farewell of England. This secret he performed by straining a tent, or cover of canvass, over the whole tree, and wetting the same now and then with a scoop or horn, as the heat of the weather required; and so by withholding the sunbeams from reflecting upon the berries, they grew both great and were very long before they had gotten their perfect cherry-colour; and when he was assured of her Majesty's coming, he removed the tent, and a few sunny days brought them to their full maturity." P. T. W.

Anecdote Gallery.

TALES OF THE TOMB.

CAN any of our readers offer a satisfactory solution of the following horrible phenomena, which we extract from Captain Alexander's recent very entertaining *Transatlantic Sketches*? and which we think unique in the order of the hideous:—

"It is not generally known, that in Barbadoes there is a mysterious vault, in which no one now dares to deposit the dead: it is in a churchyard near the sea-side. In 1807, the first coffin that was deposited in it, was that of a Mrs. Goddard; in 1808, a Miss A. M. Chase was placed in it; and in 1812, Miss D. Chase. In the end of 1812, the vault was opened for the body of the Hon. T. Chase; but the three first coffins were found in a confused state, having been apparently tossed from their places. Again was the vault opened, to receive the body of an infant, and the four coffins, all of lead, and very heavy, were (found) much disturbed. In 1816, a Mr. Brewster's body was placed in the vault, and again great disorder was apparent among the coffins. In 1819, a Mr. Clarke was placed in the vault; and, as before, the coffins were in confusion.

Each time that the vault was opened, the coffins were replaced in their proper situations: that is, three on the ground, side by side, and the others laid on them. The vault was then regularly closed; the door, (a massive stone, which required six or seven men to move,) was cemented by masons; and though the floor was of sand, there were no marks of footsteps, or water.

The last time the vault was opened was in 1819. Lord Combermere was then present; and the coffins were found thrown confusedly about the vault—some with the heads down, and others up. What could have occasioned this phenomenon? In no other vault in the island has this ever occurred. Was it an earthquake which occasioned it, or the effects of an inundation in the vault?

In England there was a parallel occurrence to this, some years ago, at Haunton, in Suffolk. It is stated, that on opening a vault there, several leaden coffins, with wooden cases, which had been fixed on biers, were found displaced, to the great consternation of the villagers. The coffins were again placed as before, and the vault properly closed, when again another of the family dying, they were a second time found displaced; and two years after that, they were not only found all off their biers, but one coffin, (so heavy as to require eight men to raise it,) was found on the fourth step, which led down to the vaults; and it seemed perfectly certain, that no human hand had done this.

As yet, no one has satisfactorily accounted for the Barbadoes or the Haunton wonder.

PIANO-FORTE MAKING.

CERTAIN of the industrious classes are apt, without consideration, to grumble and murmur at the luxuries of the wealthy, which, in reality, are the means that find bread, and employment for thousands. Amongst expensive luxuries—which may now, indeed, considering the universal cultivation of music, be ranked as necessaries—piano-fortes cannot fail to be enumerated; and the fact that Broadwood alone makes, on an average, 700 per week (!)—as one of his workmen informed a member of the writer's family—will prove the astonishing number of various artisans which this branch of business only employs and supports. But, it will be naturally asked, how does he find a sale for so many? The answer of Mr. B. to this question, when proposed by a friend, who went to his warehouse to try a piano-forte, was—"It is not by the sale of my instruments that I find the business answer, so much as by their hire: old and new are equally profitable in this respect; and, in truth, had I my choice, I would prefer letting my piano-fortes to selling them."

Great Marlow, Bucks. M. L. B.

ESCAPE FROM TORTURE.

SEVERAL soldiers of Montgomery's Highland regiment were taken prisoners by the American Indians. Allan Macpherson, one of them, witnessed the miserable fate of his comrades, who had been tortured to death by the Indians; and seeing them preparing to commence the same operations upon himself, made signs that he had something to communicate. An interpreter was brought; and Macpherson told them, that if his life was spared for a few minutes, he would disclose the secret of an extraordinary medicine,

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which, if applied to the skin, would cause it to resist the strongest blow of a tomahawk, or sword; and that if they would permit him to go into the woods, with a guard, to collect the plants proper for this medicine, he would prepare it, and allow the experiment to be made on his own neck, by the strongest and most expert warrior among them.

This story easily gained upon the superstitious credulity of the Indians, and the request of the Highlander was complied with.

Being sent into the woods, he soon returned with such plants as he chose to pick up. Having boiled these herbs, he rubbed his neck with their juice, and laying his head on a log of wood, desired the strongest man among them to strike at his neck with his tomahawk, when he would find that he could not make the smallest impression! An Indian levelling a blow with all his might, cut with such force, that the head flew off to the distance of several yards.

The Indians were fixed in amazement at their own credulity, and the address with which the prisoner had escaped the lingering death prepared for him; but, instead of being enraged at the escape of their victim, they were so pleased with his ingenuity, that they refrained from inflicting further cruelties on the remainder of their prisoners.—FERNANDO.

MARGARET LAMBRUN.

THE husband of Margaret Lambrun having died of grief, occasioned by the death of his mistress, Mary Queen of Scots, Margaret formed the resolution to avenge the death of her husband and mistress upon Queen Elizabeth. To accomplish her purpose, she assumed a man's habit, and repaired to the English Court; but, as she was pushing through a crowd, to get near the queen, she dropped one of her pistols. This being observed, she was seized and brought before Elizabeth, who examined her strictly; when Margaret replied, "Madam, though I appear in this habit, I am a woman; I was several years in the service of Queen Mary, whom you have unjustly put to death; you have also caused that of my husband, who died of grief to see that innocent queen perish so iniquitiously. Now, as I had the greatest affection for both, I resolved to revenge their deaths by killing you. I have made many efforts to divert my resolution from this design, but in vain."

The queen heard this avowal with calmness, and answered: "You are then persuaded, that in this action you have done your duty, and satisfied the demands which your love for your mistress and your husband required from you; but what think you is my duty to you?"

Margaret asked, if this question was put as a queen, or a judge; and on her majesty saying as a queen, "Then," said Margaret, "your majesty ought to grant me a pardon."

"But what assurance can you give me," returned the queen, "that you will not repeat the attempt?"

Margaret replied, "Madam, a favour which is granted under restraint is no more a favour; and in so doing, your majesty would act against me as a judge."

The queen was so struck with her behaviour, that she gave her a pardon, and a safe conduct out of the kingdom."—FERNANDO.

Fine Arts.

POMPEII.

ON the 5th of June, 1827, an excavation was made at Pompeii, in the presence of the King and Queen of Naples, which was one of the most successful ever remembered, on account of the abundance and quality of the objects discovered. The spot chosen for the operation was a mansion, in which there had been previously discovered a very beautiful fountain in Mosaic, bordered with shell-work, and nearly similar to another that had been found in a contiguous house. From the midst of the basin rose a small column of marble, on which was placed a genius of bronze, holding in its left hand a bird, with its wings expanded, from the beak of which the water issued, and then fell back into the basin. A theatrical mask, also of marble, imbedded in the bottom of the niche, poured forth in its turn another stream of water. Before one of the feet of the fountain was a little bronze statue, in a sitting posture, with a basket in the left hand, and a cap on its head: apparently representing a Phrygian shepherd, clothed in a short tunic, and evidently no connexion with the place where it was found. On the marble pedestal there was a beautiful piece of sculpture, representing a child, half naked, lying asleep, grasping in one of its hands a little basket, and on one side of it a vase overturned; its clothes were of a peculiar make. Before the other foot of the fountain was a kind of marble caryatides. The partitions were ornamented with very elegant paintings, which appeared, to judge from the symbolical accessories, to represent the birth of Bacchus. In the hall was a stove, with its trevet, of rusty iron, surmounted by some fragments of bronze vases. In the two chambers, situated on the sides of the hall, were discovered a great number of other interesting objects—the principal of which were, two strong bracelets of gold, a small silver coin, a number of elegant bronze vases, and a very beautiful candelabrum, of the same material.

The king gave orders on the spot, that the fountain should be restored to the same state in which it had been found; that the whole

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of the shell-work, which had been detached from the border, and half fallen down among the rubbish, should be replaced; that the bronze statues with which it was ornamented should be transported to the Royal Bourbon Museum, and that their place should be supplied by casts of baked earth; and that the partitions, on which were the paintings, as well as the fountain, should be defended by a roof, to save them from the chance of damage. W. G. C.

The Naturalist.

THE ALLIGATOR.

(Abridged from Stevenson's Twenty Years' Residence in South America.)

THE river of Guayaquil and the creeks that empty themselves into it, abound with alligators, *lagartos*, or *caimanes*, so much so, that on the banks where they lie basking in the sun they appear like logs of wood thrown up by the tide, and are so unapprehensive of danger, that a canoe or boat may pass very near to them without their being disturbed; when basking in this manner they keep their enormous mouths open, and owing to the colour of the fleshy substance on the inside of the lower jaw, as well as to a musky scent which accompanies their breath, great numbers of flies are allured to enter the mouth, the upper jaw of which, when a sufficient number are collected, suddenly falls down, and the deluded insects are swallowed.

The alligator is an oviparous animal; the female deposits her eggs in the sand, laying in the course of one or two days from eighty to a hundred; they are much larger than those of a goose, and much thicker; they are covered with a very tenacious, white membrane, and are often eaten by the Indians, who when they take them first, open a small hole in the larger end, and place the egg in the sand with the hole downward; by this means a peculiarly disagreeable musky taste is destroyed; they afterwards cook them in the same manner as other eggs. Mr. Stevenson has tasted them, and found nothing disagreeable, except their being very tough. After depositing her eggs, the female covers them with sand, and then rolls herself over them, and continues rolling to the water side, as if to prevent the spot being found where she has left her deposit; but the vigilant gallinasos are generally on the alert at this season, and when they have found the nest, destroy the whole of them. The people who live near the sides of the river train their dogs to search for the eggs, as well as to destroy them; and thus thousands are annually broken.

When instinct informs the alligator that the time of ovation is completed, both the male and female go to the nest, and if undisturbed, the female immediately uncovers the eggs, and carefully breaks them; the young brood begin to run about, and the watchful gallinasos prey upon them, while the male alligator, who appears to have come for no other purpose, devours all that he possibly can; those that can mount on the neck and back of the female are safe, unless they happen to fall off, or cannot swim, in which cases she devours them.

Mr. Stevenson has frequently seen the lagartos eighteen or twenty feet long. They feed principally on fish, which they catch in the rivers, and are known sometimes to go in a company of ten or twelve to the mouths of the small rivers and creeks, where two or three ascend while the tide is high, leaving the rest at the mouth; when the tide has fallen, one party besets the mouth of the creek, while the other swims down the stream, flapping their tails, and driving the fish into the very jaws of their devourers, which catch them, and lift their heads out of the water to swallow them.

When these voracious creatures cannot procure a sufficient quantity of fish to satisfy their hunger, they betake themselves to the savanas, where they destroy the calves and foals, lurking about during the day, and seizing their prey when asleep at night, which they drag to the water side, and there devour it. The cattle and the dogs appear sensible of their danger when they go to the rivers to drink, and will howl and bark until they have attracted the attention of the lagartos at one place, and then drop back and run to another, where they drink in a hurry, and immediately leave the water side; otherwise, as has been the case, an alligator would seize on them by the nose, drag them under the water, and drown and eat them.

When the lagarto has once tasted the flesh of animals it will almost abandon the fish, and reside principally ashore. Mr. Stevenson crossed the large plain of Babaoyo, where he saw a living one, buried, except the head, in the clay, beside the remains of several dead ones. On inquiring how they came there, the *montubios*, a name given here to the peasantry, told me, that when the rains fall in the mountains great part of this savana is inundated, at which time the lagartos prowl about in search of the cattle remaining on the small islands that are then formed; and when the waters retire they are left imbedded in the clay, till the ensuing rains set them at liberty; they feed on flies in the way already described, and can exist in this manner for six or seven months. When found in this state the natives always kill them; sometimes by piercing them with lances between the fore leg and the body, the only visible part in which they are vulnerable; if they be not prepared with a lance, they collect wood and

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kindle a fire as near to the mouth of the lagarto as they dare venture, and burn him to death.

These animals will sometimes seize human beings when bathing, and even take children from the shores; after having succeeded once or twice they will venture to take men or women from the balsas, if they can surprise them when asleep; but they are remarkably timid, and any noise will drive them from their purpose. They have also been known to swim alongside a small canoe, and to suddenly place one of their paws on the edge and upset it, when they immediately seize the unwary victim. Whenever it is known that a *cebado*, one that has devoured either a human being or cattle, is in the neighbourhood, all the people join in the common cause to destroy it; this they often effect by means of a noose of strong hide rope, baited with some animal food; when the lagarto seizes the bait its upper jaw becomes entangled with the rope, and the people immediately attack it with their lances, and generally kill it.

The natives sometimes divert themselves in catching the lagartos alive; they employ two methods, equally terrific and dangerous to a spectator, at first sight: both of these were exhibited to Count Ruis, when we were at Babaoyo, on our way to Quito. A man takes in his right hand a truncheon, called a tolete; this is of hard wood, about two feet long, having a ball formed at each end, into which are fastened two iron harpoons, and to the middle of this truncheon a platted thong is fastened. The man takes this in his hand, plunges into the river, and holds it horizontally on the surface of the water, grasping a dead fowl with the same hand, and swimming with the other: he places himself in a right line with the lagarto, which is almost sure to dart at the fowl; when this happens the truncheon is placed in a vertical position, and at the moment that the jaw of the lagarto is thrown up, the tolete is thrust into the mouth, so that when the jaw falls down again the two harpoons become fixed, and the animal is dragged to the shore by the cord fastened to the tolete. When on shore the appearance of the lagarto is really most horrible; his enormous jaw propped up by the tolete, showing his large, sharp teeth; his eyes projecting almost out of his head; the pale red colour of the fleshy substance on his under jaw, as well as that of the roof of the mouth; the impenetrable armour of scales which covers the body, with the huge paws and tail, all contribute to render the spectacle appalling; and although one is perfectly aware that in its present state it is harmless, yet it is almost impossible to look on it without feeling what fear is. The natives now surround the lagarto and bait it like a bull; holding before it any thing that is red, at which it runs, when the man jumps on one side and avoids being struck by it, while the animal continues to run forward in a straight line, till checked by the thong which is fastened to the tolete. When tired of teazing the poor brute, they kill it by thrusting a lance down its throat, or under the fore leg into its body; unless by accident it be thrown on its back, when it may be pierced in any part of the belly, which is soft and easily penetrated.

The other method is, by taking a fowl in one hand, and a sharp, strong knife in the other; the man swims till he is directly opposite to the alligator, and at the moment when it springs at the fowl the man dives under the water, leaving the fowl on the surface; he then holds up the knife to the belly of the animal, and cuts it open, when the alligator immediately rolls over on its back, and is carried away by the stream. The teeth of the alligator are often taken from the jaws, and *yesqueros*, small tinder boxes, which are generally carried in the pocket for the purpose of lighting cigars, are made from them; they are beautifully white and equal to the finest ivory; some are four inches long, and most delicately carved, and mounted with gold or silver.

THE NOSTOCH.

This curious plant was formerly thought by some to be a gelatinous deposition from the clouds, when they touched the hills; others have supposed it to be the remains of a fallen star, or of a will-o'-the-wisp; or that it was a frozen frog; or disgorged by the heron: in short, there have always been some wonderful or superstitious ideas attached to it.

Botanists describe the plant as a sort of membraneous moss, of an irregular body—a little transparent, and of a pale-green colour. It trembles when touched, and is easily broken. It can only be seen after it has rained; when it is found in several places, but chiefly in uncultivated ground, and alongside sandy roads. It is formed almost in a moment; for, when in summer, walking in a garden, not the least trace of it is seen; on a sudden, a storm of rain falls, and in an hour after, in the same spot, the whole walk will appear covered with numbers of the plants. The heat, or a high wind, causes the water to evaporate from the plant in a short time; and then it contracts, shrinks, and loses its transparency and colour. According to Dillenius, when young, it is small and globular, or like little scales; but its growth is very rapid, and its existence short. It is not certain that it revives after being shrivelled and blackened by dry weather.

P. T. W.

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Manners and Customs.

HATS.

*(On the various fashions of Hats, Bonnets, or coverings for the head, chiefly from the reign of Henry VIII. to the Eighteenth Century.)**

The word *hat* seems to be derived from the Saxon Dæt, German *hatt, i. e.* a cover for the head; the modern term is used in distinction from a bonnet or cap, but anciently even a helmet was so denominated, as in the romance of Kyng Alesaunde:

"Of sum weore the brayn outspat,
All under theo iren hat."

"The hat of the Saxons," says Strutt, "was, I doubt not, made of various materials, but by no means seems to be a part of dress universally adopted. From its general appearance, I have supposed it to have been of skins, with the shaggy part turned upwards, and probably it might often be so; but they had also felt or woollen hats at this period, which their own records testify."

Great was the variety of material and colour, as well as form, of these ancient coverings; as we read of hats of felt, silk, scarlet, &c. In a poem entitled "London Lyckpenny," by Lydgate, mention is made of "fine felt hattes, and a hode;" and in the Court of Common Pleas, "there sate one with a sylken hode."

The Marchant in the Canterbury Tales of Chaucer, is described as wearing

"On his hed a Flaundrish bever hat."

In the Frere's tale, a gay Yemen had

"An hat upon his hed with frenges blake."

The Cronycle of Froissart (Pynson's Edition) throws some light upon head dresses during the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II

(*Specimens of the time of Richard II. or Henry IV. from Engravings of Froissart's Chronicle.*)

In cap. 189 of the first volume, mention is made of "hattes of beever and eustrydes fethers;" and, in cap. 348, "whyte hattes" are curiously recommended. Johan Lyon says, "it behoveth that in this towne of Gaunte ye renew an old auncyent custome that sometime was used in this towne; and that is, that ye brynge up agayne the whyte hattes."

Among the Inventory of Effects belonging to Sir John Fastolfe, 1459, is "j hatte of bever lynyd withe damaske gilt, girdell, bokkell, and penaunt (pendent), with iiij barrys of the same." And again, "ij poyntys of a hood of skarlot; j blake rydyng hood sengle; item, ij strawen hattes: j blew hoode of the garter; rydyng hoode of blakke felwet; j prikking hat cover'd with blake felwet."

In the journal of Beckington, secretary to Henry VI., 1442, is mentioned a "scarlet hat given as a new year's gift."

About the reign of Henry VII. bonnets and caps were much worn, as appears from the wood-cuts in the *Nuremberg Chronicle*.—(*See next page.*)

In the Wardrobe account of Henry VIII., we find mentioned, "a hatte of grene velvette, embrowdered with grene silk lace, and lyned with grene sarcenette:" and again, "Item, for making of three cappies of velvettes, the one yallowe, the other orange coloure, and the therd grene, &c.;" and for William Som'ar, the king's fool, "a cappe of grene clothe, fringed with red crule, and lined with fryse," &c.

In 14th Henry VIII., six noblemen had "hoods and bonnettes of cloth of gold." The 16th Henry VIII. mentions "cappes and whoddes all of gold." "The Bishop of Scotland was much marked this day, for whensoever he came to the court before this

* From a paper in the Archæologia, read before the Society of Antiquaries, May 19, 1831, from a letter by J. A. Repton Esq. F.S.A.

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(*From the Nuremberg Chronicle*, 1493.)

time, his apparell was sumptuous, his whodde was ever velvette or crimosyn satyn; but after the taking of the French kyng, he ware only blacke chamlet, by which token men judged his French harte."

(*Bonnet of the time of Henry VIII., from the back of an old chair.*)

CARDINALS' HATS.

Before I proceed to notice hats of a period subsequent to the time of Henry VIII., I would make some observations on the *broad-brimmed hats*, beginning with those of the Cardinals. In old paintings, the Cardinal's hat is represented as having a very broad brim, but the projection is much less in sculpture from the difficulty of execution. This is seen in the effigy of Cardinal Beaufort in Winchester Cathedral. That the broad-brimmed hat was worn by Cardinals, is confirmed by Shakspeare's Henry VI., part 1.

Glouc. "I'll cauvass thee in thy broad Cardinal's hat.

That the Cardinal's hats were red, is confirmed by the following quotation from Froissart's Chronicle, cap. 327: "And cryed to the cardynelles, and said, 'Sirs, advyse yowe well, if ye delyver us a Pope Romayne, we be content, or else we woll make your heddes reeder than your hattes be.'"

In Hall's Chronicle we have a quaint account of the sending a Cardinal's hat to Bishop Fisher. "It is sayd that the Pope, for that he held so manfully with him, and stoode so stiffly in his cause, did elect him a Cardinal, and sent the Cardinalles hat as far as Caleys, but the head it should have stande on was as high as London Bridge or ever the hat could come to Bishop Fysher, and then it was too late, and, therefore, he neither wore it, nor enjoyed his office."

QUAKERS' HATS.

From the broad-brimmed hat of the Cardinals let us turn to those of the *Quakers*, now more politely called *Friends*.

Barclay, in his Apology, declares, p. 515, "that it is not lawful for Christians to kneel or prostrate themselves to any man, or to bow the body, or to *uncover the head to them*." He complains of the unfriendly treatment of the Friends, that "many of us have been *sorely beaten and buffeted;* yea, and several months *imprisoned*, for no other reason but because we could not so satisfie the proud *unreasonable humours of proud men, as to uncover our heads, and bow our bodies.* Nor doth our innocent practice of standing still, though upright, not putting off our *hats* any more than our *shoes*, the one being the covering of our heads, as well as the other of our feet, show so much rudeness, as their beating and mocking us, &c. because we cannot *bow* contrary to our consciences."

The fashion which prevails among the higher ranks of society, in all ages, will be

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soon imitated by the inferior order; but as Pope says,

"Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather and prunello:"

the deception is always discovered.

Ben Jonson, Act III. Scene. 4 of the Magnetic Lady, says,

"Altho he ha' got his head into a beaver,
With a huge feather, 's but a currier's son."

Evelyn, in his "Tyrannus, or the Mode," says, "How many times have I saluted the fine man for the master; and stood with my hat off to the gay feather, when I found the bird to be all this while but a daw; *ereptur persona, manetres;* for so the asse wore the lion's skin, but never thought of hiding his eares," &c.

CAPS.

By a note to one of Shakspeare's plays, we find woollen caps were enjoined by act of Parliament in the year 1571, the 13th of Elizabeth: "Besides the bills passed into acts of this Parliament, there was one which I judge not amiss to be taken notice of: it concerned the Queen's care for employment for her poor sort of subjects. It was for continuance of making and wearing woolen caps, in behalf of the trade of Cappers; providing that all above the age of six years (except the nobility and some others) should, on *Sabbath days* and *holidays*, wear caps of wool, knit and drest in England, upon penalty of ten groats."

The following quotations on caps are here inserted:

"Well, better wits have worn plain *statute caps*."
Love's Labour Lost, Act V.

"In a bowling-alley in a *flat cap* like a shopkeeper."
News from Hell, 1606.

The Mother Red Cap, represented at this present day on a sign post as wearing a high crowned hat, instead of a cap, is probably incorrect.

That clergymen formerly wore woollen caps may be seen by the following quotation from the Life of Long Meg of Westminster: "The foul ill take me mistresse, quoth Meg, if I misreckon the limner lowne one penny; and therefore, Vicar, I tell thee, 'fore thou go out of these doores, I'll make thee pay every farthing, if thy *cap be of wooll*."

Among the many curious and interesting letters illustrative of English history, edited by Henry Ellis, Esq. is the following account of a visit to a Jewish synagogue in London, in 1662: "Every man had a large white vest, covering or veil, cast over the high crown of his hat, which from thence hung down on all sides, covering the whole hat, the shoulders, arms, sides, and back to the girdle place, nothing to be seen but a little of the face." &c. And again, "I saw each Jew, at his first entrance into the place, did first bow down towards the Ark wherein the Law was kept, but with his hat on, which they never do put off in this place, but a stranger must."

The following quotation from a printed tract of fourteen leaves, "Vox Borealis, 1641," is taken from the Censura Literatura, vol. vi. "They say in London that the cause of this combustion proceedeth from a quarrel for superiority between black capps and blew capps, the one affirming that cater-capps keep square dealing, and the other tells them that cater-caps are like caterpillars, which devoure all where they may be suffered; and the round caps tell the other, that their capps are never out of order, turn it which way you will; and they stand stiffly to it, that blew capps are true capps, and better than black ones."

Blue caps was a name of ridicule given to the Scots, from their *blue bonnets*. There is an old ballad called *Blue Cap for me:*

"A Scottish lass her resolute chusing,
She'll have bonny *blew cap*, all others refusing."
Reed's Shakspeare.

The most curious fashion of the head-dress which prevailed about the reign of Elizabeth was the high-crowned hat. One of the earliest specimens I have been able to collect is that of Douglas, Earl of Morton (1553, 1581).

(Specimen of the time of Elizabeth, from the Court of Wards.

The following note from Reed's Shakspeare may throw some light upon the subject. "A Capatain hat is, I believe, a hat with a conical crown, such as was anciently worn by well dressed men. This kind of hat is twice mentioned by Gascoigne, see Herbes, p. 154.

"A Coptaukt hat made on a Flemish blocke."

And again in his Epilogue, p. 216:

"With high *copt hats* and feathers flaunts a flaunt."*

(To be concluded in our next.)

* From a translation of Don Quevedo's Visions, 1656, the coptanck hat appears at that time to have been considered as old fashioned. "Ye can't see a high-crown'd hat, or a thread-bare cloak, &c. nay, not so much as a reverend matron, well striken in years, but presently ye cry this or that's of the mode or date of *Queen Dick*.

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The Public Journals.

JULY.

JULY is a dumb, dreaming, hot, lazy, luxurious, delightful month, for those who can do as they please, and are pleased with what they do. The birds are silent; we have no more cuckoo, no more nightingale; nature is basking in repose; the cattle stand in the water; shade is loved, and rest after dinner. We understand, in July, what the Spaniard means by his *siesta*. A book and a sofa in the afternoon, near a tree-shaded window, with a prospect of another room, seen through folding doors, in which the hot sun comes peeping between Venetian blinds, is pleasant to one's supineness. The sensible thing is, to lie on your back, gently pillowed 'twixt head and shoulders, the head resting on the end of the sofa, and so read—listening at intervals to the sound of the foliage, or to the passing visit of the bee. The thing, more sensible, is to have a companion who loves your book and yourself, and who reads with you, provided you can let her read. I must not come, however, to my afternoon, before my morning; though July, being lazy, makes us think of it first. July and August are afternoon and evening months; May and June are morning months; September and October are day months; the rest are night months, for firesides,—unless we except April, and that is as you can get it. You may experience all the seasons in it, and must catch the sunshine as you can, betwixt the showers.

July, however, though a lazy month, is not lazy from weakness. If nature reposes, it is the repose of affluent power and sovereign beauty. The gardens are in purple, and golden, and white splendour (with the lily); the trees in thickest exuberance; the sky at its bluest; the clouds full, snowy, and mountainous. The genial armies of the rain are collecting, against the time when the hot sun shall be too potent. The grandest, and at the same time the liveliest of the wild flowers—the convolvulus—is lording it in the hedges. In the garden, the nasturtium seems a flower born of fire: there is an exquisite flavour of something in its taste. The daughter of Linnæus found out, that sparks are emitted from the nasturtium in warm evenings. It was a piece of observation fit for the daughter of the great botanist, and has associated her memory with one of the most agreeable secrets of nature. Female discoveries ought to be in the region of the beautiful and the sprightly. No disparagement to Miss Martineau, who unites poetical and philosophical feeling to a degree hitherto displayed by none of her sex; and whose sphere of the useful, being founded on sympathy, contains in it all the elements of enjoyment.—*Leigh Hunt, in the Court Mag.*

THE TURF.

(*Continued from page 43.*)

Colonel Mellish.

The star of the race-course of modern times was the late Colonel Mellish, certainly the cleverest man of his day, as regards the science and practice of the turf. No one could match (*i. e.* make matches) with him, nor could any one excel him in handicapping horses in a race. But, indeed, "nihil erat quod non tetigit; nihil quod tetigit non ornavit." He beat Lord Frederick Bentinck in a foot race over Newmarket Heath. He was a clever painter, a fine horseman, a brave soldier, a scientific farmer, and an exquisite coachman. But—as his friends said of him—not content with being the *second-best* man of his day, he would be the *first*, which was fatal to his fortune and his fame. It, however, delighted us to see him in public, in the meridian of his almost unequalled popularity, and the impression he made upon us remains. We remember even the style of his dress, peculiar for its lightness of hue—his neat white hat, white trousers, white silk stockings, ay, and we may add, his white but handsome, face. There was nothing black about him but his hair, and his mustachios which he wore by virtue of his commission, and which to *him* were an ornament. The like of his style of coming on the race-course at Newmarket was never witnessed there before him, nor since. He drove his barouche himself, drawn by four beautiful *white* horses, with two out-riders on matches to them, ridden in harness bridles. In his rear was a saddle-horse groom, leading a thorough-bred hack, and at the rubbing-post on the heath was another groom—all in crimson liveries—waiting with a second hack. But we marvel when we think of his establishment. We remember him with thirty-eight race-horses in training; seventeen coach-horses, twelve hunters in Leicestershire, four chargers at Brighton, and not a few hacks! But the worst is yet to come. By his racing speculations he was a gainer, his judgment pulling him through; but when we had heard that he would play to the extent of 40,000*l.* at a sitting—yes, *he once staked that sum on a throw*—we were not surprised that the domain of Blythe passed into other hands; and that the once accomplished owner of it became the tenant of a premature grave. "The bowl of pleasure," says Johnson, "is poisoned by reflection on the cost," and here it was drunk to the dregs. Colonel Mellish ended his days, not in poverty, for he acquired a competency with his lady, but in a small house within sight of the mansion that had been the pride of his ancestors and himself. As, however, the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, Colonel Mellish was not without consolation. He never wronged any one but himself, and, as

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an owner of race-horses, and a bettor, his character was without spot.

The late Duke of York

Was equally devoted to the turf; and, in 1815, we find his Royal Highness a winner of the Derby, with Prince Leopold; and, in 1822, with Moses; the former bred by Lord Durham, the latter by himself. His racing career may be said to have commenced at Ascot, where he established the Oatlands stakes, which at one period were more than equal in value to the Derby, being a hundred guineas subscription. Indeed, we have reason to believe, that when they were won by his late Majesty's Baronet—beating eighteen of the picked horses in England, his own Escape amongst the lot—there was more money depending than had ever been before, excepting on two occasions. His Majesty won 17,000*l.* by the race, and would have won still more had Escape been the winner. We wish we could add to this trifling sketch a long list of his Royal Highness' winnings; but the Duke of York was on the turf, what the Duke of York was everywhere—good humoured, unsuspecting, and confiding; qualifications, however creditable to human nature, ill fitted for a race-course. It is therefore scarcely necessary to say, that his Royal Highness was no winner by his horses, nor indeed by anything else; and we much fear that his heavy speculations on the turf were among the chief causes of those pecuniary embarrassments which disturbed the latter years of one against whose high and chivalrous feelings of honour and integrity no human creature that knew anything of him ever breathed a whisper. In 1825, we find the Duke with sixteen horses to his name; and, with the exception of two, *a most sorry lot;* but previously to that period he had incurred severe loss by persevering in breeding from Aladdin and Giles. The stud usually ran in Mr. Greville's name; were trained by Butler, of Newmarket, now deceased; and chiefly ridden by Goodison, who did the best he could for them.

Epsom Races.

Epsom ranks first after Newmarket. It is sufficient, perhaps, to state, that there were no less than one hundred and fourteen colts entered for the last Derby stakes, and ninety-seven fillies for the Oaks—their owners paying fifty sovereigns each for those that started, and twenty-five for those that did not. There are, likewise, a gold cup, and several other stakes, as well as three plates. Independently of seeing him *run*, amateur admirers of *the race-horse* have here a fine opportunity of *studying* him in the highest state of his perfection. We allude to the place called *the Warren*, in which the Derby and Oaks horses are saddled and mounted. It is a small, but picturesque bit of ground, in the forest style, inclosed by a wall and entered by all who choose to pay a shilling. To some it is a great treat to see the celebrated Newmarket jockeys, who may be only known to them by name. A view of half the aristocracy of England, also, is, even in these times, worth a shilling to many. The sporting men, meanwhile, reap much advantage from their anxious inspection of the horses as they walk round this rural circus. They can closely observe the condition of their favourites; and should anything dissatisfy them, they have a chance to hedge *something* before the race is run, although the ring is generally broken up about the time the horses are assembled in *the Warren*.

But what is the sight in *the Warren*, interesting as it really is,—thousands on thousands depending on the result, ruinous perhaps to many—compared with the start for the race? Fancy twenty-four three-year colts, looking like six-year-old horses, with the bloom of condition on their coats, drawn up in a line at the starting-place, with the picked jockeys of all England on their backs, and on the simple fact of which may prove the best, perhaps a million sterling depends. *They are off!* "No, no"—cries one jockey whose horse turned his tail to the others, just as the word "Go" was given. "'Tis sufficient: 'tis no start: *come back!*" roars the starter. Some are pulled up in a few hundred yards—others go twice as far. But look at that chestnut colt—white jacket and black cap—with thousands depending upon him! He is three parts of the way to Tattenham's corner before his rider can restrain him. Talk of agonizing moments!—the pangs of death! what can at all equal these? But there are no winnings without losings, and it is *nuts* to those who have backed him out. Who can say, indeed, but that, his temper being known, the false start may have been *contrived* to accommodate him? However, they are all back again at the post, and each rider endeavouring to be once more well-placed. Observe the cautious John Day, how quietly he manœuvres to obtain an inside *location* for his worthy master His Grace of Grafton. Look at neat little Arthur Pavis, patting his horse on the neck and sides, and admiring himself at the same time. But his breeches and boots are really good. Watch Sam Chifney minutely, but first and foremost his seat in his saddle—

> 'Incorpsed and demi-natured
> With the brave beast"—

and his countenance! 'Tis calm, though thoughtful; but he has much to think of. He and his confederates have thousands on the race, and he is now running it in his mind's eye. Harry Edwards and Robinson are side by side, each heavily backed to win. How they are formed to ride! Surely Nature must have a mould for a jockey, for the

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purpose of displaying her jewel, the horse! And that elegant horseman Sam Day—but see how he is wasted to bring himself to the weight! Observe the knuckles of his hands and the patellæ of his knees, how they appear almost breaking through the skin. But if he have left nearly half of his frame in the sweaters, the remaining half is full of vigour; and we'll answer for it his horse don't find him wanting in the struggle. Then that slim, young jockey, with high cheek bones, and long neck, in the green jacket and orange cap—surely he must be in a *galloping* consumption! There is a pallid bloom on his sunken cheek, rarely seen but on the face of death, and he wants but the grave-clothes to complete the picture. Yet we need not fear. He is heartwhole and well; but having had short notice, has lost fifteen pounds in the last forty-eight hours. *They are off again*—a beautiful start and a still more beautiful sight! All the hues of the rainbow in the colours of the riders and the complexions of their horses! What a spectacle for the sportsmen who take their stand on the hill on the course, to see the first part of the race, and to observe the places their favourites have gotten! *They are all in a cluster*, the jockeys glancing at each other's horses, for they cannot do more in such a crowd. They are soon, however, a little more at their ease; the severity of the ground, and the rapidity of the pace, throw the soft-hearted ones behind, and at Tattenham's corner there is room for observation. "I *think* I can win," says Robinson to himself, "if I can but continue to live with my horse, for I *know* I have the speed of all here. But I must take a strong pull down this hill, for we have not been coming over Newmarket flat. Pavis's horse is going sweetly, and the Yorkshireman, Scott, lying well up. But where is Chifney? Oh! like Christmas, *he's coming*, creeping up in his usual form, and getting the blind side of Harry Edwards. Chapple is here on a *dangerous* horse, and John Day with a stain of old Prunella." *It is a terrible race!* There are seven in front within the distance, and nothing else has a chance to win. The set-to begins; they are all good ones. Whips are at work—the people shout—hearts throb—ladies faint—the favourite is beat—white jacket with black cap wins.

Now a phalanx of cavalry descend the hill towards the grand stand, with *Who has won?* in each man's mouth. "Hurrah!" cries one, on the answer being given; "*my* fortune is made." "Has he, by ———?" says another, pulling up with a jerk; "I am a ruined man! Scoundrel that I was to risk such a sum! and I have too much reason to fear I have been deceived. Oh! how shall I face my poor wife and my children? I'll blow out my brains." But where is the owner of the winning horse? He is on the hill, on his coach-box; but he will not believe it till twice told. "Hurrah!" he exclaims, throwing his hat into the air. A gipsy hands it to him. It is in the air again, and the gipsy catches it, and half-a-sovereign besides, as she hands it to him once more. "Heavens bless your honour," says the *dark ladye*, "did I not tell your honour you could not lose?"

There are two meetings now at Epsom, as indeed there were more than half a century back, but the October meeting is of minor importance. The grand stand on the course is the largest in Europe, and, to give some idea of its magnificence, it has been assessed to the poor's rate at 500*l.* per annum. The exact expense of its erection is not known to us, but the lawyer's bill alone was 557*l.* Poor distressed England!

Foreign Horse-racing.

After the example of England, racing is making considerable progress in various parts of the world. In the East Indies, there are regular meetings in the three different Presidencies, and there is also the Bengal Jockey Club. In the United States, breeding and running horses are advancing with rapid strides; and the grand match at New York, between Henry and Eclipse, afforded a specimen of the immense interest attached to similar events. In Germany we find three regular places of sport, viz., Gustrow, Dobboran, and New Brandenburg; and the Duke of Holstein Augustenburg has established a very promising one in his country. His Serene Highness, and his brother, Prince Frederick, have each a large stud of horses, from blood imported from England; and amongst the conspicuous German sportsmen, who have regular racing establishments, under the care of English training grooms, are, Counts Hahn, Plessen, Bassewitz, (two,) Moltke, and Voss; Barons de Biel, Hertefeldt, and Hamerstein. The Duke of Lucca has a large stud; and the stables at Marlia have been rebuilt in a style of grandeur equal to the ducal palace. At Naples, racing has been established, and is flourishing. Eleven thorough-bred horses were lately shipped at Dover, on their road to that capital, and which were to be eighty days on their journey, after landing at Calais. Prince Butera's breeding-stud, on the southern coast of Sicily, is the largest in these parts: it was founded by a son of Haphazard, from a few English mares, and his highness is one of the chief supporters of Neapolitan horse-racing. In Sweden is some of our best blood; and Count Woronzow and others have taken some good blood-stock to Russia. In Austria, four noblemen subscribe to our Racing Calendar; in Hungary, eight; in Prussia, two. France makes very little progress in racing; it does not suit the taste of

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that people. But, of all wonders, who would look for racing in good form in Van Diemen's Land? There, however, it is: we perceive several well-bred English horses in the lists of the cattle at Hobart's Town, where they have three days' racing for plates, matches, and sweepstakes, (one of fifty sovereigns each,) with ordinaries, and balls, and six thousand spectators on the course! This little colony is *progressing* in many odd ways: it turns out, *inter alia*, as pretty an Annual, whether we look to the poetry or the engraving, as any one could have expected from a place of three times its standing—though the *engraving*, to be sure, *may* be accounted for!

WOMAN.

Oh! man, how different is thy heart,
From hers, the partner of thy lot;
Who in thy feelings hath no part,
When love's wild charm is once forgot.
What, th' awakening spell shall be,
Thy heart to melt, thy soul to warm,
Or who shall dare appeal to thee
To whom "old days" convey no charm?
When Adam turned from Eden's gate,
His soul in sullen musings slept—
He brooded o'er his future fate,
While Eve—poor Eve—looked back and wept!—
So man, even while his eager arms
Support some trembling fair one's charms,
Looks forward to vague days beyond,
When other eyes shall beam as fond,
And other lips his own shall press,
And meet his smile with mute caress:—
And still as o'er life's path he goes,
Plucks first the lily—then the rose.
And half forgets that e'er his heart
Owned for another sigh or smart;
Or deems while bound in passion's thrall
The last, the dearest loved of all—
But woman, even while she bows
Her veiled head to altar vows;
Along life's slow and devious track,
For ever gazes fondly back.
And woman, even while her eye
Is turned to give its meek reply
To murmured words of praise,
Deep in her heart remembers, still
The tones that made her bosom thrill,
In unforgotten days.
Yea, even when on her lover's breast
She sinks, and leaves her hand to rest
Within his clasping hold,
The sigh she gives is not so much
To prove the empire of that touch,
As for those days of old;
For long remembered hours, when first
Love on her dawning senses burst—
For all the wild impassioned truth
That blest the visions of her youth!

The Hon. Mrs. Norton—in the Court Magazine.

New Books.

SHIPWRECKS AND DISASTERS AT SEA.

[We quote still another extract from this entertaining work:]—

Munk's Disastrous Voyage.

In the year 1619, an able navigator named Jens Munk was sent out on a voyage of discovery towards the north-west coast of America, by Christian IV., king of Denmark. Sailing from Elsineur on the 18th of May, he succeeded in reaching Hudson's Bay. In passing through the straits, after leaving Cape Farewell to enter the bay, he confered upon them the name of *Fretum Christiani*, in compliment to the king of Denmark, although they had been discovered and named before. Munk had two vessels, one of them of small burthen, manned with only sixteen hands; the largest had a crew of forty-eight. He met with a great deal of ice, which forced him to seek for shelter in what is now called Chesterfield's Inlet. It was the seventh of September when he entered the inlet, where, from the lateness of the season, it was but too obvious he must winter. The ice closed in around him, and every prospect of returning home the same season was shut out very speedily. Munk now began to construct huts on shore for himself and crews, which being completed, his people set out to explore the country around, and employ themselves in hunting for their future subsistence. They fell in with an abundance of game. Hares, partridges, foxes, bears, and various wild-fowl, were equally applied to secure them a winter stock of provisions.

On the 27th of November, they were surprised by the phenomenon of three distinct suns, which appeared in the heavens. On the 24th of January they again saw two, equally distinct On the 18th of December they had an eclipse of the moon. They also saw a transparent circle round the moon, and what they fancied a cross within it, exactly quartering that satellite. These particular appearances were regarded, according to the spirit of those days, as omens of no future good fortune. The frost speedily froze up their beer, brandy and wine, so that the casks burst. The liberal use of spirituous liquors, which, in high latitudes, are doubly pernicious, was quickly productive of disease. Their bread and such provisions as they had brought from home were exhausted early in the spring, and the scurvy having reduced them to a most miserable condition, they were unable to pursue or capture any of the multitudes of wild fowl which flocked to the vicinity of their miserable dwellings. Death now committed frightful ravages amongst them. They were helpless as children, and died in great numbers. In May, 1620, their provisions were entirely consumed, and then famine aided disease in the work of death. Never was the waste of life in such a situation so terrible. Summer had nearly arrived, but not to bring hope and consolation, to those who had lived through the dark and dreary winter, but to show the survivors the extent of the havoc death had made among them. Munk was among the living, but so weak as to be unable to indulge a hope of recovery. In despair, and perfectly

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hopeless, he awaited the fate which seemed inevitable. He had been four days without food. Impelled at length by hunger, and ignorant of the fate of his companions, he gathered strength enough to crawl out of his own hut to inquire after the others, and try to satiate his appetite. He discovered that, out of fifty-two, only two remained alive among the dead bodies of their comrades, who lay unburied around. Seeing they were the remnant of the crews, and hunger-stung, they encouraged each other to try for food. By scraping away the snow, they were fortunate enough to find some roots, which they devoured with ravenous eagerness, and then swallowing some herbs and grass which happened to be anti-scorbutic, they found themselves better. They then made corresponding efforts to preserve life. They were soon able to reach a river near, and to take fish, and from that they proceeded to shoot birds and animals. In this way they recovered their strength. The two vessels lay in a seaworthy state, but crewless and untenanted. On seeing the ships, which were a few months before well appointed and exulting in anticipated success, and observing the number to which their crews were reduced, what must have been their sensations! They nevertheless took resolution from despair. They made the smaller vessel ready for sea, taking what stores they had a necessity for, from the larger, and a crew of three hands embarked in a ship to navigate her in a perilous voyage, which had sailed from home with a complement of sixteen. They succeeded in repassing Hudson's Straits, enduring dreadful hardships. Their passage was stormy. Day and night they were necessitated to labour until the vessel was almost wholly abandoned to her own course. Nevertheless they succeeded in making a port in Norway, on the 25th of September. The sufferings of Munk and his crews have perhaps never been equalled in the fearful catalogue of calamity, which the annals of the early northern navigation present to the pitying reader. No fiction has ever painted a scene so horrible as the gradual death of forty-nine persons in such a situation, before the eyes of three survivors, whose constitutional strength kept them alive, the witnesses of misery, to the sight of which death must have been far preferable. The escape of the survivors and subsequent navigation to Europe, amid ice and storms, is one of the most extraordinary circumstances on record.

Upon reaching Denmark, the whole nation viewed them as men who had risen from the tomb. The sympathy displayed towards them by their countrymen was universal, and must have poured balm into their minds, and repaid them for the hardships they had sustained. A subscription was set on foot for another expedition, arising out of the interest the narrative of these unfortunate men had created. Everything was ready for sailing. Munk, not dismayed by his past sufferings, offered his services again to command the new ship, and search out the north-west passage. He attended at court to take his leave of Christian IV., and the misfortunes of his former enterprise coming upon the carpet, the king admonished him to be more cautious than he had been on his former voyage, conveying to the brave seaman by implication, that the loss of the lives which had taken place was ascribable to their commander. The soul of the blunt navigator was stung by this unmerited reproof. He was not the courtier who licks the hand that deals the ungenerous blow. Munk made a reply such as the ear of royalty was not accustomed to hear from the sycophants that generally address it. The king, possessing no sense of the dignity and decency which become a crowned head, struck the inferior, who could not return the blow. The grossness of the indignity pierced Munk to the heart. He who had spirit enough not to bear an insult in words, even from a monarch, who had borne hardships beyond parallel in his profession, could not survive the disgrace of a blow from a quarter where non-resentment was an act of duty, and the aspersion remained on the ungenerous hand that dealt, rather than on him who received it. Munk in a few days died of a broken heart. There is another statement extant, respecting the end of this navigator, but no authority is given for it, and the present is the account most generally believed to be authentic.

[We need scarcely add our note of commendation to these interesting volumes: hundreds of our readers may remember the intensity with which they enjoyed such narratives as the above in their days of schooldom. We have a recollection of some score of narratives in sixpenny pamphlets, which were nearly as popular as the Arabian Nights, in the circle of our youth. Mr. Redding has pruned and condensed such authorities, with saving of time and addition of interest. His volumes have also the embellishment of some prettily executed vignettes.]

Notes of a Reader.

THE SHOOTING STAR.

(From the French of Béranger.)

"Shepherd! thou say'st our earthly doom
Obeys some star's mysterious power."
Yes, my fair child: but night's deep gloom
Veils from our eyes the destined hour.
"Shepherd! thou read'st the stars aright,
Hast tracked each planet's wandering way;
Say, what betides yon falling light,
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away?"
My child, some mortal breathes his last,
His star shoots downward from its sphere;
That being's latest hours were past
Mid' jovial friends and festive cheer:

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All reckless sped his summoned sprite
While flushed in evening sleep he lay—
"See! yet another fleeting light
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away!"

My child, how pure, how bright its beam!
There sank a maiden good and fair;
This morn repaid each wishful dream,
Each constant sigh, each hour of care;
This morn her brow with flowers was dight,
She crossed her father's doors to-day—
"See! yet another passing light
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away!"

Just then, a high and mighty lord,
New-born, in gold and purple sleeping,
His infant breath to Heaven restored,
And left a princely mother weeping:
Courtier, and slave, and parasite
Were gathering round their future prey—
"See! yet another meteor light
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away!"

My child, how comet-like it gleam'd!
A royal favourite's star was there,
Who laughed our woes to scorn, and deemed
'Twas pride to mock a realm's despair:
Even now his flatterers hide from sight
The portraits of their God of clay—
"See! yet another wandering light
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away!"

My child, the blessings of the poor
Wing'd heavenward yonder fleeting soul;
Distress but gleans from other's store,
From his she reaped a plenteous dole:
From far and near, this very night,
Towards his doors the houseless stray—
"See! yet another falling light
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away!"

That star control'd a monarch's fate!
Go! welcome, son, thy lowly dwelling;
And envy not the stars of state
In lustre or in size excelling:
For didst thou shine all coldly bright
In useless grandeur, men would say,
'Tis but a passing meteor-light,
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away!

Foreign Quarterly Review.

HINT FOR A DRAMA.

The following story has nothing that is very new or very varied, though it would not make a bad piece at the Adelphi, always supposing that Miss Kelly or Mrs. Yates could be got for the heroine. The substance of it is this: An old German, who has experienced misfortunes and griefs in early life, collects together the remains of a shattered fortune, and retires with an only daughter, then a child, to a little villa near Belgirate, where he takes the precaution to become a domiciled subject of Piedmont, lodging in the public archives the certificates of his marriage and of the baptism of his child. He passes his time betwixt the care of his daughter, his orchards and gardens: the young lady retains all the freshness of complexion and a mixture of the enthusiastic and mysterious sentimentalism of her native country; this, however, is a little warmed and improved by the more genial sun of Italy. The father appears occasionally oppressed by some concealed grief, and is soothed by her native songs. When she attains the important age of fifteen, her father is desirous that her manners should receive that polish which is only to be acquired by intercourse with the upper classes of society. And now comes what has so often happened before:—the girl—educated in the most perfect simplicity and ignorance of life, without having acquired any of that tact which enables women to distinguish the good from the bad, the true from the counterfeit—is taken every winter to Milan, and by the kindness of a Marchesina, their neighbour at the Lake, gets introduced into the best circles. Here she sees a Count G., whose handsome person makes him the fashion, notwithstanding he is a gambler, and strongly suspected of being something worse. He sees Judith, is charmed with the beauty of her fair German complexion, and the naiveté and affectionate singleness of her manners, and makes his proposals: the father, indignant at what he considers the defilement of his daughter, by her being approached by such a lover, rejects him. The Count's love turns to hatred. As spring returns, the father and daughter retire to their villa. The Count, having laid his plans, had preceded them in disguise. Judith in her walks, pensively ruminating on the events of the winter and the Count, meets her lover. The seduction commences: the matter, however, is easily accomplished by one so eminently skilled; on the one side was consummate villany, on the other nothing but confidence, ignorance, and innocence. She determines to confide her hopes and griefs to her father, who, instantly on hearing her name the Count, stops her harshly. At once he becomes in her mind a tyrant instead of a father,—the Count prevails, and Judith flies with him, under the idea that she is going to her wedding. With her she takes a casket, containing her mother's jewels and some papers which she had been told related to herself. She leaves a letter for her father, who, discovering that she had carried away the casket with the letters, exclaims in the presence of a friend that she had utterly ruined them both: the friend pursues, the fugitives are arrested, the papers examined, it is discovered that the daughter is illegitimate, and that a forged certificate of marriage has been deposited by the old German, in order to establish the status of his beloved daughter. He is imprisoned, tried, and convicted of falsifying a public document, and condemned to death; but, in consequence of the extenuating circumstances of the case, gets off with twenty years of *carcere duro*, and dies broken-hearted at the end of the first two months: the daughter dies in a madhouse at Turin. The Count, who had not falsified a public document, escapes with a year or two's imprisonment, and, being let loose again on the public, becomes a brigand, and finishes his career in 1826 by being hung for robbing the mail.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

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The Gatherer.

Derivations.—The title *lord* is a contraction of the Anglo-Saxon *hluford*, afterwards written *loverd*, and lastly *lord*, from *hlaf*, bread, (hence our word "loaf,") and *ford*, to supply, or give it;—the word, therefore, implies, *the giver of bread.* *Upon tick*, which phrase means to go upon credit, may be explained. The word *tick* is a diminutive of ticket, a check. Decker, in his *Gull's Hornbook*, 1609, speaking of the gallants who prefered to go by water to the playhouse at Bankside, says—"No matter, upon landing, whether you have money or no; you may swim in twenty of their boats over the river upon *ticket*." An ingenious etymologist derives "bothered" from "both eared"—that is, stunned at both ears. "Breeches," he contends, is deduced from "bear riches;" and "vales" to servants, from the Latin "vale," as being the farewell given at parting. "To scamper" is clearly derived from the Italian, "Scampare." The opprobrious title of "bum bailiffe," bestowed on the sheriff's officers, is, according to Blackstone, only the corruption of "bound bailiffe," every sheriff's officer being obliged to enter into bonds and to give security for his good behaviour previous to his appointment. W. G. C.

I. and U.—Dr. Hill published, in a pamphlet, a petition from the letters *I* and *U*, to David Garrick, both complaining of terrible grievances imposed upon them by that great actor, who frequently banished them from their proper stations: as in the word *virtue*, which, they said, he converted into *vurtue;* and in the word *ungrateful* he displaced the *u*, and made it *ingrateful*, to the great prejudice of the said letters. To this complaint, Garrick replied in the following epigram:

"If it is, as you say, that I've injured a letter,
I'll change my note soon, and I hope for the better:
May the right use of letters, as well as of men,
Hereafter be fix'd by the tongue and the pen.
Most devoutly I wish they may both have their due,
And that *I* may be never mistaken for *U*."

FERNANDO.

Remarkable Stone.—The Mnemosyme, a Finland newspaper, mentions a stone in the northern part of Finland, which serves the inhabitants instead of a barometer. The inhabitants call it *Ilmakiur*. It turns black, or blackish grey, when rain is about to fall; but on the approach of fine weather, it is covered with white spots. Probably it is one of its constituent parts being attracted to the surface, by the greater or less degree of the dampness of the atmosphere, causes the spots to vary according to the temperature.

To a Lady, with a pair of Gloves.

FAIREST, to thee I send these gloves;
If you love me, leave out the *g*,
And make a pair of loves.

(In the Pepysian Library at Cambridge).—*Literary Gazette.*

Doncaster.—On more accounts than one, our turf proceedings must make foreigners marvel. Some years since, a French gentleman visited Doncaster, and gave it the appellation of "the guinea meeting,"—nothing without the guinea. "There was," said he, "the guinea for entering the rooms to hear the people bet. There was the guinea for my dinner at the hotel. There was the guinea for the stand, for myself; and (Oh! execrable!) the guinea for the stand for my carriage. There was the guinea for my servant's bed, and (Ah! mon Dieu!) *ten* guineas for my own, for only two nights!" Now, we cannot picture to ourselves Monsieur at Doncaster a second time; but if his passion for the race should get the better of his prudence, we only trust he will not be so infamously robbed again. Indeed, he may assure himself of this, for Doncaster will never be what it has been; nor is it fitting it should be. Neither do we consider it a recommendation to state the amount of the money run for at the last meeting,—viz. 13,918*l.*!—*Quarterly Review.*

Wire-drawing.—Queen Elizabeth formed a corporation, to which she granted various exclusive privileges, for the purpose of encouraging the art of mining in England. She also invited many foreigners into England, offering them free permission to dig for metallic ores. Among these foreigners was Christopher Schultz, a native of Annaberg, in Saxony, who was particularly skilled in finding calamine, and in making brass. He introduced the method of drawing iron-wire, by means of engines, which, before the seventh year of Elizabeth's reign, had been drawn by the strength of men, in the forest of Dean. This wire was principally used in making bird-cages, and cards for combing wool.

An Alderman a Foot Soldier.—In the latter part of the year 1544, the King, (says Brayley,) demanded a *Benevolence* from all his subjects, to defray the charges of his wars with France and Scotland. He had now become so completely despotic, that few dared to object; yet one person, an Alderman of London, named Richard Read, had the courage positively to refuse to pay the sum demanded from him by the king's commissioners, who met at Baynard's Castle, in January, 1545, to receive the city contributions. For this offence, Henry forced him to serve as a foot soldier with the army in Scotland, where he was made prisoner; and after suffering great hardships, was obliged to purchase his liberty by a considerable ransom."—See Lord Herbert's Life of Henry VIII. P. T. W.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, *Strand*, (*near Somerset House,*) *London; sold by G. G. BENNIS*, 55, *Rue Neuve, St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Francfort; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.*

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The Mirror

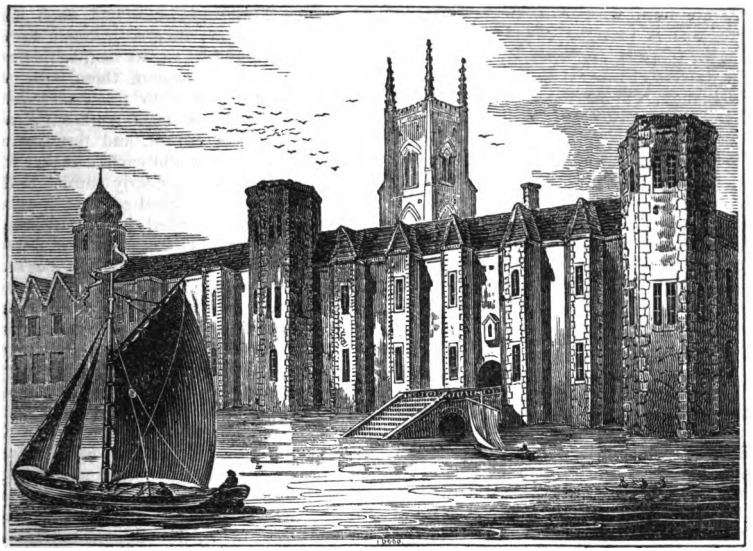
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 617.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1833. [Price 2d.

Illustrations of Shakspeare:

KING RICHARD III.

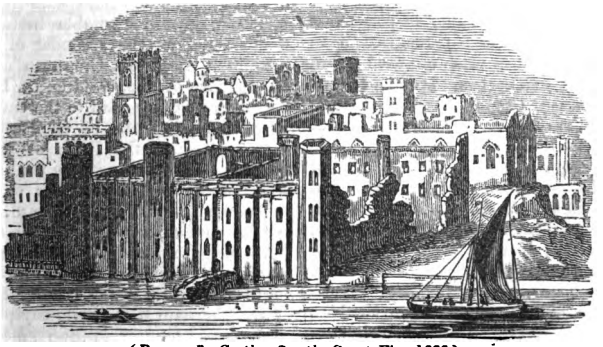


BAYNARD'S CASTLE.

"If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's Castle."
Ric. III. act 3. *sc.* 5.

The distinguished mention of Baynard's Castle by Shakspeare, in the passage above quoted, and its connexion with his fine drama of Richard III., would alone entitle it to the reader's notice; but it has also additional claims to celebrity, from having been a structure of great antiquity—a royal palace—and the scene of other remarkable transactions in our history, besides those mentioned by the bard.

This once eminent building, from which "Castle Baynard Ward" is still named, stood on the north bank of the Thames, in Thames street; and received its denomination of Baynard's Castle, or Castle Baynard, from its founder, *William Baynard*, a nobleman, lord



(*Baynard's Castle after the Great Fire*, 1666.)

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of Dunmow, a follower of William the Conqueror. Fitzstephen, who wrote in the reign of Henry II., notices it in his time as being a considerable building. "In the west part of the city," says he, "are two most strong castles;" of which he describes this to have been one. And Gervasius of Tilbury, a contemporary author, speaks still more expressly as to its importance in these words: "Two castles are built with *walls and ramparts*, whereof one is in right of possession Baynard's, the other is the baron Montfitchet's."

The descent of this castle, and a summary of its history, will be found in Stowe and Maitland; a concise outline of which follows. Baynard, the founder, dying in the reign of William Rufus, left it to his son Geoffry, from whom it came to William Baynard; who, having forfeited his barony of Little Dunmow, and "honor of Baynard's Castle," both were confered by Henry I. on Robert Fitzrichard, the son of Gilbert, Earl of Clare. From this Robert Fitzrichard, by several descents, Baynard's Castle came into the possession of Robert Fitzwalter, a baron, in the reign of John; who having displeased that tyrant, he ordered it to be demolished, but afterwards gave him permission to rebuild it. In 1303, the son of Robert Fitzwalter acknowledged his service to the city of London for his castle of Baynard before Sir John Blount, mayor, and swore to be true to its liberties. The city, at the same time, recognised a declaration of the rights of the same Robert Fitzwalter, who is therein called "the city's banner-bearer."* Several of the Fitzwalters after this period appear to have owned it, till the honour of this residence at length fell from the family, in a way Stowe professes himself unable to account for, and came into the possession of the crown.

In 1428, Baynard's Castle was burnt; and, being rebuilt by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester,† he resided there until his attainder and death in 1446. The next remarkable occupant was, as noticed in our motto, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., who assumed the regal title there. From him it came into the possession of Henry VII.; who finally repaired it in the way represented in the annexed print, and occasionally made it the scene of some of his festivities. One of these (the marriage of Prince Arthur with Catherine of Arragon) was a splendid scene.

From the reign of Henry VII. to that of Edward VI. not much notice is taken of Baynard's Castle. About the latter period, probably in consequence of the royal grant, it appears to have been in the possession of the Earls of Pembroke, and was then called "Pembroke House;" and soon afterwards viz. in 1553, the council assembled here, and proclaimed Mary queen, in opposition to Jane Grey:—its history, subsequently, contains little remarkable.

The general external appearance of Baynard's Castle was rather venerable than grand. A circular tower bounded the south-west corner, with a bell-shaped roof and three windows. Two projections had each windows in two ranges; then a hexagon tower, considerably higher than the roof, with three ranges of windows, some of them being on each side. From that to the eastern end were five projections, each containing two windows in double ranges, and terminating in pointed roofs. At the eastern corner was another hexagon tower, nearly similar to the former one. A large arched gateway towards its east end communicated, by a small bridge and stairs, with the Thames. Tops of towers, from an elevated situation, might be seen above the roof on the other side.

The interior was divided into two courtyards, each of which was completely surrounded by buildings, containing the various state and other apartments. To the upper stories of these the ascent was by staircases, winding round circular and hexagonal towers. The south side had its foundations in the river Thames. The north front faced Thames-street, from which was the principal entrance. The whole structure, which when perfect covered a very considerable plot of ground, was destroyed by the fire of London, leaving a mere shell, as shown in the vignette. Two of the towers, incorporated with other buildings, remained till of late years, and are shown in some of the old views of London, but have been since pulled down to make way for the buildings of the Carron Iron Company; nor has the site at present any vestige left to excite curiosity.

The scenes of the play of *King Richard III.* which are laid at Baynard's Castle, are 5 and 7 of Act III.; though we must bear in mind that Cibber contributed, by alteration of and grafting, to Shakspeare in this drama. Buckingham, in veritable history, will be remembered as the seconder of Dr. Shaw's sermon at St. Paul's Cross, to establish the illegitimacy of the children of Edward IV., and thus clear the road to the throne for the wily Richard, Duke of Gloucester. "Two days afterwards, the Duke of Buckingham harangued the citizens in the same strain with Shaw; and on the 25th of June, that nobleman presented to Richard, in his mother's house at Baynard's Castle, a parchment purporting to be a declaration of the three estates in favour of Richard, as the only legitimate prince of the House of York."‡

Buckingham had previously planned with Gloucester, his recognition among the citi-

* See this curious document in Strype, Maitland, Pennant, &c.

† "The duke Humphrey's head" is still the sign of a neighbouring public-house.

‡ Mackintosh's Hist. Eng. vol ii. p. 57.

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sels of London. This incident is introduced in scene 5 of the drama, on the Tower walls, where Gloucester dispatches his "good cousin" Buckingham to the lord mayor and citizens, after he had dismissed them, to bring them back to the Castle:

Glos. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The lord mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post.

He then instructs Buckingham how to prove to the citizens the illegitimacy of the children; and Buckingham replies:

Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator,
As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Were for myself, and so, my lord, adieu.
Glos. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's Castle,
Where you shall find me well accompanied,
With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.
Buck. I go; and toward three or four o'clock,
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.
[*Exit Buckingham.*
Glos. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw.—
Go thou, (*to Catesby,*) to friar Penker;—bid them both
Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's Castle.

Scene 7 is *the Court of Baynard's Castle.* Buckingham returns, and after a colloquy with Gloucester, advises him to refuse the tender of the crown, in which the crafty adviser is to act a part:

Buck. The mayor is here at hand; intend some fear;
Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen, good my lord;
For on that ground I'll make a holy descant;
And be not easily won to our requests.
Glos. I go; and if you plead as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee for myself,
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.
Buck. Go, go, up to the leads; the lord-mayor knocks.
[*Exit Gloster.*
Enter the LORD MAYOR, *Aldermen and Citizens.*
Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;
I think, the duke will not be spoke withal.—

Enter, from the Castle, CATESBY.

Now, Catesby! What says your lord to my request?
Cate. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
To visit him to-morrow, or next day:
He is within with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suit would he be moved,
To draw him from his holy exercise.
Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke;
Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.
Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight.
[*Exit.*

* * * * * *

Re-enter CATESBY.

Buck.—Now, Catesby! What says his grace?
Cate. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.
Buck. Sorry I am, my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heaven! we come to him in perfect love;
And so once more return and tell his grace.
[*Exit Catesby.*
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Gloucester enters in a gallery above, between two bishops; and the mayor, in a true vein of corporation loyalty, says:

See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergymen.

Buckingham addresses the

Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,

and importunes Gloucester to accept the crown: he refuses, in the genuine spirit of *Nolo regere;* but Buckingham urges again, and the mayor interposes:

Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.
Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this profer'd love.
Cate. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.
Glos. Alas, why would you heap those cares on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty:—
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

Buckingham and the citizens retire:

Cate. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their suit.
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.
Glos. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
Well, call them again; I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties,
[*Exit Catesby,*
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Buckingham then salutes Gloucester as "England's worthy king," the day of coronation is fixed, Gloucester says to the two bishops:

Come, let us to our holy work again;

and thus ends this usually well acted scene of kingly hypocrisy and blood-stained guilt.

By the way, this was the scene which so delighted George II., that, when Garrick asked his Majesty, on leaving the box, how he liked the play, the king replied, seriously, "fine lor mayor, capital lor mayor, Mr. Garrick, where you get such lor mayor." The reply, contemptible as it was in taste, marked the mind of the man.

TWO JOVIAL COMPANIONS.

MARMONTEL was a generous, open-minded, open-hearted creature. He overflowed with the milk of human kindness: his whole life was full of that rare feeling among French writers of his school,—goodness of heart; from his taking upon himself, after the death of his father, the care of his family, to teaching his own children in a cottage in Normandy. It is true that he fell into the fashionable vices of his time, and could not withstand the dissipation of Paris about the middle of the last century. He fell in love with the celebrated actress, Mademoiselle Clairon, an attachment which did not impede his success as a dramatist; and through the interest of Madame Pompadour, the mistress of Louis XV., he obtained a secretaryship, under her brother.

But, we must not forget Marmontel's generosity to literary men; and this kindness, in two instances, met its own reward. He wrote some of his well known tales to assist his friend Boissy, then intrusted with the editor-

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ship of the well known journal, the *Mercure de France*. On the death of Boissy, the post was given to Marmontel, who then resigned his secretaryship, and took up his abode with Madame Geoffrin; a literary man, at that time, forming an almost regular person of the establishment of a fashionable *bel-esprit*. He subsequently lost the *Mercure de France*, by merely repeating in company a joke upon the duke d'Aumont, and the unlucky editor was even committed to the Bastile, for some days, before he would give up the real author. Marmontel was not dejected under this frown of fortune; for, in 1763, he became a member of the French Academy; and next produced *Belisaire*, the touching eloquence of which will never be forgotten by the reader. Now comes the second instance of his generosity, with its own reward. In order to benefit Gretry, the musical composer, Marmontel worked up several little stories into comic operas, all of which were acted with great success; and he was now so far re-established in favour, that, on the death of Duclos, without any solicitation on his own part, he was appointed to succeed him as historiographer of France.

Of his editorship of *le Mercure*, Marmontel has preserved some very amusing reminiscences. In this undertaking, which he considered arduous, he was sometimes assisted by a few friends, of two of whom he speaks nearly in the following terms; but, we hope the subjects are not to be taken as specimens of literary character, even in those licentious times.

"At a jeweller's, who lived in the *Place Dauphine*, I often dined with two poets of the old *Opéra Comique*, whose talent was mirth, and who were never so well in tune as when under a vine at a *guingette*, (tea-gardens). Their happiest state was in being intoxicated; but before getting so, they had moments of inspiration which made me think of what Horace says of wine. One, whose name was Galet, passed for a *vaurien*, (worthless fellow); I never saw him but at table, and I only speak of him from his being connected with Panard, who was a good man, and whom I loved. However, this *vaurien* was an original worth knowing; he was a grocer of the *rue des Lombard*, more attentive to the *théâtre* than to his shop, and was ruined when I knew him. He was dropsical, but did not drink the less, and was as jovial as ever; he cared as little about death as he did about life, and even in poverty, in prison, upon a bed of sickness, and almost at the point of death, he laughed at every thing. After his failure, he took shelter in the Temple, at that time a place of refuge for debtors. When he was near dying, the *Vicaire du Temple* came to administer the extreme unction to him: 'Ah! Monsieur L'Abbé,' said Galet, 'you are come to grease my boots; that is of no use to me, I am going by water.' He was then in the last stage of the dropsy. The same day he wrote to his friend, Collé, a copy of verses to the tune of '*Accompagné de plusieurs autres*,' his last flash of wit.

"Panard was as careless as his friend, as forgetful of the past, and as negligent of the future. How he should procure food, lodging, or clothing, did not trouble him; that was his friends' concern, and he had good friends. In manners, as in mind, he had a great deal of the simplicity of La Fontaine. Never exterior showed less genius; he, however, had it in his thoughts and expressions. More than once, when at table, have I heard this huge mass *entre deux vins*, (half drunk) repeat impromptu verses full of ease, elegance, and grace. If at any time in composing the *Mercure*, I wanted a few verses to fill up a page, I went to see my friend Panard. 'Rummage the wig-box,' said he. In this wig-box were heaped up, *pêle-mêle*, scraps of paper on which were scrawled the verses of this charming poet. Seeing almost all these manuscripts stained with wine, I reproached him with it. 'Never mind that,' said he, 'that is the seal of genius.' He had such a tender affection for wine, that he always spoke of it as the friend of his heart; and, with the glass in his hand, admiring the object of his worship and delight, he was often moved, even to tears. After the death of his friend, Galet, on meeting him one day, I wished to show him the part I took in his affliction. 'Ah! Sir,' said he, 'my sorrow is very great! A friend of thirty years, with whom I passed my life! Always together, *à la promenade, au spectacle, au cabaret*. I have lost him. I shall never sing any more; I shall never drink again with him. He is dead. I am alone in the world. I do not know what will become of me.' In thus bewailing his misfortune, the poor man burst into tears, and nothing could be more natural. 'But,' added he, 'you know he died at the Temple! I have been to weep over his grave. Such a grave! Ah! Sir, they have put him under a gutter—he who, since the age of reason, never drank a glass of water.'"

MADAGASCAR.*

MANNERS, CUSTOMS, &c.

THE population of Madagascar is computed at about four millions; but some writers have stated the number at five millions. Their complexion includes every variety, from dingy white to jet black: olive, however, is the prevalent colour. They are a remarkably handsome and well-formed race of people—the far greater proportion having prominent noses, quick and penetrating eyes, and their whole countenance open and placid; the hair is

* Continued from page 39.

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generally black, long, and curling. The women are exceedingly pleasing in their manners and appearance. Their shape is slender and delicate, their skin soft, and teeth beautifully white and regular. The majority of them have azure eyes, the pupil of which is brown and brilliant. The married women wear their hair twisted in the form of a bouquet on the top of their heads; the unmarried suffer theirs to flow in ringlets over their shoulders. They are remarkably cleanly and neat in their persons and dress, performing frequent ablutions in the streams with which the country abounds. The common native dress of the men is simply a garment called a lamba, which is fastened round the waist, and reaches to the knees: it is made of silk, cotton, or the bark of a tree, according to the station of the wearer. On public days, the chiefs wear in addition a rich silk robe, thrown over their shoulders, and a profusion of ornaments, as gold chains, bracelets, ear-rings, and other trinkets of pearl, coral, and precious stones. They also, on such occasions, spend much time in oiling and curling their hair, to make it lie close to the head.

There is an amusing story told of a chief, who took a fancy to the wig of an English judge, who happened to be on board an East India ship which touched at the island, and had unfortunately put it on when the chief came to pay the captain a visit. Nothing would serve his turn but the wig, and he threatened to withhold the usual supply, if it was not forthwith delivered up to him. The ingenuity of a sailor (ever fraught with expedients) furnished a succedaneum in a handful of oakum, which he wove, curled, frizzled, and powdered into so good an imitation, that when carried on shore, in due state, it was received with ecstatic delight by the chief, and worn in the presence of a large assembly of his subjects, specially convened on the occasion, who were doubtless highly delighted at the magnificence of his appearance.

The dress of the women consists also of a lamba of silk or cotton, which reaches to the feet; above this is worn a close garment, covering the body from the neck, and confined at the waist by the girdle of the lamba. The women of rank wear also beautiful shawls, called pagnas, made either of silk cotton, or the filaments of the raven palm, divided into exceedingly fine threads, and wove by hand. They wear nothing on their heads, but are very particular in keeping their hair neatly adjusted, and frequently ornamented with flowers and trinkets. The females are treated with great attention and respect by the men, who seem fully sensible of the value of their society, and of domestic enjoyments.

The religion of the Madagassees appears to approach as nearly to that of nature as possible. They believe in one God, whom they call Zanparé, and their worship is exclusively directed to him. The immortality of the soul, the existence of good and evil spirits, and the necessity of sacrifices to propitiate the favour of the Deity, and also to allay the malignity of malevolent spirits, constitute the sum of their theology. Much superstition is mixed up with their system. They have a sort of seraphim, called an Oli, a kind of household lares, which they consider a type of the Deity, and consult upon particular occasions. At the birth of a child, or its circumcision, the death of a relative or chief, seasons of war and peace, in sickness, &c., they offer up sacrifices of a bullock, or sheep, or a fowl, according to the circumstances of the party. The most absurd ceremonies also are practised on these occasions, to ensure the favour of Heaven, or to avert the dangers which threaten them. Circumcision has been practised universally throughout the island *from time immemorial:* it was by no means introduced by the Mahometans, as the ceremonies and the sacrifices by which it is attended, sufficiently attest. Great respect is paid to the tombs and to the memory of their ancestors; and the former are kept in repair for ages, with religious veneration. Their belief in a world of spirits leads them frequently to hold supposed converse with those of their deceased relatives; and a recurrence to them seems to influence them powerfully.

The most terrific feature, however, in their ritual remains to be told—this is the practice of infanticide—the greatest of all evils inflicted upon this people by superstition; and which satisfactorily accounts for the fact, why this, one of the largest and most fertile islands in the world, that has never been under the yoke of any other nation, is so thinly inhabited. This horrid crime is *systematically*, as well as extensively, practised. The months of March and April, the 8th day and last week of every month, and the Wednesday and Friday of every week, being reckoned unfortunate or evil periods, all the children born then are either exposed in the woods to the wild animals, or drowned. Affection sometimes prevails, and induces the parent to save the child; but *this is accounted a crime*, requiring sacrifices of oxen and fowls, to remove the malignity of the predominant star.

The amusements of the Madagassees consist in the song and dance, to which they are passionately attached;—also, throwing the dart, wrestling, hunting, fishing, &c. Hunting wild oxen, buffaloes, and boars, are favourite pursuits with them. When the former are the game, they choose a dark night, and after washing off the smell of the smoke from their skins, they sally out, and having discovered the herd, get to windward of them as quietly as they can, plucking the

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tops of the grass, to imitate the cropping of the buffalo; when thus they approach near enough to one, they strike a lance into his belly. The wounded beast gives a start, as if gored by the horn of another; which being a common occurrence, gives no alarm to the herd. If the hunters remain undiscovered, they strike as many as they want, and then retire as they came. In the morning they look for their dead game, which they trace by the blood among the bushes.

Hunting the wild boar is a different sport, being followed in the day. The chiefs and farmers proceed with their spears, guns, and dogs to the jungle occupied by the boars, and beset it round. The passes are generally defended by the oldest and fiercest boars, who fight desperately. The dogs are sent into the thicket to start them; and what with the yelping of these, the cheers of the hunters, and the grunting and squeaking of the various sized game, the scene and music far surpasses the operations of a pack of harriers. When the fears of the herd are thus raised, the hunters cut a passage with their hatchets, and fire in upon the main body. Being thus attacked in their stronghold, and at all points, the boars leave their fastness, and fight their way through dogs and hunters. Great numbers are thus killed; but chiefly for the sport, and on account of the injury these animals do to the crops, for the natives scarcely ever touch the flesh for food.

Alligator-hunting is also practised as a diversion. Armed with harpoons, the hunters paddle along the stream in their canoes towards the alligator, who usually lies with his nose above the water. When within ten or twelve yards, he sinks to the bottom, and crawls some distance, the bubbles which rise to the surface indicating his path. Where the last bubble rises the harpooner strikes. If he hits the head or middle of the back, the game escapes; but the edges of the belly, which lie flattened out, are more vulnerable. Alligators are likewise taken with strong rope nets, and not unfrequently with a snare of the same material, fastened to a spring pole, and placed at the mouths of the rivulets.

Agriculture is extensively practised in Madagascar; but the processes are very simple, the natives having neither ploughs, harrows, nor working cattle; their chief implements are the spade, shovel, pick-axe, and hoe. Such, however, is the richness of the soil, that with the very slight aid these implements afford, their labours are rewarded a hundredfold. They have no regular periods for seed time or harvest, the climate rendering it a matter of indifference at what time the grain is sown; and it frequently happens that they have different fields of rice, green, in flower and ripe at the same time. All their corn is conveyed to the barns and storehouses on the heads of the natives. The rice-barns are erected near their dwellings, elevated on posts, to protect them from vermin. There does not appear to be any permanent appropriation of land, any one having the liberty of selecting the spot he pleases, if not previously occupied, and no one having a right to molest him in the possession of it; and when, by continually cropping, it is exhausted, a fresh piece may be taken. The fact is, the quantity of land is so disproportioned to the population, that fresh land may be brought into cultivation as often as they please. Pigs and poultry are reared and fattened by the farmers—the former for the use of the foreigners who touch at the island.

The towns and villages are generally built on rising grounds, and are surrounded with double rows of stockades, strengthened with strong posts, at short distances from each other. The passage to the town is between these; and the entrance is defended by a guard of ten or twenty men, to prevent surprise. The houses consist of only the ground-floor, and are built of two-inch plank, and lined within with matting. They have no chimneys; and as they keep up a fire the year round, their dwellings are scarcely habitable for Europeans. The donacs, or houses of the chiefs, are built in a superior manner, inclosed with palisades, and planted round with fruit-trees, among which the raven palm rears its stately and graceful head, adding an ornamental and delightful appearance to the villages.

Slavery has existed in Madagascar from time immemorial. Prisoners, taken in battle, are commonly kept in a captive state, but their treatment was mild previous to the introduction of the foreign slave trade by Europeans. They were rather looked upon as servants, and frequently adopted into the family to whose lot they fell. Nor was their marriage with the sons or daughters of their proprietors considered degrading to the latter, if their original rank in life had been equal.

The trades principally followed amongst the Madagassees are those of goldsmiths, iron-founders, carpenters, potters, weavers, mat, and basket makers. Their intercourse with civilized nations has imparted a knowledge of the proper tools to a certain extent, but formerly this was not the case. Their carpenters had not even a saw, the trees being split into boards and smoothed with the adze. Weaving also is even now performed by hand, each thread being drawn along the woof, which is fixed in a wooden frame. A power-loom would be looked at as a piece of magic. Indigo is manufactured to a considerable extent, and of excellent quality. They brew three sorts of wine: one from honey, called toak; another from the sugar-cane, and the third from the banana. Paper is manufactured from the *papyrus Nilotica*.

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The language of the Madagassees is a mixture of Arabic and Greek, being exceedingly analogous to the latter in its construction, manner of speaking, and its copiousness. There is a singular peculiarity in it that deserves notice: it is the change in the first consonant of a noun when the preceding word ends with a consonant. Thus *Vohitz* signifies a mountain; but to say "*in the mountain*," is expressed by *am-bohitz*. *Lan*, a road; *an-delan*, on the road. *Fasso*, the sea shore; *an-passo*, on the shore, &c. &c. This change appears to have been adopted to facilitate the pronunciation which is considerably relieved by it. Their learned men are called Ombiasses, who use the Arabic character: they possess more cunning than sound information, and are little better than jugglers. But they have some knowledge of astronomy, observe the motions of the heavenly bodies, and are acquainted with the Zodiac. They are much consulted by the people, and carry on a very profitable trade in written charms and talismans to protect the natives from the evils of life. Some of these sages profess to have an art by which they understand every language on the globe, and Rennefort met with one who answered indiscriminately, *though in his own language*, questions put to him in French, Portuguese, Italian, Flemish, Latin, Greek, and Arabic.

Wars, unfortunately, occupy a large portion of the time, resources, and feelings of the Madagassees. They may be distinguished into provincial, general, and foreign. The first are excited by private feuds between the chiefs, in which the people are not concerned; the second, or general wars, are those in which the interests of the island are involved; the third, or foreign, consist of predatory descents upon the Comoro Islands, or the coast of Mosambique or Delagoa. In some of these wars the numbers engaged are very great. In 1821, Radama, king of Oova, commanded, in person, an army of 100,000 men in an expedition against the Seclaves, leaving a sufficient number at home to protect his own frontier. Their arms, in former days, were the assagay, spear, and shield; the first being dipped in poison: but fire arms have, in great measure, superseded them; and Radama's army were most of them regularly disciplined, and armed in the European manner. The foreign wars of the Madagassees are now, however, discontinued through the influence of the missionaries who have been on the island many years, and whose zealous exertions are gradually introducing a better system into their political and civil as well as religious institutions.

ON A FISHERMAN—(*from the Greek.*)

THIS oar and net, and fisher's wicker'd snare,
Thesmiseus placed above his buried son—
Memorials of the lot in life he bare,
The hard and needy life of Pelagon.

Manners and Customs.

HATS.

(*Concluded from page* 57.)

As Stubb's Anatomie of Abuses is extremely difficult to be met with, the following quotations relating to hats, from a copy in the British Museum, dated 1585, may not be undeserving of notice. The first quotation is inserted in Strutt's "Habits of the People of England."

"Sometimes they use them sharpe on the crowne, pearking up like a spear, or shaft of a steeple, standing a quarter of a yarde above the crowne of their heades, some more, some lesse, as please the phantasies of their inconstant mindes. Othersome be flat, and broade on the crowne, like the battlementes of a house. An other sort have rounde crownes sometimes with one kinde of bande, sometimes with an other, now black, now white, now russed, now redde, now grene, now yellowe; now this, now that; never content with one colour or fashion, two daies to an end," &c.

(*Specimens from the Funeral Procession of Queen Elizabeth*, 1603.)

The following extract is from a curious letter in the British Museum from James I. to his son and favourite, when at Madrid in 1623, and relates to the fashion of wearing jewels in the hat. "I send you for youre wearing the Three Brethren that ye knowe full well, but newlie sette, and the Mirroure of Fraunce, the fellowe of the Portugal dyamont, quhiche I wolde wishe you to weare alone in your hatte, with a little blakke feather." "As for thee, my sweete Gosseppe, I send thee a faire dyamonde, quhiche I wolde once have gevin thee before, if thow wolde have taken it, and I have hung a faire peare pearle to it for wearing on thy hatte, or quhaire thow plaisis; and if my Babie will spaire thee the two long dyamonts in forme of an anker, with the pendant dyamont, it were fit for an Admirall to weare, and he hath enowgh better jewells for his mistresse. ——If my Babie will not spaire the anker from his mistresse, he may well lende thee his rownde broache to weare, and yett he shall have jewells to weare in his hatte for three great dayes."

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Hobson, the Carrier, 1620. *King Charles I.* 1639. *Cobbler of Paris,* 1641.

Beaver hats were formerly called castors. Nieuhoff's Travels, in 1663, mentions "a castor hatt with a silver hatt band."

Bulwer, in his Artificial Changling, 1653, gives a curious account not only of the hat, but also of the head. The first scene describes the different shapes or fashions of the heads of different nations, as the sugar-loaf-like heads, the long heads, the short heads, the round heads, the broad heads, then narrow heads, dogs' heads, &c. and lastly, he gives us the true figure; then blockheads and loggerheads.

In page 11, he mentions "that the French are observed to have their heads somewhat orbicular, to which their disposition and naturall temper is analogicall. And the unnaturalnesse of the figure leads us to suspect the artifices of the nurse's hand to concur in their conformation; therefore, the French haberdashers, being furnished only with hats proportionable for such heads, have much ado to fit an Englishman's head with a hat, insomuch as when they fall upon this difficulty, they are wont to tell him that his head is not a-la-mode."

Bulwer most learnedly recommends the round heads, affirming, "that a head that has angles argues an impediment of judgement and ratiocination. For even as an echo is less oppositely formed in angular buildings than in an arch or winding rounds, so the vigour of judgement is more flourishing in a skull naturally round than in heads knotty and angular," &c.

Before the reign of Charles II., the high crowned hat began to be less worn; that monarch in his escape is described as disguised, and wearing "a very greasy, old, grey, steeple-crowned hat, with the brim turned up, without lining or hat-band."

The following quotation from Evelyn's *Tyrannus*, may be worthy of notice. "The wisest and most healthy of the ancients went continually bare-headed;* so Massinissa, Cæsar, so Hannibal used to go: but when I must be covered, I infinitely prefer the *Buckingumo* or *Montero*,† lately reformed, before any other whatever, because it is most manly, useful, and steady. I have heard, that when a Turk would execrate one that displeases him, he wishes him as unstable as a Christian's hat, and in effect 'tis observed that no man can plant it on another man's head, but the owner do's immediately alter it, nor is it ever certain. All that can be reply'd in its behalf is, that it shades the face; but so would a tuft of feathers in the *Montero*, which is light and serviceable when the sun is hot, and at other times ornamental."

In one of Heywood's plays, A Challenge for Beauty, there is a song describing the characteristic fashions of various nations, in words which will equally apply at the present period:

The Turk in linen wraps his head,
The Persian his in lawn too,
The Russe with sables furs his cap,
And change will not be drawn to.

The Spaniard's constant to his block,
The French inconstant ever;
But of all felts that may be felt,
Give me your English beaver.‡

Ornaments, feathers, &c. were formerly mounted, and the fashion varied as frequently as the shapes of hats themselves. The ostrich and peacock's feathers were worn; in the

* It is said of the great Lord Bacon, that he used to walk abroad in his garden, bareheaded, when it rained, to enjoy the genial drops which fell from the fresh clouds. I.

† Montera-ro, Spanish, a hunter or horseman's cap.—*Coles's Dictionary.*

‡ The inconstancy of the French in the fashion of their hats is quite equalled by that of the English, in all articles of wear and apparel. A courtier in the reign of Queen Elizabeth was desirous of having correct paintings of the costume of every nation in the world. The artist was puzzled when he came to illustrate the English; so he drew a naked native, with a bale of cloth at his feet on one side, and a pair of scissors on the other, and underneath, the following lines were inscribed:

"I am an Englishman, and I stand here,
And I don't know what clothes I will wear;
Now I will have this, now I will have that,
Now I will have I don't know what. I.

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Bouge of Courte, by Skelton, *Riot* is described as having

" An eestriche fedder of a capons tayle,
He set up fresshels upon his hat alofte."

Sir Thomas More, in his Utopia, seems to ridicule the ornaments upon hats: " When the Anatolian ambassadors arrived, the children seeing them with pearls in their hats, said to their mothers, 'See, mother! how they wear pearls and precious stones, as if they were children again!' 'Hush,' returned the mothers, 'those are not the ambassadors, but the ambassadors' fools.'"

To wear a glove on their hat or cap was an ancient custom " on three distinct occasions, viz. as a favor of a mistress, the memorial of a friend, and as a mark to be challenged by an enemy."

The ancient custom of placing yew in the hat in mourning, is mentioned in Prince Henrie's Obsequies, by G. Withers (1633), Eleg. 16.

" But then, why mourn I not to open view?
In sable robes, according to the rites?
Why is my hat without a branch of yeugh?"

The Welsh wore the leek on their Monmouth caps on St. David's Day, which is considered by them as an honourable *padge* of the service. It would not be safe to attack a Welshman on this custom for fear of being treated like that " rascally, scald, beggarly, lousy, pragging knave, Pistol," and being compelled to "eat our victuals." The leek can hardly be considered a sweet ornament. The Society of Ancient Britons in London wear an artificial representation of the leek,

(*A Dwarf, from Withers's Emblems*, 1635.)

composed of ribbands and silver foils, being less offensive to the olfactory nerves.

To return to the account of hats. The high crowned hat continued as late as the time of Charles II.; but before that period the *rims* became remarkably broad, and when much worn they were liable to hang down,

(1662 *to* 1700.) *Lord Mayor's Coachman*, 1713.) (1662 *to* 1700.)

(1745.) (*From Hogarth.*) (1784.)

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and from thence were called "slouched hats." The broad-brimmed hat surrounded with feathers placed round the rim prevailed in the reign of Charles II. and continued during the greater part of William III. But from the inconvenience of the broad rim, one flap was made to lift up, and was placed either in front, or the back of the head; and about the same time we begin to perceive two flaps turned up, when about the reign of Queen Anne, the third flap was introduced, which formed the complete cocked hat.

The cocked hat in the middle of last century was considered as a mark of gentility, and as a distinction from the lower orders, who wore round hats. In the Rambler, dated 1751, there is a letter from a young gentleman, who says that his mother exclaimed "she would rather follow me to my grave, than see me tear my cloaths, and hang down my head, and sneak about with dirty shoes, and blotted fingers, hair unpowdered, and a *hat uncocked*." (No. 109.)

The following account of hats from the London Chronicle, vol. xi. for 1762, page 167, may be interesting.

"First Chapter, of Hats; after Hippocrates.

"Hats are now worn, upon an average, six inches and three fifths broad in the brim, and cocked between Quaker and Kevenhuller. Some have their hats open before, like a church-spout, or the tin scales they weigh flour in; some wear them rather sharper, like the nose of a grey-hound; and we can distinguish by the taste of the hat the mode of the wearer's mind. There is a military cock, and the mercantile cock; and while the beaux of St. James's wear their hats under their arms, the beaux of More-fields-mall wear their's diagonally over their left or right eye; sailors wear the sides of their hats uniformly tucked down to the crown; and look as if they carried a triangular apple-pasty upon their heads.

"I hope no person will think us disaffected, but when we meet with any of the new-raised infantry wearing the buttons of their hats bluff before, and the trefoil white worsted shaking as they step, we cannot help thinking of French figure dancers.

"With Quakers, it is a point of their faith not to wear a button or a loop tight up, their hats spread over their heads like a penthouse and darken the outward man, to signify that they have inward light.

"Some wear their hats (with the corners, which should come over their foreheads, in a direct line,) pointed into the air; those are the Gawkies.

"Others do not above half cover their heads, which is indeed owing to the shallowness of their crowns; but between beaver and eyebrows expose a piece of blank forehead, which looks like a sandy road in a surveyor's plan. Indeed people should hide as much of the face under their hats as possible; for very few there are but what have done something for which they ought to be put of countenance."

New Books.

LETTERS OF HORACE WALPOLE TO SIR HORACE MANN.

[We have already noticed the publication of this work in three handsome library volumes, under the editorship of the lamented Lord Dover. It is, perhaps, one of the most delightful additions that has been recently made to our autobiographical literature, and if portions be too light and airy for certain grave readers, it must be conceded that none but an accomplished hand could have produced such elegant trifles as are to be found in these volumes. Our extracts—here a little and there a little—partake of miscellaneous and we hope not the least entertaining character in the work.]

Ranelagh and Garrick.

[Walpole's opinion of Garrick was but false prophecy:]

To-day calls itself May the 26th, as you perceive by the date, but I am writing to you by the fire-side, instead of going to Vauxhall. If we have one warm day in seven, *we bless our stars, and think it luxury*. And yet we have as much waterworks and fresco diversions, as if we lay ten degrees nearer warmth. Two nights ago Ranelagh gardens were opened at Chelsea; the Prince, Princess, Duke, much nobility, and much mob besides, were there. There is a vast amphitheatre, finely gilt, painted, and illuminated, into which everybody that loves eating, drinking, staring, or crowding, is admitted for twelvepence. The building and disposition of the gardens cost sixteen thousand pounds. Twice a-week there are to be Ridottos, at guinea tickets, for which you are to have a supper and music. I was there last night, but did not find the joy of it. Vauxhall is a little better, for the garden is pleasanter, and one goes by water. Our operas are almost over; there were but three-and-forty people last night in the pit and boxes. But all the run is now after Garrick, a wine-merchant, who is turned player, at Goodman's fields. He plays all parts, and is a very good mimic. His acting I have seen, and may say to you, who will not tell it again here, I see nothing wonderful in it; but it is heresy to say so.

Thomson and Akenside.

March 29, 1745.—The town flocks to a new play of Thomson's, called Tancred and Sigismunda: it is very dull; I have read it. I cannot bear modern poetry; these refiners of the purity of the stage, and of the incor-

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rockness of English verse, are most woefully insipid.

I had rather have written the most absurd lines in Lee, than Leonidas or the Seasons; as I had rather be put into the round-house for a wrong-headed quarrel, than sup quietly at eight o'clock with my grandmother. There is another of these tame geniuses, a Mr. Akenside, who writes odes; in one he has lately published, he says, "Light the tapers, urge the fire." Had not you rather make gods jostle in the dark, than light the candles, for fear they should break their heads?

A good Story.

I have a good story to tell you of Lord Bath, whose name you have not heard very lately; have you? He owed a tradesman eight hundred pounds, and would never pay him: the man determined to persecute him till he did; and one morning followed him to Lord Winchilsea's, and sent up word that he wanted to speak with him. Lord Bath came down, and said, "Fellow, what do you want with me?"—"My money," said the man, as loud as ever he could bawl, before all the servants. He bade him come the next morning—and then would not see him. The next Sunday the man followed him to church, and got into the next pew: he leaned over, and said, "My money; give me my money." My Lord went to the end of the pew; the man too; "Give me my money." The sermon was on Avarice, and the text, "Cursed are they that heap up riches." The man groaned out, "O Lord!" and pointed to my Lord Bath—in short, he persisted so much, and drew the eyes of all the congregation, that my Lord Bath went out, and paid him directly. I assure you this is fact.

Female Coiner.

Now I am telling you odd events, I must relate one of the strangest I ever heard. Last week an elderly woman gave information against her maid for coining, and the trial came on at the Old Bailey. The mistress deposed, that having been left a widow several years ago, with four children, and no possibility of maintaining them, she had taken to coining: that she used to buy old pewter pots, out of each of which she made as many shillings, &c. as she could put off for three pounds, and that by this practice, she had bred up her children, bound them out apprentices, and set herself up in a little shop, by which she got a comfortable livelihood; that she had now given over coining, and indited her maid as accomplice. The maid in her defence said, "that when her mistress hired her, she told her, that she did something up in a garret, into which she must never inquire: that all she knew of the matter was, that her mistress had often given her moulds to clean, which she did, as it was her duty: that indeed she had sometimes seen pieces of pewter pots cut, and did suspect her mistress of coining; but that she never had had, or put off one single piece of bad money." The Judge asked the mistress if this was true; she answered, "Yes; and that she believed her maid was as honest a creature as ever lived; but that knowing herself in her power, she never could be at peace; that she knew, by informing she should secure herself; and not doubting but the maid's real innocence would appear, she concluded the poor girl would come to no harm." The Judge flew into the greatest rage, told her he wished he could stretch the law to hang her; and feared he could not bring off the maid for having concealed the crime; but, however, the Jury did bring her in *not guilty*. I think I never heard a more particular instance of parts and villany.

Execution of the Rebel Lords.

I came from town (for take notice, I put this place upon myself for the country) the day after the execution of the rebel-lords: I was not at it, but had two persons come to me directly who were at the next house to the scaffold; and I saw another who was upon it, so that you may depend upon my accounts.

Just before they came out of the Tower, Lord Balmerino drank a bumper to King James's health. As the clock struck ten, they came forth on foot, Lord Kilmarnock all in black, his hair unpowdered in a bag, supported by Forster, the great Presbyterian, and by Mr. Home, a young clergyman, his friend. Lord Balmerino followed, alone, in a blue coat turned up with red, his rebellious regimentals, a flannel waistcoat, and his shroud beneath; their hearses following. They were conducted to a house near the scaffold; the room forwards had benches for spectators; in the second Lord Kilmarnock was put, and in the third backwards Lord Balmerino; all three chambers hung with black. Here they parted! Balmerino embraced the other, and said, "My Lord, I wish I could suffer for both!" He had scarce left him, before he desired again to see him, and then asked him, "My Lord Kilmarnock, do you know anything of the resolution taken in our army, the day before the battle of Culloden, to put the English prisoners to death?" He replied, "My Lord, I was not present; but since I came hither, I have had all the reason in the world to believe that there was such order taken; and I hear the Duke has the pocket-book with the order." Balmerino answered, "It was a lie raised to excuse their barbarity to us."—Take notice, that the Duke's charging this on Lord Kilmarnock (certainly on misinformation) decided this unhappy man's fate! The most now pretended, is, that it would have come to

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Lord Kilmarnock's turn to have given the word for the slaughter, as lieutenant-general, with the patent for which he was immediately drawn into the rebellion, after having been staggered by his wife, her mother, his own poverty, and the defeat of Cope. He remained an hour and half in the house, and shed tears. At last he came to the scaffold, certainly much terrified, but with a resolution that prevented his behaving in the least meanly or unlike a gentleman. He took no notice of the crowd, only to desire that the baize might be lifted up from the rails, that the mob might see the spectacle. He stood and prayed some time with Forster, who wept over him, exhorted and encouraged him. He delivered a long speech to the Sheriff, and with a noble manliness stuck to the recantation he had made at his trial; declaring he wished that all who embarked in the same cause might meet the same fate. He then took off his bag, coat and waistcoat with great composure, and after some trouble put on a napkin-cap, and then several times tried the block, the executioner, who was in white with a white apron, out of tenderness concealing the axe behind himself. At last the Earl knelt down, with a visible unwillingness to depart, and after five minutes dropped his handkerchief, the signal, and his head was cut off at once, only hanging by a bit of skin, and was received in a scarlet cloth by four of the undertaker's men kneeling, who wrapped it up and put it into the coffin with the body; orders having been given not to expose the heads, as used to be the custom.

The scaffold was immediately new-strewed with saw-dust, the block new-covered, the executioner new dressed, and a new axe brought. Then came old Balmerino, treading with the air of a general. As soon as he mounted the scaffold, he read the inscription on his coffin, as he did again afterwards: he then surveyed the spectators, who were in amazing numbers, even upon masts of ships in the river; and pulling out his spectacles read a treasonable speech, which he delivered to the Sheriff, and said, the young Pretender was so sweet a Prince, that flesh and blood could not resist following him; and lying down to try the block, he said, "If I had a thousand lives, I would lay them all down here in the same cause." He said, if he had not taken the sacrament the day before, he would have knocked down Williamson, the lieutenant of the Tower, for his ill usage of him. He took the axe and felt it, and asked the headsman, how many blows he had given Lord Kilmarnock; and gave him three guineas. Two clergymen, who attended him, coming up, he said, "No, gentlemen, I believe you have already done me all the service you can." Then he went to the corner of the scaffold, and called very loud for the Warder, to give him his perriwig, which he took off, and put on a night-cap of Scotch plaid, and then pulled off his coat and waistcoat and lay down; but being told he was on the wrong side, vaulted round, and immediately gave the sign by tossing up his arm, as if he were giving the signal for battle. He received three blows, but the first certainly took away all sensation. He was not a quarter of an hour on the scaffold; Lord Kilmarnock above half a one. Balmerino certainly died with the intrepidity of a hero, but with the insensibility of one too. As he walked from his prison to execution, seeing every window and top of house filled with spectators, he cried out, "Look, look, how they are all piled up like rotten oranges!"

Spirit of Discovery.

[The Second Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science was held at Cambridge during the week beginning with June 24, and appears, with few exceptions, to have been one continued round of intellectual gratification. The proceedings of the Society, recreative as well as philosophical, have been reported in the amusing form of a Journal of a Week at Cambridge, in four successive *Literary Gazettes*, whence we quote the following Novelties in Science:]—

Botany.

Professor Burnett made some extremely curious observations on the pith in trees and plants, which he considered to be far less, if at all, necessary to their nourishment than was commonly supposed. On the contrary, he believed that its use was almost entirely confined to the structure of the vegetable world; and that it served as a scaffolding for building, which was knocked away when no longer required. On the pith the fibres of the plant were spread; and as these acquired strength and consistency, it dried up and disappeared. The tube which it had filled became hollow. New shoots were propagated by a like process; and the successive layers of timber were to be referred to the same explanation. On this subject some conversation ensued; and the professor's ingenious hypothesis was questioned by several of the members present. To us it appeared to be very feasible; and we trust he will continue to pay attention to a subject on which he displayed so much acumen and talent.

Mining.

Mr. John Taylor read an elaborate report on mines, in which he went largely into the history of the science, and the different theories which had been propounded by philosophers thereon. We may state that there are three leading hypotheses: *first*, that which supposes metallic veins to have been open fissures caused by some eruption, and filled

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up with various matter by aqueous solutions from above; *secondly*, that these fissures were formed by violence done to the strata, and filled by matter from within the earth, forced up by heat, and becoming a metallic substance; *thirdly*, that the whole formation was contemporaneous with the rocks themselves. Each of these theories was investigated in the report, and became the subject of discussion,—in which Dr. Buckland, Professor Whewell, Dr. Boose, Mr. Phillips of York, and Mr. Fox of Durham, took part.

In a subsequent conversation on *this* lecture—It was observed that metallic veins which pass through rocks of various characters of formations, are only productive in particular strata—a power of selecting a place in which to deposit their treasures appears common to all veins; it rarely fails that they are most productive in passing through beds of limestone—they may be continued upwards and downwards into other strata; but in these they are barren, and leave only indications of their passage in the shape of unproductive vein stones. Some instances are known of veins passing from stratified into unstratified rocks.

Carbonic Acid.

Dr. Daubeny read a paper on the action of light on plants, &c.; and, after expatiating on the carbonic acid evolved by animal respiration, combustion, and other means, enlarged on the providential provision which enabled the green leaves of plants to transmute the gas, and to prepare another for the sustenance of life.

At the conclusion of this, Mr. Faraday remarked, that though the different action in the animal and vegetable world was certainly very beautiful, yet it had been proved by M. Piefel, in a French work, not to be essential in the view which had just been taken of the subject; for a calculation founded on obvious data showed, that if the leaves did not perform this office, all the deleterious gas generated in a thousand years would have no perceptible effect upon the atmosphere.

Upon this, Mr. Dalton, the chairman, in his simple and delightful manner,* asked Mr. Faraday whose authority he was quoting; and being answered some author in the *Dictionnaire Universelle*, about fifteen years ago, rejoined, "Why, then, he took it from me; for I published it in our Transactions several years before that." A laugh ensued; and the worthy chairman continued to state that he had often repeated his experiments, and found that in the closest manufacturing streets in Manchester, where fifty tons of carbonic acid gas were evolved in a few hours, and in the purest country air at six or eight miles distant, analysis demonstrated that the atmosphere was not affected by the former circumstance.

* This gentleman, in the garb of the Society of Friends, far advanced in life, and with singular plainness and simplicity of manners, accompanied by uncommon readiness and shrewdness, was much distinguished at the Association; and, it appeared to us, with perfect justice, even amid the crowd of learning and science by which he was surrounded. We never saw a man so full of practical information. It was evident that a long life spent in chemical study had made him wise in his generation, and that he was truly entitled to be the oracle on most of the questions which led to speculation or farther inquiry.

Zoology: the Eel and the Whale.

One of the most interesting papers which we heard in this division was by Mr. Yarrel, on the generation of the eel, (which is about to appear in a second series of Mr. Jesse's delightful Gleanings in Natural History.)—This *vexata quæstio*, which has occupied the attention of naturalists from Aristotle downwards, has been at last set at rest by Mr. Yarrel, who has proved, by actual examinations, and dissections carried on through eighteen months in succession, upon specimens of eels procured from different parts of the country, that it is oviparous—having melt and roe, like other fishes. He has traced them down to the brackish water whither they go generally, though not universally, to deposit their spawn; and he has followed the young in their extraordinary spring journeys up the great rivers and into the brooks and rivulets, in which they seek out for themselves appropriate haunts. In numbers they are immensurable—the shoals advance up the stream, forming a black line along the shore; nor are these journeys confined to the water—they cross fields, and climb posts and pales, in order to reach the place of their destination.

On the same day, the Rev. Mr. Scoresby laid open some of his store—his vast experience of the natural history of the northern regions—a short account of the whale, got up extempore, as he acknowledged, but, perhaps, even more interesting because unpremeditated.

The most surprising fact in the history of the whale, probably, is his power of descending to enormous depths below the surface of the sea, and sustaining that almost inconceivable pressure of the superincumbent water. On one occasion which fell under Mr. S.'s own observation, a whale was struck from a boat. The animal instantly descended, dragging down with it a rope very nearly *one mile long*. Having let out thus much of rope, the situation of the boat's crew became critical—either they must have cut the line, and submitted to a very serious loss, or have run the risk of being dragged under water by the whale. The men were desired to retire to the stern, to counterbalance the pulls of the whale, which dragged the bow down sometimes to within an inch of the water. In this dangerous dilemma the boat remained

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some time, vibrating up and down with the tugs of the monster, but never moving from the place where it lay when the harpoon was first thrown. This fact proves that the whale must have descended at once perpendicularly, as had he advanced in any direction, he must have pulled the boat along with him. Mr. S. and the crew were rescued by the timely arrival of another boat, furnished with fresh ropes and harpoons.

Mr. S. calculated that the pressure upon the whale's body, sunk a mile below the surface of the sea, must have equalled the enormous weight of fifteen tons to a square inch. We state this from recollection only, but are tolerably sure of the accuracy of the statement.

The whole structure of the whale exhibits most admirable adaptation to its situations and the element in which it lives—in the toughness and thickness of its skin, and disposition of the coating of blubber beneath, which serves the purpose—if we may be permitted to use so homely a simile—of an extra great-coat to keep him warm, and prevent his warm, red blood from being chilled by those icy seas. But provision is especially made to enable him to descend uninjured to very great depths. The orifices of the nostrils are closed by valves wonderfully suited to keep out the water from the lungs, and withstanding the pressure. In one species they are shaped like cones, which fit into the orifice like corks in the neck of a bottle, and the greater the pressure the tighter they hold.

In representations of the whale, we always see two spouts of water mounting into the air from his nostrils, like artificial fountains. This is occasioned merely by the mode in which the animal breathes; and it is an error to suppose that it ejects the water out of his mouth through his nostrils. It is merely their breath which they discharge, intermixed with mucous matter, and perhaps the foam of a wave which may happen to dash over them. These vapoury jets look like smoke at a distance, and are sometimes driven upwards to a height of several yards.

Chronometers.

Mr. Dent (we believe) explained the superiority of glass balance wheels for chronometers, and gave an important view of his subject. Metals were liable to uncertainty of composition, and also to oxydate. Gold, which he had tried, was too heavy. Metal springs were frequently spoiled by extreme variations of temperature; whereas glass was not affected. Upon every ground, therefore, he prefered this substance; and his opinion was confirmed, as far as experience had gone at the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, that its qualities would render those instruments, on which so much depended, still more perfect.

The Winds.

Professor Airy stated that he had long made observations on the direction of the winds at the Observatory of Cambridge, from which some curious facts respecting these phenomena were elicited. He had found, for example, that the wind never blew steadily for any period of time except from eight points of the compass. When in any other quarter, it was merely shifting round to one of these points. It never blew at all directly from the south! The two most prevalent winds were the S.S.W. and W.S.W.; the one of which invariably brought rain, while the other was accompanied by dry weather. Between the W. and N. was one point of duration; between the N. and E. another; and another between the E. and S.S.W. (not having the diagram, we may not be perfectly correct,) which, with the N., the W., and the E., made the eight quarters alluded to, from which the winds blew for prolonged periods.

This communication excited a lively sensation; and it was confessed by all present that a number of local experiments on the subject must lead to very interesting meteorological conclusions. Where did the winds originate? how were they modified? how far did they sweep over the earth? and many other questions suggested themselves, as likely to be elucidated by this means;—and the Professor suggested a mechanical contrivance to regulate and index the turning of a vane, by which the observations might be tolerably ascertained, and the duration and measure of intensity of the winds throughout the year obtained in many places.

Notes of a Reader.

ENGLISH TRAVELLERS ON THE CONTINENT.

THAT there are to be met with a vast number of ignorant, ill-bred, and prejudiced English travellers, no one can doubt; but it must be considered what are the numbers who now travel, and from what various classes they are selected. At least half who go to the Continent are persons in the middling ranks of life, who go from idleness, for a holiday, or merely to say that they have been abroad. Our reputation on the Continent is mainly founded on the style of our countrymen who used to travel before the French revolution, when the "Grand Tour" was a necessary part of the education of a gentleman, and when young men from Oxford and Cambridge were started off, under the care of a travelling tutor, with half a dozen court suits in the imperial, a courier, a valet de chambre, and four horses, to make their bow at the different courts of Europe, be present at the carnival, run through the Vatican, and bring home a collection of

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Scagliola tables and water-coloured daubs of the eruption of Vesuvius. If the tutor humoured their follies, he was in time installed in one of the family livings; or, if there was parliamentary influence, he not unfrequently got on the bench of bishops. These were the veritable "milords Anglais;" and if they did not establish our reputation as being wise men, the profusion with which they lavished their money gave a very high notion of our riches and liberality,—occasionally, it is true, at the expense of our good sense. To this class succeeded, after the peace of 1814-15, a host of shopkeepers and others of the middling classes. These had little to recommend them; and money being of more importance to them than to their predecessors (the rich *milords*), they were more careful of it: half their time is spent in wrangling and squabbling with waiters and post boys, and in beating down the prices of Parisian shopkeepers. From these two classes, together with a pretty potent admixture of those who, for certain good reasons, do not find it convenient to live at home, the French notion of the English has, in a great measure, been formed. We trust, however, that they will arrive at a far different estimate before long, when some of their old prejudices against the English, and in favour of themselves, are worn away. That this is already the case with many, we are certain.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

HOFER.

In a corner of the church of the Holy Cross, at Inspruck, a little to the left of the main entrance, under a plain marble flag-stone let into the pavement, lie the ashes of Andrew Hofer, a peasant. If the traveller in Switzerland finds the name of Tell enshrined in the hearts of the peasantry, every step he takes in the Tyrol will remind him of Hofer: there is not a cottage which he enters in which the traveller does not see between the crucifix and the image of the patron saint, some representation of him in the dress he wore when leading his countrymen to their country's battles. Since his military murder, in his native valleys Andrew Hofer is revered by his countrymen as a saint and martyr. There is not in all history a more interesting or more instructive episode than the enterprises of Hofer and his companions;—the perfidy and cruelty of Austria, the injustice of his execution by the French, the matchless energy and heroism of a band of peasants led on by one of themselves, abandoned by Austria, by their own nobles, for whom they were fighting, making head against the powerful armies of Bavaria and France,—*all* unite to give a deep interest to every thing which relates to the patriot. When Hofer was led out to execution, his imprisoned countrymen, through whom he passed, could not contain their indignation and cries for vengeance. "Silence, I pray you, my friends," he said, "in pity both to you and myself—the time will come—I am about to die, but I tell you, that the Tyrol dies not with me." There are not a few in the Tyrol who already look anxiously for the fulfilment of the prophecy.—*Ibid.*

TROUBADOUR'S CALL TO WAR,

[Addressed to Richard Cœur de Lion by Bertran de Born, one of the most restless spirits of his time.]

It joys me well, the sweet spring tide, when leaves and flowers appear,
It joys me well by green-wood side the blithe bird's song to hear,
But more—perdi! I joy to see the tented field afar.
And steed and knight arrayed for fight in panoply of war!

It joys me well, when outscouts fleet before their foemen run,
For then, full short, the main hosts meet, the tug of war comes on!
I love to see the castle stormed, when thundering fragments fall,
And in the ditch the palisades smile grim beneath the wall!

'Tis joy when Prince or Peer is seen, amidst the foremost there,
To cheer his men with right good will his own fair fame to share;
And certes when the camp's to win, each well may back his Lord—
Small praise to him who blenches, when "give and take" 's the word.

Now lance, helm, brand, and dinted shield lie scattered where they fell,
And vassal's hand smites vassal within the hot pell-mell;
No thought of fence, no thought of ward—each strikes as best he can,
And deems a corse more worth than he, who yields a living man!

Meat, drink and sleep, I'll not deny, are good things in their way,
But give me, sirs, the war cry that drowns the din of fray!
When knightless steeds through forest glades shriek wildly as they go,
And wounded men cry out for aid within the foss below!

Ye barons that have ought to pledge, in God's name pledge it now,
And mortgage town and tower and land, for sword and axe and bow.
Off, off, friend Papiol,* bear with haste to Oc and No my song,
And bid him speed the good old trade—we have had peace too long. *Ibid.*

READING MEDICAL BOOKS.

There can be no doubt that hypochondriacal persons are fond of perusing works that treat of disease, and much addicted to seeing their own case in every page; but we should not, on this account, be inclined to discourage all attempts to make the truths of medicine familiar to unprofessional persons. Medical

* Papiol, the name of his jongleur; Oc and No, the names by which he designates Richard Cœur de Lion in all his poems.

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books of some kind or other, such persons will purchase and will study. Care should be taken to supply them with sensible books, and such as, informing them of the wonders of the bodily functions, would also teach them to place their greatest reliance, as regarded setting the functions in order when impaired, on those who had most studied them. It is to the deplorable ignorance, even of persons of education, with respect to the structure and functions of the human body, and every thing which relates to health and disease, that we must ascribe the inability of such persons to distinguish between the rational practitioner and the quack. The higher classes, especially, hold regular physic and physicians of small account. Their idea of medicine is, that it is an art, a craft, a kind of *knack*, (to use a somewhat inelegant but not inexpressive word,) which some people are born with, or attain without study, and by the mere felicity of nature. If anatomy and physiology formed part of a good education, physic would reach its proper rank. But those who hang with ecstacy over stemens and pistils, or fragments of granite and spar, never seem to consider how noble and useful a subject for contemplation exists in their own frames. With increased knowledge, faith in the nostrums of empirics would soon be extinguished, and rash and absurd methods of cure abandoned. No patients are more disposed to rely on trifles for relief than hypochondriacs. Some put their trust in ginger-lozenges, some in hierapicra, some in Daffy's Elixir, and some in Doctor Somebody's famous dinner pill. Some rest their hopes on white mustard-seed, and others seek solace in breakfasting on fried bacon. Some are persuaded that animal food will be fatal to them, and some that vegetables are poison. They heroically abandon whatever is denounced; some giving up their wine without a sigh, and others resigning their tea without a struggle.—*Ibid.*

The Gatherer.

The Raven.—At the seat of the Earl of Aylesbury, in Wiltshire, a tame raven, that had been taught to speak, used to ramble about in the park; there he was usually attended and beset by crows, rooks, and others of his inquisitive tribe. When a considerable number of these were collected round him, he would lift up his head, and, with a hoarse and hollow voice, shout out the word Holla! This would instantly put to flight and disperse his sable brethren, while the raven seemed to enjoy the fright he had occasioned. FERNANDO.

Mrs. Inchbald.—At an early period of her life, when in the green-room, or other part of the theatre, one of the performers, distressed about the delivery of a note, said he would give half-a-crown to any one who would take it for him. Mrs. Inchbald immediately closed with the proposal, and took it accordingly.—Very late in life, and when living with Mrs. Voysey, in Leonard-place, Kensington, she observed one of the lady lodgers mending a hole in a black silk gown. "Why do you give yourself that trouble?" said Mrs. I.; "I always mend the holes in mine with black sticking-plaster." Here we have Black and Blue fairly illustrated.—*Memoirs lately published.*

Allen, the first Lord Bathurst, died at the age of 91. Till within a month of his death, he constantly rode out two hours every morning, and drank his bottle of wine after dinner; hence the cheerful anecdote, not yet without its zest by repetition:—Inviting a large party to dinner to meet his son, who had become lord chancellor, the whole company sat late, except the law lord, who took his leave at the decorous hour of twelve. "Come," says the aged earl, "now the *old gentleman* is gone, we can manage to take another bottle."—*Sharpe's Peerage.*

The East.—The French government has lately sent M. Tixier into the East to make researches into the architecture of those countries, and the several libraries at Constantinople. FERNANDO.

Horticulture.—It has been satisfactorily proved, that the ammoniacal liquor produced in the manufactory of gas from coal, will effectually destroy the grub and other worms, which so often defeat the rising hope of the gardener, particularly in his early crops. So far is the liquid from injuring the tenderest plant, that it seems rather to invigorate it.

Game in Greece.—The inhabitants of Greece, though the country abounds with game, will neither eat a hare, nor touch it after it is killed; and so great is their aversion to this animal, that no Albanian servant can be prevailed upon to take the skin from a hare, or even to remain in the house, when it is dressed. THOMAS GILL.

Defenceless Enemies.—Nadir Shah, when encouraging the Persians to attack the Turks, said, "You need not have any fear respecting this nation, for God has given them but two hands—one of which is absolutely necessary to keep on their caps, and the other to hold up their trousers; and if they had a third, it would be employed to hold their pipes. They have, therefore, none to spare for a sword or shield." FERNANDO.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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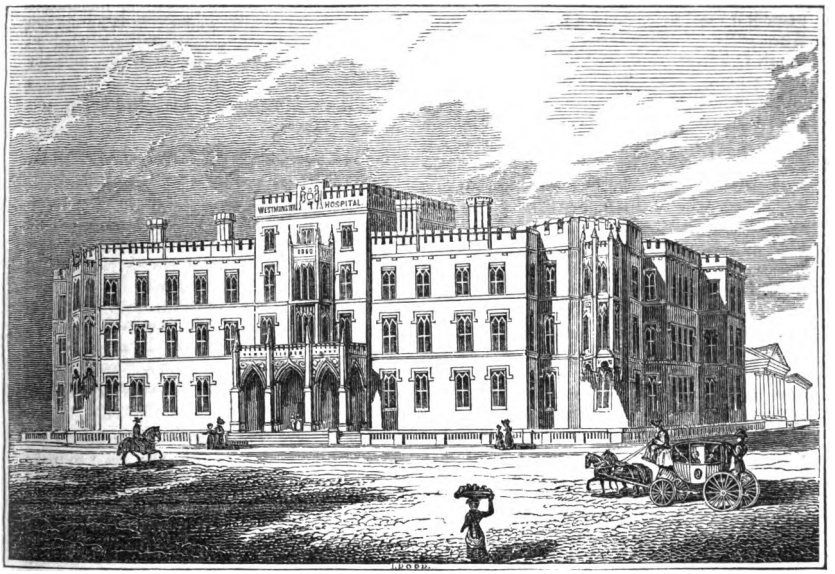

THE WESTMINSTER (NEW) HOSPITAL.

The Westminster Hospital was founded in the year 1719, "for the relief of the sick and needy from all parts," and is the oldest hospital, supported by subscription, in the metropolis. It is a plain brick building, in James-street, near Buckingham Gate; but, unsightly as it may be, and little as it may be known beyond its neighbourhood, it has been a place of succour to afflicted thousands for more than a century past; and the recollection of this fact on viewing the old hospital will give rise to more grateful feelings than a visit to the proudest palace in its vicinity.

Sufficient as had been the original hospital for the early demands upon the Institution, as the neighbourhood thickened, the building was found inconveniently small; and, consequently, in the year 1819, exactly a century after the charity had been established, a subscription was commenced for the purpose of erecting a new Hospital. When this fund had increased to a sum exceeding 19,000*l.*, the trustees, in the year 1831, purchased of his Majesty's government, for 6,000*l.*, a vacant spot of ground near Westminster Abbey, for the site of the new building. Upon this spot, on the north side of the Abbey, was the *Sanctuary* of Westminster; the church belonging to it was in the form of a cross and double, the one being built over the other. Dr. Stukely, who died in 1765, remembered it standing: he says it was of great strength, and is supposed to have been the work of Edward the Confessor. Westminster Market rose on the site of this ancient fabric; and this being long disused, was removed to make room for the new Guildhall for the city and liberty of Westminster. This building does not, however, occupy the whole plot of ground; since, upon the remainder, with additions, has been built an extensive Mews, and immediately adjoining is the new Hospital, as shown in the Engraving; a portion of the Mews being seen in the distance.

The new Hospital is now in course of erection, from the design of Messrs. William and Charles Inwood, we believe, the architects of St. Pancras New Church. The builder is Mr. Barron. The foundation was a work of great difficulty: the site for some depth consisted of loose earth which had but recently been removed there; it was therefore found necessary to make, as it were, an artificial foundation, which was done by digging out the unstable earth, and filling up the space with a cementitious liquid, to the depth of

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six feet, which, on becoming concrete, equalled the hardest stone.

The building is, for the most part, in the style usually termed Elizabethan; but the principal windows partake of the time of Henry VII. It is substantially built with white Suffolk brick, finished with freestone. The principal front consists of a centre and flanks. The centre has four stories above the basement, is 72 feet in height, and has an embattled porch, with three front and two side entrance arches, and above it a handsome oriel window of two stages; both the porch and the window being ornamented with pinnacles, with rich finials. The flanks, 58 feet in height, consist of three stories only. Each end, which, from its peculiar position, may be said to form part of the front, has also an oriel window, of two stages, ornamented similarly to the central window, but overhanging the area and first story. The whole extent of the frontage, including these windows, is 200 feet. The porch, and the framework of the three oriel windows, 40 feet in height, are entirely of freestone, and greatly contribute to the beauty of the building. The sides are each in three boldly projecting portions, which plan aids the effect of the whole pile, from the principal points of view. The building is surmounted throughout with a handsome stone battlemented coping, as are the chimneys. In the centre, above the fourth story is inscribed Westminster Hospital; an emblematic sculptured group being intended for the centre, as shown in our Engraving, but not yet completed. The projecting stonework, beneath the embattled parapet of the front, is enriched with bosses of the Westminster (portcullis) arms, and more florid embellishments. The total number of windows throughout the building is 260.

The excellent arrangement of the interior could only be explained by a ground plan. The wards are 19 in number, each being 42 feet long, by 23 feet wide, and will hold upwards of 200 beds. The building may be generally described as consisting of a front and two sides inclosing a spacious area, in the centre of which we witnessed the artificial foundation preparing for a circular theatre for lectures, &c. The disposition of the roof of the hospital will be very judicious: it is flat, and covered with lead, and will be appropriated as an airing walk for the patients; its extent is nearly half an acre.

The Westminster (New) Hospital will, we augur, be considered as one of the handsomest structures of the metropolis, and must add to the fame of the architects. The cost of its erection, per contract, will be 27,500*l.*, which the Committee have reason to believe will be augmented to, at least, 30,000*l.*, for interior fittings and furniture. They are anxious to finish the Hospital without encroaching on the general funds of the Charity; and to effect this object, some further aid from the patrons of the Charity and the public will be requisite: need we add that money cannot be better appropriated than in contributing to so noble a monument of British philanthropy as the New Westminster Hospital must be considered. It is really worthy of the munificent patronage of their Majesties and a Royal Duke, and the presidentship of one of the wealthiest peers of England; which the Institution enjoys.

CURIOUS FACTS AND CALCULATIONS.

It is calculated, by suitably informed persons, that no less than 14,000,000,000 silkworms die every year—victims to the production of the amount of silk which is consumed for one year in England alone.

The threads of the minutest spiders are so fine, that 4,000,000 of them would be required to make up a single hair of the human head. The compound or common thread of the spider is made up of about 40,000 smaller threads.

The velocity with which the light of the sun travels to the earth may be estimated from the fact, that it passes, in the eighth part of a second, through a space which the swiftest bird could not traverse in three weeks.

A saw-mill is now at work in New South Wales, the teeth of which move through 8,200 feet per minute, or at the rate of 96 miles per hour. No similar instance of rapid motion, as produced by animal power, is, we believe, known.

The gas-lamps of London alone consume not less than 38,000 chaldrons of coals in the year. The gas-pipes of the metropolis were, in 1830, of the total length of upwards of 1,000 miles.

The oldest monument of an English king, which Great Britain contains, is that of King John, in Worcester Cathedral. This tomb was opened some years ago, when the skeleton was found in good preservation, and in precisely the same dress as that represented in the statue.

According to Dr. Hahnemann's System, (the Homœpathic System,) now much in vogue in Germany, the seven-millionth part of a grain of colocynth may sometimes be too powerful a dose for an adult.

The length of the *paved* streets and roads in England and Wales, is calculated at 20,000 miles; that of the roads which are not paved is about 100,000 miles. The extent of the turnpike-roads, as appears by parliamentary documents, was, in the year 1823, 24,531 miles.

From a register of fires kept for one year in London, it appears that there were 360 alarms of fire attended with very little da-

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stage, 31 serious fires, and 127 fires occasioned by chimneys being on fire: amounting, altogether, to 548 accidents.

The chapel of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, is the first edifice for Christian worship built in this country since the Christian era, which has not its pulpit facing the west. The deviation was introduced by the Puritans;—of which community, Sir Walter Mildmay, the founder of the chapel, was a member.

One of the severest penalties to which criminals in Holland were in ancient times condemned, was, to be deprived of the use of salt.

A distinguished German entomologist has calculated that a single square inch of the wing of a peacock-butterfly, as seen through a powerful microscope, contains no less than 100,735 scales.

Taking the number of theatres which have been built in Europe and America, and the number which have been destroyed by fire, &c., it appears that the average duration of the existence of a theatre is not more than 40 years.

Seneca appears to have been the most opulent literary man on record; he was possessed, when he died, of two millions and a half sterling.

In one branch of trade alone—the cotton trade—some spindles, which, before the new improvements were projected, used to revolve only fifty times in a minute, now perform six, seven, and in some cases eight, thousand revolutions, in the same short space of time. In one establishment at Manchester there are 136,000 spindles kept in incessant motion by steam-power, by which they are enabled to spin 1,200,000 miles (not yards) of cotton-thread per week. The weekly produce of this article, when the machines are in full work, is about 400,000,000 of miles, or enough to encompass the earth 160 times.

There are individuals, remarkable for great learning and good sense, who firmly believe that plants can feel—insomuch, that they will not walk in fields or pull flowers, lest they should inflict pain upon the innocent creatures. It is said that the late Sir James Edward Smith was strongly inclined to this doctrine. FERNANDO.

THE LAMBTONS AND THE HILTONS OF DURHAM.

(*To the Editor.*)

A CORRESPONDENT (*H. J.*) in your last number having made an inquiry respecting a tradition connected with the name of the Lambtons, I have much pleasure in communicating the following particulars in reply, from the second volume of *Surtees's History of Durham*. Whether the alleged prophecy, that no chief of that family should die in his bed for a number of generations, was verified, I have no means of ascertaining; but I believe I may confidently assert that both the father and the grandfather of the present lord died in their beds, so that, I presume, the period embraced in the supposed prediction must have long since expired. The present lord never had a brother who was killed in hunting, as your Correspondent mentions.

"The heir of Lambton, fishing, as was his profane custom, in the Wear, on a Sunday, hooked a small worm or eft, which he carelessly threw into a well, and thought no more of the adventure. The worm (at first neglected) grew till it was too large for its first habitation, and issuing forth from the *Worm Well*, betook itself to the river, where it usually lay a part of the day coiled up round a crag in the middle of the water; it also frequented a green mound near the well, (the *Worm Hill*,) where it lapped itself nine times round, leaving vermicular traces, of which grave living witnesses depose that they have seen the vestiges. It now became the terror of the country, and, amongst other enormities, levied a daily contribution of nine cows' milk, which was always placed for it at the *Green Hill*, and in default of which, it devoured man and beast. Young Lambton had, it seems, meanwhile, totally repented him of his former life and conversation, had bathed himself in a bath of holy water, taken the sign of the Cross, and joined the Crusaders. On his return home, he was extremely shocked at witnessing the effects of his youthful imprudences, and immediately undertook the adventure. After several fierce combats, in which the crusader was foiled by his enemy's *power of self-union*, he found it expedient to add policy to courage, and not possessing much of the former quality, he went to consult a witch, or wise woman. By her judicious advice, he armed himself in a coat of mail, studded with razor blades, and thus prepared, placed himself on the crag in the river, and waited the monster's arrival. At the usual time the worm came to the rock, and wound himself with great fury round the armed knight, who had the satisfaction to see his enemy cut in pieces by his own efforts, whilst the stream washing away the severed parts, prevented the possibility of a re-union. There is still a sequel to the story:—The witch had promised Lambton success only on one condition, that he should slay the first living thing that met his sight after the victory. To avoid the possibility of human slaughter, Lambton had directed his father, that as soon as he had heard him sound three blasts on his bugle, in token of achievement performed, he should release his favourite greyhound, which would immediately fly to the sound of the horn, and was destined to be the sacrifice. On hearing his

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son's bugle, however, the old chief was so overjoyed, that he forgot the injunctions, and ran himself with open arms to meet his son. Instead of committing a parricide, the conqueror again repaired to his adviser, who pronounced as the alternative of disobeying the original instructions, that no chief of the Lambtons should die in his bed for seven (or, as some accounts say, for nine) generations—a commutation which, to a martial spirit, had nothing probably very terrible, and which was willingly complied with."

The county of Durham is remarkable for the remote antiquity of several of its present and former principal families. The Lambtons trace their genealogy almost to the Conquest; and the origin of the Hiltons, Barons of Hilton, is lost in the remoteness of time. This family, once so opulent and powerful, is now extinct; at least, its former patrimonial possessions and honours have passed from the present inheritors of the name. The decline of its fortunes is curious. The following particulars are taken from the same valuable work as the preceding extract:

"In 1332 and 1335, Alexander de Hilton had summons to Parliament, which was never repeated to any of his descendants. After a series of twenty descents, stretching through five centuries, the family was nearly ruined by the improvident posthumous generosity of Henry Hilton, Esq. who appears to have been so much under the influence both of vanity and melancholy, as might in these days of *equity* have occasioned serious doubts as to the sanity of his disposing mind. This gentleman had, several years before, on some disgust, deserted the seat of his ancestors, and lived in obscure retirement, first at the house of a remote kinsman, at Billinghurst, in Sussex, and afterwards at Mitchell Grove, where he died. By will, dated February 26, 1640-1, he devised the whole of his paternal estate for ninety-nine years, *to the Lord Mayor and four senior Aldermen of the City of London*, on trust to pay, during the same term, 24*l.* yearly, to each of thirty-eight several parishes or townships in Durham, Surrey, Sussex, Middlesex, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne; 28*l.* per annum to the mayor of Durham, and 50*l.* per annum to the vicar of Monk Wearmouth: he then leaves an annuity of 100*l.* to his next brother Robert Hilton, and to his heirs; and 50*l.* per annum to his brother John Hilton, which last sum is to cease, if he succeed to the larger annuity as heir of Robert; all the residue and increase of his rents he gives to the city of London, charging them to bind out yearly five children of his own kindred to some honest trade; and further, he desires them to raise 4,000*l.* out of the rents, to remain in the City Chamber during ninety-nine years, and the interest to be applied in binding out orphan children born on the manors of Ford, Biddick, and Barmston. After the expiration of that term, he devises the whole of his estates, with the increased rents, and also the same 4,000*l.* to his heir at law, *provided* he be not such a one as shall claim to be the issue of the testator's own body. He then gives several legacies to his servants, and to the family of Shelley, of Mitchell Grove; declares that he has 3,000*l.* on good bonds in London; appoints the lady Jane Shelley to be his executrix, and desires burial in St. Paul's Cathedral, 'under a fair tumbe like in fashion to the tumbe of Dr. Dunne,' for which purpose he leaves 1,000*l.* to his executrix, who never complied with the injunction."

This extraordinary will produced, as was most likely, litigations and Chancery suits in abundance; and under all these circumstances, the estate, or rather the shadow of the estate, vested in John Hilton, the seventh and sole surviving brother of Henry. The civil wars burst out in the same year, 1641, and John Hilton perilled the relics of his inheritance in the royal cause. Himself and his son bore the commissions of Colonel and Captain in the Marquis of Newcastle's army. The estate of Hilton, placed exactly between the Royal army and the Scots under Lesley, was plundered and wasted by both parties; and on the final ruin of the Royal cause, the Hiltons, included in the list of malignants, were totally disabled from struggling at law or equity, either with the rebel city of London, or with the two knights who had espoused the worse, then the better side."

After the Restoration, an amicable decree was pronounced, by which the city of London resigned the contest which had been till then carried on, in favour of the heir; but the remnant of the estate was burthened with so many incumbrances, that its possessors from this time gradually descended into the quiet ranks of private gentry. "The last Baron," says Mr. Surtees, "a man of mild and generous disposition, though of reserved habits, is still remembered with a mingled sentiment of personal respect and of that popular feeling, which even ill conduct can scarcely extinguish, towards the last representative of a long and honourable line, unstained by gross vice, and unsullied by dishonour."

Mr. Hilton was one of the last gentlemen in England who, among other baronial appendages, kept a domestic fool. The baron on one occasion, on his return from London, quitted his carriage at the Ferry, and amused himself with a homeward saunter through his own woods and meadows; at Hiltonfoot Bridge he encountered his faithful fool, who, staring on the gaudy laced suit of his patron, made by some false suthron tailor, exclaimed, "Wha's fule now?"

DUNELM.

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MAGIC.

ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF MAGIC AMONG THE EASTERN NATIONS.

By H. W. Dewhurst, Esq. F. W. S. &c.

1. *The Chaldeans.*

THE origin of almost all our knowledge may be traced to the earliest periods of antiquity. This is peculiarly the case with respect to the arts we denominate as magical. There were few of the ancient nations, however uncivilized they were, which could not furnish many individuals to whose spells and enchantments the powers of nature and the immaterial world were supposed to be subjected. The Chaldeans, the Egyptians, and indeed all the Oriental nations, were accustomed to refer all natural effects for which they could not account, to the direct agency of demons. These were believed to preside over herbs, trees, rivers, mountains, and animals; every member of the human body was under their power, and all corporeal diseases were produced by their malignity. Thus, if any person was afflicted with a fever, but little anxiety was manifested to discover its cause, or to adopt rational measures for its cure; conceiving that it must, no doubt, have been occasioned by some evil spirit resident in the body, or influencing, in some mysterious way, the fortunes of the sufferer. That influence could be counteracted only by certain magical rites; hence the observance of those rites soon obtained a permanent establishment in the East. Even in the present day, many uncivilized nations hold that all nature is filled with genii, of which some exercise a beneficent, and others a destructive, power. All the evils with which man is afflicted are considered the work of these imaginary beings, whose favour must be propitiated by sacrifices, incantations, prayers, or songs. If the East Greenlander is unsuccessful in fishing; the Huron Indian in fishing, or in war; if even the scarcely half reasoning Hottentot finds that everything is not right in his mind, body, or fortunes; no time is to be lost before the evil spirit is invoked.

After the removal of some present evil, the next strongest desire in the human mind, is the attainment of some future good. The good is frequently beyond the power, and still oftener beyond the inclination, of man to bestow; it must, therefore, be sought from beings supposed to possess considerable influence over human affairs, and who, being elevated above the baser passions of our nature, were thought worthy of being endowed with peculiar knowledge, by all who acknowledged their power or invoked their assistance; hence the numberless rites and ceremonies, which have, in all ages, been observed in consulting superior intelligences, and the equally numerous modes in which their pleasure has been communicated to mortals.

The Chaldeans were more celebrated for their skill in astrology than in magic; of the former they were doubtless the inventers; so famous did they become in divining from the aspects, positions, and influences of the stars, that all astrologers were termed *Chaldeans*, both by the Jews and Romans. Of all species of idolatry, the worship of the heavenly bodies appears to have been the most ancient. The Babylonians soon perceived that these bodies changed their places; that some of them moved in regular orbits; they, therefore, concluded that this regularity of motion must necessarily imply some designing cause—something superior to inert matter. But the primeval notion of one Supreme Being, presiding over the universe, was almost extinct, from a period little subsequent to the deluge, to the vocation of Abraham. Hence, arose the belief that the stars were genii, of which some were the friends, and others the enemies, of mankind; that they possessed an uncontrollable power over human affairs, and that to their dominion were subjected, not only the vicissitudes of the seasons, and the productions of the earth, but likewise of the dispositions of mortals. The greatest attention was paid to the influence of the starry bodies, inasmuch as they were, and are supposed, even by modern astrologers, to possess great power over the minds of men, and particularly as respected their destinies, as the following lines in a modern work will exemplify:

"I tell thee,
There's not a pulse beats in the human frame,
That is not *governed by the stars above:*
The blood that fills our veins in all its ebb
And flow, is swayed by them as certainly
As are the restless tides of the salt sea,
By the resplendent moon: and at thy birth
Thy mother's eye gazed not more steadfastly
On thee, than did the star, that *rules thy fate!*
Showering upon thy head an *influence*
Malignant or benign."

The governing spirits were supposed to delight in sacrifices and prayers. Hence a species of worship was established in their honour, subordinate to that of the gods. It was believed, that no event could take place or be foreknown, and no magical operation be performed, without their aid; and that they conferred extraordinary powers on all who sought their favour. Men, eminent for their wisdom or authority, were thought to be incorporated with the gods, or, at least, with the race of genii, after their decease. There is little doubt but that the *Baal* of the Scriptures, is the same with the *Belus* of profane historians. Like Atlas, king of Mauritania, he excelled in astronomical knowledge; but superstition and tradition have assigned to the celebrated founder of the Babylonian monarchy, a greater dignity than to the western rival: the former was long wor-

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shipped by the Assyrians as one of their chief gods; whilst to the latter was committed the laborious and no very enviable task of supporting the earth upon his shoulders. Indeed, all the successors of Baal, or Belus, enjoyed the rare felicity of being honoured both living and dead. On leaving the globe, their souls, being transformed into genii, were distributed through the vast immensity of space, to superintend the nations, and to direct the influences of the heavenly orbits.

The Chaldean magic was chiefly founded on astrology, and was conversant with certain animals, metals, and plants, which were employed in all their incantations, and the virtue of which was derived from stellar influence. Great was the attention paid to the positions and configurations presented by the celestial sphere; and that it was only at favourable seasons that the solemn rites were celebrated. These ceremonies were accompanied during their celebration by many ridiculous, fantastic, and peculiar gestures; by leaping, clapping of hands, loud cries, prostrations, and, not unfrequently, unintelligible exclamations; burnt offerings and sacrifices, were used to propitiate superior powers. But our knowledge of the magical rites exercised by the ancient Oriental nations, (with the exception of the Jews,) is extremely limited. All the books professedly written upon this art, have been swept away by the torrent of time,—many also were destroyed by the first followers of Christianity, as being repugnant to the divine will. We learn, however, that the professors of magic, among the Chaldeans, were generally divided into the four following classes:

First, the *Ascaphim*, or *charmers;* whose office it was to remove present, or prevent future evils, &c.

Secondly, the *Mecaschephim*, or *magicians*, properly so called, who were conversant with the occult powers of nature, and the supernatural world.

Thirdly, the *Chasdun*, or *astrologers*, who constituted by far the most numerous and respectable class.

Fourthly, the *Oneirocritici*, or *interpreters* of dreams, a species of diviners, indeed, to which almost every nation of antiquity gave birth. They were denominated the Wise Men, and were sent for by Pharoah,* Nebuchadnezzar,† and Belshazzar,‡ to interpret their extraordinary dreams, and the signs they witnessed.

The *talisman*, is probably an invention of the Chaldeans. It was generally a small image of stone, or of some metallic substance, of various forms and shapes. On it were several mysterious characters, cut under a certain configuration of the planets; and some were believed to be powerfully efficacious, not only in averting evils, but in unfolding the dark and distant picture. Some learned men have lately expressed their doubts of the existence of the talisman, and have even contended that it is no older than the Egyptian amulet, which was probably an invention previous to the Christian era; but we have the authority of the sacred writings for asserting that the seraph, which, according to the Jewish doctors, gave oracular answers, greatly resembled the talisman, and was known at a very early period. There is no slight reason for concluding that the latter is either an imitation of the former, or that both are one and the same device.

(*To be continued.*)

* Vide Genesis, chap. xli. v. 8.
† Daniel, chap. ii. v. 1, 10, and chap. iv. v. 7.
‡ Ibid. chap. v.

Select Biography.

SADI,

Or Saadi, the celebrated Persian poet, was a native of Shiraz, the chief boast of which is its being his birthplace, and that of Hafiz. Sadi was born in 1175: he studied in Bagdad, and adopted a religious life; and is said to have made forty pilgrimages on foot to Mekka. His biographers state, that he passed thirty years of his life in study, thirty years in travelling, and thirty years more in retirement and devotion—so that he attained a patriarchal age. He fulfilled the common duty of the Moslams in combating the infidels, and carried arms in India and Asia Minor. He was made prisoner by the crusaders in Syria, and employed in digging the trenches at the siege of Tripoli. A rich merchant of Aleppo ransomed him, and gave him his daughter in marriage; but, according to the testimony of the poet, her conduct was such as to make him regret the slavery from which he had been rescued. Towards the close of his life, he built a hermitage near the walls of Shiraz, where he passed his time in devotional exercises. He died in 1296; and his sovereign, Kerim Khan, built a tomb over the site of the poet's hermitage. Mr. Morier visited this tomb, which he thus describes:

"It is situated in a recess of the mountains, about two miles to the N.E. of Shiraz. Nothing can be more unpicturesque than the approaches to it: not a speck of verdure is to be seen near it; and the hills that form an amphitheatre around are of a sterility that inspires horror. The tomb, which is a square, oblong stone, carved with inscriptions and ornaments, has been so abused and shattered, that on reflecting that it was erected to the memory of him whose genius still forms the delight of Asia, one retires from it disgusted with its state, and with the people who suffered it. It stands in the corner of a quadrangular building, that is attributed to Kerim Khan;

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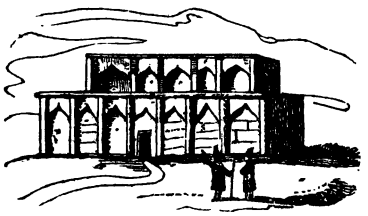
but whatever might have been its original endowment, it is at present the abode of misery, for a poor solitary dervish now occupies the building, who, besides the tomb, exhibits a copy of the poet's works, for which exhibition he gets whatever his visiters may choose to give him. The taste for poetry, so common to the Persians, may be remarked in the many lines scribbled on the white-washed walls of the room that incloses the tomb,—a propensity which they exhibit on all places which are the resort of the idle and the curious."*



(Tomb of Saadi.)

The works of Sadi have been translated into French and English, and are familiar to the lovers of Oriental literature. Their character and merits are thus summed up by an eminent writer:

"Like all eastern nations, the Persians delight in tales, fables, and parables; for where liberty is unknown and power unlimited, knowledge must be veiled. The ear of a despot would be wounded by direct truths; and genius must condescend to appear in the only form in which it would be tolerated.

"The Persians boast of the great good which their most eminent moralist, Sadee, has produced, by his rare union of fancy, learning, urbanity, and virtue: his tales, which are appropriate to almost every conceivable event, convey the most useful lessons; and his maxims have acquired an authority almost equal to laws. His great object was to recommend good deeds to men, and justice and clemency to their rulers. In one of his admonitory odes to the former, he beautifully exclaims—

"Haif bur ân ke ruft ou kâr nâ sâkht:
Kous-e râhillet zud ou bâr nâ sâkht."

"Alas! for him who is gone and has done no good deed:
The trumpet of march has sounded, and his load is not bound on."

In his lessons to monarchs he has the following impressive stanza:

"Rahim koon ou be fouj der tuskheer bâsh.
Dilhâee aullum gheer ou Shâhe Aullumgheer bash."

"Be merciful, and you will gain victories without an army.
Seize the hearts of mankind, and become the conqueror of the world."†

We hear much of the respect paid to genius by men of cultivated minds; but, the founder of Sadi's tomb had received no education. Though sovereign of Persia, it is stated that he could not even write. He was the son of a petty chief in a barbarous tribe, and in his youth, only valued such attainments as were suited to his condition of life: in these, he excelled; but, though unlearned himself, he valued and encouraged learning in others. His court was the resort of men of liberal knowledge, and his pious act of building Sadi's tomb, while it marked his regard for genius, gained him great popularity.

* Second Journey, 4to, p. 63.

† Sir John Malcolm's Hist. Persia, vol. ii. p. 387.

Spirit of Discovery.

MR. RICHARD LANDER'S EXPEDITION.

[In the *Literary Gazette* of last Saturday, we find the following summary of "all that is known at present of the expedition to the Niger," communicated to the Editor by the brother of the praiseworthy adventurer:]

You are already apprized of the decease of Captain Harris of the Qôwara, and of the arrival of both steamers at the Eboe country. You are also aware that the sailing brig Columbine was to remain at the mouth of the Nun River to await their return. By a letter received from a medical gentleman at Old Calabar, dated April 19, I learn that "as a vessel called the Martha of this port was passing the Nun, on her destination to the Old Calabar River, she was hailed by a boat's crew from the Columbine. When received on board, the men stated that the captain of their vessel had died three weeks previously; that they had been reduced to great distress from the refusal of the natives to sell them provisions, from which extremity they were relieved by an American vessel which had happily just entered the river; and that they had themselves ventured over the bar to crave further assistance from the Martha. When questioned about the steamboats, they declared they had received no intelligence whatsoever respecting them, though five months had elapsed from the period of their departure."

In allusion to this letter, I would venture to observe, that the people inhabiting the banks of the Nun River are exceedingly poor and destitute, being themselves very frequently in want of the necessaries of life. Their alleged refusal to assist the crew of the Columbine must have arisen from their utter inability to do so, rather than from any display of heartless indifference to the sufferings of our countrymen, though, Heaven knows, the poor wretches are bad enough at times. In regard to the non-arrival of information from the steamers in the interior, a thousand conjectures might be hazarded. For my own part, I see no great reason to wonder at this delay, chiefly because I am convinced no intercourse is, or can, under

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existing circumstances, be established between any part of the interior and the coast. This would be at variance with the barbarous policy of the barbarous tribes inhabiting the country in the vicinity of the sea. They would not suffer a messenger from the interior to escape their vigilance. Were any one to attempt the journey, he would infallibly be captured and sold; therefore, unless our countrymen were themselves to descend the Niger, and be the bearers of their own despatches, I see no possibility of any communication being carried on between the steamers in the interior and the sailing brig on the coast.

A letter has just been received by a gentleman at this port from a young friend in the Bonny river; it is dated May 17. Adverting to the expedition, the writer says, "When we passed the river Nun, the Columbine was lying there, but nothing had been heard of the steamers that went up the country. I was told this by the captain of the Curlew sloop-of-war, who was on board the Columbine about a month ago. I gave him all the letters I had for the expedition, as he said he would return to the Brass River at the end of two or three weeks: a great many have died on board the brig."

Still more recent accounts, which I have been able to collect from individuals who have within these few days arrived from Bonny, confirm the accuracy of these statements, and give a still higher colouring to the distresses of the crew of the Columbine. One of them states, that the acting master and a boy, were the only survivors on board; and that these solitary individuals had sent to Bonny for assistance. However, I am disposed to doubt the truth of this report, simply because it was brought to Bonny by a native trader, whose steadiness and veracity could not be depended on. An intelligent young gentleman informed me yesterday, that about the latter end of May a rumour prevailed very generally from Accra to Badàgry, that "the white men in the *walking canoes* were in good health, and were trading a long way back in the bush."

I cannot close this letter without apprizing you of a fact, which will appear incredible to you. Can you believe me when I assert, on the most unquestionable authority, that there are merchants here so heartless and inhuman as to instruct the masters of their vessels who trade to the African coast, to "refuse any assistance to the expedition, of which it may stand in need; to reject all letters that may be sent from the parties connected with it; and, in fine, to hold no communication whatever with the steamers or the brig!" Does it not startle you, that jealousy and selfishness can go so far? Believe me, I blush at the reflection of a crime so hideous and un-English as this. JOHN LANDER.

N.B.—The fact of the merchants' instructions to the masters of their vessels may be safely depended on. Nothing can be more true. They have gone even farther than I have ventured to hint. They have taken measures to prejudice the minds of the natives against the expedition.

Manners and Customs.

PERSIAN PECULIARITIES.

IN Persia, in the summer season, at night, all sleep on the tops of their houses, their beds being spread upon terraces, with the vault of heaven for a curtain or canopy. The poor seldom have a screen to keep them from the gaze of passengers. Mr. Morier, who generally rode out on horseback at an early hour, perceived on the tops of houses, people either in bed, or just getting up, and he observes, "certainly no sight was ever stranger." The women, (as in the cut copied

(*Sleeping on the House tops.*)

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from Mr. Morier's Travels,) appear to be always up the first, whilst the men are frequently seen lounging in bed, "falsely luxurious," long after sunrise. This practice of sleeping on the housetop, speaks much in favour of the climate of Persia. That it was a Jewish custom, Mr. Morier thinks may be inferred from the passage where it is said that "in an evening tide, David arose from off his bed, and walked upon the roof of the king's house."—2 Sam. xi. 2.

Keeping Pigeons is an important business in Persia; something more than a fancy, as with us. Thus, Mr. Morier says: "In the environs of Ispahan are many pigeon-houses, erected at a distance from habitations, for the sole purpose of collecting pigeons' dung for manure. They are large, round towers, rather broader at the bottom than the top, and crowned by conical spiracles through which the pigeons descend. Their interior resembles a honeycomb, pierced with a thousand

(*Pigeon Houses.*)

holes, each of which forms a snug retreat for a nest. More care appears to have been bestowed upon their outside, than upon that of the generality of the dwelling-houses, for they are painted and ornamented. The extraordinary flights of pigeons which I have seen alight upon one of these buildings, afford, perhaps, a good illustration for the passage in Isaiah, *Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?* lx. 8. Their great numbers and the compactness of their mass, literally look like a cloud at a distance, and obscure the sun in their passage. The dung of pigeons is the dearest manure that the Persians use: and as they apply it almost entirely for the rearing of melons, it is probable on that account that the melons of Ispahan are so much finer than those of other cities. The revenue of a pigeon-house is about 100 tomauns *per annum;* and the great value of this dung, which rears a fruit that is indispensable to the existence of the natives during the great heats of Summer, will probably throw some light upon that passage in Scripture, when in the famine of Samaria, *the fourth part of a cab of doves' dung was sold for five pieces of silver.* 2 Kings, vi. 25."

Catching Quails is a very curious but successful pursuit. Mr. Morier says: "They stick two poles in their girdle, upon which they place either their outer coat, or a pair of trousers, and these, at a distance, are intended to look like the horns of an animal. They then with a hand net prowl about the fields, and the quail seeing a form, more like a beast than a man, permits it to approach so near as to allow the hunter to throw his net over it. The rapidity with which the Persians caught quails in this manner was astonishing, and we had daily brought to us cages full of them, which we bought for a trifle. In one of my rambles with a gun, I met a shepherd boy, who laughing at the few birds I had killed, immediately erected his horns, and soon caught more alive than I had killed."

(*Catching Quails.*)

The Public Journals.

SIR EUSTACE.

By the Hon. Augusta Norton.

CHILD of the dust! whose number'd hours
Are stealing fast away,
Whose sins are unrepented of,
Go shrive thee quick and pray!

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For the hour will come, or soon or late,
When thou must leave this scene;
When all that *is* to thee shall be
As if 't had never been.

Sir Eustace was a *goodly* youth,
As beautiful as brave;
He sleeps the long, long sleep of death,
But rests not in his grave;

For though this blind world call'd him good,
And worshipped his nod,
He was a most unholy man—
He did not know his God!

'Tis true, he murdered not, nor stole;
He gave much alms away;
But he gave not to his God the praise,
Nor bowed beneath his sway.

He loved his lady better far
Than all the heavens contain;
And oft the saintly Edith tried
T' enlighten him in vain.

He only smiled, and laughing said,
"I do the best I can;
Your God is just, my Edith, and
Will ask no more from man."

"But 'tis because my God is just,
He asks much more from thee;
Oh! lean on him, my Eustace, and
His love and mercy see."

He would not listen to that voice,
Though sweet it was, and dear;
And Edith breath'd a prayer for him,
And crush'd a rising tear.

Sir Eustace rode to hunt one day,
But came not back at night;
Fair Edith laid her broidery down,
And fear'd all was not right.

For he was faithful to his word,
And never gave her pain,
And when he said he would return,
Was sure to come again.

She wander'd through her splendid hall,
The moon shone bright and clear,
Its beams fell on a cloister'd wall,
Which rose in an angle near;

And from out that cloister'd wall arose
A quiet vesper lay;
It rose mid the stillness soft and clear,
Then died in peace away.

The lady listen'd, and she felt
Her spirit soothed thereby;
"*Thou* wilt protect," she said, and gazed
Upon the tranquil sky.

She turned, and paced again the hall,
No sound broke on her ear;
Why starts she as she gazes on
A picture hanging near?

A moonbeam fell upon the spot,
And lighted up that face;
It was her Eustace as he stood
In the pride of manly grace.

But there was something sad and pale
In that loved face to-night,
Seen by the flitting, flick'ring beams
Of a pensive moon's light—

Which made the Lady Edith start
And gaze with anxious fear;
"Oh, Eustace! if thou shouldst be pale
And ill, and I not near!

"Thou hast no comforter besides;
Thou knowest not thy God.
Save him, ye Heavens! oh, spare him still!
And stay thy chastening rod!"

A Holy Father stood beside,
"Lady," he said, "thy pray'r
Has come too late, thy lord is ill,
I come thee to prepare—

"Thee to prepare, who in the strength
Of another's might can stand,
And drink the cup, however keen,
When sent by His high hand."

The lady bowed before the priest,
Then raised her gentle brow—
A tear had gather'd in her eye,
She did not let it flow.

"Father," she said, "I am prepared
That high hand to obey,
Unmurm'ringly—resignedly—
Where is my Eustace?—say."

"Thy Eustace, lady, has arrived,
Is now within these walls,
And ev'ry time his speech returns,
It is for thee he calls."

"Then let us hasten to him now,
Nor longer useless stand;
My Father, thou wilt lead the way"—
And she took his aged hand.

They reached the room where Eustace lay,
The Beautiful! the Brave!
And on that noble brow there slept
The shadows of the Grave.

And Edith knelt beside his couch,
And kissed his dark'ning brow;
The Father stanch'd his bleeding wounds,
Though vain he knew it now.

His sense returned, he ope'd his eyes,
And saw his Edith there,
Patient and pale as the humble flower
Which scents the dark night air.

"Edith, my Edith!" were the words,
The first dear words he said;
"Thou wilt not leave me now, I know,
I have no other aid.

"My hour is come—I feel it is,
With thee I may not stay;
O teach me, Edith! even now,
Teach me the way to pray!

"But vain is my request—vain, vain—
Nay, shake not that dear head,
You moon shall not have sunk to rest,
Ere I am with the dead.

"And he who's spent his summer-time,
Ungrateful to that Power,
Who made it summer, cannot hope
For peace in his dying hour."

"Eustace, you do not know how great,
How powerful to save,
Is He who died for us, then rose
Victorious o'er the grave.

"Have faith, my Eustace, have but faith,
And He will give thee peace—
Peace to be perfected in Heaven,
Where sin and suffering cease."

She stopped, but in her speaking eyes,
Her serious, earnest air,
Sir Eustace fancied that he read
The very soul of prayer.

Fondly he gazed upon that face,
Then sadly turned away,
And faintly his dying lips breathed forth—
"*It is too late to pray.*"

Blackwood's Magazine.

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VIOLATION OF MILTON'S TOMB.

(Extracted from General Murray's Diary—Unpublished.)

24th Aug. 1790.—I dined yesterday at Sir Gilbert's. As soon as the cloth was removed, Mr. Thornton gave the company an account of the violation of Milton's tomb, a circumstance which created in our minds a feeling of horror and disgust. He had been one of the visiters to the hallowed spot, and obtained his information from a person who had been a witness to the whole sacrilegious transaction. He related the event nearly in the following manner:—The church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, being in a somewhat dilapidated state, the parish resolved to commence repairing it, and this was deemed a favourable opportunity to raise a subscription for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of our immortal bard Milton, who, it was known, had been buried in this church. The parish register book bore the following entry: "12 November, 1674. John Milton, gentleman, consumpc'on, chancell." Mr. Ascough, whose grandfather died in 1759, aged 84, had often been heard to say, that Milton was buried under the desk in the chancel. Messrs. Strong, Cole, and other parishioners, determined to search for the remains, and orders were given to the workmen on the 1st of this month to dig for the coffin. On the 3rd, in the afternoon, it was discovered; the soil in which it had been deposited was of a calcareous nature, and it rested upon another coffin, which there can be no doubt was that of Milton's father, report having stated that the poet was buried at his request near the remains of his parent; and the same register book contained the entry, "John Milton, gentleman, 15 March, 1646." No other coffin being found in the chancel, which was entirely dug over, there can be no uncertainty as to their identity. Messrs. Strong and Cole having carefully cleansed the coffin with a brush and wet sponge, they ascertained that the exterior wooden case, in which the leaden one had been inclosed, was entirely mouldered away, and the leaden coffin contained no inscription or date. At the period when Milton died it was customary to paint the name, age, &c. of the deceased on the wooden covering, no plates or inscription being then in use; but all had long since crumbled into dust. The leaden coffin was much corroded; its length was five feet ten inches, and its width in the broadest part one foot four inches. The above gentlemen, satisfied as to the identity of the precious remains, and having drawn up a statement to that effect, gave orders on Tuesday, the 3rd, to the workmen to fill up the grave; but they neglected to do so, intending to perform that labour on the Saturday following. On the next day, the 4th, a party of parishioners, Messrs. Cole, Laming, Taylor, and Holmes, having met to dine at the residence of Mr. Fountain, the overseer, the discovery of Milton's remains became the subject of conversation, and it was agreed upon that they should dis-inter the body, and examine it more minutely. At eight o'clock at night, heated with drink, and accompanied by a man named Hawkesworth who carried a flambeau, they sallied forth, and proceeded to the church—

"when Night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flushed with insolence and wine."
MILTON.

The sacrilegious work now commences. The coffin is dragged from its gloomy resting-place: Holmes made use of a mallet and chisel, and cut open the coffin slant-ways from the head to the breast. The lead being doubled up, the corpse became visible: it was enveloped in a thick white shroud; the ribs were standing up regularly, but the instant the shroud was removed they fell. The features of the countenance could not be traced; but the hair was in an astonishingly perfect state: its colour a light brown; its length six inches and a half, and although somewhat clotted, it appeared, after having been well washed, as strong as the hair of a living being. The short locks growing towards the forehead, and the long ones flowing from the same place down the sides of the face, it became obvious that these were most certainly the remains of Milton. The quarto print of the poet, by Faithorne, taken from life in 1670, four years before he died, represents him as wearing his hair exactly in the above manner. Fountain said he was determined to have two of the teeth, but as they resisted the pressure of his fingers, he struck the jaw with a paving-stone, and several teeth then fell out. There were only five in the upper jaw, and these were taken by Fountain; the four that were in the lower jaw were seized upon by Taylor, Hawkesworth, and the sexton's man. The hair, which had been carefully combed and tied together before interment, was forcibly pulled off the skull by Taylor and another; but Ellis, the player, who had now joined the party, told the former, that being a good hair-worker, if he would let him have it he would pay a guinea bowl of punch, adding, that such a relic would be of great service by bringing his name into notice. Ellis, therefore, became possessed of all the hair; he likewise took a part of the shroud and a bit of the skin of the skull; indeed he was only prevented carrying off the head by the sextons, Hoppy and Grant, who said that they intended to exhibit the remains, which was afterwards done, each person paying sixpence to view the body. These fellows, I am told, gained nearly one hundred pounds by the exhibition. Laming put one of the leg-bones

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in his pocket. My informant assured me, continued Mr. Thornton, that while the work of profanation was proceeding, the gibes and jokes of these vulgar fellows made his heart sick, and he retreated from the scene, feeling as if he had witnessed the repast of a vampire. Viscount C., who sat near me, said to Sir G. "This reminds me of the words of one of the fathers of the church, 'And little boys have played with the bones of great kings!'"—*Monthly Mag.*

THE PIGGERY INVADED.

(*From Tom Cringle's Log, in Blackwood's Magazine.*)

We embarked on board of a large canoe that I had provided; and, having shipped a beautiful little mule also, of which I had made a purchase at Panama, we proceeded down the river to the village of Gorgona, where we slept. My apartment was rather a primitive concern: it was simply a roof, or shed, thatched with palm-tree leaves, about twelve feet long by eight broad, and supported on four upright posts at the corners, the eaves being about six feet high. Under this I slung my grass hammock transversely from corner to corner, tricing it well up to the rafters, so that it hung about five feet from the ground; while beneath, Mangrove, (my trusty man-at-arms), lit a fire, for the two-fold purposes, as it struck me, of driving off the musquitoes, and converting his majesty's officer into ham or hung beef; and after having made *mulo* fast to one of the posts, with a bundle of *malojo*, or the green stems of Indian corn or maize, under his nose, he borrowed a plank from a neighbouring hut, and laid himself down on it at full length, covered up with a blanket, as if he had been a corpse, and soon fell fast asleep. As for Sneezer, he lay with his black muzzle resting on his fore paws, that were thrust out straight before him, until they stirred up the white embers of the fire—with his eyes shut, as if he slept, but from the constant nervous twitchings and pricking up of his ears, and his haunches being gathered up well under him, and a small, quick switch of his tail now and then, it was evident he was broad awake, and considered himself on duty. All was quiet, however, except the rushing of the river hard by, in our bivouac until midnight, when I was awakened by the shaking of the shed from the violent struggles of *mulo* to break loose, his strong trembling thrilling to my neck along the taught cord that held him, as he drew himself in the intervals of his struggles as far back as he could, proving that the poor brute suffered under a paroxysm of fear. "What noise is that?" I roused myself. It was repeated. It was a wild cry, or rather a loud shrill *mew*, gradually sinking into a deep growl. "What the deuce is that, Sneezer?" said I. The dog made no answer, but merely wagged his tail once, as if he had said, "Wait a bit now, master, you shall see how well I shall acquit myself, for *this* is in my way." Ten yards from the shed under which I slept, there was a pig-sty, surrounded by a sort of small stockade, a fathom high, made of split cane, wove into a kind of wicker-work between upright rails sunk into the ground; and by the clear moonlight I could, as I lay in my hammock, see an animal larger than an English bull-dog, but with the stealthy pace of the cat, crawl on in a crouching attitude until within ten feet of the sty, when it drew itself back, and made a scrambling jump against the cane defence, hooking on to the top of it by its fore-paws, while the claws of its hind-feet made a scratching, rasping noise against the dry cane splits, until it had gathered its legs into a bunch, like the aforesaid puss, on the top of the inclosure; from which elevation the creature seemed to be reconnoitering the unclean beasts within. I grasped my pistols. Mangrove was still sound asleep. The struggles of *mulo* increased; I could hear the sweat raining off him; but Sneezer, to my great surprise, remained motionless as before. We now heard the alarmed grunts, and occasionally a sharp squeak, from the piggery, as if the beauties had at length become aware of the vicinity of their dangerous neighbour, who, having apparently made his selection, suddenly dropped down amongst them; when *mulo* burst from his fastenings with a yell enough to frighten the devil, tearing away the upright to which the lanyard of my hammock was made fast, whereby I was pitched like a shot right down on Mangrove's corpus, while a volley of grunting and squeaking split the sky, such as I never heard before. And now, in the very nick, Sneezer, starting from his lair with a loud bark, sprang at a bound into the inclosure, which he topped like a first-rate hunter; and Peter Mangrove, awakening all of a heap from my falling on him, jumped upon his feet as noisy as the rest. "Gara-mighty in a tap—wurra all dis—my tomach bruise home to my back-bone like one pan-cake;" and, while the short, fierce bark of the noble dog was blended with the agonized cry of the *gatto del monte*, the shrill treble of the poor porkers rose high above both; and the *mulo* was galloping through the village, with the post after him, like a dog with a pan at his tail, making the most unearthly noises, for it was neither bray nor neigh. The villagers ran out of their huts, headed by the *Padre Cura*, and all was commotion and uproar. Lights were procured. The noise in the sty continued; and Mangrove, the warm-hearted creature, unsheathing his knife, clambered over the fence to the rescue of his four-footed ally, and disappeared, shouting, "Sneezer often fight for Peter, so

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Peter now will fight for he;" and soon began to blend his shouts with the cries of the enraged beasts within. At length the mania spread to me, upon hearing the poor fellow shout, "Tiger here, captain—tiger here—tiger too many for we—Lud-a-mercy—tiger too many for we, sir—if you no help we, we shall be torn in piece." Then a violent struggle, and a renewal of the uproar, and of the barking, and yelling, and squeaking. It was now no joke; the life of a fellow-creature was at stake; so I scrambled up after the pilot to the top of the fence, with a loaded pistol in my hand, a young active Spaniard following, with a large brown wax candle, that burned like a torch; and looking down on the *mêlée* below, there Sneezer lay, with the throat of the leopard in his jaws, evidently much exhausted, but still giving the creature a cruel shake now and then, while Mangrove was endeavouring to throttle the brute with his bare hands. As for the poor pigs, they were all huddled together, squeaking and grunting most melodiously in the corner. I held down the light. "Now, Peter, cut his throat, man—cut his throat." And Mangrove, the moment he saw where he was, drew his knife across the leopard's *weasand*, and killed him on the spot. The glorious dog, the very instant he felt he had a dead antagonist in his fangs, let go his hold, and, making a jump with all his remaining strength, for he was bleeding much, and terribly torn, I caught him by the nape of the neck, and, in my attempt to lift him over and place him on the outside, down I went, dog and all, amongst the pigs, and upon the bloody carcass; out of which mess I was gathered by the *Cura* and the standers-by, in a very beautiful condition; for, what between the filth of the sty and blood of the leopard, and so forth, I was not altogether a fit subject for a side-box at the Opera.

This same tiger or leopard had committed great depredations in the neighbourhood for months before, but he had always escaped, although he had been repeatedly wounded; so Peter and I became as great men for the two hours longer we sojourned in Gorgona, as if we had killed the dragon of Wantley. Our quarry was indeed a noble animal, nearly seven feet from the nose to the tip of the tail; so at daydawn I purchased his skin for three dollars, and shoved off, and, on the 25th at five in the evening, having had a strong current with us the whole way down, we arrived at Chagres once more. I found, in consequence of my letters, a boat from the Wave waiting for me; and to prevent unnecessary delay, I resolved to proceed with the canoe, along the coast to Porto Bello, as there was a strong weather current running, and no wind; and, accordingly, we proceeded next morning, with the canoe in tow. * *

New Books.

CHRONOLOGY OF HISTORY.

[This is the 44th volume of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, and a valuable handbook to that series, and to every library. It has been drawn up by Sir Harris Nicolas, one of the most distinguished antiquarian scholars of his day, and consequently well fitted for such a task. The laborious result is thus explained in the Preface:]

The plan and contents of this volume may be described in a few words. Every historical and antiquarian writer and student must have felt the want of a book of reference, which, in the last century, would have obtained the appropriate name of a "Companion" or "Vade Mecum," from its containing such information as was constantly and indispensably necessary for their pursuits. Besides explanations and Tables for calculating the different eras and the dates which are to be found in writers of the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th centuries, a full explanation is given of the old and new style; a subject which it is no exaggeration to say is so little understood, as often to render the manner of writing the years according to both styles, thus, 167⅔, 168⅘, or 1672-3, 1684-5, &c. productive of embarrassment in persons of the profoundest and most elegant attainments. The various modes in different countries, and, indeed, in the same country, and in the same century, of commencing the year, from Christmas, from the 1st of January, from the 25th of March, or from Easter, often causes perplexity, and, like mistakes in the regnal years, if not carefully attended to, become sources of error to the extent of one entire year in computation. The Calendars of Religious Sects are frequently required; whilst the Calendar invented during the French Revolution, and which was used in France for fourteen years, must be in the hands of those who refer to any letters or public documents written in that period; for "the 4th Germinal in the year of the Republic 9" is as little likely to be generally comprehended by the next generation as the date of an edict of the emperor of China. The Glossary of Terms used by ecclesiastics in the middle ages, who describe a day by the "introit," or commencement of the service appointed by the church to be performed thereon, and an explanation of the Canonical Hours, Watches, &c. will frequently be found useful. From the constant allusion by historians to the Councils, and the great influence which the Pontiffs exercised over the affairs of Europe, Chronological and Alphabetical lists of both were very desirable in a work of this nature. Tables of the Succession of the Saxon and Scottish Kings, and of Contem-

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porary Sovereigns; of the commencement and termination of the Law Terms, which varied in different centuries; and of the three great Pestilences, which formed epochs for dating instruments in the reign of Edward III., seemed also to be among the most common subjects of historical reference.

[From the apparently dry details of the volume we are enabled to make a few eventful selections.]

Commencement of the Year.

In England, in the seventh, and so late as the thirteenth century, the year was reckoned from Christmas-day; but in the twelfth century, the Anglican church began the year on the 25th of March; which practice was also adopted by civilians in the fourteenth century. This style continued until the reformation of the calendar by stat. 24 Geo. II. c. 23; by which the legal year was ordered to commence on the 1st of January, in 1753. It appears, therefore, that two calculations have generally existed in England for the commencement of the year; viz.:

1. The Historical year, which has, for a very long period, begun on the 1st of January.

2. The Civil, Ecclesiastical,* and Legal year, which was used by the church, and in all public instruments, which began at Christmas until the end of the thirteenth century; after that time it commenced on the 25th of March, and so continued until the 1st of January, 1753.

The confusion which arose from there being two modes of computing dates in one kingdom must be sufficiently apparent; for the legislature, the church, and civilians, referred every event which happened between the 1st of January and the 25th of March to a different year from historians.†

Remarkable examples of the confusion produced by this practice are afforded by two of the most celebrated events in English history. King Charles I. is said, by most authorities, to have been beheaded on the 30th of January, 1648; whilst others, with equal correctness, assign that event to the 30th of January, 1646. The revolution which drove James II. from the throne is stated by some writers to have taken place in February, 1688; whilst, according to others, it happened in February, 1689: these discrepancies arise from some historians using the *civil*, and *legal*, and others the *historical* year, though both would have assigned any circumstance after the 25th of March to the same years, namely, 1649 and 1689.

To avoid, as far as possible, the mistakes which this custom produced, it was usual to *add* the date of the *historical* to that of the *legal* year, when speaking of any day between the 1st of January and the 25th of March; thus:

Jan. 30, $164\frac{8}{9}$ { *i.e.* the Civil and Legal year, *i. e.* the Historical year;

or, thus:

January 30, 1648-9.

This practice, common as it has long been, is nevertheless frequently misunderstood, and even intelligent persons are sometimes perplexed by dates being so written. The explanation is, however, perfectly simple, for the *lower* or *last figure* always indicates the year according to our present computation.

Averaged number of Years of each of five European monarch's reign.

England. From the accession of William I., 1066, to the death of George IV., 1830, a period of 764 years, there have been 33 kings, who reigned, on the average, a little more than 23 years each.

Scotland. From the accession of Malcolm I., in 938, to the death of James VI. (or I. of England) in 1625, a period of 687 years, there were 33 kings, who reigned, on the average, nearly 21 years each.

France. From Hugh Capet, 987, to the death of Louis XVI., in 1793, a period of 806 years, there were 32 kings, who reigned 20 years each.

Spain. From Ferdinand the Great, 1027, to the abdication of Charles IV., in 1808, a period of 781 years, there were 33 kings, who reigned, on the average, nearly 24 years each.

Germany. From Charlemagne, 800, to the death of Leopold I. in 1792, a period of 992 years, there were 55 emperors, who reigned, on the average, 18 years each.

If the years 1066 to 1830 be fixed upon as the epochs from which to reckon the number of sovereigns of England, Scotland,‡ France, Spain, and Germany, it will appear that in a period of 764 years there were 172 sovereigns, being, on the average, 34 in each of those countries, who reigned about $22\frac{1}{4}$ years each.

Regnal Years of the Kings of England.

The importance of extreme accuracy respecting the Regnal§ years of the Kings of

* According to some authorities, the *Ecclesiastical* year was reckoned from the first Sunday in Advent; but this custom does not appear to have been sufficiently general to require a more particular notice.

† The absurdity of retaining the 25th of March as the beginning of the year, not because it was the 25th of March, but because it was the time of the vernal equinox, which, in the 18th century, had receded so far back as from the 25th to about the 10th of March, was forcibly urged by Wilson, in 1736.

‡ In this calculation, all the kings of England, since James I. of England (or VI. of Scotland), are included among the kings of Scotland; and the kings of France have been reckoned as if the house of Bourbon had always been, *de facto*, kings since 1793.

§ The necessity of a word to express the sentence —"years of a king's reign"—might almost justify the creation of one for the purpose; but though the admirable word *regnal* does not occur in any dic-

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England is at once proved by the facts that in most instances after the reign of Henry II. no other date of a year occurs either in public or private instruments than the year of the reign of the existing monarch; and that an error respecting the exact day from which the regnal year is calculated may produce a *mistake of one entire year* in reducing such date to the year of the Incarnation. Every year of a king's reign is in two years of our Lord: thus, the first year of the reign of our present sovereign commenced on the 26th June, 1830, and terminated on the 25th June, 1831. If, therefore, the beginning of his Majesty's reign be erroneously calculated; for example, from the 28th instead of from the 26th of June, 1830, every document dated on the 26th and 27th of June, 1 William IV. would be assigned to the year 1831 instead of the year 1830, and a similar mistake would occur on each of those days in every year of the same reign. The effect of an error of even a few days, much less of one entire year, in the date of historical events, must be evident, and a correct Table of the Regnal years of the Kings of England is consequently a *sine quâ non* to the historian.

The value of accurate Tables of the Regnal Years of English sovereigns having, it is presumed, been established, some surprise will be felt, when it is stated, that *no Table of this nature has ever been printed which is not full of errors;* not in one or two reigns only, but in the reigns of nearly all our early monarchs. These mistakes have originated in assuming, on the dictum of legal authorities, that at all periods of English history, as at present, in contemplation of the law, "the king never dies;" that there is no inchoate or incomplete right in the next heir, but that he succeeds *de facto*, as well as *de jure*, the instant his predecessor expires; and that the reign of each English monarch has always begun on and was calculated from the day of the death of the preceding sovereign: whereas it will be proved that, from the reign of John to that of Edward VI., the reign of each monarch did not commence until some act of sovereignty was performed by him, generally the "proclamation of his peace," or until he was publicly recognised by his subjects; and that, in the instances of the first eight kings after the Conquest, their reigns did not begin until the solemnization of that important compact between a monarch and his people —his coronation.

[English writers have strangely allowed themselves to be outstripped by their neighbours in the researches necessary for the correction of these errors.]

Whilst, however, *English* writers generally have appeared, until very lately, ignorant of so interesting a fact, those of *France* were fully aware of the circumstance, and have expressly noticed it in one of the most popular and valuable works on history ever published, "L'Art de vérifier les Dates;" the editors of which derived the information, not from a manuscript in some obscure provincial library in France, but actually from a well-known record in the Exchequer Office at Westminster, called "The Red Book of the Exchequer." The editors of "L'Art de vérifier les Dates" were not, however, the only French authors who have noticed the circumstance; for Vilaine adverted to it in his "Dictionnaire Raisonnée de Diplomatique," published in 1774. Thus, a point of the highest historical importance, on which the accuracy of the date of numerous documents, of all periods, from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century, depends,—which, to some extent, involves a constitutional question of great moment, and which has been known to French historians and antiquaries for more than half a century, has recently been brought forward as a *new discovery*;* and the memoranda in the Red Book of the Exchequer have just been printed, under the idea that the information which they contain was hitherto unknown.†

tionary, there are early authorities for its use in the sense in which it is employed in the text.

* Quarterly Review for June, 1826. No. lviii. p. 297.

† Cooper on Records, vol. ii. p. 324, in which work much valuable information on the public records will be found.

The Gatherer.

Washingtoniana.—When George Washington was about six years of age, some one made him the present of a hatchet; of which being, like most children, immoderately fond, he went about chopping every thing that came in his way, and straying into the garden, he unluckily tried its edge on an English cherry-tree, which he barked so terribly as to leave very little hopes of its recovery. The next morning his father saw the tree, which was a great favourite, in that condition, and inquired who had done the mischief, declaring he would not have taken five guineas for the tree; but nobody could inform him. Presently after, however, George came, with the hatchet in his hand, into the place where his father was, who immediately suspected him to be the culprit. "George," said the old gentleman, "do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry-tree yonder in the garden?" The child hesitated for a moment, and then nobly replied—"I can't tell a lie, pa'; you know I can't tell a lie; I did cut it with my hatchet."—"Run to my arms, my boy!" exclaimed his father: "run to my arms! Glad am I, George, that you killed my tree, for you have paid me for it a thousand fold! Such an act of heroism in my son is of more worth than a thousand cherry-

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trees, though blossomed with silver, and their fruits of gold!"

It has been observed, that Washington seldom smiled, and never laughed. This, however, is not correct. An American gentleman stated, a short time since, that he had seen Washington nearly convulsed with laughter. One instance he mentioned with a great degree of *sang froid*:—At the time the American troops were encamped at Cambridge, information was received at head-quarters that the English were about leaving Boston, to give them battle. All was bustle and confusion; the soldiers were strolling over the town, and the officers were but ill prepared for the approaching rencounter; some of the generals were calling for their horses, and others for their arms, and among the rest was General Green, at the bottom of the stairs, bawling to the barber for his wig: "Bring my wig, you rascal, bring my wig!" General Lee diverted himself and the company at the expense of Green. "Your wig is behind the looking-glass, sir." At which Green, raising his eyes, perceived by the mirror, that his wig was where it should be—on his head. Washington, in a fit of laughter, threw himself on the floor; and the whole group presented rather a ludicrous spectacle.

During the time that Washington was engaged in the army in the American war, and from home, he had a plasterer from Baltimore, to plaster a room for him; and the apartment was measured, and the plasterer's demand paid by the steward. When Washington returned home, he measured the room, and found the work to come to less, by 15*s*., than the man had received. Some time after the plasterer died; and the widow married another man, who advertised in the newspapers to receive all and pay all, due to or by her former husband. Washington, seeing the paper, made a demand of the 15*s*., and received the money.

General Stone, travelling with his family in his carriage across the country, arrived at a ferry belonging to Washington. He offered the ferryman a moidore. The man said, "I cannot take it." The general asked, "Why, John?" He replied, "I am only a servant of General Washington; I have no weights to weigh it with: and the general will weigh it; and if it should not be weight, he will not only make me the loser, but he will be angry with me." "Well, John," said the general, "you must take it, and I will lose threepence in its value." The ferryman did so; and on the Saturday night following he carried the moidore to Washington, who weighed it, and found it wanted three halfpence, which sum Washington carefully wrapped up in paper, and directed to General Stone, who received it from the ferryman on his return.

W. G. C.

Patents.—Amongst the injurious effects of the present very imperfect state of the laws relative to patents for inventions, the following are stated on the authority of Mr. John Farey:—Dr. Wollaston practised a method of preparing malleable platina, which he only disclosed on his death, and that, it is supposed, very imperfectly.—Mr. Watt, who died in 1819, invented a machine for executing sculptures, the mode of working by which he never explained.—Mr. Gilpin, an ingenious mechanic of Sheffield, invented a machine for cutting the teeth of cog-wheels, and another for making hard steel spindles for cotton-spinning. He kept his invention secret.—A superior process for refining the raw sulphur that comes from abroad is now practised in a single manufactory in London; and it is a secret with the proprietors.—Sir Francis Desanges received from his father the secret of a black dye for silk, which is only known to himself. FERNANDO.

Marshal Villars.—It was customary, as the French general, in command of the Italian army, passed through Lyons to join his army, for that town to offer him a purse of gold. Marshal Villars, on being thus complimented by the head magistrate, the latter concluded his speech by observing, that Turenne, who was the last commander of the Italian army, that had honoured the town with his presence, had taken the purse, but returned the gold. "Ah," replied Villars, putting both the purse and the money into his pocket, "I have always thought Turenne to be *inimitable!*"

Chinese Jest.—Dr. Morrison, in his *Chinese Dialogues*, gives the following Chinese tale, or anecdote, as an illustration:—A physician, who was about to remove, said to his neighbours, "I have given you much trouble, and now have nothing at parting to present you, in token of regard: accept a packet of medicine." The neighbours excused themselves, saying they had no complaint. The doctor replied, "Only take my physic, and I warrant you will soon be sick enough."

Hungry Squabble.—The late Lord Pembroke, who kept a number of hogs, at his seat at Wilton, was one morning looking into the styes, and perceived a silver spoon thrown among their victuals. The hogs making more noise than usual, brought out one of the servants, who endeavoured to silence them; and not perceiving Lord Pembroke, cried in a passion, "Plague on the pigs, what a noise they make." To which his lordship replied, "Ay, well they may, when they have only one silver spoon among them all."

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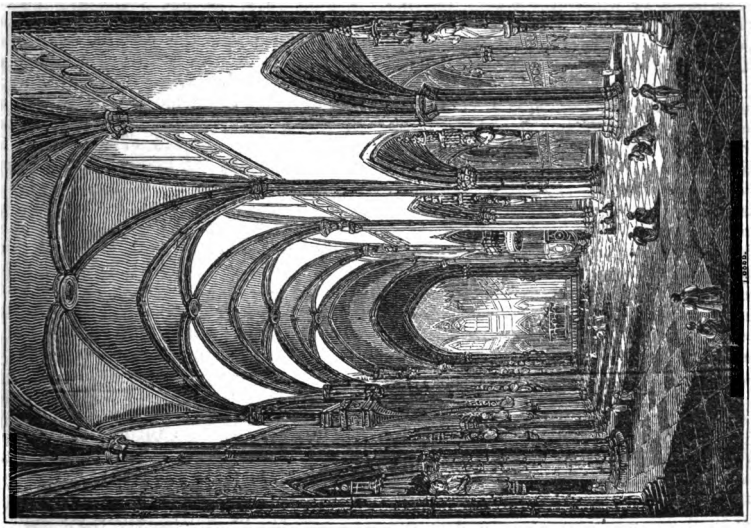
The Mirror

OF

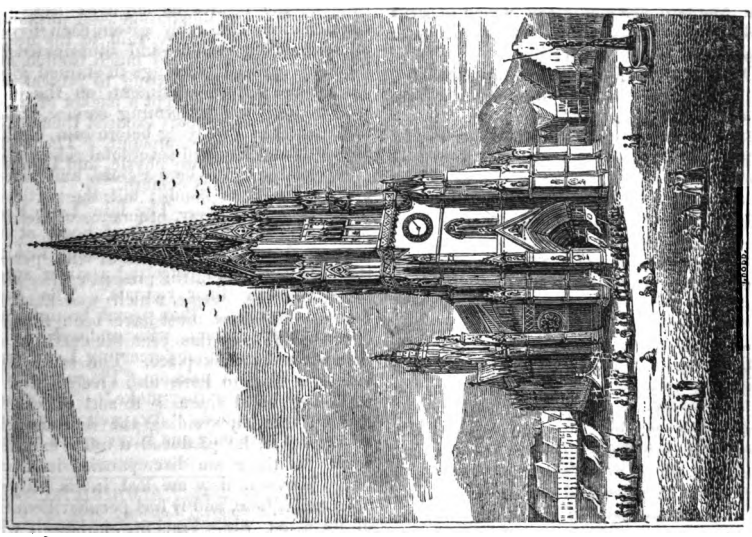
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 619.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1833. [Price 2*d*.

FREYBURG CATHEDRAL.



INTERIOR, FROM THE NAVE.



WESTERN FRONT.

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FREYBURG CATHEDRAL.

*(From a Correspondent.)**

FREYBURG is a town, with about 10,000 inhabitants, in the province of Swabia, the capital of the district of Brisgau, and now forming part of that delicious piece of territory denominated the Grand-duchy of Baden, which will probably be a grand scene of the approaching struggle for the liberties of Germany.

The Cathedral, or Great Church, (for I believe it is not entitled canonically to the former appellation, although it is usually termed one, as, architecturally at least, it deserves to be,) possesses, according to the gazetteers, "the finest steeple in Germany;" and I am not inclined to dispute the assertion; more particularly, as there are so many I have not seen. "Comparisons are odious;" and when I first saw the elegant, open spire peeping over the slope of a wooded hill, I thought not of even the existence of any other. I was perfectly satisfied with its beauty; nor was it needful to defer admiration until it could be critically examined. It has, in short,

> —— a grace beyond the reach of art,
> Which, without passing through the judgment, gains
> The heart, and all its end at once attains.

While gazing on this pleasing object, the town became gradually developed as we rounded a curve in the road. Crossing, by a neat, stone bridge, the pretty stream of the Triser, on which it is seated, we entered through a tower-crowned gateway, and soon found ourselves in Kayser-street, the principal part of the town, adorned with a beautiful fountain, the summit of which is occupied by an imposing statue of that Duke of Zeringer who founded the city.

Down a short, handsome street, hard by, the west front of the cathedral is seen a little on one side, and to great advantage. It inclines upwards from the extremities to the centre "with glistering spires and pinnacles adorned." The canopy over the chief entrance is unusually large, and rises to the highest point of the general outline, thus leaving no space for a central window; but an oriel one, with suitable tracery, appears on either side. The porch of the door-way below is also large, and of remarkable depth, as well as richness of architecture, being profusely ornamented with clustering shafts, overhanging arches, statues, and minuter sculpture. Exactly above it, behind the highest crocket of the canopy, and amidst the pinnacles of the apex of the façade, rises a beautiful octagonal tower, surmounted by a spire of open balconied, lozenge-shaped, frieze-work, decreasing gradually to a point: the whole abounding in lightness, elegance, and richness. Two other towers appear behind, rising from the north and south sides of the edifice—corresponding in style with, but subservient to, the loftier steeple. Between these towers and the wings of the west front, the architecture is likewise highly ornamental, presenting ranges of springing buttresses and airy turrets. On the north line, approaching the eastern termination, one of the entrances is through a colonnade, differing from the Gothic style of the rest of the building, being modern Roman, or the Italian of the middle ages. Like Strasburg, the whole is composed of red stone, but lighter in shade, and in fine, fresh preservation.

The interior is entitled to the same epithets as I have applied to the steeple-crowned front: it is light, elegant, and rich; and, besides the general effect, admits of partial views of exceeding beauty. The nave and side-aisles are broad, and separated by arch-surmounted columns; while, unbroken by transepts, the aisles are continued with the same breadth round the choir. The windows abound with painted glass, casting a gem-like tinge upon the pillars and branching divisions of the structure. The splendour of the high-altar is sobered by a large, well-executed, old painting; and very good statues of saints stand forward above the columns of the nave. There are likewise many side chapels, more or less remarkable; the altars, in some, exhibiting turretted canopies in gold. In one recess appears an excellent representation, in stone, of The Last Supper—the figures as large as life, with countenances admirably given, each having appropriate expression—and illuminated behind, by spirited paintings in stained glass. In a more retired apartment, on the other side, a priest was performing service, with a skeleton-like figure lying before him, clothed with gilt and flowered sacerdotal robes, while another large figure bore a cross, and several persons kissed its hands; but the particular object of the ceremony, ignorance of German prevented me from ascertaining.

It does not appear certain at what periods the different parts of the present edifice were built; but the steeple, which was amongst the last additions, must have been finished before 1318, as in this year the death of its able architect took place. The same individual is said to have also erected that of Strasburg; and there is a sort of current opinion that, by avoiding the discrepancies of the other, he produced a more excellent work. If there are discrepancies in Strasburg, however, they are lost in its stupendous magnitude, and it has peculiar beauties of its own; while Freyburg, although with some analogies to the other, differs from it in relative situation with the body of the

* Author of the Sketch of Antwerp Cathedral, in vol. xiv., and of Strasburg Cathedral, in vol. xxi. of *The Mirror;* to whom our best thanks are due for this prompt attention to our note of request.—ED.

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church, in proportions, and in pattern. Strasburg stands alone—a giant reigning over the surrounding plains; while Freyburg is a queen amongst subjacent hills; neither is it of dwarfish size, being nearly, if not quite, 400 feet in height.

After all, perhaps, the spire of Freyburg might be illustrated by one word—perfection. "It is one intire and perfect chrysolite," not set, but woven with ethereal texture, in a vast, dark-tinted turquoise; for the intense blue of the sky against which I viewed it, seemed to fill up the interstices with a solidity "tangible to sight," rendering the carved stonework comparatively translucent. No fantastic filigree toy can exceed the elaborate minuteness and exquisite finish of the workmanship; and when silvered by moonlight, it must appear the very fairy temple of dreams!

Opposite the main door of the Cathedral stands a singularly-picturesque, old building, enriched in front with statues of a line of kings, and flanked by two turrets, the roofs of which are formed of variously-coloured tiles—combining curiously with the other emblems of the olden time. In an adjoining street is the church of the Jesuits, in the Italian style usually adopted by that once-important order;—not particularly striking without, but neat and well-kept within. There are also a university, a college (formerly of the Jesuits), and several convents. Indeed, the whole town is fine, and has an air of gentility and learned repose. The various gates by which it is entered also give it a picturesque appearance; and the promenades amidst trees, near the little river, which bears evidence of its effects by the verdure of its banks, exhibit an attractive attention to neatness and comfort,—besides affording a delightful view along the valley, bounded by remote mountain ranges, with nearer hills on one side crowned with foliage. Even the humbler occupations of the people are by no means common-place, the Freyburghers being famous for polishing crystal and precious stones. Altogether, one might fancy the spot to have been a stronghold of civilization amidst feudal oppression, although it appears not to have enjoyed the substance of its name (*free city*) until the extinction of the race of Zeringer sovereigns. Their possessions were very extensive, reaching all the way to Lombardy: from whence, indeed, the taste for enlarging and beautifying the old, and erecting superbly new, temples in honour of the Catholic religion, was introduced into this part of Germany. W. G.

AN ADDRESS TO THE FAIRIES.

Ye short elfin folks, who are all the night long
At all sorts of sports, in a mischievous throng;
No terrors like ghosts and hobgoblins ye bring,
For your visits are always announced by a ring.

With frolicsome gambols you hail the moon's light,
And sometimes 'tis said that you gambol all night!

What your game is, we know not, but countrymen say
That their banks very often look queer from your play.

Like true lads of "the turf," you still keep up the pace,
As when Spencer and Milton spoke well of your race—
When each "good wood" of old, was possess'd by your folks,
And your cups were of acorn, all got by—the oaks.

Still, like gentry of fashion, apart from his queen,
Your king with his circle of friends may be seen;
For while Oberon rambles o'er hill and o'er dale,
His spouse (like a nun) may perhaps take the vale.

When the moon to the woodlands contributes her beams,
And the nightmare draws near where the wagoner dreams;
When the flow'rs and the sheep are all quietly folded,
Then ye visit our earth, and your ground plots are moulded.

Then with false jack o' lanthorns you light up the downs,
While with harlequin tricks you astonish the clowns,
You make virtuous husbandmen thus go astray,
And you curdle the milk if it comes in your way.

But enough of this slander; it must not be said
That we retail the tales from each old woman's head;
For tho' corn fields have ears, yet we still must deny
That you glance o'er them all, with a blight in your eye.

For these rhymes, (which must add to the fairies fair fame,)
Neither title nor present—at present we claim;
We may be by the king of the fairies requited,
By meeting him, one of these nights, and—be nighted.

LUIGI.

MAGIC.*

2. *The Persian Magi.*

LIKE the Chaldean astrologers, the Persian magi, (from whom our word *magic* is derived,) belonged to the priesthood. But the worship of the gods was not their sole occupation; they were great proficients in the arts of which we are now treating. At first they were distinguished for their ardour in the pursuit of knowledge; they endeavoured to penetrate the secrets of nature, by the only method in which those secrets could be discovered, *viz.* by *experiment* and *reason*. The former furnished them with facts; the latter taught them how those facts might be made subservient to the public utility. While they continued in this innocent and laudable career, devoting, like the English Druids, a great portion of their time to the cure of diseases, they deserved and obtained the gratitude of their countrymen; but they grew ambitious of higher honours, wishing to direct the councils of state, and to subject their sovereigns to their sway. To the worship of the gods they united the profession of medicine and of natural magic, to a pretended familiarity with supernatural powers, which they proclaimed as the fountain of their knowledge. Like Plato, who probably imbibed many of their ideas, they held that

* Continued from page 86.

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demons had a middle rank between gods and men; that they (the demons) presided not only over divinations, auguries, conjurations, oracles, and every species of magic; but likewise over sacrifices and prayers, which they presented in behalf of men, and rendered acceptable to the gods. Hence they became the mediators, whose ministry was deemed indispensable in all magical and religious rites; the magi constantly persuaded their credulous countrymen, that to them alone was conceded the high privilege of communicating with gods and demons, and of being thereby able to foretel future events; they even went so far as to assert that by means of their incantations, they obliged the latter to execute all their commands, and to serve them with the same respectful deference as servants do their masters. The austerity of their lives was well calculated to strengthen the impression which their cunning had already made upon the multitude, and to prepare the way for whatever doctrines they might feel disposed to inculcate. All the three orders of *magi*, enumerated by Porphyry, abstained from the pleasures of female society, wine and intoxicating liquors, and the first of these orders entirely from all animal food. These indulgences were considered too much for the strict followers and favourites of Oromasdes, Arimanius, and of the inferior deities, and who were so intimately connected with their offspring, as also the numerous hosts of genii and demons.

Three kinds of divination were cultivated by the magi, viz.:

First, Necromancy, which appears to have been two-fold; the predicting future events by the inspection of dead bodies, and the invocation of departed spirits, who were compelled by incantations to unfold the dark decrees of fate, a science which has, in all ages, been almost universally diffused over the earth.

Secondly, Lecanomancy, by which demons in obedience to certain powerful songs and chants, were obliged to enter a vessel filled with water, and to answer whatever questions were put to them.

Thirdly, Hydromancy, which differs from the preceding in this respect, that the voice of the demon was not heard; but his form was perceptible in the water, in which he represented, either by means of his satellites, or by written verses, the cause and issue of any particular event. Whether the celebrated Zoroaster was acquainted with these three species cannot well be determined. He has been called the inventer of magic, the truth of which is doubtful.

3. *The Indian Gymnosophists.*

Of Indian Magic we know even less than we do of that exercised by any other nation. It was, however, somewhat similar to that of the Persian magi. But, the divination of the Indians differed from that of all other people; they admitted it in all affairs of public moment, but rigorously excluded it from their own private concerns. The reason of this prohibition was, perhaps, from their esteeming the science too sacred to be employed in the ordinary concerns of life. Their *Gymnosophists*, or *Brahmins*;* were regarded as reverently as the magi, and probably were more worthy of respect. Some dwelt in woods, others near the cities. They celebrated the rites of religion, and, by them kings worshipped their national deities; many pretended to superior powers, in curing diseases by enchantments, to foretel events and calculate the destinies of men by the stars and planetary system; but, speaking of them as a body, they were a useful, learned, and an honourable set of men. Their skill in medicine was great; the care which they took in instructing youth, in familiarising it with generous and virtuous sentiments, did them infinite honour; their maxims and discourses prove them to have been accustomed to profound reflection on the principles of civil policy, morality, religion, and philosophy. Under the most powerful princes they preserved their dignity; they would not condescend to visit their sovereigns, or trouble them for the slightest favour. If the latter desired the advice, or the prayers, of the former, they were compelled to go themselves, or send noble and respectful messengers.

4. *The Egyptian Magicians.*

The Egyptians, also, had their magicians from the most remote period of antiquity. Though they were unable to contend with Moses, yet they were far superior to the Chaldean astrologers, the Persian magi, or the Indian gymnosophists; they appear to have possessed a deeper insight into the grand arcana of nature, than any other professors of the art. By what extraordinary powers their rods were changed into serpents, the waters of the Nile into blood, and the land of Egypt covered with frogs, has much perplexed many wise and good men. Earth, air, and ocean, may contain many phenomena of which our philosophers are ignorant, and if this consideration should humble the pride of the pedant, it may remind the Christian, that secret things belong not to him, but to Omnipotence.

The Egyptians held that, besides the gods, there were many demons, who communicated with mortals, and who were often rendered visible by certain ceremonies and songs; that the genii exercised a habitual and powerful influence over every species of matter; that thirty-six of these beings pre-

* It does not appear that any essential difference existed between them.

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sided over the various members of the human body; and that by incantations of magic, it might be strengthened, debilitated,* afflicted with, or delivered from, diseases. Thus, in every case of sickness, the spirit presiding over the afflicted part was first duly invoked. But the magicians did not solely trust to their vain invocations; they were well acquainted with the virtues of certain herbs and remedies, which they wisely employed in the art of healing. Thus, some were used as preservative against witchcraft, and the *Nepenthes*, which Helen presented in a pction to Menelaus, was believed to be powerful in banishing sadness, and in restoring the mind to its accustomed ease. But, whatever might be the application of their herbs, they were used rather for their magical than for their medicinal properties; every cure was ascribed to the presiding demons, which many boasted to be intimately connected.

The Egyptian amulets are certainly not so ancient as the Babylonian talisman, but were exactly similar in their uses. Some little figures, as intended charms, were engraven on them. Plutarch informs us, that the soldiers wore rings, on which the representation of an insect, resembling our beetle, was inscribed, and Ælian informs us, that the judges had always suspended round their necks, a small image of TRUTH, formed of emeralds. The superstitious belief in the virtues of amulets is far from being extinct in the present age; the Cophts, Arabians, the Syrians, and indeed almost the inhabitants of Asia, west of the river Ganges, whether Christians, Mahometans, or Pagans, equally use them to prevent possible evils.

Like the Chaldean kings, the descendants of the Pharaohs encouraged astronomy, and although the subjects of the latter were not so eminent as those of the former in the sister science, we have good reason to conclude that they made no inconsiderable progress in it. Herodotus and other ancient historians assert, that astrology was, from the earliest period, cultivated by that nation. They usually prognosticated the general course of life, the disposition, and even the *manner of death* of any one by a reference to the deity presiding over the day on which he was born, and not unfrequently, like their Eastern neighbours, by determining the position of the stars at the moment of birth.†

As Moses passed the greatest part of his life in Egypt, and as he could, from personal experience, know but little of surrounding nations, we may infer that, generally, when he warns the Israelites against prevailing superstitions, he has an eye to those practised in Egypt and Canaan. He frequently alludes to the magical rites and idolatrous practices of the Canaanites; but that here he appears to speak from the information he had received from others, will be found in a careful perusal of the Pentateuch, and a reference to the Greek authors who have written respecting Egypt, and whose works elucidate many obscure parts of the sacred text—many points connected with this subject on minor parts—which the limits here prescribed compel me to omit.

The history of magic among the Jews remains to be related.

* Vide Herodotus, lib. ii.

† This is done by astrologers or nativity casters of the present day.

LEGENDARY BALLAD.

[THE following lines, descriptive of a popular tradition relative to the family of Hilton, of Hilton Castle, are extracted from the second volume of the Rev. Mr. Surtees's History of Durham.]

His fetters of ice the broad Baltic is breaking;
In the deep glens of Denmark sweet summer is waking,
And blushing amidst her pavilion of snows,
Discloses her chalice, the bright Lapland rose.
The winds in the caverns of winter are bound,
Yet the leaves that the tempest has strew'd on the ground
Are whirling in magical eddies around.
For deep in the forest where wild flowers are blushing,
Where the stream from its cistern of rock-spar is gushing,
The magic of Lapland the wild winds is hushing.
Why slumbers the storm in the caves of the north?
When, when shall the carrier of Odin go forth?
Loud, loud laugh'd the hags as the dark raven flew:
They had sprinkled his wings with the mirk midnight dew,
That was brush'd in Blockula from cypress and yew.

That raven in its charmed breast
Bears a sprite that knows no rest—
(When Odin's darts, in darkness hurl'd,
Scatter'd lightnings through the world,
Then beneath the withering spell,
Harold, son of Eric, fell)—
Till lady, unlikely thing, I trow,
Print three kisses on his brow—
Herald of ruin, death and flight,
Where will the carrier of Odin light?

What Syrian maid in her date-cover'd bower,
Lists to the lay of a gay Troubadour?
His song is of war, and he scarcely conceals
The tumult of pride that his dark bosom feels;
From Antioch beleaguer'd the recreant has stray'd,
To kneel at the feet of an infidel maid;
His mail laid aside, in a minstrel's disguise,
He basks in the beam of his Nourjahad's eyes.
Yet a brighter flower in greener bower
He left in the dewy west,
Heir of his name and his Saxon tower;
And Edith's childish vest
Was chang'd for lovelier woman's zone;
And days and months and years have flown
Since her parting sire her red lips prest.
And she is left an orphan child
In her gloomy hall by the woodland wild;
A train of menials only wait
To guard her towers, to tend her state,
Unletter'd hinds and rude.
Unseen the tear-drop dims her eye,
Her heart unheeded heaves the sigh,
And youth's fresh roses fade and die
In wan, unjoyous solitude.
Edith in her saddest mood
Has climb'd the bartizan stair;
No sound comes from the stream or wood,
No breath disturbs the air.

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The summer clouds are motionless,
And she so sad, so fair,
Seems like a lily rooted there,
In lost, forgotten loneliness.
A gentle breath comes from the vale,
And a sound of life is on the gale,
And see a raven on the wing,
Circling around in airy ring,
Hovering about in doubtful flight—
Where will the carrier of Odin alight?
The raven has lit on the flag-staff high
That tops the dungeon tower,
But he has caught fair Edith's eye,
And gently, coyly, venturing nigh,
He flutters round her bower;
For he trusted the soft and maiden grace,
That shone in that sweet young Saxon face,
And now he has perch'd on her willow wand,
And tries to smooth his raven note,
And sleeks his glossy raven coat,
To court the maiden's hand.
And now, caressing and caress'd,
The raven is lodged in Edith's breast.
"'Tis innocence and youth that makes
In Edith's fancy such mistakes."
But that maiden kiss hath holy power
O'er planet and sigillary hour;
The elfish spell hath lost its charms,
And a Danish knight is in Edith's arms.
And Harold at his bride's request
His barbarous gods foreswore,
Freya and Woden, and Balder and Thor;
And Jarrow, with tapers blazing bright,
Hail'd her gallant proselyte.

Anecdote Gallery.

BUONAPARTANIA.

WHILE the Emperor Napoleon was visiting the Quays at Boulogne, the Empress was taking an airing in a boat, in the interior of the port; she even went so far as the entrance. On her return, she perceived Buonaparte, who was waiting for her. On quitting the vessel, her foot slipped, and she would have fallen, had not General Vandamme, who held her hand, supported her by putting his arm hastily round her waist. Buonaparte, who was about ten paces distant, with the engineer, perceived the accident; he ran up and said, rather angrily, "What! do you not know yet, Madam, how to use your feet properly?" The Empress, without being disconcerted, looked at him steadfastly, and jocularly replied, "To hear you speak thus, sir, one would think you never had made a false step in your life." The reproach was made in that tone, mixed with a sweetness and dignity, which can be acquired only by an union of the favours of nature with the benefits of superior education. Buonaparte felt how much he was in the wrong, and although but little accustomed to such remonstrances, he with great gallantry replied, "I beg pardon, Madam, you will excuse my abruptness, and only attribute it to the fear occasioned by the idea of the injury a fall might do yourself." "Since that is the case," replied the Empress, smiling, "I forgive you; give me your arm."

The First Consul came into the saloon where I awaited him, (says M. de Bourrienne,) and addressing me in the most good-humoured manner, said, "What do the Parisians think of the preparations for the descent upon England?" "General," I replied, "there is a great difference of opinion on the subject. Every one speaks according to his own views. Suchet, for instance, who comes to see me very often, has no doubt that it will take place, and hopes to give you on the occasion fresh proofs of his gratitude and fidelity." "But Suchet tells me that you do not believe it will be attempted." "That is true, I certainly do not." "Why?" "Because you told me at Antwerp, five years ago, that you would not risk France on the cast of a die, that the adventure was too hazardous; and circumstances have not altered since that time." "You are right; those who look forward to the invasion of England are blockheads, they do not see the affair in its true light."

The following order of the day was issued by Buonaparte when First Consul:

"22nd Floreal, 10th year.

"The grenadier Grobbin has destroyed himself in consequence of a love affair. He was otherwise a respectable man. This is the second event of the kind that has happened in the corps within a month. The First Consul has directed, that it shall be inserted in the order of the day of the guard, that a soldier ought to know how to subdue sorrow, and the agitation of the passions; and there is as much courage in enduring with firmness the pains of the heart, as in remaining steady under the grape-shot of a battery. To abandon one's self to grief without resistance, to kill one's self in order to escape from it, is to fly from the field of battle before one is conquered.

(Signed) "BUONAPARTE, First Consul."

Napoleon was fond of quick replies: he could bear contradiction, but invariably turned away from those who addressed him with hesitation or embarrassment. The following anecdote will sufficiently prove that a ready and well-timed answer was an infallible passport to his favour:—At a grand review, which, on a particular occasion, took place on the square of the Carrousel, the Emperor's horse suddenly reared, and during his exertions to keep the animal steady, the rider parted company with his hat. A lieutenant having picked it up, advanced in front of the line, and presented it to Napoleon. "Thank you, Captain," said the Emperor, still occupied in patting the neck of his steed. "In what regiment, Sire," immediately demanded the officer. The Emperor, considering his features attentively, and perceiving his own mistake, replied with a smile, "The question is apropos:—in the Guards." In a few days the newly appointed

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captain received an official notification of the promotion, for which he was indebted solely to his quickness of mind, but which his bravery and long services had merited.

W. G. C.

Retrospective Gleanings.

HUMILITY.

OWEN FELTHAM says:—"He that means to build lasting, must lay his foundation low: as in moory grounds they erect their houses upon piles driven deep into the ground, so when we have to do with men that are insincere, our conversation would be unsound and tottering, if it were not founded upon the graces of humility; which, by reason of their slenderness, pierce deep and remain firm. The proud man, like the early shoots of a new-felled coppice, thrusts out full of sap, green in leaves and fresh in colour; but bruises and breaks with every wind, is nipped with every little cold, and being top-heavy, is wholly unfit for use. Whereas the humble man retains it in the root, can abide the winter-killing blasts, the ruffling concussions of the wind, and can endure far more than that which does appear so flourishing. Like the pyramids, he hath a large foundation, whereby his height may be more eminent; and still the higher he is, the lesser doth he draw at the top; as if the nearer heaven, the smaller he must appear. And, indeed, the nigher man approacheth the celestials, and the more he doth consider God, he sees the more to make himself vile in his own esteem. When the falcon flies highest, she lessens herself most; and by so doing, hath the more command of her game. And then this usually falls out, that he who values himself least, shall by others be prized most. Nature swells when she meets a check; but submission in us to others, begets submission in others to us. Force does but compel our bodies; when civility and mansuetude does calm and captivate even the rugged temper of the rude and boisterous, and, like a gentle lenitive, dissipates and assuages the tumours of the most elated mind.

"Humility is the footstool, without which man can hardly get up to the bed of honour. The proud man is certainly a fool; I am sure, let his parts be what they will, in being proud, he is so. One thing may assuredly persuade us of the excellency of humility: it is ever found to dwell most with men that are most gallant; it is a flower that prospers not in lean and barren soils; but in a ground that is rich, it flourishes, and is beautiful. Give me a man that is humble out of judgment, and I can find him full of all parts. Charles the Fifth was as brave in holding the candle to his departing visitants, as when he was trooped about with his victorious officers. The legislative monarch Moses, that was the first and greatest divine statesman, historian, philosopher, and poet—who, as a valiant general, led Israel out of Egypt, was renowned with miracles, that could roll up the waves to pass his men, and tumble them down again upon his enemies, was a type of Christ, styled a friend of God, and beloved both of God and men: yet was he meek above all that were upon the face of the earth; and, lest our proud dust should think it a disparagement to be humble, we are commanded by our Saviour to learn it of him, who tells us the benefit it will be, rest to our souls.

"We are sent to the pismire for industry, to the lion for valour, to the dove for innocence, to the serpent for wisdom; but for humility unto God himself, as an attribute more peculiar to his excellence: and, certainly, if we shall but contemplate Him, we shall find Him able for all, either that we can or cannot conceive; yet by his upholding and sublevaminous providence, according to his mere will he orders, guides, and governs all. No man ever lost esteem with wise men, by stooping to an honest lowness when there was occasion. I have known a great duke to fetch in wood to his inferior's fire; and a general of nations, descending to a footman's office, in lifting up the boot of a coach; yet never thought it an eclipse to either of their dignities. The text does give it to the publican's dejectedness, rather than to the pharisee's boasting. That ship wants ballast that floats upon the top of the waters: and he may well be suspected to be defective within, that would pull on respect to himself by his undue assuming it. What is that man worse that lets his inferior go before him? The folly is in him that takes it when not due: but the prudence rests with him, that in the sereneness of his own worth does not value it. In shows of state, the meanest marches first. The sun chides not the morning star, though it presume to usher day before him. My place is only where I am at present; but that wherein I am not, is not mine. While the proud man bustles in the storm, and begets himself enemies, the humble peaceably passes in the shade unenvied. The full sail oversets the vessel, which, drawn in, may make the voyage prosperous.

"Humility prevents disturbance: it rocks debate asleep, and keeps men in continued peace. Men rest not while they ride in state, or hurry it in a furious charge: but when they humble themselves to the earth, or a couch, refreshing sleep does then becalm their toils and cares. When the two goats on a narrow bridge met over a deep stream, was not he the wiser that lay down for the other to pass over him, than he that

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would hazard both their lives by contending? He preserved himself from danger, and made the other become debtor to him for his safety. I will never think myself disparaged either by preserving peace or doing good. He is charitable, that out of Christian ends can be content to part with his due: but he that would take it from me, wrongs not me so much as he does himself. I have ever thought it indiscretion to vie it in continued strife: prevailing is but victory in part; his pride may still remain unconquered. If I be subdued, beside my shame, I purchase his contempt to boot; when, yielding out of prudence, triumphs over all, and brings him in to be mine. I had rather be accounted too much humble, than esteemed a little proud: that tends to virtue and wisdom, this to dishonour and vice. Even in gold, the stiffest is the basest; but the pure, by being ductible, keeps whole." W. G. C.

The Naturalist.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS,

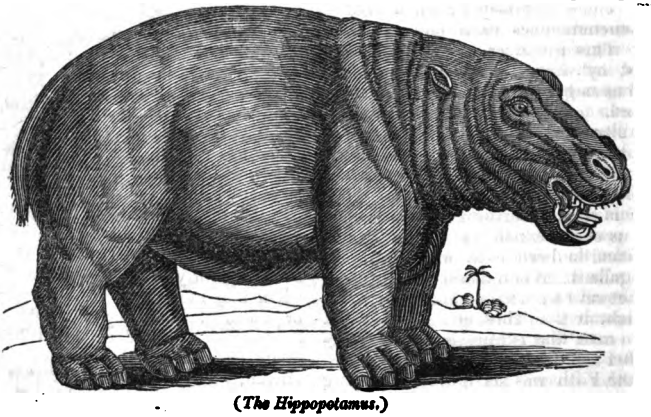
Or river horse, belongs to a genus of the *pachydermata*, or thick skinned animals; the same order also includes the elephant, rhinoceros, and tapir. At present there exists but one species of the hippopotamus; but from recent discoveries of bones and teeth, geologists have proved that four other species of hippopotami lived in the earlier ages of the world. The present has four cutting teeth in each jaw, those in the lower jaw straight and pointing forward nearly horizontally, the two middle ones being the longest. The canine teeth, or tusks, are four in number; those in the upper jaw short, those in the lower very long, and obliquely truncated. They are sometimes two feet in length, and weigh upwards of six pounds; and they are in great request among ivory merchants, as they do not turn yellow.

In figure, the hippopotamus resembles a huge ox. A male has been known to be 17 feet in length, 7 in height, and 15 in circumference. The head is very large, being 3½ feet in length; the mouth is amazingly wide, the ears small, as are the eyes and nostrils; the lips are very thick, broad, and beset with tufts of bristles; the body is thinly covered with very short, whitish hair; the tail is short, and almost bare; the legs are short and thick; the feet large, and divided into four parts, each furnished with a hoof; the skin is very thick, and of a dusky colour.

The behemoth is considered by most commentators to be the hippopotamus, as the description of his size, manners, food, and haunts, is very similar to those of the latter animal. Among the ancient Egyptians it was revered as a divinity, as it is among the negroes of Congo, Elmina, &c. This veneration may have originated in the services of the hippopotamus in destroying the crocodiles of Egypt, in the same manner as the Egyptians have consecrated the ichneumon for destroying the eggs of crocodiles; and figures of both these destroyers occasionally appear in the more ancient sculptures of Egypt. At present either from an increase of his natural enemies, or from a deficiency in the supply of his food, hippopotami are seldom seen below the Cataracts of the Nile. They abound most in the Gambia, the Niger, &c.; and our readers may recollect that the Landers in sailing up the latter river, in their last Expedition, were beset by great numbers of hippopotami, who came snorting and plashing around the canoe of the adventurous travellers, yet did them no harm.*

The hippopotamus is of amphibious habits: many marvellous stories are related of his walking at the bottom of rivers, and, (in Dampier,) biting or craunching boats *asunder:* yet, although he partly lives in rivers, his food is exclusively vegetable. Malte-

* See *Mirror*, vol. xix. p. 127.



(*The Hippopotamus.*)

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brun asserts that his voracity, by annihilating the means of his support, has greatly reduced the number of his race; and, in the days of Hasselquist, (in the last century,) it was believed that the hippopotamus did much damage to the Egyptians. "He goes on shore," says that traveller, "and in a short space of time destroys an entire field of corn or clover, not leaving the least verdure as he passes; for he is voracious, and requiring much to fill his great belly." It was long pretended that he devoured great quantities of fish, but better acquaintance with his structure has proved that he is nourished, exclusively, on vegetable food. The stomach, like that of the ruminating animals, is divided into several pouches. His flesh is eaten in Africa, and the Hottentots and many other nations are extremely fond of it: they convert the thick hide into shields, and it is used at the Cape for whips. It is said that the blood of the hippopotamus is used by Indian painters in the preparation of their colours.

CAVERN RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN IRELAND.

About six weeks ago, as some workmen were employed in quarrying stones in a limestone quarry situated within seven miles of the town of Caher, and six miles of Mitchelstown, they discovered, at the distance of 20 feet from the surface, an opening into the rock capable of admitting the body of one person; prompted by curiosity, one of the men entered the aperture and proceeded along a sloping declivity, which terminated, at the distance of 40 or 50 feet from the entrance, in an abrupt descent of about 20 feet. Unable to proceed further, he returned, and having procured a ladder, he, accompanied by two or three of the workmen, proceeded along a passage about 300 yards in length, 40 feet in breadth, and generally between 30 and 40 feet in height, at the termination of which a superb cavern, nearly one mile in circumference, presented itself to their view. This grand cavern seemed to be supported by about 150 crystalline columns, varying in height from 30 to 40 feet, and in diameter from one to eight feet. In its centre is placed a petrifaction, in shape, resembling a table, about seven feet in length and two feet in breadth, surmounted with crystalline candelabra. At 700 or 800 yards distance, and immediately opposite the entrance lay another passage which led them into what they called the lower cave, about three-quarters of a mile in circumference, supported like the former cave by lofty pillars, and fantastically decorated. Having proceeded through this cave, the exploring party discovered another aperture, through which they perceived another cavern, about three miles in circumference, supported, like the other caves, with innumerable pillars, and having in the centre, and hanging from its roof, a petrifaction resembling the body of a horse, through which, at the distance of fifteen feet from the floor, issues a stream of pure water, which, after forming several evolutions on its crystalline bed, disappears with hollow murmurings at the farthest extremity of the hall.

Through an opening to the right in the last mentioned hall, they descended by a flight of ten or twelve steps to a cavern called the long cave, which is about a mile and a half in circumference, supported in like manner by superb columns. Amongst the ornamental forms in this cavern is one resembling a drum, which, when struck upon, produces a sound, the reverberation of which will continue for several minutes. Having proceeded through the last mentioned cave, the explorers came to a fissure in its right side, which led them into what they called the cellar cave. This cave, unlike the rest, is not supported by pillars; but the spectator is amply compensated for their absence by the view of a deep and rapid river, which urges its subterraneous course through the middle of the cave.—*Abridged from the Tipperary Free Press.*

Notes of a Reader.

LACONICS,

(*From England and the English. By E. L. Bulwer, Esq., M.P.*)

A Quarrel.—A quarrel is, nine times out of ten, merely the fermentation of a misunderstanding.

National Prejudices.—Travellers do not sufficiently analyze their surprise at the novelties they see; and they often proclaim that to be a difference in the several characters of nations, which is but a difference in their manners. One of the oldest illustrations of national prejudice is to be found in Herodotus. The Greeks, in the habit of *burning* their parents, were wonderfully indignant at the barbarity of the Calatti, who were accustomed to *eat* them. The Persian king summons the Calatti before him, in the presence of the Greeks:—"You eat your fathers and mothers—a most excellent practice. Pray, for what sum will you burn them? The Calatti were exceedingly disgusted at the question. Burn their parents! They uttered yells of horror at so inhuman a suggestion! The Callatian and the Greek experienced filial affection in an equal degree; but the man who made a dinner of his father would have considered it the height of atrocity to have made a bonfire of him.

Dislike of Foreigners.—Our toleration of foreigners is more catholic than individual. We suspect them a little when some half-a-

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dozen of them, in braided coats and mustachios, pay us a midsummer visit; a respectable lodging-house-keeper would rather be excused letting them apartments. They are driven, like the Jews of old, to a settled quarter, abandoned by the rest of the world;—they domicile together in a dingy spot, surrounded by alleys and courts;—you may see them matutinally emerging from the desolate gloom of Leicester-square, which is a sort of Petty France in itself, and where they have established a colony of hostels. But assuredly the unoffending frigidity, evinced to them in less familiar regions, is the result of no unhandsome prejudice. We do not think them, as we once did, *inherently*, but *unfortunately*, guilty!—in a word, we suspect them of being *poor*. They strike us with the unprepossessing air of the shabby genteel. Mrs. Smith is sorry her first floor is engaged—not because she thinks the foreign gentleman may cut her throat, but because she fears he may forget to pay his rent. She apprehends that he can scarcely give the "respectable reference" that she demands, for the use of her goods and chattels. Foreigners remark this suspicion; and not guessing the cause, do us injustice by supposing it is solely directed against them. No such thing; it is directed against Poverty ubiquitously; it is the abstract quality, not the material man, that excites in the Smithian breast the sentiment of distrust. Our hostess would be equally lukewarm to any Englishman she considered equivocally poor;—in short, it is a commercial, not a national apprehension. A rich foreigner, with huge arms on his carriage, half-a-dozen valets, and a fur great-coat, is sure to be obsequiously treated enough. Hence the wealthy visiter from the continent usually avers that we are a most civil people to foreigners; and the needy one declares that we are exactly the reverse. I hope that what I have said on this point will right us with our neighbours; and assure them that the only stories which we now believe to the practical inconvenience of Monsieur, are those which accuse him of living on a hundred Napoleons a-year, pocketing the sugar at his coffee, and giving the waiter something under a penny halfpenny! A Russian of my acquaintance visited England, with a small portmanteau, about two years ago. Good heavens: how he abused us!—never was so rude, cruel, suspicious, barbaric a people! I saw him a few months since, having just paid us a second visit: he was in raptures with all he saw; never was a people so improved; his table was crowded with cards—how hospitable we were. The master of the hotel had displaced an English family to accommodate him; what a refined consideration for a stranger! Whence rose this difference in the Russian's estimate of us? His uncle was dead; he had come into a great property. In neither case had our good people looked at the *foreigner*: they had looked the first time at the small portmanteau, and the second time at the three carriages and four!

Generosity.—The English are an eminently generous people. I do not mean generous in the vulgar signification of the epithet, but the loftier and more moral one. Their sympathies are generous; they feel for the persecuted, and their love is for the fallen.

Elections.—It is in popular elections that a foreigner can alone fully learn the generous character of the English people—what threats they brave, what custom they lose, what profits they surrender, in order to act up to a motive of conscience, or a principle of honour.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

ACCORDING to the statutes and rules as altered, and lately printed by order of the House of Commons, it appears that the Museum is to be closed to the public in September only, instead of August and September, as formerly; but it is to be regretted that the Christmas, Easter, and Whitsun weeks are still preserved as vacations. Persons wishing to see the medals or prints, must give one day's notice of their intention. Those who apply for admission to the reading-room must produce a recommendation satisfactory to a trustee, or an officer of the house. Books, deeds, or charters, may be taken out of the Museum to be produced in evidence. No officer or attendant is allowed to take any fee or gratuity from any visiter of the Museum. Every officer to have a vacation of thirty days between the 1st of August and 31st of October, and may have a longer absence if the trustees see fit. The ordinary business of the Museum to be managed by a standing committee of fifteen, three of whom are to make a quorum. A list of donations to be printed every year, and a copy transmitted to each person, whose name shall be recorded as a donor. The Museum not to be opened on Tuesdays or Thursdays; those days being reserved by the trustees for the admission of persons eminent for their rank, learning, &c.

THE BLIND WOMAN.

(*From the French of Beranger.*)

It snows, it snows, but on the pavement still
She kneels and prays, nor lifts her head;
Beneath these rags through which the blast blows shrill,
Shivering she kneels, and waits for bread.
Hither each morn she gropes her weary way,
Winter and summer, there is she.
Blind is the wretched creature! well-a-day!—
Ah! give the blind one charity!

Ah! once far different did that form appear;
That sunken cheek, that colour wan,
The pride of thronged theatres, to hear
Her voice, enraptured Paris ran;

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In smiles or tears before her beauty's shrine,
Which of us has not bowed the knee?—
Who owes not to her charms some dreams divine?
Ah! give the blind one charity!

How oft when from the crowded spectacle,
Homeward her rapid coursers flew;
Adoring crowds would on her footsteps dwell,
And loud huzzas her path pursue.
To hand her from the glittering car, that bore
Her home to scenes of mirth and glee,
How many rivals throng'd around her door—
Ah! give the blind one charity.

When all the arts to her their homage paid,
How splendid was her gay abode;
What mirrors, marbles, bronzes, were displayed,
Tributes by love on love bestow'd:
How duly did the muse her banquets gild,
Faithful to her prosperity:
In every palace will the swallow build!—
Ah! give the poor one charity!

But sad reverse—sudden disease appears;
Her eyes are quenched, her voice is gone,
And here, forlorn and poor, for twenty years,
The blind one kneels and begs alone.
Who once so prompt her generous aid to lend?
What hand more liberal, frank, and free,
Than that she scarcely ventures to extend?—
Ah! give the poor one charity!

Alas for her! for faster falls the snow,
And every limb grows stiff with cold;
That rosary once woke her smile, which now
Her frozen fingers hardly hold.
If bruised beneath so many woes, her heart
By pity still sustain'd may be,
Lest even her faith in heaven itself depart,
Ah! give the blind one charity.

Edinburgh Review.

ACTUAL CAUSES OF THE DECLINE OF THE DRAMA.

The Committee (appointed last year by Parliament) find, "that a considerable decline both in the literature of the stage, and the taste of the public for theatrical performances, is generally conceded;" and among the causes of this decline, "which are out of the province of the Legislature to control," they find three worthy to be mentioned:—"the prevailing fashion of late dinner hours, the absence of Royal encouragement, and the supposed indisposition of some religious sects to countenance theatrical exhibitions." We must remind the Committee, that the indisposition (not merely "supposed," but unequivocally avowed) of certain religious sectarians to countenance theatrical exhibitions, was coeval with some of the most palmy days of the English drama; and we believe that there are causes of decline, utterly beyond the reach of legislative control, much more important, more widely spread, more deeply seated, and more likely to be permanent than "the absence of Royal encouragement," and "the prevailing fashion of late dinner hours," which have been placed by the Committee in the van of their Report.

We believe these causes to be so powerful, that it is utterly hopeless by any legislative measure to raise the drama to its former height; nay, more—such is the nature of some of these causes, that warm as is our admiration of the drama, and sincere as is our desire to witness its re-elevation—we nevertheless would not control them if we could. A free and ever-teeming press—the increased cultivation of domestic habits—the extension of domestic comforts—the greater external assimilation of different classes—the increased prevalence of social assemblies—these are among the principal causes of the decline of the drama, and will be permanent obstacles to its rise. Our drama, in the reign of Elizabeth, attained a height which is explicable by the circumstances of that time. The age of Elizabeth was characterized by a vast and newly awakened demand for mental pleasure, consequent upon a recent emancipation of the public mind. The lore of antiquity, and the discovery of another hemisphere—the revival of art, and the diffusion of letters, becoming familiar, without quite ceasing to be novel,—were then exercising their most active influence on the tastes and intellects of a flourishing community. The art of printing, which despotism soon learnt to dread and to discourage, was then too unskilfully wielded, and too jealously restricted, to supply the intellectual wants of the people; and in England, as once at Athens, a civilized community of active minds, debarred from much reading, had recourse for a large portion of their mental pleasures to the representations of the stage. To the Englishman of that period, a play was not merely what it is to an Englishman of the present. It was not merely a play, but novel, pamphlet, review, magazine, and newspaper, into the bargain. With the exception of poetry, the drama was almost the only medium through which intellectual excitement could be communicated to the public. Hence, talent, which, like meaner commodities, follows the direction indicated by demand, flowed rapidly into this channel. Some are amazed at the vast amount of ability which then displayed itself in dramatic writing. Let them inquire if much was exhibited in any other branch of literature, and that inquiry will dissolve the wonder. The manners of that time were in accordance with this direction of the public taste. Our very costume was dramatic—each class and profession had its outward and visible sign, fitted for immediate transplantation to the scene; and the garb of the rich was as showy as the dresses of an Easter spectacle. The masks and pageants which enlivened the royal progresses of that time—the courtly flattery administered by official personages, under the quaint form of a fanciful allegory—all indicate a state of manners highly in unison with scenic representations, widely different from our own, and never likely to return. Nay, even in a subsequent and more sobered age, when the zealot Prynne had launched a ponderous invective against the stage, who stood forward to exhibit a

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practical disapproval of his rigid opinions? The grave profession of the law. Above a hundred members of the Inns of Court, richly bedizened, and numerously attended, on horseback and in chariots, went in procession from Ely House, down Chancery Lane, to Whitehall, to exhibit a masque before the King and Queen; and ludicrous figures accompanied the procession, principally devised by, and under the direction of, the Attorney-General, the learned Noy! Can we read of such things, and not be sensible of the vast difference between those scenic days of pageant and parade, and the plain and prosaic and undemonstrative habits of the present? To any one who will compare the present with former times, it will be evident, (without any reference to the existing state of the stage,) that there are at present comparatively few inducements to frequent a theatre. The circulating library affords a ready fund of mental excitement, and at a cheaper rate than the playhouse; and many a man reasonably thinks his own arm-chair, by his own fireside, is to be preferred to a seat in a crowded theatre. In considering why people are less inclined than formerly to go to the play, we must not leave out of our consideration the change that has taken place in our domestic habits. It is unquestionable, that among all classes, whose means can entitle them to frequent the theatre, the standard of comfort is considerably raised; and that the sacrifice of comfort, which one must incur as a *set-off* against the pleasure of the spectacle, is more considerable than it used to be. The theatres, however much they may make advances in luxurious accommodation, are not likely to keep pace, consistently with cheapness, with the expectations of a population becoming every day more self-indulgent, and satiated with those other various objects of interest and excitement, which are constantly brought before their notice by the unceasing activity of a daily press.—*Edinburgh Review.*

The Public Journals.

POOR ABERGAVENEY.

(*A Clerical Memoir. Abridged from the New Monthly Magazine.*)

The country town of ——— boasted both physicians and surgeons in good store, and they were all more than ordinarily respectable; but at their head stood very pre-eminently Dr. St. Clare. He had been thoroughly educated, and possessed abilities highly capable of benefiting from that education. His mind was considered as at once religious and philosophical, and he discharged all the duties of life as one whose principles were well based. But, alas! who is perfect? Dr. St. Clare had one private, but master fault. On the Christmas-eve of 1801, his eldest son, a boy of fifteen, returned from college in order to spend the holydays. It had been his first absence from home, and his return was looked forward to with excessive pleasure by his gentle mother, kind father, and nine happy boys and girls, all of whom received him with open arms. But his mother, whose mildness and spirit of acquiescence were proverbial, felt slightly irritated on this evening, by the Doctor hurrying the children, one after another, a full hour sooner to bed than usual, and when, at last, it came to "dear Tom's" turn, she could not help hinting that she had rather hoped to be somewhat later than usual on this happy occasion.

"My dear," said her spouse, "you should consider that Tom has travelled sixty miles to-day, and for a youth of his slight frame, and who has been more confined than usual for some months, that is rather severe work. I see he requires rest; and, besides, I have to ride early to-morrow morning, and as you always insist on seeing me breakfast, it is time, on your account, to retire."

She said no more, but withdrawing with her son, she left the Doctor in full possession of the dining-room.

They were no sooner gone than he rose from his seat, locked the door, withdrew the key, and snuffing the candles, put his hand in his pocket, and brought from thence a packet which might contain three sheets of ordinary post paper. This he turned over twice or thrice, peeped in at the ends, and examined the plain and scarcely impressed wafer seal.

At that moment the table cracked, as tables sometimes do in an overheated room. He started, dropped the letter into his pocket, and extinguished the lights. After a pause, he lighted a wax taper and retired to his consulting room, where no one ever presumed to disturb him. Here, however, he again secured himself; and lighting a large lamp which stood on a table, stirring the fire, and putting on a small tea-kettle, he once more withdrew the letter from his pocket, and waiting until the water was fully boiling, went through the usual process of softening a wafer. He had just effected his purpose, when the door bell was pulled with a sharpness which indicated impatience, and the Doctor, at the same moment, threw a thick cloth over the lamp.

"Has Mr. Thomas St. Clare arrived?" said a person in an agitated voice.

"Yes, sir."

The gentleman, it would seem, was proceeding into the lobby; for the servant said, "You canna gang in, sir; they're all quyet, and have been this half hour."

"Quiet at half-past nine! You must be mistaken; they would never go so soon to bed on the night of their boy's arrival. I

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have just been to the coach guard for a letter, but he tells me that he saw my brother put it into the hands of Master St. Clare: and I must have it to-night."

"But, deed, I fear ye canna get it. The Doctor and Sandy rede maist a' last night, and they're to ride soun the morn, and I canna disturb the house. It's an hour, I dare say, since Sandy gaed to his bed, and that's the way I'm opening the door. We're to hae company the morn,—ye'll be here,—and am getting forrit Sandy's work, for thae rides maks him as gude as naebody."

It seemed as if the visitant's mind was too much occupied to permit his interrupting her, or even to speak when her harangue had ceased, for he stood silent a considerable time. At last he said—"Oblige me, my good girl,—there, this is Christmas eve,—oblige me by asking Master Clare for the letter. I was unfortunately detained in the country, else I should have been here four hours since."

"Would to God that you had," sighed the Doctor, who heard all that passed. "Would to God that you had."

The girl soon returned, and said, "Mr. Tom gae the letter to his father."

"Well, ask the Doctor for it;—he cannot be in bed."

"But he can: howsoever I'll see."

She returned, saying, "My mistress says the Doctor's no in his room, and that maybe he's out."

"Good God!" exclaimed the young man.

"Oh, fie! Whist,—and you to be a minister. What signifies the bit letter compared wid an oath?"

"I am exceedingly surprised at all this. Why the door chain was up,—he cannot be out."

"Tout, to be sure he's out. The Doctor can do a hantle things that other folks canna do."

And so saying, according to the Scotch phrase, she "clashed the door in his face," and went muttering along the lobby "keepin folk claverin there; however, I'se warrant it's a guid shillin, and it's come in guid time noo when the mistress has ta'ened into her head to lock her wark-box."

All this time the Doctor had stood in no enviable situation. Indeed, short of the compunction attendant on crimes of the deepest die, we can scarcely conceive a more astounding confusion than his must have been.

When the door closed, he seated himself, drew his breath, separated his fore finger and thumb in order to press the damp wafer into its former state; but his repentance and honour proved weak opponents to his master passion. Besides, the letter was from one of the professors under whose immediate care his son had been;—perhaps it contained remarks on his abilities or conduct;—and he *almost* persuaded himself that he had a right to see what was said of his boy. Mr. Abergaveney, the gentleman who had called for the letter, was the youngest of four sons and six daughters, while the professor just alluded to was the eldest, so that there was more than twenty years difference in their ages.

Slowly and attentively did Dr. St. Clare twice peruse what he had thus surreptitiously obtained; and with something approaching to a groan, did he restore the whole, as well as he could, to its original state. But somehow it did not please him; the wafer was rebellious, and the ends of the envelope could not be compelled into their former compact and exact folds.

He retired to bed, but could not be said to rest: and, after a feverish and wearisome night, he started up, on Christmas morning, long before day-light, ordered his horse, and rode forth, in the hope that the sharp air might brace his nerves, and the approaching light present objects to his view which might divert his mind from the recollection of his meanness. How far he succeeded in either the one or the other we cannot tell.

Young Abergaveney was in his twenty-first year when the above-mentioned incident took place. His father had been a country banker, and died in 1800, merely not a bankrupt, leaving a widow, six daughters, and his youngest son, all unprovided for. But yet, though almost a boy, and worth nothing, to him did those seven females confidently look for support. The eldest son (the professor had married early, and found his fees, &c. quite little enough for the support of a wife, an increasing family, and *genteel* appearances. The two others were abroad, had not hitherto supported themselves, and, for some years to come, must struggle for existence. There was but one road to the means of support for young Abergaveney—a Scotch Church,—and by a lucky coincidence, as it seemed, the old incumbent of ——— died a few months after Mrs. Abergaveney had become a widow. Her youngest son, the subject of this little memoir, had all his life been intended for the divine vocation; hence the females of his father's family now fixed their eyes on him as their sole hope: and, in fact, until he should be provided for, he had the pain of sharing in a maintenance procured partly by credit and partly by loans, if not gifts. Considering all these pressing circumstances, some people were shocked at the tardiness with which he went through the previous steps to being licensed; and still more so, when he could, hardly be prevailed on to write a letter of thanks to the patron who, unasked, had sent him the presentation to the Church of ———, his native place.

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John Abergaveney had hitherto been a universal favourite with all who knew him; which, owing to his father's situation and extraordinary popularity, was everybody. His mother, in her anxiety to have the grateful and proper thing done towards their patron, had betrayed her son's backwardness, and were there not enough of people to propagate the surmises of ignorance and idleness? "What could the lad mean? Was he not sensible of his mother's and sisters' destitution? Did he not know that their existence, that is, their station, depended on him?" A cause was sought for his apparent ingratitude,—for the more than indifference which he had exhibited towards his good fortune, and for his previous slowness in fitting himself for discharging the heavy responsibility which it had pleased Providence to throw upon him.

It was speedily agreed on all hands that it was consciousness of inability. "But he had passed his trials." "Umph!" said some; and "Whough!" said others; "We all know what sort of trials are passed, and what sort of folks are passed upon us." "But he was always reckoned a clever youth." "Yes, and a kind one: yet see how little he seems to rejoice in the prosperity that awaits his family."

During the intermediate time between the presentation and ordination, all eyes were upon him, and it was remarked that he had lost the brilliant hue of health which had hitherto shone upon his fair and sunny face, that his lively and sweet blue eye had become dull and sunken, and that the elasticity of his step was gone. The hitherto popular boy and youth began now to have enemies. What a taint there is in misfortune! yet no one knew what his misfortune was. His first sermon was anticipated by the majority with invidious sneering, by a portion with such obscure doubts as to prevent any committal of judgment on their part, and a few kind hearts did beat high with hope and fear.

The day arrived. He appeared to drag himself up the pulpit stairs, but he read a psalm, and got through a prayer with tolerable success. His text was remarkable and inapplicable to the particular day, at least so most people thought even in the short space of reading, in a slow and hollow tone—"As a madman who scattereth firebrands, arrows, and death, so is the man that deceiveth his neighbour, and saith, 'I am in sport.'" As he uttered the last word, he fixed his eyes on Dr. St. Clare, whose seat was exactly opposite to him, and instantly fainted.

Dr. St. Clare happened that day to be the only medical man in church; but he seemed fixed to his seat, and suffered the poor young man to be carried out without even an inquiry.

Abergaveney was seized with a nervous fever, and did not leave his room for many weeks; during which time, as is usual, his place was supplied by the Presbytery. It was rumoured that they taxed him with the singularity of his text on the day of his unlucky first appearance, and that he answered very coldly, and with a dignity which the excessive sweetness of his disposition seldom suffered him to assume, that "he did not know he was amenable to the Presbytery for his texts; and that he supposed, if he had chosen, in all scripture, the words most irrelevant, no one could dare to find fault, since it *was* scripture."

The public mind very much resembles a collection of mob boys; a straw will turn it. "Halloo!" to the villain; "Hey!" to the saint. It depends on less than a breath which it *shall* be. Which it *should* be is often known only to God.

The previous change in Abergaveney's appearance, his sudden fainting, and his remarkable look towards Dr. St. Clare, which many had observed, turned the tide of disfavour for a space on the physician. "He had surely been guilty of something which had wounded the feelings of the poor young man, and every one knew that he was particularly sensitive." The Doctor had a secondary fault, one which is almost a natural consequence of intense curiosity, viz. a tendency to sneer; for the consciousness of possessing secrets known to nobody else is very apt to generate this cruel and unmanly quality. It was immediately resolved, in all the committees of scandal, that he had inflicted something of contumely on the young minister. This passed current for some days, but, on mature consideration, such a cause could not have produced such an effect. "No, no, the doctor's a doctor; and, faith, doctors get into queer secrets—ay, that is just it." This was the more especially sufficient inasmuch as Dr. St. Clare was always mute on the subject; and, generally speaking, a man is never so well justified as by silence,—that is, if he be of a certain standing in society.

The former feeling towards Abergaveney had been that of an ill-defined disapprobation, a something which, as it were, stood on the slenderest pivot, to be turned by any chance; but now there was a chillness towards him approaching to the freezing point.

The congregation for a time went to church uncertain which co-presbyter was to preach, and at length became totally indifferent about going at all. They had ceased to inquire after a man that they were scarcely disposed to call their pastor, and dozens were on the point of taking seats in the different secessions. But their inert attention was roused one Sunday morning by a report that Mr. T——, then a rising orator, was that day to hold forth. The very bells seemed to be inspired. There was a pith and clearness in

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the tingle which had not greeted the ears of the parish of ——— for a long time. The air was breathless, and the sun shone forth with that sweet complacency which we are apt to fancy peculiar to a Sabbath morn. There was a quiet bustle, especially in the suburbs. Chest lids were up—coats and hats were brushed—and a quarter of an hour before the usual time all the plebeian seats were filled. In five minutes more, shopkeepers, &c. &c. might be seen in their place; and even the aristocracy (for they, too, had heard the titillating news) arrived a short space too soon. All were seated—noses were blown—the pinch preparatory to attention taken—Bibles turned up the right way—ladies leant their pretty cheeks on gloved or ungloved hands as colour or ornaments might induce—and the patron sat with his arms recumbent on his green velvet cushion. All, in short, was significant of the deep attention of people curious to see and to hear. Eyes were eagerly bent on the pulpit-stair, and the hearts of those liable to extra-excitation could scarcely be said to move. The minister's seat began to fill, and ——Good heaven!—Mr. T——, the expected orator, followed the ladies, and placed himself beside the youngest and the fairest! What next? An awful pause ensued! It is, in fact, astonishing how rational creatures can be so excited.—(Query, are they rational?) At last, with a firm step, an upright look, and, in fact, the bearing of one who has buckled on his sword and bared his right arm, Mr. Abergaveney entered his pulpit. There was a simultaneous change in position. The plebeians leant their heads on the fronts of their seats—the shopkeepers took a pinch of defiance, or opened and ruffled the leaves of their Bibles—the ladies withdrew their elbows from their leaning places, and reclined back, and the patron raised himself to his utmost sitting altitude.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Spirit of Discovery.

NEW GAS MICROSCOPE.

ANOTHER, and greatly improved, hydro-oxygen microscope, whose powers are far beyond either of the two which we have before noticed, has been constructed by Mr. Holland, and is exhibiting its wonderful effects at 106, New Bond-street. The instrument at the Microcosm, in Old Bond-street, and that at Carpenter's, in Regent-street, are nearly similar in the range of their powers; the only essential difference between them being, that Carpenter's is achromatic, and consequently reflects the objects on the disc in purer colours, and free from the prismatic hues, which, in instruments not achromatic, are seen forming a fringe or edge round the object. The highest power of these two instruments is five hundred thousand times; and they do not shew opaque objects, except as colourless shadows, their details of form not being apparent.

The magnifying powers of the improved instrument of Messrs. Holland and Joyce extend to two millions and a half—that is, two millions beyond the highest powers of the others. It likewise exhibits opaque objects in their natural colours, and with a sufficient degree of distinctness to render the instrument available to the discovery of their exterior construction. But the capabilities of the instrument in this respect are not yet fully developed; the highest power which has been hitherto directed to the display of opaque objects being thirty-five thousand. Some seeds were exhibited, which appeared like solid objects resting on a dark background, or rather suspended in space: those in the centre of the disc being most strongly defined, and producing a sort of chiaroscuro as in one of Rembrandt's pictures.

Experiments are going on with a view to render the powers of the instrument comparatively as efficient for opaque as transparent objects. The disc contains 254 square feet, and is 18 feet in diameter, being twice that of either of the others. The instrument is not achromatic, however. It exhibited a flea under the power of 2,500,000, magnified to literally the size of an elephant; and though only a semi-transparent object, it seemed as vivid and distinct as when seen under a power of only 500,000 through the other instruments. There would seem to be no limits to the marvels of the microscope.—*Spectator*.

The Gatherer.

Exportation of Coals.—By a return to Parliament, it appears, that during the year ending the 5th of January, 1833, 10,161 tons were exported to Gibraltar, 605 tons to Spain and the Balearic Islands, 3,422 tons to Malta, 4,039 tons to Italy and the Italian Islands, 1,180 tons to the Ionian Islands, 2,435 tons to the Russian ports in the Black Sea, 323 tons to Turkey and Continental Greece, 647 tons to the Morea and Greek Islands, 7,260 tons to Egypt. Total, 30,072 tons.

FERNANDO.

Decreased Consumption of Hops.—The consumption of hops during four years of the last century was greater by nearly 37,000,000 lbs. than it was during the last four years; The Government revenue was, in 1815, 215,441*l.*; in 1824, 258,838*l.*; in 1831, only 153,125*l.*—*Martin's Taxation of the British Empire.*

Echo.—It is not generally known that there is a fine echo on the river Thames, or on the Surrey shore, facing Chelsea Hospital. At one part, it is repeated twice, and thrice, if the person is in the middle of the river.

G. W.

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Antique Tombstone.—In the chancel of the Church of All Saints, at Malden, Essex, is a stone of white marble, on which is a Latin epitaph to this effect:—"The deposit of John Vernon, Gent., Turkey merchant, who hath often crossed the seas, tempted thereto not so much by the love of gain, as an ardent desire of beholding the wonderful works of God in the deep. He boasts of this sepulchral stone, as not the least reward of all his labours, it being discovered among the ruins of Smyrna: he also brought to light some choice ancient manuscripts, monuments of that ancient city; with these he enriched his native country. He is now safely arrived at the haven of rest. He died January 28, 1653, aged 84." P. T. W.

Evenings in Venice.—It is quite common at Venice for persons of the first distinction, and of both sexes, after having spent the evening at the different cassinos, to form parties, and adjourn to a tavern to supper. The ladies are particularly fond of these banquets, where mirth and good humour abound; but they make it a rule, which they never in any instance depart from, to pay their share of the expense, nor will they allow their nearest connexions to pay for them; nothing, in fact, offends a Venetian lady more than that any man of the party should offer to pay for her upon any of these occasions. T. Gill.

Captain Cook.—Among the papers of the late Colonel Molesworth Phillips, who was a lieutenant of Marines in Cook's Expedition, is the following memorandum: "With all deference to the printed memoirs, I do not believe that Captain Cook was ever at school, as I recollect at supper, (at which meal he was socially communicative, though at dinner he was generally thoughtful,) after speaking of himself, "Sir," said I, "I have been told that you taught yourself to read and write." "No," replied the Captain, "my mother taught me to read, but I was my own master in writing." A Correspondent.

Sharp Logic.—Watts, in his *Logick*, says, "There is a sharpness in vinegar, and there is a sharpness in pain, in sorrow, and in reproach; there is a sharp eye, a sharp wit, and a sharp sword: but there is not one of these sharpnesses the same as another of them; and a sharp east wind is different from them all." P. T. W.

Vaccination.—A Bombay journal states, on the authority of a letter from Mocha, that "from the vaccine matter having lately failed in Egypt in a great many instances, medical gentlemen were led to institute certain experiments, by which it has been discovered that by inoculating a cow with small-pox matter from the human body, fine active vaccine virus is produced. At the time the letter was written, there was a Greek child at Mocha that had been successfully vaccinated with matter direct from the cow, produced as above-mentioned; and the virus taken from its pustules had acted with the best effect on several other children at Suez, where former attempts had failed. Fernando.

A Paradise.—When the Persian ambassador and his suite left England a few years since, many of them shed tears. One of the suite, who had been struck with the quiet of an Englishman's life, compared to that of a Persian, exclaimed, that he could not wish for a better paradise than Chelsea Hospital, where, for the remainder of his days, he could sit under the trees, do nothing, and drink as much porter as he liked.

A Blow-up.—A Persian, some years since, built a powder-mill at Tabriz, from his casual inspection of a similar building at Constantinople. It is of brick, stone, and *marble*, and cost a vast sum of money. The door is of iron, and to prevent explosion, is constantly wetted when the mill is working. Mr. Morier remarked to the architect, that, in Europe, owing to the frequent explosion of powder mills, they are now constructed of cheap and slight materials. Being a good predestinarian, the builder replied, "Inshallah, please God, this will never blow up. See that of Constantinople, how long that has stood: surely this can last as long."

Crooked People made Straight.—At Paris there is an establishment, "Orthopedique," for making crooked people straight—which may probably also answer the purpose of adding a cubit to the stature. The busts of the cured are preserved in plaster; and the difference is so great as to astonish every one.—*French Paper.*

Happy Thought.—Joe Spiller, the comedian, having to give out a play on a Saturday evening, addressed the audience in the following manner:—"Ladies and Gentlemen, to-morrow"—but was interrupted by a person in the pit, who told him to-morrow was Sunday. "I know it, sir," replied the droll, and gravely proceeded, "to-morrow will be preached, at the parish church of St. Andrew's, Holborn, a charity sermon, for the benefit of a number of poor boys and girls; and on Monday will be presented, in this place, a comedy, &c., for the benefit," &c. Thomas Gill.

It is worthy of remark, that these two words in the English language contain all the vowels, and in proper order, viz. *facetiously* and *abstemiously*. F. H. N.

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The Mirror

OF

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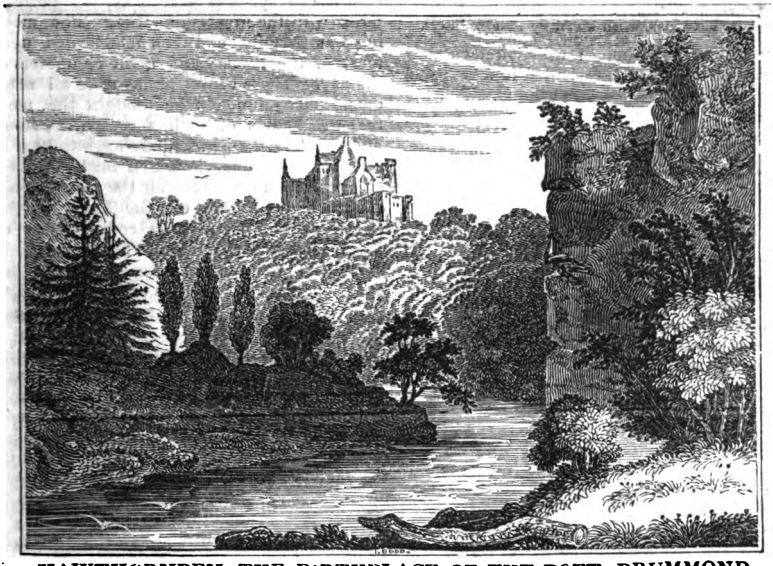

HAWTHORNDEN, THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE POET, DRUMMOND.

FEW of our pages, or niches, (which are occupied with memorials of men of genius,) have more interesting associations than the present: the birthplace of Drummond, "the first and best example of a Scottish poet departing from the dialect of his country, and rising into pure and classic English."

Hawthornden is situated amidst the lovely recesses of the picturesque glen of the Esk, in the county of Edinburgh, or Mid-Lothian, about seven miles south of "the Queen of the North." The ancient house rises from a precipitous rock overhanging the south bank of the river. Here was born, December 13, 1585, William Drummond,* poet and historian; the friend of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson. Young Drummond was educated at Edinburgh, whence he went to London, and being intended for the legal profession, he was, at the age of twenty-one, sent by his father to study civil law at Bruges. After a residence of nearly four years abroad, he returned to Scotland (1609) and remained at Hawthornden. Soon after his return, his father died, and having thus come into the possession of an independent inheritance, he gave up all thoughts of the law, and resolved to enjoy dignified quiet on his own domain, and there cultivate the graces of poesy. "Than Hawthornden," observes Mr. P. Cunningham, (a son of the poet, Allan,) "no place could be found more likely to awaken the feeling of poetry; the house stands on the top of a rocky and precipitous bank, looking down on the river and caverned woods. The place almost remains the same since the time

That Jonson sat in Drummond's classic shade;

the wild, romantic glen, cypress groves, and picturesque mansion, are little or nothing altered."†

"The first known effusion of Drummond's muse was, 'the Tears on the Death of Mœliades, or the Death of Prince Henry, eldest son of James the First.' Mœliades is a name which that prince assumed in all his challenges of a martial sort, as the anagram of 'Miles a Deo.' The verses were written in 1613, and gained the author great popularity. Drummond says, 'Jonson's censure of my verses was, that they were all good, especiallie my epitaph on the Prince.'

* He was the son of Sir John Drummond, Usher and Knight of the Black Rod to James VI., and Susannah Fowler, his wife. The Drummonds of Hawthornden were descended from those of Carnuck, afterwards Earls and Dukes of Perth: the family had given a queen to Scotland, Anabella Drummond, the beautiful and accomplished consort of Robert III., and mother of the poet-king, James I. of Scotland.—Life of Drummond, by Peter Cunningham, prefixed to a handsome edition of Drummond's Poems, just published.

† Life, prefixed to the Poems, 1833.

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"The following lines have all the tenderness and sweetness of the truest poetry:

Ah! thou hast left to live; and in the time
When scarce thou blossom'dst in thy pleasant prime,
So falls by northern blast a virgin rose
At half that doth her bashful bosom close.
So a sweet flower languishing decays,
That late did blush, when kiss'd by Phœbus' rays.

"Drummond, though widely known now as a poet, had not yet printed in a collected form any of his verses. A volume, under the title of 'Poems, amorous, funerall, divine, pastorall, in sonnets, songs, sextains, madrigals, by W. D. the Author of the Teares on the Death of Mœliades,' now made its appearance in Edinburgh. It contains some of those exquisite sonnets which rank him so high as a poet.

"On his recovery from a dangerous fit of illness, he wrote 'the Cypresse Grove,' 'a piece of excellent prose, both for the fineness of the style and the sublimity and piety of the sentiments.' The principal aim of the Author is to represent the vanity and instability of human affairs; to teach us a due contempt of the world; and give us a view of eternal happiness: in this he has succeeded to an eminent degree; his illness must have impressed him with the idea of it, and made him write more feelingly and warmly: the style is flowery and over-poetical for prose. Report has said, this piece was composed in one of the caves of the lofty precipice on which the house of Hawthornden stands, and which is to this day called the Cypresse Grove. In 1617, he wrote his 'Forth Feasting;' a congratulatory poem to King James on his revisiting Scotland, which Jonson admired so much that he wished he had been the author of it.

"We now come to the most interesting part of Drummond's life, viz. Ben Jonson's visit to Hawthornden.

"In the year 1618, the latter set off from London on foot, for Scotland, principally with the intention of visiting Hawthornden, where he stayed during the last three weeks of his journey."*

Respecting this visit, the laborious Mr. Chambers notes "a circumstance so characteristic and so probable," that he "cannot but believe it true. Drummond, it is said, on seeing Ben approaching the house, went out, like a good landlord, to the outside of his gate, in order to bid him welcome under the shade of his 'Covin tree.' As he shook the dramatist by the hand, he exclaimed, in mock heroic style,

'Welcome, welcome, royal Ben!'

To which Jonson immediately answered in such a way as to make up a Hudibrastic couplet:

'Thank ye, thank ye, Hawthornden!'"†

Mr. Cunningham omits this anecdote; but he furnishes us with many interesting particulars of the meeting between the two poets:

"Drummond expected the visit, for he had before corresponded and was on familiar terms with the great dramatist. The meeting was friendly, and their talk turned upon most of the literary and great characters of the day. These conversations were all noted down by Drummond: he thought the more that was known of such a man the better; and very likely wished future ages to bear in mind, that the illustrious Ben made a pedestrian journey to Scotland for the sole purpose of visiting the author of 'the Teares on the Death of Mœliades.' In consequence of these conversations, says Mr. Campbell, 'Jonson's memory has been damned for brutality, and Drummond's for perfidy;' they have certainly brought down showers of abuse on the author's head."

Foremost among these vituperators was the late Mr. Gifford, and many a literary adventurer may recollect that he had a heavy hand at criticism: he spared neither the rod, nor spoiled the child. In his Life of Jonson, he assailed Drummond for certain passages in the anecdotes, which, to say the truth, are of an offensive character; but, Mr. Cunningham notes:

"A writer in Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine,‡ alluding to Drummond's summary of the character of Jonson, says, 'such is the face and front of Drummond's mighty offence;' only a mighty offence to Mr. Gifford, and to no one else.

"Jonson, as I have said, stayed three weeks at Hawthornden; from thence he returned to London: a correspondence was carried on between the poets, as Jonson intended publishing his Tour; part of it was written, but burnt at his death amongst several other papers. Jonson revisited Drummond in April, 1619.

"At Edinburgh, in 1623, was published 'the Flowers of Sion, or Spiritual Poems,' with a reprint of 'the Cypress Grove.' They could not do otherwise than raise Drummond's poetical fame.

"Now it was that Drummond became enamoured of a young lady, a daughter of Cunningham of Barnes: he was fortunate in his addresses; she consented. The day was fixed for their nuptials, and all was ready. Alas! that beauty, of whom he oft had sung,

* Life by Cunningham.—Note.—In old accounts it is stated he stayed some months.

† Picture of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 86.—"The Covin Tree" is still pointed out to visiters; and Mr. Chambers elsewhere explains that "at all old Scottish mansion houses, there was a tree at some distance from the door, called the Coglin Tree, where the landlord met his guests, and to which he always accompanied them, uncovered, when they took their departure."

‡ Vol. ii., p. 497, on the attacks of Mr. Gifford: a warm but calm answer; in which Drummond is brought off the field free, and almost unhurt.

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was not destined to be his; for when the day of marriage arrived, the bride was seized with a fever, which put a period to her life, and all the hopes of an ardent lover. She who could occupy all his thoughts when alive, must necessarily fill them more when dead: all his strains bear evidence of his loss, as these passages will show:

Why seek I to prolong these loathsome days?
The fairest rose in shortest time decays.

Sweet Spring, thou com'st; but, ah! my pleasant hours
And happy days with thee come not again;
The sad memorials only of my pain
Do with thee come, which turn my sweets to sours.
Thou art the same which still thou wer't before;
But she whose breath embalm'd thy wholesome air
Is gone, nor gold, nor gems, can her restore.

Each thing I find hath sense except my dear.

I have nought left to wish; my hopes are dead,
And all with her beneath a marble laid.

Biographers tell us that the death of his intended wife filled Drummond's mind with melancholy; as a foil to which he left Scotland, and travelled on the continent. After his return, in 1633, when Charles I. visited Scotland, Drummond assisted in, or probably wrote, the pageants in honour of, the King's arrival at Edinburgh.

Drummond next commenced writing the Lives of the Jameses of Scotland, which did not increase his fame; though that prince of bibliographers, Horace Walpole, wrote in his copy, "Drummond of Hawthornden, one of the best modern historians, and no mean imitator of Livy."

In 1633, Drummond, then aged 45, married Elizabeth Logan; he took his wife to Hawthornden, and commemorated the event in an inscription on the house.

Drummond was a staunch royalist; and in the great civil war between Charles I. and his Parliament, he took patriotic interest. He wrote tracts against the King's enemies; and one of these pieces the great Montrose, desired him to print, "as the best means to quiet the minds of the distracted populace;" for this and other services, the poet obtained Montrose's protection.

Next follow an extraordinary incident in the poet's life and his exit:

"Drummond happening in the summer of the year 1645 to travel northward, he arrived in the dusk of the evening at Forfar, where he intended to pass the night. The inhabitants of Forfar were at that time a race of strict Presbyterians, and held all poets and rhymers of every degree in utter contempt. They had heard of Drummond's approach to the town, and resolved to show no respect, or even to notice him. Upon his arrival there, he found every door shut against him, including the inns and public houses of resort. Bit to the heart with vexation, and pursued by the cries of an anti-poetical people, he found it necessary to go onwards to Kirriemuir, "a bad road, rendered additionally painful by the darkness." The Kirriemuirians had received the intelligence of the poet's welcome at Forfar; and, as a little broil was carrying on betwixt the rival towns, they determined to show him every respect. Next morning, on taking leave, he gratified them by presenting a distich in allusion to their quarrels; which is neither good nor indifferent.

"The Kirriemuirians met the Forfarians at the Muirmoss,
The Kirriemuirians beat the Forfarians back to the cross;
Sutors ye are, and sutors ye'll be—
Fye upon Forfar! Kirriemuir bears the gree."

"The year 1649, which put an end to the hardships and misfortunes of Charles I., is also marked as the year in which Drummond died: grief for the loss of his master, and the upset of all his hopes, is said to have shortened his days. He died on the 4th of December, 1649, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and his remains were interred in the church of Lasswade near Hawthornden.

"Drummond left two sons, William and Robert: the former of whom was knighted in Charles II.'s time; and one daughter, Elizabeth, married to a Dr. Henderson of Edinburgh: his wife survived him some time.

"In this will Drummond says '1000*l.* to be given to my second sone Robert, and ane uther 1000*l.* to my third sone James.' Further, he adds, '500 merkis, with my movabills, will make up a portion for my eldest daughter;' and 'my bodie to be buried within twenty-four hours efter my departour.'

"There are three pictures of Drummond in the possession of Sir Francis Walker Drummond of Hawthornden. And if we can put faith in pictures, his face was long, coarse, and thought-worn; and this is the more visible from the open neck and Elizabethan collar: there is a decided melancholy about his looks. His head is that of Jonson's in miniature—as manly, but more graceful.

"Of his personal character, all writers, save Gifford, speak highly; he was a tender father, a kind husband, and one who would not willingly give offence; a man of pleasing habits, alluring conversations, and strict piety. In addition, he was a methodical man, somewhat given to sallies of wit and humorous sayings. Kept books, in which he noted down the verses of other men as well as his own: had his letters too in order; preserved whatever struck him as clever in the remarks of his companions or correspondents, or pleased him in the compositions of his own pen."

These papers, we learn from the *Athenæum*, July 21, 1832, were arranged into volumes, or, more properly bundles, from the day of the poet's death till 1782, when they were placed in the safe keeping of the Antiquaries

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of Scotland, where they lay for forty years and odd, when Mr. David Laing rescued them from obscurity, and caused them to be bound in 15 volumes.

In concluding this brief outline of the poet's life, we have much pleasure in introducing to the notice of the lover of genuine poetry, the edition of Drummond's Poems lately printed under Mr. P. Cunningham's superintendence. The Memoir prefixed to the Poems, is imbued with the right spirit of enthusiasm, and every page bears evidence of critical acumen and impartiality. After observing upon "the pure and classic English" of Drummond's poetry, Mr. Cunningham says:

"There are examples, indeed, in 'the King's Quhair,' and in other poems: but the language is antiquated, and to us odd; whereas that of Drummond is at this day as pure and elegant as the diction of Milton or Pope. In flow and harmony he is equalled, but certainly not surpassed; in sentiment and expression he is excelled by Shakspeare, Beaumont, and Fletcher, and Spenser. He appears not, however, to have formed his verse on the style of any of these great poets: look at his sonnets, and say, what poet of the year 1600 has written ought so neat, so graceful, and so harmonious; Milton's are of a later day. If he deviated into a pure and classic strain, he was followed for a long while by none of his countrymen. Between the days of Sir David Lyndsay and Allan Ramsay, or more properly Thomson, Scotland produced no poet, save Drummond, who could be named with the mighty ones who adorned England: the strains of those songsters were humble and uncouth, and, with the exception of some songs and ballads, scarcely merit the name of poetry. This only increases our admiration of Drummond. He seems to have anticipated the result of the union of the crowns—the gradual blending of his native tongue with the more popular one of England; for though the songs of Burns, and the romances of Scott, will keep the dialect or language from perishing; it will be to some future generation what the language of Chaucer is to ours.

"With all his purity of language, and poetic grace, Drummond has never been a popular poet, in the ordinary meaning of the word. He has, however, enjoyed the reputation which learning and genius bestow: he has been imitated by some, quoted or alluded to by others, and his name is now perhaps as high as it was, when, in the words of Collins,

'Jonson sat in Drummond's classic shade.'"

Mr. Chambers describes Hawthornden as a manor-house of the reign of Charles I. engrafted upon the ruins of an ancient baronial castle. Mr. Cunningham, however, notes that Hawthornden was not rebuilt by Drummond, but was only restored in 1638, although Mr. Chambers states that "the present house was built by the poet; as is testified by an inscription on the front." On one side its walls rise directly up from the brink of a deep precipice: on the other they adjoin to a level and well cultivated domain.

THE "DANE JOHN," AT CANTERBURY.

(To the Editor.)

As the subject of public walks has recently occupied the attention of a Parliamentary Committee, with a view to their formation and improvement in and near London, the following description of one of these salutary aids to the happiness of the people, in an important provincial town, may be interesting to the reader.

Among the public walks contiguous to provincial towns in England, the *Dane John* at Canterbury merits especial notice. It consists of an artificial mount, nearly adjoining the high road through the city, in a large space of ground bounded by the south-western angle of the ancient walls, along the top of which runs a handsome terrace-walk, forming a summer promenade for the inhabitants. This area is planted with trees and shrubs, and is kept with admirable neatness by a gardener, who lives in a cottage picturesquely placed in a small grove of trees near the spot; and has a liberal salary from the corporation purse. The mount itself is ascended by means of zig-zag walks, between quick hedges, and is surmounted by a stone column with a vane and other ornaments, and bearing marble tablets with the following inscriptions:

"This field and hill were improved, and these terraces, walks, and plantations made, in the year 1790, for the use of the public, at the sole expense of James Simmons, Esq. of this city, alderman and banker. To perpetuate the memory of which generous transaction, and as a mark of gratitude for his other public services, this pillar was erected by voluntary subscription in the year 1803."

"The Mayor and Commonalty of this ancient City, in consequence of the expensive improvements lately made in this field, unanimously resolved, in the year 1802, to appropriate the same in perpetuity to the use of the public, and to endow it with sixty pounds a-year for the maintenance and support of the terrace, walks, and plantations, payable out of their chamber."

The principal walk is thirteen feet wide, and about 400 yards long, and the length of the terrace extends to more than 600 yards; having numerous alcoves and seats, and an orchestra, in which a band of music is occasionally stationed. From the terrace and mount, the prospect of the surrounding country, its gently-rising hills and innumerable hop-gardens, superadded to the grandeur and sublimity of the ruins of the castle and monastery, the magnificent cathedral, and other edifices,—combine to form one of the finest *coups-d'œil* it has ever been my good

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fortune to enjoy: indeed, the pains which have been taken to render this spot an agreeable public resort for the inhabitants of Canterbury, are highly creditable to the liberality, taste, and good sense, of the corporation. Of the origin of the name of this agreeable appendage to the town, I can speak with less confidence. It is called the *Dane John*, or *Dungeon* Field or Walks, and it is supposed to have acquired its appellation from the defensive works thrown up here by the Danes. Mr. Gosling, in his ingenious *Walk in and about Canterbury*, however, questions whether the Christian name were found among Pagans. Some have derived the name from the French word *Donjon*, a turret in old fortifications, and deny that the Danes had anything to do with these works, unless in efforts to destroy them. Again, others have contended, that although John is not a Danish name, *Jon* is. I must, however, leave the matter for "the curious to construe."

PHILO.

THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

AN EIGHTH TRANSLATION, &c.

(To the Editor.)

IN *Blackwood's Magazine* for June will be found an interesting paper on the "Greek Anthology," in which our excellent friend Christopher North has carefully collected and compared *seven* translations, by various hands, of Simonides's exquisite fragment, "*Danaë*;" and very beautiful some of them are;—none, however, please me so well as one which I, upon a time, transcribed from a number of the *New Monthly Magazine* for 1821; and which, (though, as a female, my case is absolutely worse than Shakspeare's, with his "little Latin and no Greek,") comparing with those given in an English dress, and submitting it to the test of North's comments upon them, I am inclined to pronounce one of the best, if not the best English translation of this poem, which has appeared; and being persuaded that the learned Editor of *Blackwood*, had he been aware of the existence of this translation, would have added it to his examples, I send it to your widely-diffused Miscellany, under the idea that its perusal will afford pleasure and satisfaction to such of your readers as are also readers of Maga, the "Matchless." The author's name I am unable to give, as the paper appeared anonymously:—

DANAE.

From a fragment of Simonides.

WHEN the lone ark, in darkness lost,
Reel'd on the ocean, tempest-tost;
When down her cheeks began to flow
Tears that betrayed a mother's woe,
Pale Danaë, close, and closer prest
Her babe in anguish to her breast;
And o'er him said, "Deep woes are mine,
"But peace, my child, and slumber thine!

"Thou sleepest in a joyless home,
Thy cradle the sea-billow—
Thou sleepest where the wild waves foam,
My troubled breast thy pillow;
While darkly arching o'er thy brow
The swoln surge casts its shade below.

"Thou slumb'rest, heedless of the flash,
While lightnings round thee sweep,
Thou slumb'rest, reckless of the crash,
While thunders rouse the deep;
Nor, while soft flows in sleep thy breath,
Hear'st in each wind a voice of death!

"A dew of sleep, thine eyelid closes,
But tears from mine o'erflow;
A glowing on thy cheek reposes,
But mine is pale with woe.
Fair child! beneath thy purple vest,
How beautiful, how sweet, thy rest!

"Ah! if my terror mov'd thy fear,
If heard a mother's sigh,
My kiss should steal away thy tear,
My soothing lullaby
Should softly breathe: 'Sleep on, my child,
And with thee sleep the sea-storm wild!
Sleep on, my child! and with thee sleep
The woe that bids me wake, and weep!'"

This is something more than an "elegant translation;" it is POETRY—beautiful, and deeply tender: poetry which, once heard or read, is never to be forgotten.

Whilst on the subject of *Blackwood's* article, "The Greek Anthology," allow me to mention a similarity between a couplet by Sappho, and a short lyric by an accomplished Englishwoman, which amounts, I think, to a coincidence, probably little dreamt of by the latter. After noticing that celebrated Sapphic, of which Phillips's translation is the best known, viz.—

"Blest as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak, and sweetly smile," &c. &c.

North says—"She (Sappho) durst not have depicted a girl thus overcome to the very death, by looking (at), and listening to, a youth. She shows, in another composition of two lines, how near "a puir bit lassie" might languish towards deliquium under such an impulse, even in the absence of her beloved boy:

"Sweet mother! no longer am I able to weave the web,
Overcome by longing for that boy, through influence of Venus, (the irresistible)."
(Literally rendered by C. North.)

"Mother, sweet mother! 'tis in vain—
I cannot now the shuttle throw;
That youth is in my heart, and brain,
And Venus' ling'ring fires within me glow.'
By Elton.•

Let us now compare with this the passion of an English lassie, as painted by an English lady, which also languishes "towards deliquium, in the absence of her beloved

• I add the following translation, but know not by whom it is, as I saw it attached to a picture in a friend's scrap-book, without a name:

"Cease, gentle mother! cease thy sharp reproof,
My hands no more can ply the curious woof;
Whilst on my mind the flames of Cupid prey,
And lovely Phaön steals my soul away."

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boy." In those "Six Canzonets, by Haydn," composed for, and dedicated to, the late Mrs. John Hunter, (which will never, it is to be hoped, be out of fashion, so long as the inhabitants of this wicked world have any sort of taste for music,) will be found a song, the words by Mrs. J. Hunter, the exquisite music by a master who knew how to touch the heart, but in whose tender melody the simple pathos and truth of those words have often, I suspect, been overlooked. It is as follows; and will, at least by the musical, be recognised:—

"My mother bids me bind my hair
With bands of rosy hue—
Tie up my sleeves with ribbons rare,
And lace my boddice blue.

"'For why,' she cries, '*sit still* and *weep*,
While others dance and play?'
Alas! *I scarce can go or creep,*
While LUBIN *is away.*

"'Tis sad to think the days are gone
When those we love were near;
I sit upon this mossy stone,
And sigh when none can hear.

"And while I spin my flaxen thread,
And sing my simple lay,
The village seems asleep or dead,
Now LUBIN *is away.*"

But, that in the olden day, queens even spun "the flaxen thread," it might be supposed that Sappho's *amoureuse* was a "puir bit" village "lassie;"—still, princess or peasant, how much more modest, delicate, maidenly, and becoming, is the English girl. Both pictures are true to nature—both bear, *in sentiment*, a striking, a coincident resemblance; yet, the languishment of the young Greek is calculated to disgust, because she boldly *talks* of "the fires of Venus;" whilst that of the British maiden, who is suffering under the self-same influence—as may be gathered from her neglect of dress, her tears, sighs, apathy towards accustomed amusements, and feeling of grave-like dullness and solitude,—commands pity and respect; for, it is not *proclaimed* in *unambiguous* terms: no, not even to her mother, whose kind reproof the damsel receives in silence, reserving such confessions for "the mossy stone" and herself only.

With these remarks, which will not I trust be deemed otherwise than pertinent, I shall conclude my letter.

Great Marlow, Bucks. M. L. B.

LAW OF PATENTS.—SPINDLES AND COG-WHEELS.

(*To the Editor.*)

IN No. 618 of *The Mirror*, page 96, headed "Patents," a Correspondent mentions* the manufacturing of hard steel spindles and the cutting of cog-teeth, invented by Mr. Gilpin, as ceasing with his death. We beg to inform you we purchased the machinery for manufacturing spindles, &c., of Mr. Gilpin, and have continued to make them on the same principles to the present time. The machine for cutting cog-teeth was sold to Messrs. Strutt, of Belper; and similar machines may be seen in almost every machine-shop throughout the kingdom.

Important improvements in spinning machinery were effected by these two inventions; and great merit is due to our predecessor.

Sheffield. TAYLOR, YEOMANS, AND SHAW.

* "Upon the authority of Mr. John Farey."

Anecdote Gallery.

LAW ANECDOTES.—THE BAR, BENCH, AND WOOLSACK.

WHILST the celebrated Mr. Dunning, afterwards Lord Ashburton, was at the bar, he by his conduct did much to support the character and dignity of a barrister, which was frequently disregarded by Lord Mansfield, at that time Chief Justice. The attempts of the Chief Justice to browbeat the Counsel were on many occasions kept in check by the manly and dignified conduct of Mr. Dunning. Lord Mansfield possessed great quickness in discovering the gist of a cause, and having done so, used to amuse himself by taking up a book or a newspaper whilst Counsel was addressing the Court. Whenever Mr. Dunning was speaking, and his lordship seemed thus to hold his argument as of no consequence, the advocate would stop suddenly in his address, and on his lordship observing, "Pray go on, Mr. Dunning," he would reply, "I beg your pardon, my lord, but I fear I shall interrupt your lordship's *more important* occupations. I will wait until your lordship has leisure to attend to my client, and his humble advocate."

Lord Chief Justice Willes had, on one occasion, presided at an Assize at Chelmsford, in Essex, when some persons were tried and condemned for rioting. It was soon afterwards communicated to his lordship, that a large body of rioters were approaching the town, with a resolution to rescue their brethren from the custody of the civil power. Turning to the High Sheriff, who was in Court, his lordship observed, in a determined tone, "Sir, if the rioters attempt to approach any nearer to us, take the prisoners and immediately hang them up in the highest part of the town." This well-timed declaration had the desired effect. The mob, on being informed of the Judge's declaration, thought fit to disperse without attempting to carry their threat into effect.

So rooted and vehement was Judge Hale's abhorrence of everything like improper influence on the Bench, that he carried his

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punctilious feelings sometimes to an almost fantastical excess, as the following anecdote will show. A gentleman, who happened to be a party in a cause which stood for trial at the Assizes, sent a buck to Judge Hale, as a present. On the trial coming on, the learned Judge remembered the name, and desired to know "if he was the same person who sent him the venison?" On discovering that this was the fact, he told the donor, "that he could not suffer the trial to go on till he had paid him for his buck." The gentleman answered, "that he never sold his venison, and that he had done nothing to him which he did not do to every judge that had gone that circuit;" an assertion confirmed by several gentlemen present. The Judge, however, calling to mind the maxim of Solomon, that "a gift perverteth the ways of judgment," would not suffer the trial to proceed until the venison was paid for, which, the gentleman chose to resent as an insult, by withdrawing the record.

A Welsh Judge, celebrated as a suitor for all sorts of places, and his neglect of personal cleanliness, was thus addressed by Mr. Jekyll, "As you have asked the ministers for every thing else, why have you never asked them for a piece of soap and a nail-brush?"

When that vacancy happened on the Exchequer Bench which was afterwards filled by Mr. Adams, the ministry could not agree among themselves whom to appoint. It was debated in Council, the King, George II., being present; till the dispute growing very warm, his majesty put an end to the contest, by calling out in broken English, "I will have none of dese, give me the man wid de dying speech," meaning Mr. Adams, who was then Recorder of London, and whose business it, therefore, was to make the report to his majesty of the convicts under sentence of death.

When Lord Thurlow was created a peer, the proper officer of the Heralds' College waited on him for his pedigree, that it might be presented to the House of Peers in the customary manner. Lord Thurlow's stern nature could never yield to any exposure of the meanness of his origin,* for his father was an honest weaver of Norwich. The oft-repeated question respecting his father, was at last varied by the herald to "What was your mother's name?" "I cannot tell," was the only surly reply, and this reply is now recorded in the House of Peers instead of a long pedigree.

When Lord Erskine made his *debut* at the bar, his agitation almost overcame him, and he was just about to sit down. "At tha moment," he used to say, "I thought I felt my little children tugging at my gown, and the idea roused me to an exertion of which I did not think myself capable."

Mr. John Clerk, (afterwards Lord Eldin,) in pleading before the House of Lords one day, happened to say, in his broadest Scotch accent, "In plain English, ma Lords;" upon which Lord Eldon jocosely remarked, "In plain Scotch, you mean, Mr. Clerk." The prompt advocate instantly rejoined, "Nae matter! in plain common sense, ma Lords, and that's the same in a' languages, ye'll ken." W. G. C.

* This is not the motive usually attributed to his lordship.—ED.

Manners and Customs.

INDIAN TRAITS.

Two pretty little volumes of *Harper's Miscellany*, published at New York, have just fallen into our hands, and convince us that the Transatlantic publishers are "progressing;" these specimens being much on a par with *Constable's Miscellany*, neatly printed, and sprinkled with cuts. Their subject is—not a reprint from an English work, as most of the volumes of the American *Family Library* are—but, an inquiry of some originality, "being Sketches of the Manners, Customs, and Character of the North-American Natives." The work opens with a chapter explanatory of its object, thus strikingly placed before the reader:—

"Two centuries ago, the entire surface of this vast American continent was covered with an Indian population. From the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific, and from the broad waters of Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, the Red Man roamed in his native wilderness, fearless and free as the deer that fled from the sound of his footstep. The smoke of his wigwam rose peacefully from every hill-side and every river-bank of the sunny South. The green woods of the North echoed to the voice of the hunter. The prairies of the Illinois and the Wabash were but so many battle-fields for the warrior of the West."

After reference to the power of the Indians at this date, and the characteristic enjoyments of savage life, the writer continues: "Such were the American Indians in the days of their prosperity, and such are they now. It is this extraordinary but unfortunate people to the description of whose manners, customs, institutions, and genius, the following chapters will be chiefly devoted. The sad fact that the race has degenerated and disappeared—and yet more, that the scanty remnants of their tribes which still linger on the frontiers are becoming fewer and feebler from day to day—ought by no means to make them an object of contemptuous regard. On the contrary, they should add to the interest, as they

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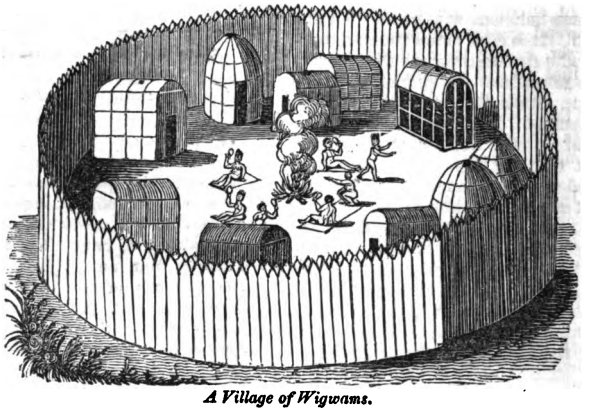
will undoubtedly add to the value, of all the faithful information which can be collected concerning them. The time will come but too soon, we fear, when the history of the Indians will be the history of a people of which no living specimen shall exist upon the earth;—too soon will the places that now know them know them never again. Their council-fires will have gone out upon the green hills of the South. Their canoes shall plough no more the bosom of the Northern Lakes. Even the prairies and mountains of the far West will cease to be their refuge from the rushing march of civilization. Their forests will be felled; their game will disappear: and then,—if indeed no portion of them can be rescued by benevolence from the grave of heathenism,—if no blessed ray of the knowledge of man, or the saving truth of Heaven, shall lighten the gloom of the wilderness,—then will the last Indian stand upon the verge of the Pacific seas, and his sun will have gone down for ever."

The contents are then arranged in chapters, all of which teem with anecdotes of ingenuity and enterprise, and interesting outlines of character—as Personal Traits, Dress, Decorations, and Habitations, whence we select—



A Village of Wigwams.

"The habitations of the American Indians, under various names, have always been much alike in all parts of the continent. In New England, and generally throughout the country, when the Europeans first arrived, they were mostly constructed arbour-wise, of small young trees, bent, and twisted together. A fire was made in the centre of the house, and there was an opening at the top, intended to let out the smoke. This purpose, however, was not very thoroughly effected. The wigwam was but a smoky cell at best; and in rainy and windy weather, when the occupant was obliged to cover his chimney-hole in the roof with a mat, or with boughs of trees, to keep out the moisture, it was still less agreeable, though tolerably warm and dry. A place of entrance, made on one side as a door, was generally left open, but furnished with a hanging mat or piece of bark, which could be easily dropt and fastened over it, in the night-time or in storms. These wigwams were sometimes built of dry poles instead of young trees, so that when a family wished to move, they had only to bundle up their poles, strap them upon their shoulders, and march off to some other part of the country, where a new habitation could be set up in a few hours. They were governed in their choice of a residence, by the opportunities they met with of finding abundance of fuel and food. Fresh water and fresh fish were great objects among the rest; and, therefore, a cluster of wigwams was always to be seen in the neighbourhood of good springs, brooks, or rivers.

"It was common also at the South, to surround a whole village with a fortification against enemies, which consisted in a palisado about ten or twelve feet high; and to render it the more secure against a sudden attack, they made the wall of two or three thicknesses. They took care not to neglect having a supply of water within the walls, and a place for a common fire in the centre, around which they often assembled to perform the war-dance.

"The wigwams of the Indians of the North and West are much the same, to this day, with those just described, except that they are more frequently constructed of rough logs for better security against the severe climate of those sections. Occasionally, too, a floor of planks is to be seen; and perhaps shelves, a few nails driven into the walls, and other trifling improvements which have been slowly borrowed from the whites. In the remoter parts of the country, the customs of the English have made no progress, and the wigwams and furniture of the various tribes are made and used precisely as they were two hundred years ago.

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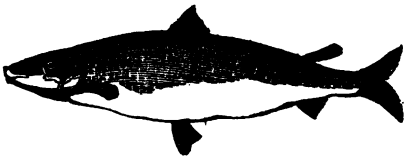
Furniture and Food follow: from the latter is



The White Fish.

"The Chippewas, Ottawas, and other tribes living in the neighbourhood of the great Lakes, subsist almost exclusively, at some seasons, on the *white fish*. There is, perhaps, no more delicious food of the fish kind in the world. It is even better than the trout, and those who live on it for months together continue to relish it at the end of that time as a dainty. It weighs from a pound or two to fifteen pounds. In shape it resembles the shad, found in the rivers of the Atlantic coast; but the head is smaller and more pointed, and the bones larger and less numerous. The meat is as white as the breast of a partridge. It loses some of its flavour by being salted, and in that respect only is a less valuable fish than the shad and salmon. The Indians have a way of curing white-fish by drying in the smoke of their wigwams. In this state they are laid up in large quantities during the autumn, for the winter's provision."

Under Cannibalism are narrated a few appalling anecdotes: Courtship and Marriage are more entertaining heads; Domestic Life and Management of Children are next in due course; from the latter we quote—

"The Engraving represents the manner in which the Indian women of Virginia, and other parts of the Atlantic coast were accustomed to confine their children to a kind of broad frame, which answered the purpose of a cradle. Wool, fur, or some other soft material, was always put between the child and the board. In this posture it was sometimes kept several months, until the bones began to harden, the joints to knit, and the limbs to grow strong. Of course, it could either be laid flat on its back, set leaning on one end against a wall, or hung up to a tree or peg by a strap fastened to one extremity for that purpose. It will be seen, that the manner of carrying the child in summer compelled him to exercise his limbs in holding on. Something very nearly corresponding to all the customs indicated here, is common at this day among the Indians of the remote north and west.

"The next sketch represents a modern Chippewa woman, carrying her child in the winter season.

The *names* of Indian children are in general given to them after animals of various kinds, and even fishes and reptiles. Thus they are called the *Beaver*, *Otter*, *Black-fish*, *Sun-fish*, *Rattle-snake*, *Black-snake*, &c. They give other descriptive titles, from the personal qualities of the child, or from mere fancy and caprice. In after life others are frequently added on the happening of extraordinary events: thus a great warrior, who had been impatiently waiting for day-light to engage the enemy was afterwards called *Cause day-light*, or *Make day-light appear*.

The Snow Shoe, from the chapter on Arts and Manufactures, must close our present extracts. "The Snow Shoe is an ingenious mechanical contrivance of the Indians, and one without which they would be much at a loss, especially in the northern regions. They are about three feet long, and a foot wide in the broadest part. Little sticks placed across at five or six inches from each end, serve to strengthen them. A net-work of twisted deer-skin, cut into strips, is fastened to the frame, and to this the foot is confined by means of strings of the same material. The Snow Shoe used for travelling over a hilly country is turned up at the end, and pointed. To walk well upon these long and broad bottoms requires as much practice as it does to navigate a canoe. An Indian will travel with them forty miles a day, and sometimes more.

(The Snow Shoe.)

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The Public Journals.

POOR ABERGAVENEY.

(*Concluded from page* 111.)

Mr. Abergaveney looked five years older than when he had been last seen, but he was entirely self-possessed. His text was from Jeremiah, — he always preferred the Old Testament,—and the words were, "How do you say we are wise, and the *law* of the Lord is with us? Lo! certainly in vain made he *it*, the pen of the Scribes is vain." It would lengthen our memoir too much to give even the briefest abstract of the sermon that followed, farther than that it embraced the follies and sins of the world, the presumption of saying that we are like those who have a divine law for their guide, and the hitherto small moral effects resulting from it. Suffice it to say, that those who raised their heads to listen and to scoff remained in immovable attention, and perhaps scarcely an eye was withdrawn from his face until he had ceased to speak. There was no allusion to himself in any way, excepting at the close of the service, when he said, "Being still weak from a recent illness, a reverend brother will do duty for me in the afternoon."

No one (not even the ladies) spoke in their seats, and all went forth in utter silence. A complete reaction had taken place. People wondered that they should have found anything surprising in a young man being too modest to rush into a situation of such responsibility; or that a change consequent on much serious thinking should have taken place in his appearance; or that he should have fainted on the immediate approach of so severe an illness. They even found out that it was perfectly natural, under the influence of sudden sickness, perhaps of acute pain, to have fixed his eyes on a medical friend, the man who had known all his ailments from boyhood. "The Doctor's conduct, indeed, was quite inexplicable, but all was assuredly right with the young orator." An orator! How far was John Abergaveney's eloquence removed from the thing called oratory! How little did he wish to be thought the possessor of such froth!

In six months after his ordination, or rather after his first sermon, Mr. Abergaveney lost his mother, and the event seemed to fall upon him with a weight which the most devoted and even romantic filiality could scarcely account for. This was fresh subject of remark, for the public is exceedingly exact in its measurement of grief. The funeral-cake is not cut with more precision than do all around assign a certain number of unsmiling days, but "hitherto shalt thou come and no farther." "What *could* be the meaning of this more than usual grief? Surely he must be compunctious for some unkindness to her!" However, as he abated not one iota of his clerical duties, he was soon forgiven; and as he never visited by any chance except on duty, he made no blank in the social circles. The marriage of his youngest sister to the Reverend Mr. T——, took place soon after his mother's death; and, by a most extraordinary run of good luck, the whole remaining sisterhood were married in rapid succession.

Notwithstanding the admiration which Mr. Abergaveney called forth as a preacher, and the impossibility of discovering any of his duties undischarged, yet something there was to find fault with—his unsocial habits; and these, people began to say, proceeded from a parsimonious disposition. But had this been the case, he would have rejoiced in the disposal of his sisters; instead of which, he seemed to be only less distressed than by the death of his mother. However, it was guessed that hitherto his finances might have been at the disposal of his sisters, but when he should be left alone then they could fairly judge.

When left in solitude he led the life of an ascetic. One elderly female domestic formed his household, and his food was of the simplest order. This, together with the strain of his discourses and other circumstances, led some to suspect that he leant to the faith of the Mother Church. The people shuddered as the tremendous, appalling thought would now and then cross their protesting brains.

Towards the close of the tenth year of his ministry, he was observed to become more attenuated than ever, but his intellectual fervour seemed to be increased. People gazed and listened with an awe which perhaps they scarcely avowed to themselves. Who, indeed, could behold him unmoved? who view without emotion that prematurely stricken appearance, and the deep sorrow which seemed always to pervade him, insomuch that it was sometimes evident his very enunciation was forced, while some feeling, but for a powerful effort, must have choked him?

It is curious, that although a congregation (a Scotch one, at least) may have seen a man enter his pulpit for fifty years, twice every Sunday, they still look at him, on his appearing, as if they expected to see something new and strange in his face. I should imagine, however, that this gazing on the pastor belongs exclusively to what are called *reformed* congregations, because they go rather to hear than to worship. For, with the exception of the English church, even in prayer, they listen for some novelty—something to tickle the perpetually craving ear, besides that their thoughts are not driven inward, nor their souls occupied by private devotion.

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The exploring look was not wanting on the last day that Mr. Abergaveney ever appeared before his people, and every one was surprised and pleased on beholding again something of his juvenile joy of countenance. They turned round and looked on each other, as much as to say, "Do you see that?"

Psalms and prayers over, he opened the Bible at the passage intended for the subject of his discourse, and pausing for a longer space than usual,—for it may easily be supposed he was not a man of "effect,"—he surveyed his congregation as if he would note whether they were probably all present. He then said, "My friends—for in general I believe you are friendly to me—I have now ministered amongst you for nearly ten years, and during that period, I think, you will acquit me of ever having directly or indirectly alluded to myself, except officially. On this day you must pardon me, if, for a few minutes, I crave your attention to myself alone." He was suddenly affected, and stopped for a moment in order to regain his usual firmness.

He resumed with, "This is the last time I shall ever address you. Clergymen have been deposed, not often willingly on their part——but——I here solemnly depose myself. Why I do so, I do not deem it a part of my duty to disclose. *That why* is known only to myself and to other two individuals. When I die all shall be known to such as care, saving the name of him who——but enough of this.

"After this declaration, which should have followed, not preceded, my sermon, you are not bound to sit still and hear me once more, but I am anxious to impress on your minds the fallacy of your own hearts, and that often when you hear of crime, you may look inward and say, 'Might I not have been the man?' I think this impression will be more powerful when you are all aware that, after uttering my final amen of this day, I shall preach no more."

He was seen to tremble, and to hold by the sides of the pulpit; but he soon rallied, and read, without further preamble, the parable of Nathan. "The words of my text," said he, "are—'Thou art the man!'" He gave a striking picture of the insidiousness of vice, and the awful close which too frequently takes place; concluding each separate portrait with the doubt whether we might not tremble at the possibility of the words of Nathan being one day, through the power of our passions, applied to ourselves.

At last he said, "I have in this discourse used the anticlimax, presenting to your view the greater crimes first, because they are comparatively few; but the smaller ones poison, and that daily, the whole stream of life. What I am about to conclude with, you will perhaps, one and all, reckon beneath the dignity of the pulpit,—I mean, curiosity, —what may be called social curiosity, as opposed to philosophical. Trifling as this vice may appear, I hope to prove that there is not one which is more generally mischievous.

After enumerating many serious evils which may ensue from this despicable fault, he wound up a case of great individual misery, and concluded with the words, "How would any one here feel if it were said to him, in reference to this sad wretchedness, 'Thou art the man?'" As he uttered this appeal with a strong and deep, almost hollow emphasis, he fixed his eyes on the face of Dr. St. Clare. There was mortality in the gaze. He sank back on his seat, leant to one side, and never moved more!

His discourses had often, almost always, been better than on this day; but owing to the peculiar circumstances under which this final discourse had been preached, the attention of his hearers had never been more deeply riveted. All started up; but one young man, a working optician and general mechanic, was the first to ascend the pulpit stairs. He loosened Mr. Abergaveney's neckcloth, and put his hand to his heart to feel if it beat; but it was still for ever. Presently two surgeons assisted him in carrying the body down, and, by his desire, in laying it upon the table in the elder's seat. The young man, to whom some way or other, in the general panic, the precedency seemed to have been yielded, addressed the surgeons, after the usual means of bleeding had been tried in vain, and said, "I suppose you are satisfied that life in this unfortunate person is extinct?"

"We are so," was the reply.

"Then, in the mean time, let us cover his remains with the pulpit gown until arrangements are made for his removal to the manse."

An elder now stepped forward, and said, "How is all this? Is there no one here but a young man, of inferior station, and who has never been a communicant, and who is more than suspected of gross infidelity, to give orders in this sudden emergency?"

"This is neither time nor place for dispute," said the youth; "but my character is very dear to me, and I demand to know in what relation of life I have been unfaithful, which I take to be the true and genuine meaning of the word just used? And I desire to know, sir, on another account than my own: it is meet that he who shall render the last honours—duties I would say—to this unhappy person, should be free from all gross charge."

There was a dead silence: the elder, at last, cleared his voice, and had recourse to an evasion (in which, however, there was sincerity) to get himself out of the dilemma.

"You have," said he, "called our late pastor unfortunate and unhappy. Do you mean in the circumstance of his death, or

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have you any other meaning? It behoves us to know this."

"No man," said Benjamin Foster, "can be called unhappy in his death, unless he has cut short the task assigned to him: but surely you all know that the amiable man whose remains lie before us, was most unhappy, and he who is unhappy is surely unfortunate. It may, indeed, seem strange that I—who may be what is called a humble individual—should assume so much; but you all know that I have been honoured by his conversations. His mind was somewhat amused by the diversity of my employments, and—you will probably call me vain—he even found some relaxation in hearing my remarks. But I solemnly declare that he always sought to combat those opinions which differed from the established rule of thinking. Yet," and he looked around him, "are there not some here? I could name a dozen," (and he met the conscious eyes of at least that number,) "who guessed the cause of his misery. I am not, however, one of the two individuals who actually know, beyond a doubt, the cause of his self-deposition."

"I think," said the elder, "you asserted that *you* would render to him the last honours."

"I did so; and will make good my right. He has for some time considered his life as very uncertain, and I can show you the place in his writing desk where there is a letter, in which I am entrusted with his history, whatever that may be, and with a few pounds, reserved from the claims of the poor and his own absolute wants, for his funeral expenses. Therefore I shall, as was his wish, which is intimated by a separate note, take the sole charge of his funeral."

Benjamin showed his credentials, and not even the elder disputed his right.

After the funeral was over, a few called on Benjamin Foster to be informed of the cause of Mr. Abergaveney having given up his charge, when he read as follows from the letter of the departed clergyman:—

"All who recollect me when I was a boy and youth must acknowledge that I was mild and peaceful, and also that I was the pet of the family—not a spirited wrangling pet, who atones for the trouble he occasions by the fun and humour of his freaks. The very child of Peace—Obedience was my motto. Alas! this may be carried too far, and the time may come—perhaps is not far distant—when it will be said 'that there is a vicious contentment.' My profession was fixed *for* me, but my criminal acquiescence could not shut out thought. Doubt rose on doubt. O! the agony of those doubts to one who has been told that he *must* believe! At last, as I saw that my doom approached, 'I burst the bands of fear,' and disclosed all by letter to my brother, the professor of divinity at ———. He replied, urging what has been urged a million times, and clenching the whole by a picture of the situation of my father's family! 'That family,' said he, 'you can preserve in its station merely by teaching men to be good. Can there be a task more consonant to your benevolent nature?' Bad as I was, I could not have been lured by flattery. My attachment to my mother and sisters was the bait. My mind was above the shame of pride or station, for I well knew that he who best obeys the dictates of a good morality holds the best rank. But I had not courage to see such beloved females reduced to labour. And most especially *why?*—O! I have gnashed my teeth as I again and again repeated that 'why?'—*Because*, the son and brother was a *Doubter!* Alas! was I a worse man except in one deed than all around me? But that *one* deed—and he who knew it daily confronted me. Yes, my brother's answer was committed to unsafe hands, and my secret was torn from me. While I write this, the drops fall from my forehead as I think of the shame and agony I have endured. Then the first grand object for this horrid perjury was soon removed from me, and one by one the whole, and I was left without an excuse for my crime. I know that I ought to have removed five years ago; but my compassion was again my bane. I grieved for the wretched—the starving poor; and for their sake I have endured a severe conflict. But it must cease. May the God of Eternal Truth pity and relieve them! But no—this vast globe is launched in the ocean of space, and as surely will the laws of concatenation move on, as if we were under the influence of Calvinistic predestination.

"Yes, the conflict is over. My own provision—how worthless does it seem! I have just one pang left.—Could my mother have foreseen this!"

Benjamin Foster erected over Mr. Abergaveney's grave, with his own hands, a white marble stone, bearing the following inscription:

"JUDGE NOT, THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED."

New Monthly Magazine.

Notes of a Reader.

LACONICS,

(From England and the English.)

English Vanity.—The root of all our notions, as of all our laws, is to be found in the sentiment of property. It is *my* wife whom you shall not insult; it is *my* house that you shall not enter; it is *my* country that you shall not traduce; and by a species of ultramundane appropriation, it is *my* God whom you shall not blaspheme!

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Selfishness and Independence.—There was a certain merchant sojourning at an inn, whom the boots by mistake called betimes in the morning. "Sir," quoth the boots, "the day's breaking." The merchant turned round with a grim look—"Let it break," growled he, "it owes *me* nothing!" This anecdote is rather characteristic: it shows the connexion between selfishness and independence.

Popularity.—The road to honours is apparently popular; but each person rising from the herd has endeavoured to restrain the very principle of popularity by which he has risen.

Frigidity.—We often seem to imagine that the property of the mind resembles the property of sea-water, and loses all its deleterious particles when once it is fairly frozen.

Self-reflection.—When men begin to think for themselves, they will soon purify in the process of thought the errors they imbibed from others.

Forethought.—Sensible men never do a bold thing without being prepared for its consequences.

English Suicides.—No people destroy themselves with a less lively inclination; and, so generally are sudden reverses of fortune, the propellers to the deed, that with us not one suicide in ten would cease to live, if it were not that he has nothing to live upon. In fact, he does not relinquish life—life relinquishes him.

Error.—There is a wonderful vigour of constitution in a popular fallacy. When the world has once got hold of a lie, it is astonishing how hard it is to get it out of the world.

Truth.—One of the sublimest things in the world is plain truth!

Courage.—There is a doggedness in English courage which makes it more stubborn against adversity than that of any other people: it has in it more of the spirit of resistance, if less of the spirit of assault.

The Mammon.—As the first impression the foreigner receives on entering England is that of the evidence of wealth, so the first thing that strikes the moral inquirer into our social system is the respect in which wealth is held. In some countries Pleasure is the idol; in others, Glory, and the prouder desires of the world; but with us, Money is the mightiest of all deities.

Political Honesty.—Any man who has gone through a popular election, knows that there it is often by the honesty of the women that that of the men is preserved. *There* the conjugal advice is always "Never go back from your word, John."—"Stick true to your colours."—"All the gold in the world should not make you change your coat." How many poor men have we known who would have taken a bribe but for their wives.

Cliques.—The *clique* of fine ladies and the *clique* of dandies still exist; and these are the donors of social reputation. We may say of them as the Irishman said of the thieves, "They are mighty generous with what does not belong to them,"—being without character themselves, we may judge of the merits which induce them to give a character to others.

The Country Gentleman.—What an enviable station is that of a great country gentleman in this beautiful garden of England!—he may unite all the happiest opposites—indolence and occupation, healthful exercise and literary studies. In London, and in public life, we may improve the world—we may benefit our kind, but we never *see* the effects we produce; we get no gratitude for them; others step in and snatch the rewards; but in the country, if you exert equal industry and skill, you cannot walk out of your hall but what you see the evidence of your labours: Nature smiles in your face and thanks you! Yon trees you planted; yon corn-fields were a common—your capital called them into existence; they feed a thousand mouths, where, ten years ago, they scarce maintained some half-a-dozen starveling cows. But, above all, as you ride through your village, what satisfaction creeps around your heart. By half that attention to the administration of the poor-laws which, in London, you gave to your clubs, you have made industry replace sloth, and comfort dethrone pauperism. You, a single individual, have done more for your fellow-creatures than the whole legislature has done in centuries. This is true power; it approaches men to God; but the country gentleman often refuses to acknowledge this power;—he thinks much more of a certificate for killing partridges!

Religion.—As mankind only learnt the science of navigation in proportion as they acquired the knowledge of the stars,—so, in order to steer our course wisely through the seas of life, we have fixed our hearts upon the more sublime and distant objects of heaven.

Education closes not with the boy; education is the work of a life.

THE MOTHER.

She is a mother!—what a bliss
Unbounded loads a name like this
With meaning, whose concenter'd might
Is mock'd by that mean word,—delight!
For sooner may cold earth describe
The glories of th' angelic tribe,
Than any, save a mother, tell
What mysteries in her being dwell.—
How spirit-fill'd her loving face!
How beautiful! thereon to trace
The imagery of rising thought,
By feeling's hidden sculpture wrought!—
When infant voices round her roll,
Like echoes of maternal soul,
And words like shatter'd music rise
Faint on her ear, in fond replies,

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From lips that quiver, lisp, and play,
Like blossoms on a breezy day!—
But, ah! should malady destroy
Each fairy bud of infant joy,
And broken cries but half reveal
The buried pangs dark moments feel,—
What wrung despair in tragic stone,
What misery in marble shown,
In eloquence of grief can vie
With all that loads her living eye!—
When bending o'er a tortured child,
By fits 'tis fervent, sad, or wild,
And prompt, if pain might thus be quell'd,—
To drink the anguish she beheld
Into her soul, with one deep gaze!—
And bear it with immortal praise!

R. Montgomery.

MRS. INCHBALD.

Mrs. Inchbald was a beauty, a virtue, a player, and, in spite of all difficulties and obstacles, an authoress of works which will always live. Her family were numerous, distressed, and importunate; she was generous and benevolent; and yet she, by the labour of her own hands, accumulated a handsome independence. Her character is a singular compound of steadiness and impulse. She did the wildest things that girl or woman ever did; but such was the sterling purity of her mind, and above all, the decision of her temper even in the midst of folly, that reproach never, except but momentarily, visited her fair fame. She left her home a mere girl, with a determination of seeking employment upon the stage; was for some time exposed to all the temptations and dangers which beset a beautiful and unprotected creature in London; and yet came out of the ordeal only brighter and purer than she entered it. All her life she seems to have been warmly attached to male society: her friendships, acquaintances, and correspondences with men of various views and ranks, are most numerous. She answered every letter, even when it conveyed proposals of a kind which she repelled with indignation. She stood upon her independence, without exactly reflecting what it was she stood upon; but the men knew it, and were afraid. After the death of that excellent man Inchbald, (albeit a vagabond by law,) she never married again—though not from any objection she had to the married state: several, nay many, fluttered about her for years, but never resolved on the fatal *pop*. Sir Charles Bunbury was her most noted admirer; John Kemble was another; Holcroft swells the list; Dr. Gisborne all but plunged, and would not have had the fate Holcroft met with. The famous Suett and Dick Wilson, a noted actor, were among her rejected. Mr. Glover, a man of beeves and land—in fact, a country gentleman of fortune—offered his hand and his estate; and the biographer seems to wonder why they were not accepted. The cause is hinted at: Sir Charles Bunbury was in a more uncertain mood than ever, and seemed to be inclined to throw the weight into the legal scales, and kick the matrimonial beam. He did not: not because the lady was an actress—a farmer's daughter, whose birthplace bordered on his own extensive domains in Suffolk—but most probably because he saw and knew that no empress on her throne was more in the humour to have her way as regarded herself, and all connected with herself, than the fair authoress of the unequalled *Simple Story*. She laid no trap—was no hypocrite—hated the syren's arts—or this eminent member of the turf, "wide awake" as he might fancy himself, would have assuredly been conjoined with much green-room notoriety. He could not have had a fairer, a purer, a more noble-spirited creature: who was, moreover, a woman of genius—a woman of inexhaustible stores of knowledge, and who would have done honour to the strawberry-leaves of a ducal coronet. True, Sir Charles would have been overrun with Debby, and Dolly, the Hugginses, the Bigsbys, the Hunts, and the Simpsons; and such a tag-rag and bob-tail of poor relations is worse than death to an aristocratic personage, who fancies he has only married a beauty and a genius.

Mrs. Inchbald, as plain Mrs. Inchbald, did justice and kindness to these people, out of her hard-earned funds. She did not want their society, and had little of it: as Lady Bunbury she could have hardly done more, or been more annoyed. Sister Dolly was a bar-maid; and, alas! sister Debby, ("more beautiful than *me*," writes the authoress,) joined the frail sisterhood, who, because they depend upon the accidental exhibition of personal charms, are said to live upon the monster Town. These were serious drawbacks in the estimation of perhaps a selfish man of the world; but what must they have been to poor Mrs. Inchbald herself? She was a queen among these poor relations: it is to be doubted whether the baronetcy could have raised her higher in their estimation, than the "trunk-makers" of the gallery, on the night of one of her successful comedies, when all the house were rapt in enthusiasm, or when the king took the cue from the people, and commanded each of her new pieces, generally a few nights after its first exhibition. After every successful play or farce, she was besieged by these poor unfortunates, and always distributed a portion of her gains. The rest was inexorably deposited in the funds; and though, between her charity and her determination to secure independence, she was often reduced to second stories, at 3*s*. 6*d*. per week, to scour her own floors, and wash down the stairs in turn, with her own hands—hands that on the same day held the pen, and kept the country in a state of delight with the result of its markings—still she persevered—still she determined upon

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saving enough to secure her from hanging on the charity of others, and keeping enough to dispense among the poor relatives whom accident had thrown in part upon her bounty. Nay, she allowed her old sister a hundred a-year, when she could not afford herself coals: her Diary speaks of her crying for cold, and her only consolation being that she had secured her poor sister a good fire. If this is not nobility, what is? Some of her conduct bears the air of rigidity; and yet, contemporaneously with it, we find the whole laughing nature of this splendid woman breaking through the crust of custom, and indulging in—what shall we call them?—foibles—follies—imprudencies?—amusing herself with run-away-knocks at night; with running over the town, and wearing the stones of Sackville and other streets into holes after Dr. Warren, for whom she had conceived a *platonic*, in spite of his being a married man; nay, with even permitting addresses in the street, which she called "adventures:" with her visits to bachelors, like Mr. Babb, at Little Holland House, or her perpetual Sunday dinners and readings with that fine specimen of humanity old Horace Twiss, the father of the present Horace. We call him old, because we remember him as such; but at the time we speak of—when he had the supreme pleasure of being visited every Sunday by the "tenth Muse," in the shape of a beautiful and exemplary actress—he was a young and flourishing merchant, besides being a man of property and cultivated intellect. He had an enthusiastic love of the drama—not of the green-room and the stage only—an attachment which he afterwards showed by his marriage with the beautiful sister of Mrs. Siddons. It may be stated, though hardly necessary to prove the perfect purity of Mrs. Inchbald's visits to this bachelor, that her Sunday readings were continued after his marriage.

Mrs. Inchbald lived to be nearly seventy years of age. She was a Roman Catholic, and did honour to that faith. She is buried in Kensington churchyard. The Memoirs of her life, written by herself, were destroyed at her death. We cannot help lamenting that such should have been her will.—*Spectator.*

THE LAST MOMENTS OF MEN OF GENIUS.

Some of the following brief accounts of the closing scene of men of genius, may tend to show how far a predominant passion or favourite pursuit may influence the mind even at the latest hour of life. In nearly every instance, "the ruling passion strong in death" is found to be displayed.

Rousseau, when dying, ordered his attendants to place him before the window, that he might once more behold his garden, and bid adieu to nature.

Addison's dying speech to his son-in-law was characteristic enough of the man, who was accustomed to inveigh against the follies of mankind, though not altogether free from some of the frailties he denounced. "Behold," said he to the dissolute young nobleman, "with what tranquillity a Christian can die!"

Roscommon uttered at the moment he expired, two lines of his own version of "Dies iræ."

Haller died feeling his pulse, and when he found it almost gone, turning to his brother physician, said, "My friend, the artery ceases to beat," and died.

Petrarch was found dead in his library, leaning on a book.

Bede died in the act of dictating.

Herder closed his career writing an ode to the Deity, his pen on the last line.

Waller died repeating some lines of Virgil.

Metastasio, who would never suffer the word death to be uttered in his presence, at last so far triumphed over his fears, that, after receiving the last rites of religion, in his enthusiasm he burst forth into a stanza of religious poetry.

Lucan died reciting some verses of his own Pharsalia.

Alfieri, the day before he died, was persuaded to see a priest; and when he came, he said to him with great affability, "Have the kindness to look in to-morrow—I trust death will wait four-and-twenty hours."

Napoleon, when dying, and in the act of speaking to the clergyman, reproved his sceptical physician for smilling, in these words—"You are above those weaknesses, but what can I do? I am neither a philosopher nor a physician; I believe in God, and am of the religion of my father. It is not every one who can be an atheist." The last words he uttered——Head——Army——evinced clearly enough what sort of visions were passing over his mind at the moment of dissolution.

Tasso's dying request to Cardinal Cynthia was indicative of the gloom which haunted him through life; he had but one favour, he said, to request of him, which was, that he would collect his works, and commit them to the flames, especially his Jerusalem Delivered.

Leibnitz was found dead in his chamber, with a book in his hand.

Clarendon's pen dropped from his fingers when he was seized with the palsy, which terminated his life.

Chaucer died ballad making. His last production he entitled, "A Ballad, made by Geoffry Chaucer on his death-bed, lying in great anguish."

Barthelemy was seized with death while reading his favourite Horace.

Sir Godfrey Kneller's vanity was displayed

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in his last moments. Pope, who visited him two days before he died, says, he never saw a scene of so much vanity in his life; he was sitting up in his bed, contemplating the plan he was making for his own monument.

Wycherly, when dying, had his young wife brought to his bed-side, and having taken her hand in a very solemn manner, said, he had but one request to make of her, and that was, that she would never marry an old man again. There is every reason to believe, though it is not stated in the account, that so reasonable a request could not be denied at such a moment.

"Bolingbroke," says Spence, "in his last illness desired to be brought to the table where we were sitting at dinner; his appearance was such that we all thought him dying, and Mrs. Arbuthnot involuntarily exclaimed, 'This is quite an Egyptian feast.' On another authority he is represented as being overcome by terrors and excessive passion in his last moments; and, after one of his fits of choler, being overheard by Sir Harry Mildmay complaining to himself, and saying, "What will my poor soul undergo for all these things?"

Keats, a little before he died, when his friend asked him how he did, replied in a low voice, "Better, my friend. I feel the daisies growing over me."

In D'Israeli's admirable work on "Men of Genius," from which some of the preceding accounts are taken, many others are to be found, tending to illustrate more forcibly, perhaps, than any of those instances we have given, the soothing, and if the word may be allowed, the benign influence of literary habits on the tranquillity of the individual in his latest moments.—*Infirmities of Genius.*

The Gatherer.

Voltaire.—The Duke of Orleans, who was so angry with Voltaire that he ordered him to be sent to the Bastille, on seeing the representation of *Œdipe*, sent immediately to release him. On the poet's waiting on the prince to thank him for his deliverance, "Be more prudent for the future, Voltaire," said he, "and I will watch over your fortune."—"I humbly thank your royal highness," said Voltaire, "but I shall consider myself greatly honoured by your generosity, provided that you do not furnish me *with the same board and lodging again.*"

Monsieur Biossi was a contemporary of Voltaire; he wrote a great number of pieces for the theatre, most of which were so loosely written, that they were generally reduced by the performers to farces, or pieces of one act. Biossi, of course, felt hurt at this treatment; and one day, when a full piece of his was cut down to one act, he could refrain no longer: "Zounds, gentlemen!" said he, "if my plays are to be hacked and hewed in this manner, what shall I do to have a play represented in five acts?" Voltaire, who was behind the scenes at the same time, replied, "Write in *eleven*, and perhaps you may succeed."

FERNANDEZ.

Chief Justices.—It is singular, that [illegible] seventy-seven years there have been only Chief Justices of the Court of *King's Bench*, Lords Mansfield, Kenyon, Ellenborough, Tenterden.

F. H.

Triumphant Retort.—As Monsieur de la Motte, soon after the representation of *Ines de Castro*, (which was very successful although much censured by the critics), was sitting one day in a coffee-house, he heard several of those critics abusing his piece. Finding that he was unknown to them, he joined heartily in abusing it himself. At length, after a great many sarcastic remarks, one of them, yawning, said, "Well, what shall we do with ourselves this evening?" "Why, suppose," said De la Motte, "we go to the *seventy-second* representation of that bad play!"

FERNANDEZ.

Lucky Exchange.—At the representation of *Mithridate*, Beaubourg, who was a remarkably ugly man, played the part of *Mithridate*, and Mademoiselle Lecouvreur, *Monimia*. The latter, therefore, having occasion to say, "Junior, you changed countenance." "Oh! let him, let him," said a man in the gallery, "he cannot change it for a worse."

Whitehall.—The chapel at Whitehall has never been consecrated.—*Sir R. H. Inglis in Parliament.*

A Customer.—A runaway couple were married at Gretna Green. The Smith demanded five guineas for his services. "What is this?" said the bridegroom, "the gentleman you last married assured me that you only gave you a guinea."—"True," said the smith, "but *he* was an Irishman. I have married him six times. *He is a customer. You* I may never see again."

The Cholera and Fruit.—At the Anniversary Dinner of the Market Gardeners' Society, a few days since, Dr. Birkbeck observed that "so far from the moderate use of certain vegetables and ripe fruit tending to the progress of the disease, (Cholera) he was of opinion, (and he was supported in it by many abler men than himself, and the greater portion of the medical profession,) that it tended to strengthen men against that as well as most other diseases."

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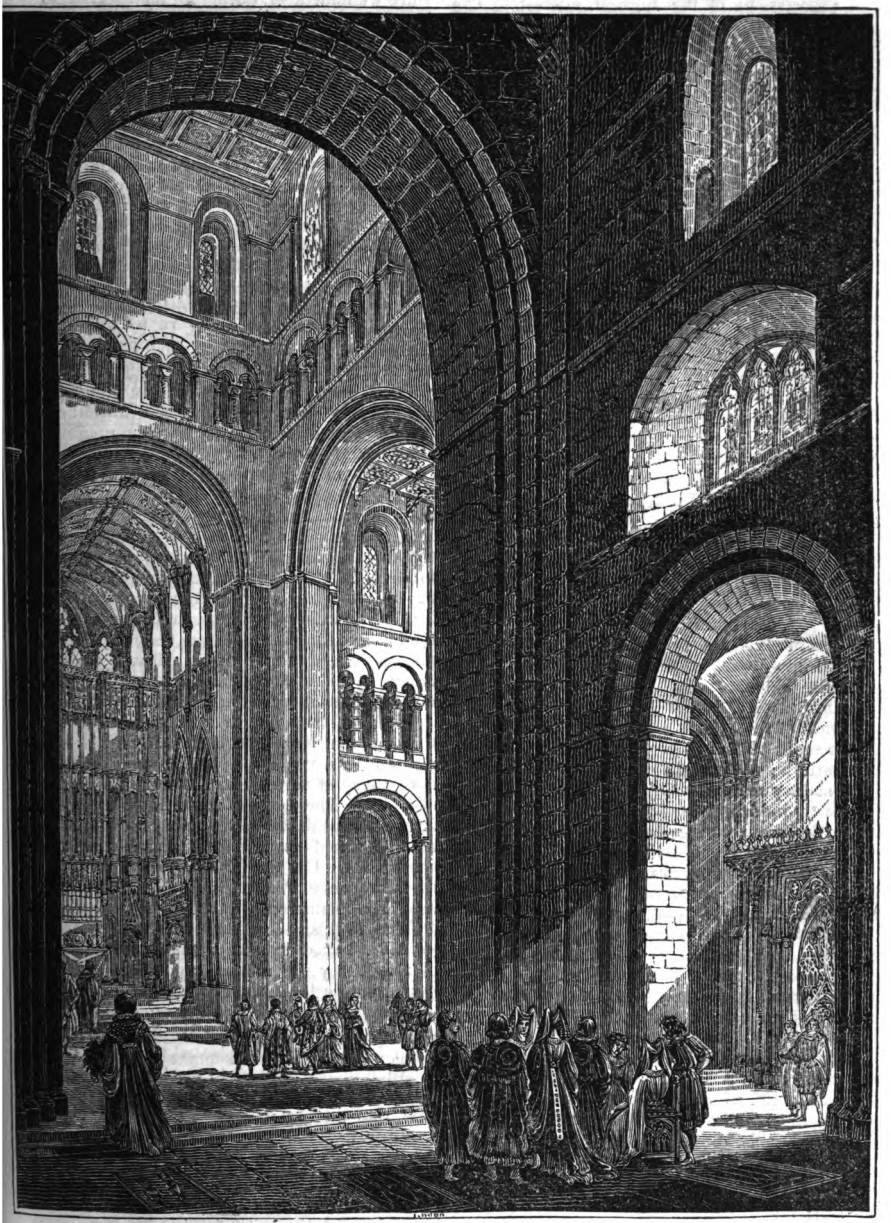
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 621.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1833. [Price 2*d*.

ST. ALBAN'S ABBEY CHURCH.



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ST. ALBAN'S ABBEY CHURCH.*

Every one to whom the name of St. Alban's is familiar, must be aware of the celebrity of its ancient Abbey Church. The town and its vicinity are fraught with antiquarian associations of the highest interest. The abbey church is the point where the principal streets meet, and thus forms a venerable nucleus, which, being on a small hill, is visible for many miles round. The Ver, a branch of the river Coln, separates the town from the site of the ancient Verulamium (Verulam) which, before the conquest of Julius Cæsar, was a chief city of Britain, and the residence of British princes. The Romans walled it about, and erected Verulam into a municipium, or city enjoying equal privileges with the Roman capital. This pre-eminence, however, tended to the overthrow of the city: its newly acquired greatness led to its insecurity. The victorious occupants of Britain disgraced their triumphs with cruelty and oppression; an insurrection ensued among the Britons, who, under their queen Boadicea, in the flourishing colony of St. Alban's, are said to have put to death 70,000 persons, principally Roman citizens, with all the tortures which revenge could devise. The Britons were, however, ultimately worsted, the town was restored, and continued to be a principal Roman station, till the Diocesian persecution, A. D. 304; when Alban, an eminent citizen, is said to have suffered martyrdom here. In his honour a monastery for 100 Benedictine monks, was erected in 793, by Offa, King of Mercia.

After various revolutions, this vast city fell into decay, while the modern town, with three churches, rose around the monastery. Dr. Stukeley, in the last century, traced the walls of the ancient station, which he found to be 5,200 feet in length, and 3,000 feet in breadth; many vast fragments of the Roman masonry remain to this day, though they are partly hidden by luxuriant nature, who thus, with lichen and green sward, conceals the mightiest works of man. Yet how impressive is such a scene of crumbling decay!

The fragments of old Verulam furnished materials for the building of the abbey, soon after the Norman Conquest. The foundation was, indeed, a splendid one, and accordingly the sooner attracted the iconoclasts of the Reformation. All the monastic buildings, except the gateway, were pulled down in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI.; but the church was redeemed by the Corporation of St. Alban's, for 400*l.* and a fee-farm rent of 10*l.* which last payment was, in 1684, redeemed for 200*l.* The church suffered considerably during the Parliamentary war from the prisoners confined in it, and from the rapacity of the Parliamentary troops. Yet, it withstood the attacks of fanaticism and political zeal to be neglected, and almost allowed to become a ruin! About ten years since we remember, during an hour's visit, to have observed its fissured and sunk walls, and its dank and discoloured coats of plaster, with heartfelt regret. The repairs then necessary, were too extensive for the funds of the Corporation, and though large parliamentary grants had been insured, for foreign works of art, (an assemblage of which, by the way, is described in the present sheet,) a few thousands could not be obtained, by vote or otherwise, for the preservation of one of the finest old English structures. Partial and piecemeal decay was, from time to time, unnoticed; till at length the crash of an extensive accident awakened the people of the county, and of the British nation, from their apathy: on February 3, 1832, a part of the wall, on the south-west side, fell down, and its fall did considerable injury. This accident drew the attention of the public to the dilapidated state of the whole building; meetings were held, at which the nobility, clergy, and gentry of the county, and the admirers of ancient art throughout the country, stepped forth with open hands to aid the preservation of this venerable pile. Funds have been raised for this noble object; the execution of which has been entrusted to Mr. L. N. Cottingham, the architect, whose experience in the restoration and repair of old English buildings, is shown in Rochester Cathedral, and Magdalen College, Oxford. Of the progress already made at St. Alban's we are happy, by aid of a professional hand, to submit the following brief account to our readers.

We may, however, first mention that, as this national work has obtained the patronage and sterling aid of the Sovereign, the inadequacy of funds will not long be cause of regret. The mode in which his Majesty's attention was drawn to the abbey repairs was as well timed as the most zealous patron could wish. On the King's recent visit to the Marquess of Westminster, at Moor Park,† near Rickmansworth, his Majesty, during a drive in his pony phaeton through the grounds, halted to admire the massive form of the Abbey Church in one of the picturesque prospects from this beautiful domain. The opportunity proved a golden one to report to the King the repairs in progress; when his Majesty was pleased to signify his donation of 100 guineas to the fund.

"It appears from the reports of Mr. Cottingham, that the sum of 5,700*l.* will accomplish the truly national object of substantially repairing this noble edifice. The restoration

* An exterior view of the Abbey Church, in connexion with Shakspeare's Henry VI. Part II. will be found in vol. iii. of *The Mirror*, with a passing notice of the building.

† Moor Park was anciently the property of St. Alban's Abbey, from which it was severed during the contentions of York and Lancaster.

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of the nave, being 300 feet in length, is already completed, in which 40 windows have been restored and reglazed, after being closed with brickwork for centuries. The modern ceiling of the tower being found in a state of great decay and danger, has been removed, and the grand Norman lantern restored. The roofs of the transepts are now repairing, and the great south window rebuilding, in which his Majesty has commanded the Royal arms to be painted, and to occupy the centre compartment; which will be accompanied by the arms of Earls Verulam, Spencer, Cowper, and Hardwicke, the Bridgewater family, the Bishop of London, the Venerable Archdeacon Watson, the Rev. Mr. Small, Vicar of St. Albans, &c.

"The original foundation of this church is referred to a very remote period, and, from the imperishable nature of the materials with which its earlier parts were constructed, being of Roman bricks from the city of Verulam, it is very probable that great portions of the walls, erected by Offa, king of Mercia, in the latter end of the eighth century, are now standing, and form part of the transepts and nave, which were subsequently enlarged and brought to a higher state of magnificence. The exterior of the building, from the simplicity of its plan, and vast dimensions, being longer than any of our cathedrals,* is strikingly grand. Every style of architecture, from the Saxons to the end of the reign of the Tudors, is to be found in this superb pile of English art. It consists of a nave and two aisles, 300 feet in length; two transepts, 170 feet long, a central tower, 150 feet high, a choir, and ante-choir, of noble proportions, bounded by highly enriched stone screens, a Lady Chapel, and ante-chapel adjoining, in the form of the letter T, of the most exquisite proportions and workmanship; from which William of Wykham took his plan for the chapel of New College, Oxford, and was afterwards followed by Chichley and Waynflete in their beautiful chapels of All Souls and Magdalen. The carved oak ceiling of the Norman lantern, is 103 feet from the pavement; from its windows a fine subdued light is thrown upon the arched gallery and massive piers.

"This building not only furnished examples for some of the noblest edifices erected in the fifteenth century, but has been a complete school of art for the numerous designs and restorations of ancient English architecture so extensively encouraged in the present age. In point of magnitude and grandeur, in the gradations of its style, and the rich and boundless variety of its elegant specimens, it ranks in importance and value with any of our cathedrals. When we reflect that out of the twenty-nine splendid monasteries, which confered on their abbots the dignity of Peers of Parliament, but eleven have so far survived the ruin of their former establishments as to allow of divine service being performed in them; and that one of the noblest of these is threatened with premature destruction for the want of a comparatively trifling sum to uphold it, we cannot but feel that it would entail upon us a national disgrace to suffer an edifice associated as this is with a thousand historical recollections, to add to the number of such ruins, where

'Each ivied arch and pillar lone
Pleads haughtily for beauties gone.'

"On the removal of a part of the modern pewing from the body of the church, into the Lady Chapel, where divine service will be performed during the reparation, a favourable opportunity presented itself of taking the accompanying view, which exhibits the lantern of the great Norman tower, now restored; also the choir of Edward III. and the magnificent altar screen of Henry VI.; Whethamstede's† monument; the splendid entrance to the cloisters, &c. The figures introduced, are in the costume of the fifteenth century, and may be supposed to represent one of the royal visits soon after the completion of the altar.

"It only remains to state, that although this view exhibits specimens of our ancient architecture during the Anglo-Saxon, Norman, and all the glorious old English ages, it conveys but an imperfect idea of this truly magnificent structure. But we trust enough is here exhibited to excite the feelings of all the admirers of our ancient architecture throughout the kingdom, to contribute their mite towards its preservation, and thus by timely and judicious repairs, secure so rich and beautiful a monument of the piety, taste, and munificence of our ancestors, as the Abbey Church of St. Alban's unquestionably presents.

"Many read of the spoliation and destruction of such sacred edifices, without reflecting that they were the only nurseries of art and asylums of learning, at a period when our forefathers were struggling for the liberty we now enjoy. Within their sacred walls the deeds of the mighty and the good were chronicled in letters of gold, and floated down the stream of time, when no other sources were open to inform posterity of the achievements of a high-minded race of men, laying the foundation of those laws and institutions which have given Great Britain the preponderance in the scale of nations."

*** We take this opportunity of an acknowledgment omitted in our description of St. Saviour's Church, a few weeks since—viz. that the accompanying Engraving of the Church was after a lithograph from a drawing by Mr. Cottingham; the only variation being in the upper part of the staircase turret of the Lady Chapel.

* The extreme length is 556 feet, being three feet longer than Winchester Cathedral.

† John Whethamstede, the English chronicler, was abbot of St. Alban's, and librarian to Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester. He died in 1464.

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THE ORGAN OF ROTTERDAM CATHEDRAL.

(*To the Editor.*)

In No. 616 of *The Mirror*, you have given an engraving of part of Rotterdam, together with an interesting, condensed description of the city itself; not omitting the old cathedral of St. Lawrence, which towers above a picturesque group of houses, as seen from the Kolk, a small harbour near the centre of the town.

Perhaps you will admit a farther short notice of this building, chiefly in relation to the fine organ it contains, and of which I cherish some pleasing reminiscences. We arrived at Rotterdam, in the steamer from London, on a Sunday afternoon; and when we had cleared our luggage through the custom-house, the office for which is in the courtyard of the *Hotel des Pays Bas*, (a first-rate inn, also convenient from its situation on the Boombtjes opposite the landing-place,) and dined at the *table d'hôte*, we proceeded in the dusk of the evening to take a nearer survey of the Cathedral; its massive, venerable tower having interested us while we ascended the river, by forming a solemn background to the very pretty, cheerful appearance of that part of the city, which first opened upon us.

On reaching it we were gratified by hearing from within, the full voices of the congregation, accompanied by the rich tones of the organ, pouring forth the notes of psalmody; with the same enthusiasm of united effort which characterizes the zealous presbyterians of Scotland, but at the same time with a Dutch methodical modulation of harmony, to which our worthy northern brethren are frequently inattentive.* It showed an amiable as well as devotional feeling, that the people who happened to be standing outside, or passing by, took up the strain with unobtrusive propriety. Although the church was crowded, we obtained admittance; but had scarcely time to admire the sound, size, and elegance of the organ, before the psalm ceased; and after a short prayer the assembly rapidly dispersed. An extinguisher was successively applied to the lights of a large, branching chandelier, suspended from the centre of the roof, illuminating the gloomy grandeur the columns and arches of the lofty fabric as well as the richly sculptured brass screen and gates, and the marble monuments against the walls. We were very desirous to hear and see more of the organ, but this was a deviation from regularity that could not be permitted; although we discovered that on the morrow we might have an express performance to our hearts' content, on paying the usual compliment of a sum equivalent to about fifteen shillings English.

Arrangements were made accordingly, and the treat we experienced surpassed our expectations. We were entertained for upwards of an hour with the organist's choicest *morceaux*, amongst which were a storm-concerto and a battle-piece, such subjects being usually selected to afford adequate scope to the capabilities of the instrument. In the former, the effect of the thunder, commencing very distant and gradually approaching, was peculiarly striking; and in the latter, there was a vast combination of martial sounds increasing to the loud booming of artillery. The performance altogether was extremely interesting, and occasionally sublime—it appeared to exceed the combined effect of a well-regulated full orchestra; and we were particularly delighted with the exquisite sweetness of the softer tones, which broke upon the ear like the gentlest murmurings of fairy music, or — what is kindred thereto, the wizard Paganini's fiddle—so delicate and attenuated, as to suggest the quotation, "there's not a sound lives betwixt it and silence."

The above is but an attempt to give some idea of the vast power of this noble instrument:—Its construction was commenced above 30 years ago, and it is said still to be in some degree unfinished. The intention was that it should eclipse the celebrated organ at Haarlem, to which, indeed, the good people of Rotterdam are supposed to prefer it; but, neither in size nor power does it approach that splendid instrument, which, I believe, still stands unrivalled.†

In the article already referred to, you have noticed the extensive view from the top of the tower, which embraces nearly the whole of South Holland. The pretty city below, free from smoke, was marked out like a map; while a few miles up the river the fine, old town of Dordt, so often painted by the Dutch masters, formed a prominent object; and Scheidam, Delft, the Hague, Haarlem, Gouda, &c. were more or less to be traced by their lofty towers and steeples, which may be considered the mountains of this flat country. Besides the windings of the Meuse,

* The energetic singing of an Edinburgh congregation so grated on the ear of an Italian *maëstro* as to elicit a somewhat profane criticism, too well known to be repeated; but the effect is far from inharmonious when unexpectedly heard from thousands of voices at the field-preachings of those country sacraments, which were wont to be attended by crowds from neighbouring towns and villages for 10 or 20 miles round—a custom now gradually dying away. On entering a glen, a mile or so from the spot, or emerging from a wood, your sympathies would be powerfully affected, as, swelling on the air, "in notes by distance made more sweet,"

"Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive martyrs worthy of the name."

† "We had been surprised at Rotterdam by the fine imitation of distant thunder:—at Haarlem the imitation of thunder at a distance was equally natural, but we *felt* the storm gradually coming nearer and nearer, until the rattling peals literally shook the place around us, and were truly awful."—*From the description of a visit to the Haarlem organ.*

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(really the main stream of the Rhine, although the name follows another course,) and the smaller lines of water intersecting the land in all directions, we discerned several lake-like patches, produced, we were told, in the cavities from whence peat had been dug for fuel, and partly the remains of inundations. The filling up of the scenery abounds in green fields, trees, windmills, and villages.

W. G.

Anecdote Gallery.

KOSCIUSKO.

It was at Peackwola, where Kosciusko awaited the Russian and Prussian armies in their advance against Warsaw, that one of his brothers in arms, and who has recorded the events of this portion of his glorious career, found him sleeping upon straw. The picture he draws of this great man in his camp, is an interesting view of the hero who upheld the fate of Poland. "We passed," says Count Oginski, "from Kosciusko's tent to a table prepared under some trees. The frugal repast which we made here, among about a dozen guests, will never be effaced from my memory. The presence of this great man, who has excited the admiration of all Europe, who was the terror of his enemies, and the idol of his nation; who, raised to the rank of Dictator, had no ambition but to serve his country, and to fight for it; who always preserved an unassuming, affable, and mild demeanour; who never wore any distinguishing mark of the supreme authority with which he was invested; who was contented with a surtout of coarse, grey cloth; and whose table was as plainly furnished as that of a subaltern officer, could not fail to awaken in me every sentiment of esteem, admiration and veneration, which I have sincerely felt for him at every period of my life."

The following account of this hero is from the "Reminiscences" of a gentleman:—"I think it was about the beginning of the year 1796, when my esteemed friend, Mr. Bush, of Great Ormond-street, informed me that the great Polish patriot, Kosciusko, had arrived at Sabloniere's Hotel, in Leicester Square. I presented myself on the following morning (Sunday) to that hero. I found him reclining on a sofa, dressed in black velvet, a bandage over his forehead, much emaciated, and unable to rise without assistance, but his eyes were full of fire and intelligence. He entered familiarly into conversation, showed me many presents from the most popular artists of the day, particularly a drawing by Mr. West. He told me his stay in town was limited by the members of Government, and that many of the nobility and members of the opposition had visited him that morning, particularly the Duke of Bedford and Mr. Fox. Twenty years afterwards, at the pressing invitation of Mr. West, I visited his gallery, where my eye was arrested by his picture of Kosciusko. 'This is Kosciusko,' said I. 'How do you know that?' said the President, 'for you were never here before, and the painting has never been out of the premises.' I related, then, my interview with Kosciusko. Mr. West made a long pause; and addressed my wife, who was present, with peculiar emphasis, in nearly the following words:—'Your husband, Madam, has made that picture of great value to me. I painted it some years after I saw the General, merely from recollection, having made no sketch at the time. I have strong reasons for recollecting my interview with Kosciusko. Beyond the pleasure of seeing that truly great man, my mind was filled with admiration on witnessing the approach and salutation of the Duke of Bedford. I had not, until that moment, a perfect notion of masculine beauty, softened by the soul.'"

W. G. C.

BUONAPARTIANA.

Madame Letitia Buonaparte, who was enriched by the gifts of her son, and still more by her own economy and the prudent management of her fortune, (says a recent writer,) never seriously assumed the elevated part which unexpected events assigned to her. When she has been urged to increase her household establishment, I have frequently heard her say, "I must be economical; one day or other all these kings will be coming to ask me for a dinner, and I must manage so as to have something to give them." She was one of the most beautiful women of her time; and Canova's fine statue, which represents her in the costume of Agrippina, conveys a perfect idea of her dignified figure, and her noble and serene countenance. I saw her many years ago at Marseilles, in the midst of her children, and there was something in the interesting group which seemed to presage the extraordinary destiny that awaited them. Her two daughters, Pauline and Caroline, afterwards Princess of Borghese and Queen of Naples, were beautiful creatures; the former was then only fifteen, and the latter between twelve and thirteen. Elize, who bore on her feminine shoulders the head and countenance of her immortal brother, was distinguished for her vivacious and commanding expression. Lucien, who was then in the commissariat, had just married the daughter of a wealthy innkeeper at St. Maximine. His wife was a very interesting woman, and was a model of virtue and good conduct. Joseph was absent, and Louis and Jerome at college. At this time Napoleon arrived to take the command of the army of Italy. He was extremely

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thin; his hollow cheeks were overhung with flowing curls, then denominated *oreilles de chien*. His uniform was ill-made, and the long skirts of his coat dangled against the calves of his legs. He did not sit well on horseback, and his presence altogether occasioned no little dissatisfaction among a division of 12,000 men, whom I saw him command on the plain of St. Michael. A few weeks elapsed, and the hero appeared a hundred times greater than he had shown himself at the dawn of his career, when he raised the formidable battery which delivered Toulon. I shall never forget that on the day of that review I had the honour of dining with him. He took me to the theatre, and from the theatre we adjourned to the Hotel Beauvecin, where he put up. On entering his chamber, he went to bed, ordered a bowl of punch to be brought, and he read to me and a friend who accompanied me, several passages from some papers which contained his plan of campaign. His plan terminated with the following remarkable sentence:—"Finally, to beat the enemy for the last time, and to conclude peace under the walls of astonished Vienna." We looked at him with a smile, for which I have frequently reproached myself, for his glorious programme was fulfilled. There was, at that time, in Marseilles, an old officer of the Royal Household, who was possessed with the mania of being poetical, and who was incessantly reading quotations from a tragedy of his own production, entitled "Les deux Vieillards, ou la vertu vengée." It was a Tartar subject. To every person who arrived at Marseilles, he offered a part in this tragedy; and then he spent the night in creating a new Tartar, and the poet wrote a character for him. It happened that every morning, the part which had been written during the night was lost and condemned, and the unfortunate poet had to commence his task over again. The future conqueror of Italy and Egypt laughed like a child at this repeated mystification.

Madame Letitia Buonaparte, the evening preceding her death, called together all her household.—She was supported on white velvet pillows; her bed was crimson damask, and in the centre hung a crown decorated with flowers. The whole of the apartment was lighted in grand style. She called her servants, one after another, to her bed side, who knelt, and kissed her extended hand, which was skinny and covered with a profusion of rings. To her chief Director of Finances, Juan Beroea, she said, "Juan, my blessings go with thee and thine!" To Maria Belgrade, her waiting maid, she said, "Go to Jerome, he will take care of thee. When my grandson is Emperor of France he will make thee a great woman." She then called Colonel Darley to her bed side; he had attended her in all her fortunes, and, Napoleon in his will, had assigned him a donation of 14,000*l*. "You," said she, "have been a good friend to me and my family; I have left you what will make you happy. Never forget my grandson; and what he and you may arrive at is beyond my discerning; but you will both be great!" She then called in all her junior servants, and with a pencil, as their names were repeated, marked down a sum of money to be given to each. They were then dismissed, and she declared that she had done with the world; and requested water. She washed her hands and laid down upon her pillow. Her attendants found her dead, with her hand under her head, and a prayer book upon her breast. She had some amiable qualities, and considering that her rise from poverty to wealth was so rapid, her way of conducting herself, and proud manner, may be pardonable. She did much good from ostentation, and died regretted for what she could do; not lamented by any one for what she had done.

Napoleon, by his will, made at St. Helena, left to his son, his arms, which he thus described:—"My arms—namely, my sword, the same which I wore at Austerlitz; the sabre of Sobiesky, my poniard, my cutlass, &c." Messrs. Bertrand, Marchand, and other companions of Napoleon's exile, were appointed depositaries, and were to transmit the objects deposited in their hands to the son of Napoleon, on his attaining the age of sixteen. When young Napoleon became of age, he was labouring under a mortal disease, and died before he could receive his father's legacy. The objects are still in the hands of the depositaries, who have thought proper to take counsel's opinion as to what they are to do, in order to be legally disengaged from responsibility. M. Patorny, an advocate of the Royal Court of Paris, has drawn up an opinion in which he proposes the following three questions:—"Do the arms of Napoleon belong to Maria Louisa, that is to say, the Austrian? Do they belong to the father's family at Rome? Do they belong to the French nation?"—The opinion of Messrs. Odillon Barrot, Paillet, and Philip Dupin, in conformity with that of M. Patorny, is, that the arms of Napoleon are national property, and that the State has a right to claim them, to be deposited in a public establishment.

W. G. C.

The Naturalist.

THE RIPPLES AT SEA.

In the eastern seas, in particular, it is well known a phenomenon frequently takes place, called the "ripples," when the surface of the sea, in the midst of a dead calm, is thrown into the most violent state of agita-

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tion, rolling on, as would seem, with great velocity, while in point of fact there is no current whatever. We have never met with a satisfactory explanation of this extraordinary phenomenon, but it is so well described, though with some exaggeration, by the writer of the *Port Admiral*,* that we shall quote the passage.—*Quarterly Review.*

"A brilliant glare of light was observed to gleam forth from that part of the heavens where the brig was last observed to be. It was not lightning, so much as a dazzling and splendid coruscation. This had scarcely passed away, when a low, hollow murmur was faintly distinguished—the ear at first doubted whether it was a sound or a deception. Then it grew louder, resembling the distant roar of surf on a lee-shore. With terror in their countenances the men eyed one another, involuntarily and simultaneously exclaiming, "Breakers!" But again, they were distant from any land—the noise increased, while the point from whence it came exhibited a bright light, distinguishable through which was for a moment beheld the black speck of the brig. The ocean seemed to be on fire; the tumult increased; the long line of vivid light on the distant horizon rapidly approached with supernatural swiftness; the agitated surface of the waters, lashed into fury, seemed more appropriate to Pandemonium than our globe,—the sailors looked aloft to the canvass, expecting to see the close-reefed top-sails blown out of their bolt-ropes.———Not a point, not a gasket betrayed the slightest motion. No breath was felt to cool the faces which the sultry air had parched, and which expectation fevered: the roll of the long seas seemed chained; the rest of the ocean appeared as a polished glass; while a quick, steady, tremulous shivering was felt throughout the ship's hull, and her crew momentarily expected the abyss to yawn and close on them for ever.

"Thus, then, they remained staring with distended eyeballs on the approaching confusion of the waters, that traversed miles in seconds, and left distance far behind in its luminous career. No human voice was distinguishable; their breasts throbbed, their pulses seemed clogged with the heavy-laboured breath they drew as it came near. Some chemical decomposition of the atmosphere seemed to take place, as if those particles replete with life, which it once contained, had vanished; they inhaled the air, and yet it seemed to mock them, leaving behind the pangs of suffocation. In an instant more, and it had overtaken them. As far as the eye could reach, a-head or a-stern, all was one stream of fire and foam, while the same view presented itself on either side for a considerable way. The brine boiled up around them, mounting the gangway and splashing in the face of those whose curiosity had led them too near. Still the air was unmoved—the sense of suffocation intense, while the ship trembled beneath their feet, as if endowed with the living and animate comprehension of her terrified crew."

* A novel, of extraordinary character and striking merit.

LOCUSTS.†

CALMET tells us—"The Hebrews had several sorts of locusts, which are not known among us: the old historians and modern travellers remark, that locusts are very numerous in Africk, and many places of Asia; that sometimes they fall like a cloud upon the country, and eat up everything they meet with. Moses describes four sorts of locusts. Since there was a prohibition against using locusts, it is not to be questioned but that these creatures were commonly eaten in Palestine, and the neighbouring countries."

Dr. Shaw, Niebuhr, Russell, and many other travellers into the eastern countries, represent their taste as agreeable, and inform us that they are frequently used for food. Dr. Shaw observes, that when they are sprinkled with salt and fried, they are not unlike, in taste, to our fresh-water cray-fish. Russell says, that the Arabs salt them, and eat them as a delicacy. Niebuhr also says, that they are gathered by the Arabs in great abundance, dried, and kept for winter provisions.

The ravages of the migratory locust have been, at particular times, so extensive as to lay waste the vegetation of whole districts, and even kingdoms. In the year 593 of the Christian era, these animals appeared in such vast numbers, as to cause a famine in many countries. Syria and Mesopotamia were over-run by them in 677. In 852, immense swarms took their flight from the eastern regions into the west, and destroyed all vegetables, not even sparing the bark of trees, or the thatch of houses, after devouring the crops of corn, grass, &c. Their daily marches were observed to be about twenty miles each; and it is said their progress was directed with so much order, that there were regular leaders among them, who flew first and settled on the spot, which was to be visited at the same hour the next day by the whole legion. Their marches were always undertaken at sunrise. In 1541, incredible hosts afflicted Poland, Wallachia, and all the adjoining territories, darkening the sun with their numbers, and ravaging all the fruits of the earth. The years 1747 and 1748, afforded a memorable instance of the ravages of these insects in Germany and other parts of Europe, as far north as England. In the eastern parts of the world, such flights of locusts appear more frequently than in Europe; and it is often found necessary for the governors of particu-

† See also *Mirror*, vol. xv. p. 105.

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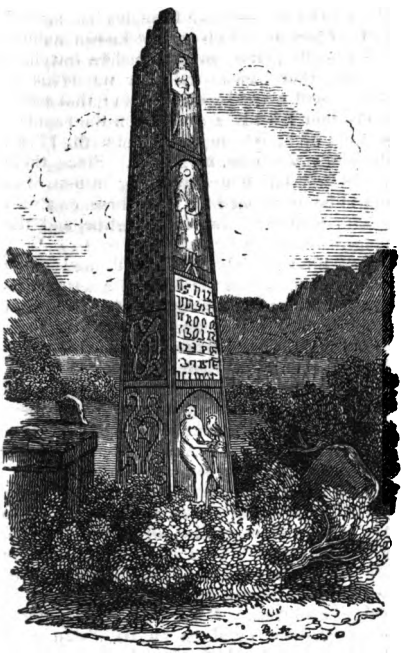
ar provinces to command a certain number of the military to take the field against armies of locusts with a train of artillery. Sometimes pestilential fevers have been raised by great quantities of dead locusts.

P. T. W.

Fine Arts.



PILLAR AT BEWCASTLE.

THIS curious relic of antiquity has, indeed, puzzled the inquirers of modern times. It stands in the churchyard of St. Mary, at Bewcastle, Cumberland, at some little distance from the remains of the castle. It is engraved in Sir Walter Scott's splendid work, *Border Antiquities*, in the letter-press of which we find the following descriptive notes; but Sir Walter has not even ventured an opinion of his own, as to the age or object of the monument.

" In Bishop Gibson's edition of Camden's *Britannia*, it is thus described: ' In the churchyard is a cross of one entire square stone, about 20 feet high, and curiously wrought; there is an inscription too, but the letters are so dim, that they are not legible: but seeing the cross is checkered like the arms of the family of Vaux, we may suppose that it has been erected by some of them.' Bishop Nicholson says, ' it is one entire freestone, of about five yards in height. The figure of it inclines to a square pyramid, each side whereof is near two feet broad at the bottom, but upwards more tapering. On the west side of the stone we have three draughts, which evidently enough manifest the stone to be Christian.' "

" Mr. Smith, in his communication to the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1742, page 133, says he conceives this to be a sepulchral monument of a Danish king slain in battle; yet agrees with the bishop, that it might also have been designed as a standing monument of the conversion of the Danes to Christianity, which might have happened on the loss of their king, and therefore both be celebrated by it. He goes on to say, ' that the monument is Danish, appears incontestible from the characters; Scottish and Pictish monuments having nothing but hieroglyphics, and the Danish both: and except Bridekirk font, (also in this county,) it appears to be the only monument of that nation left in Britain.' "

" Mr. Hutchinson, in his *History of Cumberland*, says, ' There is no doubt that this was a place of sepulture; for, on opening the ground on the east and west sides, about the depth of six feet, human bones were found of a large size, but much broken and disturbed, together with several pieces of rusty iron. The ground had been broken up before by persons, who either searched for treasure, or laboured, like us, with curiosity. Whether the checkers were designed or not for the arms of the family of Vaux, or De Vallibus, must be a matter of mere conjecture; we are inclined to think that armorial bearings were not in use at the same time with the Runic characters.' "*

The mention of *Runic* characters is somewhat vaguely introduced in this passage; but, according to another and more recent authority, the Runes had more to do with this monument than Sir Walter's quotation would lead the hasty reader to imagine. Mr. Francis Palgrave, F. R. S. and F. S. A. in the first, and we regret to observe, the only published portion, of his *History of England*, has figured the Bewcastle wonder as one of his prettily drawn illustrations. He plainly calls it a " Runic pillar," and explains that " before the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons, they employed certain mysterious characters denominated *Runes*," which the heathen Teutons believed to possess magical powers. Their origin ascends into the most remote antiquity, and Mr. Palgrave gives a few of the letters named after trees, &c.; but, promising as this gentleman is at the outset, we were unprepared for the information that the Runes " have been explained by the learned, with more satisfaction to themselves than to their readers,—who are often strangely perplexed by the most singular conflict of opinions amongst their guides." Then, lo!

* Border Antiquities, vol. ii. p. 127, 128.

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he quotes the very mystery we sought to unravel: "thus, an inscription upon a pillar at Bewcastle, which, in the eye of the renowned Olaus Wormius, expresses '*Reno satu runa stena thissa*'—'*Reno fixed this Runic stone*,'—is interpreted by the ingenious Grimm, as '*Rices Drihtenes*,' — '*Of the Kingdom of the Lord.*'" This is the climax —the perfection of a puzzle, and we can only add Mr. Palgrave's general conclusion: "that the Runes did lurk amongst the Anglo-Saxons, and that they employed the ancient characters for magical charms. And the Danish population of Northumbria certainly retained the Runes till the Conquest, as is proved by the Bewcastle and Bridekirk monuments, and many others of a similar description."*

The principal side of the pillar, as will be seen by the Cut, bears the inscription, with two figures above, and one below: the uppermost group being probably intended to represent the Virgin and Child.

* Hist. Eng. Anglo-Saxon Period, vol. i. p. 147-9.

New Books.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

[The 20th volume of the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, just published, is devoted to a popular description of the Elgin and Philageian Marbles in the British Museum, by clearly written text, and about a hundred illustrative cuts of the metopes of the Parthenon, the Panathenaic Frieze, &c. Its publication is especially seasonable; for, at no period of the year is the British Museum more crowded with visiters, (particularly from various parts of the country,) than in the present month. By way of specimen of the clear, concise, and satisfactory style in which the volume is executed, we quote, abridged, the introductory chapter, explaining in a few pages—]

The Elgin Marbles.

In the summer of 1799, at the period of the Earl of Elgin's appointment to the Embassy to Turkey, Mr. Harrison, an experienced architect, who was then working for him in Scotland, suggested to his lordship, that though the public was in possession of every thing to give them a general knowledge of the remains of ancient art at Athens, yet they had nothing to convey to artists, particularly to students, that which the actual representation by cast would more effectually give them. Upon this suggestion, Lord Elgin made a communication to his Majesty's government; but the probability of incurring, an expense of an indefinite nature, and doubt as to the successful issue of the undertaking, deterred the minister from adopting the proposal as a national object. Nothing, therefore, was done to promote Lord Elgin's views in England.

In his voyage to Constantinople, Lord Elgin touched at Palermo, where he consulted with Sir William Hamilton, who not only encouraged his idea of procuring drawings and casts from the sculptures and architecture of Greece, and more especially from the specimens existing at Athens, but applied to the King of Naples for permission to engage his Majesty's painter, Giovanni Battista Lusieri, then at Taormina, who went with Mr. Hamilton† to Rome; and, upon a plan arranged by Sir William Hamilton, engaged five other artists, the best assistants Rome could afford, who accompanied him to Turkey. These five persons were, two architects, Signor Balestra, and a young man of the name of Ittar; two modellers; and a draughtsman, Theodore, a Calmuc, of great talent in drawing antique figures. They reached Constantinople about the middle of May, 1800, when the French were in full possession of Egypt. They were sent, however, as soon as opportunity offered, to Athens, where Lusieri afterwards joined them, and where, from August, 1800, to the month of April, 1801, they were principally employed in making drawings, at a very considerable expense on the part of Lord Elgin.

In proportion to the change of affairs in the English relations towards Turkey, the facilities of access were increased, and about the middle of the summer of 1801, all difficulties were overcome. Lord Elgin then received very strongly expressed firmauns from the Porte, which were carried by the Rev. Dr. Hunt, the chaplain of the Embassy, to the Vaivode of Athens and the Disdar of the Acropolis, and which allowed his lordship's agents not only to "fix scaffolding round the ancient Temple of the Idols," as the Parthenon was called, "and to mould the ornamental sculpture and visible figures thereon in plaster and gypsum," but "to take away any pieces of stone with old inscriptions or figures thereon;" a specific permission being added, to excavate in a particular place. Lord Elgin subsequently visited Athens himself with additional firmauns, and having received while at Constantinople very urgent representations from Lusieri on the almost daily injury which the originals were suffering from the violent hands of the Turks, who were engaged in dilapidating the building piecemeal, in order to dispose of the fragments to travellers, he was at length induced to consent to the removal of whole pieces of sculpture, and thus after some years spent in the operation, succeeded in acquiring all those exquisite statues and alti, and bassi relievi, which are now called the Elgin marbles.

† William Richard Hamilton, Esq., afterwards British Minister at Naples.

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At his lordship's departure from Turkey in 1803, he withdrew five out of the six artists, sent home what he had collected, and left Lusieri to continue such further operations as might tend to make his collection more complete.

In 1811, Mr. Perceval was disposed to recommend the sum of 30,000*l.* to be given for the collection as it then existed, but the offer was declined on the part of Lord Elgin, who still continued to add to his treasures. As late as 1812, eighty cases additional to the collection arrived in England.

In 1815, the negotiation was renewed, Lord Elgin offering, in a petition to the House of Commons, to transfer the property of his collection to the public, upon such conditions as the house might deem advisable, after an inquiry upon evidence into its merits and value.

In the House of Commons this proposal met with a partial opposition. * * * The Committee to whom inquiry concerning the collection was referred, came to a unanimous opinion in favour of Lord Elgin's conduct and claims, an opinion distinctly expressed in the Report which was the result of their examination.

They stated that, before Lord Elgin's departure for Constantinople, he communicated his intentions of bringing home casts and drawings from Athens, for the benefit and advancement of the fine arts in this country, to Mr. Pitt, Lord Grenville, and Mr. Dundas, suggesting to them the propriety of considering it as a national object, fit to be undertaken and carried into effect at the public expense; but that this recommendation was in no degree encouraged, either at that time or afterwards.

It was undoubtedly at various times an object with the French government to obtain possession of some of these valuable remains; and it seemed probable, according to the testimony of Lord Aberdeen and others, that at no great distance of time they might have been removed by that government from their original site, if they had not been taken away and secured for this country by Lord Elgin.*

Chandler says that Morosini, after the siege, was ambitious to enrich Venice with the spoils of Athens; and, by an attempt to take down the principal group of the western pediment, hastened its ruin.

The charges attending the formation, removal, and placing of Lord Elgin's collection in London, including conveyance, salaries, board and accommodation to artists at Athens, and literally all their supplies; scaffoldings, packing-cases, payment to Turkish labourers; transit of some of the property in hired vessels to England, and loss occasioned by the wrecking of one; the weighing up of the marbles, which formed the sole cargo of one of these, by means of divers procured from the distant islands of Calymna, Cos, &c.† the unfavourable exchange of money; the cost of erecting convenient and sufficient buildings for the marbles when arrived in London; arranging the casts, and attendance on the collection; formed a large and heavy amount, from 1799 to 1803, of 62,440*l.*, including 23,240*l.* for the interest of money; and, according to a supplemental account continued from 1803 to 1816, to no less a sum than 74,000*l.*, including the same sum for interest.

Two valuations, and only two in detail, of the collection were laid before the Committee of the House of Commons, differing most widely in the particulars, as well as in the total. One from Mr. Richard Payne Knight, amounted to 25,000*l.*, the other from Mr. William Richard Hamilton amounted to 60,800*l.* The only other sum mentioned as a money price, was in the evidence of the Earl of Aberdeen, who named 35,000*l.* as a conjectural estimate of the whole, without entering into particulars.

The committee having ascertained the prices paid for other celebrated collections of marbles, more especially for the Townleyan Marbles, and those from Ægina, and from Phigaleia in Arcadia, came to the resolution that they should not be justified, in behalf of the public, if they were to recommend to the House any extension of Mr. Perceval's offer to a greater amount than 5,000*l.* Under all the circumstances of the case they judged 35,000*l.* to be a reasonable and sufficient price for this collection. The act of the legislature by which it was procured for the public was dated July 1, 1816. The policy of acquiring it is becoming every day more evident. It is a fact worthy of record, that, with a view to wait the event of the English parliament purchasing or refusing these marbles, the present King of Bavaria had lodged 30,000*l.* in an English banking-house. The possession of this collection has established a national school of sculpture in our country, founded on the noblest models which human art has ever produced.

Tuesdays and Thursdays in every week,

* See also the Memorandum of the Earl of Elgin's Pursuits in Greece, 4to. 1816, p. 5. Some of the persons employed in collecting for M. de Choiseul Gouffier's Museum were remaining at Athens when Sir John Hobhouse was there in 1810, having, as he expresses it, "the same views, which nothing but inability prevented them from accomplishing." Journey through Albania, &c., p. 346, note.

† Lord Elgin, in the Appendix to the Committee's Report, p. 65, says, "There was, besides, the loss of my vessel (the Mentor), an English copper-bottomed yacht, which was cast away off Cerigo, with no other cargo on board than some of the sculptures. The price and charges on this vessel (which, from the nature of her voyage, could not be insured in Turkey), and the operations, which continued three years, in recovering the marbles, cannot be stated under 5,000*l.*"

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and the whole month of September in every year, when day-light is usually the steadiest and strongest, are now exclusively devoted to artists and students in the Elgin and Townleyan Galleries in the British Museum.

[In these times, what can be more astounding, accustomed as we are to see puny buildings spring up around us, than the magnificence of—]

Grecian Temples.

In respect to the dimensions of Grecian temples, one of the largest was that of Diana at Ephesus. It was 425 feet long by 220 broad: the columns were 60 feet in height. The temple of Jupiter at Agrigentum, described by Diodorus Siculus, was 340 feet in length by 60 in width. The latter measurement, however, is generally admitted as a mistake in the text for 160; since the great temple of Selinus, the next in size, was 331 feet in length by 161 in breadth; and sixty feet of width compared with the length is an impossibility. The temple of Jupiter Olympius, at Athens, was 259 feet long by 96 in width. That of the Parthenon, 228 by 102. The larger temple at Pæstum, 195 feet four inches by 78 feet ten. The temple at Segeste, 190 feet by 76 feet eight inches. The temple of Syracuse, 172 by 74. That of Corinth, 160 feet by 109. The temple of Apollo Epicurius at Phigaleia, 124 feet by 47. That of Juno at Agrigentum, 124 feet by 54 feet seven. The smaller temple at Pæstum, 107 feet by 47. The temple of Theseus, 104 feet by 45. The temple of Jupiter, at Ægina, was 96 feet by 45. The joint temple of Minerva Polias and Erectheus, 74 feet long by 38 in width; the columns 22 feet high.

Manners and Customs.

BRICK TEA.

The Mongols, and most of the Nomades of Middle Asia, make use of this tea: it serves them both for food and drink. The Chinese carry on a great trade in it, but never drink it themselves. In the tea manufactories, which are for the most part in the Chinese government of Fokien, the dry, dirty, and damaged leaves and stalks of the tea are thrown aside; they are then mixed with a glutinous substance, pressed into moulds, and dried in ovens. These blocks are called by the Russians, on account of their shape, Brick Tea. The Monguls, the Bouriats, the inhabitants of Siberia beyond Lake Baikal, and the Kalmucks, take a piece of this tea, pound it in a mortar made for the purpose, and throw the powder into a cast-iron vessel full of boiling water, which they suffer to stand a long time upon the fire—adding a little salt and milk, and sometimes mixing flour fried in oil. This tea, or broth, is known by the name of Satouran. It is very nourishing.

FERNANDO.

CONSUMPTION OF OPIUM IN CHINA.

It is remarkable, that whilst the laws of China strictly prohibit the importation of this drug, under the severest penalties, confiscating the cargoes of vessels in which it is brought, levying heavy fines upon, and subjecting to corporeal punishment, all persons concerned in smuggling it,* and even sentencing houses in which it is found to the flames, the consumption of opium continues; and the quantity demanded and received in China is regular, and nearly uniform. Even the use of it is prohibited; so that it is an enjoyment purchased with great risk or great sacrifice in bribes, since those who use it can always be known by the effects it produces.

It is not, perhaps, generally known, that opium in that country is chiefly used for smoking—that is, for mixing with tobacco. For this purpose, the Bengal opium is preferred to that of every other country, on account of its flavour. When opium is required for chewing, and the intoxicating property is more an object than the flavour, the Malwa opium is prefered to that of Bengal, because it is more abundant in the narcotic principle. For this reason it is a favourite in the eastern islands.

The Malwa opium has lately been in great demand at Canton; whilst that of Patna and Benares, as well as that of Bengal and Turkey, have declined in credit. This denotes that the destructive habit of chewing opium is gaining ground in China. Thus do records of trade supply a commentary upon the morals of a country!

FERNANDO.

The Public Journals.

SPECIMENS OF IRISH MINSTRELSY:

KEEN ON YOUNG DRINAN.

Said to have been composed, about forty years since, by the nurse of a boy named Drinan, as she accompanied his funeral from Cork to Carrigaline.

[According to the tradition respecting this keen, the sister-in-law of Drinan's nurse entertained an enmity towards her husband's family; and, roused by the boast respecting her father-in-law's abundant table, in the sixth verse, she replied in a severe commentary. Whether this produced a rejoinder from the *prima donna*, or whether (as is very improbable) she remained silent under the insult, I am unable to state, having faithfully translated all (and it is apparently a mere fragment) that I obtained.]

The pulse of my heart and the prop of my years,
The child of my breast, whom its softness had cherished,
Lies there!—and I see through the mist of my tears,
In the darkness of death, that my sunshine has perished.

* The risk of conveying opium into the interior is evident, from the fact that 8,000 dollars have been given at Pekin for a chest, worth only 900 at Canton.

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Had he lived open house he'd have kept for all men—
Though a child, who that marked his high spirit could doubt him?
But he now lies as cold as the snow in the glen,
And what is this world to be left in without him?

My gossips! the ways of the world I'll explain—
They are falsehood, and meanness, and cheating, and squeezing,
Since small bits of sheep-skin will great rents obtain,
And the agent is warm while the tenant is freezing.

The rents they are heavy; then look at the ground,
Every foot is twice measured by learned surveyors:
No landlord in Ireland is now to be found,
Who will give the odd acre to gain a man's prayers.

With clothing and victuals, the needy and poor
My child would have helped through the cold of the winter;
In summer the thirsty would drink at his door;
And his nurse, in no manner of thing would he stint her.

She never was stinted—fresh fish every day,
And potatoes the largest, her father was able
To give her, with honey, and butter, and whey,
And the best wine of France he could put on his table.

The Speaker's sister-in-law replies:

May a heart raw and scalding be yours for the boast!
Your father, poor man! to his wit's end was driven;
Your fresh fish—the limpet picked up on the coast,
Your potatoes*—the small things to pigs only given.

Your butter slocaune—that's the scum of the strand,
Your honey—from sea-comb flung up by the ocean.
Your whey—the sour milk from a dead woman's hand,†
And the best wine of France—you're a fool, I've a notion.

KEEN FOR YOUNG RYAN.

[An address from the mother of a young man, to the keeners who were hired to attend his funeral, and probably delivered by her, as the procession was about to depart from her house to the burial ground. The name of the young man is traditionally said to be Ryan, and, judging from the allusion to the river Dowr, he appears to have been a resident in the eastern part of the county of Cork.]

Maidens! sing no more in gladness
To your merry spinning-wheels;
Join the keeners' voice of sadness,
Féel for what a mother feels.

See the space within my dwelling,
'Tis the cold blank space of death!
'Twas the banshee's‡ voice came swelling,
Slowly o'er the midnight heath.

Keeners! let your voices blending,
Long and loudly mourn my boy;
Through Six Counties§ proudly sending
Song as great as that of Troy.

He was as the Christmas mummer,
Bounding like a ball in play;
He was as the dancing summer,
Bright and merry as the May.

What was motion now is starkness,
What was comfort now is noise,
What was sunshine now is darkness—
My heart's music, it is gone!

There's a grief that few can measure,
All absorbing, deep, and dim;
'Tis a grief makes death a pleasure,
And that grief I feel for him.

Dark as flows the buried Dowr,‖
Where no ray can reach its tide,
So no bright beam has the power
Through my souls cold stream to glide.

Did your eyes, like holy fountain,
Gush with never-failing spring;¶
Had ye voices like the mountain,
Then my lost child ye might sing.

Keeners! let your song not falter—
He was as the hawthorn fair;
Lowly at the Virgin's altar
Will his mother kneel in prayer.

Prayer is good to calm the spirit,
When the keen is sweetly sung;
Death though mortal flesh inherit
Why should age lament the young?

'Twas the banshee's lonely wailing—
Well I knew the voice of death,
On the night-wind slowly sailing
O'er the bleak and gloomy heath.

Through the holy mother, Mary,
And her babe, our Saviour blest,
Hearts that of this world are weary**
Will in heaven find joy and rest.

Fraser's Magazine.

* Literally, the cut or wounded potatoes put aside for pig's food. To be fed on small potatoes, is considered as little short of actual starvation. Thus a damsel, in the popular song, tells her lover—

"I'm none of your Looneys, nor half-famished Mooneys,
That picked out and sold the big minions [*a species of potato*]
To portion off Joan: the crehas eat at home,
With a dip [*a relish*] made of salt and boiled onions."

† It is a horrible superstition of the south of Ireland, that the left hand of a corpse, if dipped into the churn, will make the cream produce considerably more butter, and of a richer and better kind, than it would otherwise have done. "In the year 1816, I saw a woman, who had been apprehended and taken into custody on a charge of 'raising cream' by means of a dead man's hand; and two hands, in a shocking state of putrefaction, were exhibited in evidence of the fact. It was afterwards, however, proved that these hands had been conveyed into the dairy by some persons who wished to injure the poor woman. But the circumstance was sufficient to prove the existence of the superstition, which then became a general subject of conversation in the neighbourhood where it occurred."

‡ A spirit which is superstitiously believed in Ireland to give warning of death to certain families, by loud and wailing cries.

§ A literal translation, probably meaning the province of Munster.

‖ Dr. Smith, in his *History of Cork*, mentions, that "about a mile south-east of Castle Martyr, a river called the Dowr breaks out from a limestone rock, after taking a subterraneous course near half a mile, having its rise near Mogeely." It has been remarked, that "the original [of this verse] would seem to have suggested to Mr. Moore the notion of that touching song, in his *Irish Melodies*—

'As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,'" &c.

¶ A holy well, or fountain, is supposed never to be dried up.

** Hibernicè, *sadry*.

A DINNER IN JAMAICA.

(*From Tom Cringle's Log, in Blackwood's Magazine.*)

I NATURALLY enlarged the circle of my acquaintance in the island, especially in Kingston, the mercantile capital; and often does my heart glow within me, when the scenes I have witnessed in that land of fun and fever

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rise up before me after the lapse of many years, under the influence of a good fire and a glass of old Madeira. Take the following sample of Jamaica High Jinks as one of many. On a certain occasion, I had gone to dine with Mr. Isaac Shingle, an extensive American merchant, and a most estimable man, who considerately sent his gig down to the wherry-wharf for me. At six o'clock I arrived at my friend's mansion, situated in the upper part of the town—a spacious, one-story house, overshadowed by two fine, old trees, and situated back from the street about ten yards: the intervening space being laid out in a beautiful, little garden, raised considerably above the level of the adjoining thoroughfare, from which it was divided by a low parapet wall, surmounted by a green painted, wooden railing. There was a flight of six brick steps from the street to the garden, and you ascended from the latter to the house itself, which was raised on brick pillars, a fathom high, by another stair of eight broad marble slabs. The usual veranda, or piazza, ran along the whole front, beyond which you entered a large and lofty, but very darksome hall, answering to our European drawing-room, into which the bed-rooms opened on each side. It did strike me at first as odd, that the principal room in the house should be a dark dungeon of a place, with nothing but borrowed lights, until I again recollected that darkness and coolness were convertible terms within the tropics. Advancing through this room, you entered, by a pair of folding-doors, on a very handsome dining-room, situated in what, I believe, is called a back jamb—a sort of outrigger to the house, fitted all round with movable blinds, or *jealousies*, and open like a lantern to all the winds of heaven except the west, in which direction the main body of the house warded off the sickening beams of the setting sun;—and how sickening they are, let the weary sentries under the pillars of the Jamaica viceroy's house in Spanish town tell, reflected as they were there from the hot brick walls of the palace.

This room again communicated with the back-yard, in which the negro-houses, kitchen, and other offices were situated, by a wooden stair, of the same elevation as that in front. Here the table was laid for dinner, covered with the finest diaper, and snow-white napkins, and silver wine-coolers, and silver forks, and fine steel, and cut glass, and cool green finger-glasses, with lime leaves floating within, and tall wax-lights shaded from the breeze in thin glass barrels, and an epergne filled with flowers, with a fragrant fresh-gathered lime in each of the small leaf-like branches, and saltcellars with red peppers in them, &c. &c., that made the *tout ensemble* the most captivating imaginable to a hungry man.

I found a large party assembled in the piazza and the dark hall, to whom I was introduced in due form. In Jamaica, of all countries I ever was in, it is a most difficult matter for a stranger to ascertain the real names of the guests at a bachelor party like the present, where all the parties were intimate, there were so many *soubriquets* amongst them: for instance, a highly-respectable merchant of the place, with some fine young women for daughters, by the way, from the peculiarity of a prominent front tooth, was generally known as the Grand Duke of Tuscany; while an equally respectable elderly man, with a slight touch of paralysis in his head, was christened Old Steady in the West, because he never kept his head still; so, whether some of the names of the present party were real or fictitious, I really cannot tell.

First, there was Mr. Seco, a very neat, gentlemanlike, little man, perfectly well-bred, and full of French phrases. Then came Mr. Eschylus Stave, a tall, raw-boned, well-informed, personage—a bit of a quiz on occasion, but withal a pleasant fellow. Mr. Isaac Shingle, mine host, a sallow, sharp, hatchet-faced, small homo; but warm-hearted and kind, as I often experienced during my sojourn in the west, only sometimes a little peppery and argumentative. Then came Mr. Jacob Bumble, a sleek, fat-pated Scotchman. Next I was introduced to Mr. Alonzo Smoothpate, a very handsome fellow, with an uncommon share of natural good breeding and politeness. Again I clapperclawed, according to the fashion of the country, a violent shake of the paw being the Jamaica infeftment to acquaintanceship, Mr. Percales, whom I took for a foreign Jew some how or another, at first, from his uncommon name, until I heard him speak, and perceived he was an Englishman: indeed, his fresh complexion, very neat person, and gentlemanlike deportment, when I had time to reflect, would of themselves have disconnected him from all kindred with the sons of Levi. Then came a long, dark-complexioned, curly-pated, slip of a lad, with white teeth, and high strongly-marked features, considerably pitted with small-pox: he seemed the great promoter of fun and wickedness in the party, and was familiarly addressed as the Don, although I believe his real name was Mr. Lucifer Longtram. Then there was Mr. Aspen Tremble, a fresh-looking, pleasant, well-informed man; and an exceedingly-polite old gentleman, wearing hair-powder and a queue, ycleped Nicodemus; and a very devil of a little chap, of the name of Rubiochicho, a great ally in wickedness with Master Longtram; and the last in this eventful history was a staid, sedate-looking, elderly young man, of the name of Onyx Steady, an extensive foreign merchant, with a species of dry caustic readi-

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ness about him that was dangerous enough. We sat down, Isaac Shingle doing the honours, confronted by Eschylus Stave, and all was right, and smooth, and pleasant.

When the second course appeared, I noticed that the blackie, who brought in two nice, tender, little ducklings, with the concomitant green peas, both just come in season, was chuckling, and grinning, and showing his white teeth most vehemently, as he placed both dishes right under Jacob Bumble's nose. Shingle and Longtram exchanged looks. I saw there was some mischief toward, and presently, as if by some preconcerted signal, every body asked for duck, duck, duck. Bumble, with whom the dish was a prime favourite, carved away with a most stern countenance, until he had got half through the second bird, when some unpleasant recollection seemed to come over him, and his countenance fell; and lying back on his chair, he gave a deep sigh. But, "Mr. Bumble, that breast, if you please—thank you,"—"Mr. Bumble, that back, if you please," succeeded each other rapidly, until all that remained of the last of the ducklings was a beautiful little leg, which, under cover of the following story, Jacob cannily smuggled on to his own plate.

"Why, gentlemen, a most remarkable circumstance happened to me while dressing for dinner. You all know I am next-door neighbour to our friend Shingle, our premises being only divided by a brick wall, about eight feet high. Well, my dressing-room window looks out on this wall, between which and the house I have my duck-pen"——

"Your what?" said I.

"My poultry-yard, as I like to see the creatures fed myself; and I was particularly admiring two beautiful ducklings which I had been carefully fattening for a whole week"—(here our friend's voice shook, and a tear glistened in his eye)—"when first one, and then another, jumped out of the little pond, and successively made a grab at something which I could not see, and immediately began to shake their wings, and struggle with their feet, as if they were dancing, until, as with one accord,—deuce take me!"—(here he almost blubbered aloud)—"if they did not walk up the brick wall with all the deliberation in the world, merely helping themselves over the top by a small flaff of their wings; and where they have gone, none of Shingle's people know."

"I'll trouble you for that leg, Julius," said Longtram, at this juncture, to a servant, who whipped away the plate from under Bumble's arm before he could prevent him, who looked after it as if it had been a pound of his own flesh. It seemed that Longtram, who had arrived rather early, had found a fishing-tackle in the piazza, and knowing the localities of Bumble's premises, he had, by way of adding his quota to the entertainment, baited two hooks with pieces of raw potatoes, and throwing them over the wall, had, in conjunction with Julius the Black, hooked up the two ducklings out of the pen, to the amazement of Squire Bumble.

By and by, as the evening wore on, I saw the Longtram lad making demonstrations to bring on a general drink, in which he was nobly seconded by Rubiochicho; and I grieve to say it, I was noways loth, nor indeed were any of the company. There had been a great deal of mirth and frolic during dinner—all within proper bounds, however; but as the night made upon us, we set more sail—more, as it turned out, than some of us had ballast for—when, lo! towards ten of the clock, up started Mr. Eschylus, to give us a speech. His seat was at the bottom of the table, with the back of his chair close to the door that opened into the yard; and after he had got his breath out, on I forget what topic, he sat down, and lay back on his balanced chair, stretching out his long legs with great complacency. However, they did not prove a sufficient counterpoise to his very square shoulders, which, obeying the laws of gravitation, destroyed his equilibrium, and threw him a somersault, when exit Eschylus Stave, Esq., head foremost, with a formidable rumble-tumble and hurry-scurry down the back steps, his long shanks disappearing last, and clipping between us and the bright moon like a pair of flails. However, there was no damage done; and after a good laugh, Stave's own being loudest of all, the Don and Rubiochicho righted him, and helped him once more into his chair.

Jacob Bumble now favoured us with a song, that sounded as if he had been barrelled up in a puncheon, and was *cantando* through the bung-hole; then Rubiochico sang, and the Don sang, and we all sang and bumpered away; and Mr. Seco got on the table, and gave us the newest quadrille step; and in fine, we were all becoming dangerously drunk. Longtram, especially, had become uproarious beyond all bounds; and, getting up from his chair, he took a short run of a step or two, and sprang right over the table, whereby he smashed the epergne full of fruit and flowers, scattering the contents all about like hail, and driving a volley of preserved limes like grapeshot, in all their syrup and stickiness, slap into my face—a stray one spinning with a sloppy *whit* into Jacob Bumble's open mouth as he sang, like a musket-ball into a winter turnip; while a fine, preserved pine-apple flew bash on Isaac Shingle's sharp snout, like the bursting of a shrapnel shell. "Hang it," hiccupped Shingle, "won't stand this any longer, by Ju-Ju-Jupiter! Give over your practicals, Lucifer! Confound it, Don, give over,—do, now, you mad, long-legged son of a gun!" Here the

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Don caught Shingle round the waist, and whipping him bodily out of his chair, carried him kicking and spurring into the hall, now well lit up, and laid him on a sofa; and then returning, coolly installed himself in his seat.

In a little, we heard the squeaking of a pig in the street, and our friend Shingle's voice high in oath. I sallied forth to see the cause of the uproar, and found our host engaged in single combat, with a drawn sword-stick, that sparkled blue and bright in the moonbeam, his antagonist being a strong porker, that he had taken for a town-guard, and had hemmed into a corner formed by the stair and the garden-wall, which, on being pressed, made a dash between his spindle-shanks, and fairly capsized him into my arms. I carried him back to his couch again; and thinking it was high time to be off, as I saw that Smoothpate, and Steady, and Nicodemus, and the more composed part of the company, had already absconded, I seized my hat, and made sail in the direction of the former's house, where I was to sleep, when that devil Longtram made up to me.

"Hillo, my little man-of-war, heave-to a bit, and take me with you. Why what *is* that? what the deuce *is* that?" We were at this time staggering along under the dark piazza of a long line of low, wooden houses, every now and then thundering against the thin boards, or bulkheads, that constitute the side next the street, making, as we could distinctly hear, the inmates start and snort in the inside, as they turned themselves in their beds. In the darkest part of the piazza, there was the figure of a man, in the attitude of a telescope levelled on its stand, with its head, as it were, countersunk or morticed into the wooden partition. Tipsy as we both were, we stopped in great surprise.

"Hang it, Cringle," said the Don, his philosophy utterly at fault, "the trunk of a man without a head! How is this?"

"Why, Mr. Longtram," I replied, "this is our friend Mr. Smoothpate, or I mistake greatly."

"Let me see," said Longtram. "If it be him, he used to have a head somewhere, I know. Let me see. Oh, it is him;—you are right, my boy; and here *is* his head after all, and a devil of a size it has grown to since dinner-time to be sure. But I know his features—bald pate—high forehead and cheek-bones."

Nota Bene.—We were still in the piazza, where Smoothpate was unquestionably present in the body, but the head was within the house, and altogether, as I can avouch, beyond the Don's ken.

"Where?" said I, groping about;—"very odd, for deuce take me if I can see his head. Why, he has none—a phenomenon—four legs and a tail, but no head, as I am a gentleman,—lively enough, too, he is,—don't seem to miss it much." Here poor Smoothpate made a violent walloping in a vain attempt to disentangle himself.

"Here—here, Cringle," persisted Longtram,—"here *is* his head."

"Zounds, man, don't bother!" cried I,—"that is not his head, any how, it is his but-end—his stern, man."

We could now hear shouts of laughter within, and a voice that I was sure belonged to Master Smoothpate, begging to be released from the pillory he had placed himself in by removing a board in the wooden partition, and sliding it up, and then thrusting his caput from without into the interior of the house, to the no small amazement of the brown fiddler and his daughter, who inhabited the same, and who had immediately secured their prize by slipping the displaced board down again, wedging it firmly on the back of his neck, as if he had been fitted for the guillotine—thus nailing him fast, unless he had bolted, and left his head in pawn.

We now entered, and perceived it was really Don Alonzo's flushed, but very handsome countenance, that was grinning at us from where it was fixed, like a large peony rose stuck against the wall. After a hearty laugh we relieved him; and being now joined by Percales, who came up in his gig, with Mr. Smoothpate following in his wake, we embarked for an airing at half-past one in the morning, Smoothpate and Percales, Longtram and Tom Cringle.

Retrospective Gleanings.

MODERATION.

Owen Feltham says:—"Nothing makes greatness last like the moderate use of authority. Haughty and violent minds never bless their owners with a settled peace. Men come down by domineering. He that is lifted to sudden preferment, had need be much more careful of his actions than he that hath enjoyed it long. If it be not a wonder, it is yet strange; and all strangers we observe more strictly than we do those that have dwelt among us. Men observe fresh authority, to inform themselves how to trust. It is good that the advanced man remember to retain the same humility that he had before his rise: and let him look back to the good intentions that sojourned with him in his low estate. Commonly, we think then of worthy deeds; which we promise ourselves to do, if we had but means. But when that means comes, we forget what we thought, and practise the contrary. Whosoever comes to place from a mean being, had need have so much more virtue as will make good his want of blood. Nobility will check at the leap of a low man. A round heart will fasten friends; and link men to thee in the chains of love. And be-

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lieve it, thou wilt find those friends firmest, (though not most,) that thy virtues purchase thee. These will love thee, when thou art but man again: whereas those that are won without desert, will also be lost without a cause. Smoothness declineth envy. It is better to descend a little from state, than assume any thing that may seem above it. It is not safe to tenter authority. Pride increaseth enemies; but it puts our friends to flight. It was a just quip, that a proud cardinal had from a friend, that, upon his election, went to Rome on purpose to see him; where, finding his behaviour stretched all to pride and state, departed, and made him a mourning suit, wherein next day he came again to visit him; who asking the cause of his blacks, was answered, it was for the death of humility, which died in him, when he was elected cardinal. Authority displays the man. Whatsoever opinion in the world thy former virtues have gained thee, is now under a jury that will condemn it, if they slack here. The way to make honour last, is to do by it as men do by rich jewels; not encommon them to every-day eye: but case them up, and wear them but on festivals. And, be not too glorious at first; it will send men to too much expectation, which when they fail of, will turn to neglect. Thou hadst better show thyself by a little at once; than, in a windy ostentation, pour out thyself together: so, that respect thou gainest will be more permanent, though it be not got in such haste. Some profit thou mayest make of thinking from whence thou camest. He that bears that still in his mind, will be more wary how he trench upon those that were once above him. It was the admonition of the dying Otho to Cocceius: Neither too much to remember, nor altogether to forget, that Cæsar was his uncle. When we look on ourselves in the shine of prosperity, we are apt for the puff and scorn. When we think not on it at all, we are likely to be much imbased. An estate evened with these thoughts endureth: our advancement is many times from fortune; our moderation in it is that which she can never give nor deprive us of. In what condition soever I live, I would neither bite nor fawn." W. G. C.

The Gatherer.

Secret Dispatches.—During the Sung dynasty, about A.D. 1000, military officers in China used to make a ball of wax, and inclose in it their secret dispatches. To this sort of letter they gave the name of *La shoo*, "wax letter;" or *La peaou*, "wax memorial." We do not remember to have read any where else of such a method of sending secret documents, which at the same time were water-proof. FERNANDO.

Promise "in futuro."—A president of the parliament of Paris, presenting an address to the Duke of Burgundy, then an infant, said, "We come, prince, to offer you our respects; our children will give you their services."

The Asiatic Elephant.—M. Cuvier says that the Asiatic elephant is fifteen or sixteen feet high. This appears to be an error: elephants in India rarely, if ever, exceed eleven feet in height.

A King's Word should be always sacred.—John I., King of France, being advised to break a treaty he had lately made, "No," replied he; "though sincerity and truth were abandoned by all mankind, they should still find an asylum in the breast of kings."

THOMAS GILL.

Spectacles.—Much has been written respecting the superiority of pebbles over glasses; but their actual superiority consists only in this, that they are much less liable to be broken or scratched, and so may be carried in the pocket without a case; for which convenience they cost above four times as much as glasses. It is, indeed, impossible to point out any difference between good pebbles and good glasses.—*Curtis, on the Eye.*

The Eye.—The use of shades and bandages on every trifling affection of the eye, is an evil that cannot be too strongly reprobated; for the action of light and air being thus excluded, and the organ rigidly compressed, ophthalmia, and even total blindness, is not unfrequently the consequence of what being perhaps merely a slight flow of humour, or a little extravasated blood, would have subsided in a few days, if judiciously treated, or even if left to itself.—*Ibid.*

Origin of the name Muslin.—The city of Mosul, formerly the capital of Mesopotamia, stands upon the right or western bank of the Tigris, opposite to the site of ancient Nineveh. "All those cloths of gold and silk which we, the Venetians, (says Marco Polo,) call muslins, are of the manufacture of Mosul." It is not improbable that the city of Mosul being at that time one of the greatest entrepots of eastern commerce, may have given the appellation to various productions of the loom conveyed from thence to the Mediterranean. INNES.

How many amusing and ridiculous scenes should we witness in this world, if each pair of men that *secretly* laugh at each other, were to laugh at each other *aloud*.

INNES.

Dress is a foolish thing, and yet it is not foolish to be well dressed. I.

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The Mirror

OF

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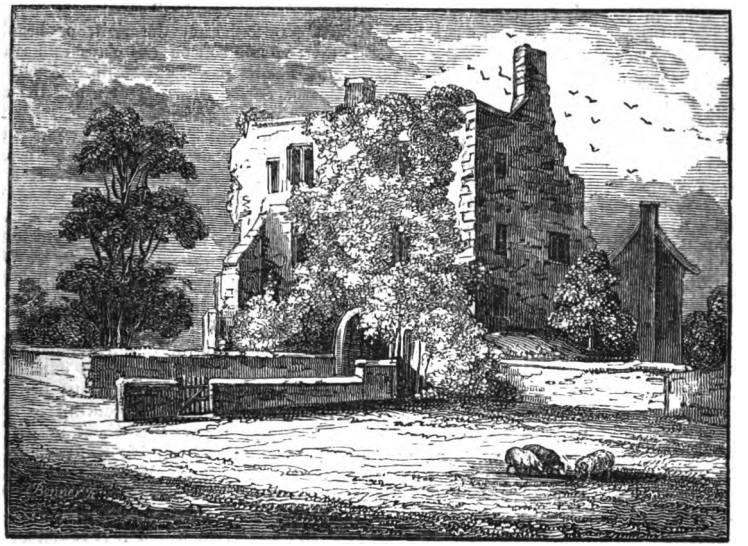

BIRTHPLACE OF BAMPFYLDE MOORE CAREW.

(From a Sketch, by a Correspondent.)

THE searchers after eccentric biography have long since exalted Bampfylde Moore Carew to a niche of their ideal Pantheon. His title "the King of the Beggars" entitles him to their recollection, and the hours which the reading of his royal vagaries have whiled away were perhaps among the pleasantest of their early days, especially if they displayed an inordinate appetite for adventure. Carew's memoirs are not half so much read in this as they were in the last century; and, probably, the present generation lose little by neglect of this extraordinary biography. Nevertheless, so long as records of eccentricity are cherished, the vagrant life of Carew will have its admirers.

The Cut represents Bickleigh Manor-house, near Tiverton, in Devonshire, where Bampfylde Moore Carew was born in July, 1693. He was descended from the ancient family of the Carews, one of whom, George Carew, Earl of Totness, served under the Earl of Essex, in Queen Elizabeth's expedition against Cadiz. Bampfylde's father was many years rector of Bickleigh. His christening was a grand event for the West of England gentry, and he was named after his godfather, the Hon. Hugh Bampfylde, and the Hon. Major Moore. The family of the Carews resided in the manor-house at Bickleigh, and in the early part of the present century, seven eighths of the lordship of the hundred, manor, and borough of Tiverton, belonged to a descendant, Sir Thomas Carew, Bart. of Haccombe, Devon. The manor-house in the Engraving appears to be a decaying vestige of the capacious mansion style of the Elizabethan age; and, with clustering foliage about its walls, and weeds clinging to the angles, it presents altogether a picturesque ruin.

Carew, as the reader must recollect, was sent to Tiverton school, where his hopeful acquaintance with "young gentlemen of the best rank and fortune" led to the chase of Colonel Nutcombe's fine deer with a collar about its neck: and the fear of being punished for this truant sport induced Carew and his companions to visit the Brick ale-house, where they joined "a society of gipsies." The characters and disguises of his subsequent vagrancy must be left to his biographer, with the achievements by which he raised himself to the dignity of "King of the Beggars," a title, by the way, not extinct in these days. We can only add that Carew died July 6, 1759, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, and the 50th year of his travels.

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CONSTRUCTION OF THE STALK OF WHEAT, &c.

"When the grain of wheat, (says Sturm,) has been some time in the ground it shoots upwards a stalk, which rises perpendicularly, but only grows slowly, that the wheat may have time to ripen. It is for very wise reasons that it grows four or five feet high, in order to preserve the grain from the moisture of the ground, which would rot it. The height of the stalk contributes also to the depuration of the nourishing juices which the root conveys to it; and its round form assists this operation; for, by that means the heat penetrates equally into every part of the stem. But how is it possible that so slender a stalk can support itself, and bear up its fruitful head without sinking under the weight, or without being beaten down by a breath of wind? The Creator guarded against this inconvenience in the formation of the stem. He furnished it with four very strong knots, which in some measure serve as screws, strengthening it, without taking from it the power of bending. The construction of these knots alone shows the greatest wisdom. Like a very fine sieve they are full of holes, and through these orifices the juices rise up, and the heat of the sun penetrates into them. The heat attenuates the juices which collect there, and purifies them, by making them pass through a sort of sieve. The stalk is liable to be beaten down by storms and heavy showers of rain, but its not being thick secures it. It is flexible enough to bend without breaking. From out the chief stem there shoot others not so high, as well as leaves, which collecting drops of rain and dew, furnish the plant with the nutritive juices it requires. In the mean time, the grain, that essential part of the plant, forms itself by degrees. To preserve these tender sprouts from the accidents and dangers which might destroy them at the instant of their birth, the two upper leaves of the stalk unite closely at the top, both to preserve the ear of corn, and to draw to it the nourishing juices. But as soon as the stem is formed enough to support the grain of itself with proper juices, the leaves gradually dry and drop off, that none may have anything more than necessary to nourish it. When this scaffolding is removed, the edifice appears in full beauty. The bearded corn waves gracefully, and its points serve for ornament as well as defence against the birds. Refreshed with gentle rains, it thrives till the appointed time, giving the farmer fine hopes, and growing every day more yellow, till sinking at last under the weight of its riches, it bends its head of itself to the sickle."

Miller enumerates thirteen species of wheat,* "of all these sorts, (he says,) cultivated in this country, the *cone wheat* is chiefly preserved, as it has a larger ear and a fuller grain than any other: but the seeds of all should be annually changed; for if they are sown on the same farm, they will not succeed so well as when the seed is brought from a distant country."

In Hertfordshire, the rivit, or bearded, is the common sort on the clays and strong loams about Sawbridgeworth. About St. Alban's, *Day's Stout*, which has the ears growing with four sets of kernels, is much sown; also about Hitchin, where it was discovered by a poor labourer who gathered a few ears. It is said to yield well. It is not well known from what country wheat was first introduced into this. It is indigenous in Little Tartary and Siberia, where it still grows without culture. P. T. W.

By way of rider to our Correspondent's Notes, we may add that Sir Robert Ker Porter, the British consul at Caraccas, has lately forwarded to this country a small supply of the Victoria wheat, so much extolled for its productiveness, and the short period required for its growth. According to Humboldt, the produce of this wheat at La Victoria, is from 2,160 to 2,560 lbs. per English acre, while in France, the produce of wheat from an equal space does not exceed 800 to 960 lbs. Should it retain the property of early maturity, for which it is remarkable in the other hemisphere, a crop of Victoria wheat, sown on the 15th of February, would be ready for the sickle on May 1; and if threshed, and resown on the 15th of May, a second crop might be reaped on the 29th of July.*—But, surely our climate precludes all such golden expectations.

* There are now upwards of 330 varieties and subvarieties in Britain.

REFORMATION EPITAPH.

(To the Editor.)

When travelling through Scotland this summer, I went to see the tombstones in Muirkirk Churchyard, Ayrshire. I was much interested with the inscription on one of them, which I with difficulty transcribed, as it is nearly obliterated by decay. The following is a copy:

INSCRIPTION.

Here lies John Smith
who was shot by Col-
Buchan and the laird
of Lee Feb. 1685.
For his adherence to the
word of God and Scot-
land's covenanted w-
ork of reformation,
Rev. 12. ii. Erected in the
year 1731."

Epitaph.

"When proud apostates
did abjure Scotland's
reformation pure And
fill'd this land with perj-
ury and all sorts of In-
iquity Such as would not
with them comply They pe

* Morning Herald.

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> recute with hue and
> cry. I in the flight
> was overtane And fo
> r the truth by them
> was slain"

To readers of Scottish History, it is needless to say, that the name of the laird of Lee was Lockart, and that Lee House is at present the country residence of the Lockart family: that it is at this beautiful place, on the banks of the Clyde, where the "Lee Penny" is kept. R. B.

The Sketch-Book.

PROFESSION OF A NUN.

(From Bell's Observations on Italy.)

Among the institutions of the Roman Catholic faith, monasteries form a conspicuous feature. It is impossible, I think, to reflect on the state of beings thus cut off from all the social ties of life, without a sensation of melancholy; a sensation which is more especially awakened to the situation of female votaries, their stricter rules, and more uninterrupted seclusion, separating them from the world by stronger barriers than those opposed to the other sex.

The profession of a young nun can hardly be witnessed without exciting feelings of strong emotion. To behold a being in the early dawn of youth, about to forsake the world, while its joys alone are painted to the imagination; and sorrow, yet untasted, seems far distant—to see her, with solemn vows, cross that threshold, which may not again be repassed, and which separates her for ever from all those scenes that give interest, and delight, and joy to life—to imagine her in the lonely cell that is to replace the beauty and the grandeur of nature, presents a picture that must fill the mind with powerful feelings of sadness.

Such is the illusion, such the sensation inspired by the solemn scene, that I believe that he whose faith hallows, or he whom a different persuasion leads to deplore, the sacrifice, will yet, for the moment, behold it with equal emotion.

The mind, if not more than usually cold, will with difficulty suppress the tear that rushes from the heart, when contemplating, in perspective, the long listless life which lies spread out, in an unvarying form, before her who is thus, for the last time, surrounded by a busy throng, and adorned with a splendour that seems but to mock her fate.

The convent in which we were now to behold this ceremony belongs to an austere order, styled "Lume Iacra," having severe regulations, enforcing silence and contemplation.

One of their symbols resembles the ancient custom of the Vestal Virgins; like them, they are enjoined to watch continually over the sacred lamp, burning for ever. The costume of this community differs essentially from that usually worn, and is singularly beautiful and picturesque; but, while it pleases the eye, it covers an ascetic severity, their waist being grasped, under the garment, by an iron girdle, which is never loosened.

It appeared that the fortunes of the fair being who was this day to take the veil, had been marked by events so full of sorrow, that her story, which was told in whispers by those assembled, was not listened to without the deepest emotion. Circumstances of the most affecting nature had driven her to seek shelter in a sanctuary, where the afflicted may weep in silence, and where, if sorrow is not assuaged, its tears are hidden.

All awaited the moment of her entrance with anxious impatience, and on her appearance every eye was directed towards her with an expression of the deepest interest. Splendidly adorned, as is customary on these occasions, and attended by a female friend of high rank, she slowly advanced to the seat assigned her near the altar. Her fine form rose above the middle stature, a gentle bend marked her contour, but it seemed as the yielding of a fading flower; her deep blue eyes, which were occasionally in pious awe raised to Heaven, and her long, dark eyelashes, gave life to a beautiful countenance on which resignation seemed portrayed. The places allotted to us as being strangers, whom the Italians never fail to distinguish by the most courteous manners, were such as not only to enable us to view the whole ceremony, but to contemplate the features and expression of this interesting being.

She was the only child of doting parents; but while their afflicted spirit found vent in the tears which coursed over cheeks chilled by sorrow, they yet beheld their treasure about to be for ever separated from them, with that resignation which piety inspires, while yielding to a sacrifice made to Heaven. The ceremony now began, the priest pronounced a discourse, and the other observances proceeded in the usual track.

At length the solemn moment approached which was to bind her vows to Heaven. She arose, and stood a few moments before the altar; when suddenly, yet with noiseless action, she sank extended on the marble floor, and instantly the long black pall was thrown over her. Every heart seemed to shudder, and a momentary pause ensued; when the deep silence was broken, by the low tones of the organ, accompanied by soft and beautiful female voices, singing the service of the dead (the requiem.) The sound gently swelled in the air, and as the harmonious volume became more powerful, the deep church bell at intervals sounded with a loud clamour, exciting a mixed feeling of agitation and grandeur.

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Tears were the silent expression of the emotion which thrilled through every heart. This solemn music continued long, and still fell mournfully on the ear; and yet seraphic as in softened tones, and as it were receding in the distance, it gently sank into silence. The young novice was then raised, and advancing towards the priest, she bent down, kneeling at his feet, while he cut a lock of her hair, as a type of the ceremony that was to deprive her of this, to her no longer valued, ornament. Her attendant then despoiled her of the rich jewels with which she was adorned; her splendid upper vesture was thrown off, and replaced by a monastic garment; her long tresses bound up, her temples covered with fair linen; the white crown, emblem of innocence, fixed on her head, and the crucifix placed in her hands.

Then kneeling low once more before the altar, she uttered her last vow to Heaven; at which moment the organ and choristers burst forth in loud shouts of triumph, and in the same instant the cannon from St. Angelo gave notice that her solemn vows were registered.

The ceremony finished, she arose and attended in procession, proceeded towards a wide iron gate, dividing the church from the monastery, which, opening wide, displayed a small chapel beautifully illuminated; a thousand lights shed a brilliant lustre, whose lengthened gleams seemed sinking into darkness, as they shot through the long perspective of the distant aisle. In the fore ground, in a blazing focus of light, stood an altar, from which, in a divided line, the nuns of the community were seen, each holding a large, burning, wax taper. They seemed to be disposed in order of seniority, and the two youngest were still adorned with the white crown, as being in the first week of their novitiate.

Both seemed in early youth, and their cheeks, yet unpaled by monastic vigils, bloomed with a brightened tint, while their eyes sparkled, and a smile seemed struggling with the solemnity of the moment, in expression of their innocent delight in beholding the approach of her who had that day offered up her vows, and become one of the community.

The others stood in succession, with looks more subdued, pale, mild, collected, the head gently bending toward the earth in contemplation. The procession stopped at the threshold of the church, when the young nun was received and embraced by the Lady Abbess, who, leading her onwards, was followed in procession by the nuns, each bearing her lighted torch.

It might be the brilliant light shed on the surrounding objects, or the momentary charm lent by enthusiasm, that dangerous spirit of the mind deceiving the eye and the heart, which gave to these fair beings a fascination more than real; but such were my feelings, so fixed my attention, that when their forms faded from my view, when the gate was closed, and I turned again towards the busy throng and crowded street, I felt a heaviness of heart, even to pain, weigh upon me.

The Public Journals.

BRITISH SIRNAMES.

"EVERY man has a name; and every man, if his attention should happen to be turned in that direction, must feel some curiosity to know of what that name is significant, and how it originated." The rude aboriginal inhabitants of this country, our Celtic ancestors, no doubt distinguished each other by single appellations, as they were, in all probability, not sufficiently numerous to require more; some few of these remain, even now, in parts of the country where remains of the Celtic language may still be traced;—such as Cairn, signifying a sepulchral hill; Benn, a promontory; Gillies, a servant; Braithwaite, a steep inclosure; Glynn, a valley; Linn, a mountain stream; Callan, a boy; Doity, saucy, nice; Douce, sober, wise; Doylt, stupid; Eldritch, ghastly; Fell, keen, biting; Pen, successful, &c. &c.

The Romans, during their possession of Britain, with the proud feelings of conquerors, held themselves aloof from the inhabitants of the country, and consequently few of their names can be traced amongst us. We now and then meet with one, such as Felix, Marcus, Julius, Carus, Cæsar, and some few others; the last, Cæsar, was perphaps given in derision to some one possessed of the opposite qualities to his great namesake.

From the time when the Saxons were invited over and settled in this country, the subject of British sirnames becomes curious and interesting. These people, who brought their names, language, habits, and institutions with them, obtained such complete possession of the island that, from the period of their arrival, all record of the original inhabitants vanishes from the page of history. Many of them were, no doubt, extirpated, and others so completely mixed up with the new occupiers of the land, as to become no longer distinguishable as a people. In proof of this, many of our sirnames at the present time have a British or Celtic termination affixed to a Saxon name. Some few Danish names may also be traced, particularly along our eastern coasts, derived from the marauders of that nation during their occasional settlements in this country. It is astonishing that, after the complete conquest of the kingdom by the Normans in after times, so few purely Norman sirnames should be found amongst us; and the universal prevalence of Saxon

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appellations at the present day, proves how essentially the people remained the same under the sway of their foreign masters, and how little they assimilated with them. Indeed for a considerable period it appears that the names, language, and manners of the Normans spread only among the higher classes of society. Several celebrated linguists* have discovered a similarity between the Saxon, Danish, and Norman languages, the last having been, like the two others, originally of a Teutonic race, though assimilated, in later times, to the French, from the proximity of those who spoke it to their Gallic neighbours. "Our present list of English sirnames, therefore, is principally Saxon or Teutonic, with some British, partly in a simple and partly in a compounded state, a few French and a few foreign names, imported by occasional settlers." By far the larger class of English sirnames at this day is derived from the names of countries, towns, or residences; indeed the Saxons appear to have deduced most of theirs from this source; as York, Cheshire, Worth, Milton, Ireland, &c. Those of this kind may be distinguished by their various terminations, and a little attention will then demonstrate how very generally they prevail amongst us.

First are those ending in *ton*,—as Norton, the north town; Preston, the Sheriff town; Langton, the long town, &c. This is a family of a numerous progeny, and members of it will recur to the recollection of all of us. Those ending in *wich*, meaning a town at the mouth of a river, and sometimes only a town, we must suppose to be of near kin to the above,—as Sandwich, the town on the sand; Hardwich, the strong town; Nantwich, the town of the valley, &c. Then follow those who derive their names from villages, such as Winthorpe, the village of furze: Hillthorpe, the village of the hill; and all our other acquaintance terminating in *thorpe*. Claiming brotherhood with these are those, again, who write *ham*, signifying a hamlet, as the last syllable of their names; such as Pelham, Marsham, Graham, Farnham, with hundreds of others.

Those names ending in *wood*,—as Hazlewood, the wood of hazles; Elmwood, the wood of elms, &c., and others terminating in *shaw*, meaning a small wood, as Fernshaw, the shaw of fern, &c.; with those taking durf, a thicket, as their last syllable, as Woodruff, Lendruff, &c., may be considered as forming one family of this class.

All such whose names terminate in *ing*, signifying a swampy bottom, may here claim a place; as Deeping, the deep *ing*; Wilding, the uncultivated *ing*, &c.; also those ending in *den*, *dale*, *don*, or *dell*, a small or deep valley; as Warden, Dovedale, Horndon, &c.

Those ending in *ley*, *lea*, or *ly*, a pasture, may next come forward and boast of Saxon origin, as Netherley, the lower field; Hauley, the field of the haven, &c.; as may also such as affix holm to any other syllable, as Burnholm, the hill of the river; Dunholm, the hill of the fortress, &c.

We may enumerate in this class, likewise, all names terminating in *hill*, as Churchill, Farnhill (sometimes written Farnell), &c.; such as end in *stead*, a home,—as Houghstead, Winstead, and others; also such as take for their last syllable *combe*, a valley; *garth*, an inclosed place; *wold*, a stony ridge; *cock*, a hillock; *coates*, a fold; *stow*, a place or seat; *graves*, a ward; *steth*, the bank of a river; *thwaite*, a pasture; *hurst*, a meadow; and many others which it would be tedious to enumerate. We must be content with having mentioned the principal of them.

The names of our nobility were mostly of this class in ancient times, and were purely Norman French, many of them being derived from districts or towns in Normandy or France; as Beaufort, Montague, Nugent, Russell, or Rousselle, &c. Camden, in his "Remains," says that there is scarcely a village in Normandy that has not given its name to some of our great families, which proves how terribly our poor country must have been inundated with foreigners after the Conquest, and how deplorably the inhabitants must have been stripped of their property to enrich the new-comers. Some of our nobility at the present day also derive their family names from foreign occupations or trades, as Molyneux, Grosvenor, &c. "Many of them, however, still bear Saxon names, which shows that, after the Conquest, some of the old families retained their dignity, and that some were ennobled.†

We will next take those names which are derived from the parent, and which were undoubtedly of very early adoption. Many of these were taken from "contractions, diminutives, or familiar appellatives of Christian names," as Wilson, Watson, Nelson, and a myriad of others. A great many were also taken from regular Christian names, as Johnson, Jacobson, Richardson, Williamson, &c. The Saxon epithet *kin* or *kins*, expressive of littleness or infancy, was also affixed to many Christian names, as Wilkins, little Will; Tomkins, little Tom; and this appellative was transmitted to the next generation as Wilkinson, the son of little Will; Tomkinson, the son of little Tom, &c. In Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, many families have Fitz, O, Mac, and Ap, affixed to their names, to express the same idea; as Fitzwilliam, the son of William; O'Dogherty, the son of Dogherty; Mac Donald, the son of Donald;

* See the Paper on this subject read before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool, by Mr. Merritt, a gentleman to whom the writer of this owes considerable obligation for many excellent ideas on British sirnames.

† See Mr. Merritt's Paper.

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Ap Rin, contracted into Prin; Ap Howel, into Powel, &c. In many parts of England and Wales a distinction has been made between the names of the father and son by simply adding *s*, and sometimes *es*, to that of the former; as Evans, Roberts, Hughes, Williams, &c.

The third class of British sirnames may be said to consist of those derived from trades or occupations, and in a country like this, it may be supposed that this tree spreads far and wide; as its branches may be considered all such appellatives as Smith, Baker, Brewer, Tailor. The more useful and common the calling expressed, the more ancient, in all probability, was its appropriation. Thus we may observe that the Fletchers, or makers of arrows; the Websters, the Weavers, the Masons, and some others, though common amongst us, are not of such constant occurrence as those of the more simple trades.

It is a remarkable fact, but a fact nevertheless, that the names of arts or trades introduced in later times have not been adopted as family appellatives; we never hear of Mr. Jeweller, Mr. Engraver, Mr. Architect, &c. "It has also been remarked that though we have Clerk and Leech to designate two of the learned professions, we have none to express lawyer. But the word Clerk was abundantly employed, especially in the north, to express lawyer as well as priest, and this may account for the extreme frequency of this sirname."

We will next consider those names given to their owners originally for some quality or supposed attribute; a feeling of respect seems sometimes to have dictated these, as bestowing a merited distinction; such are those of Bright, Good, Wise, Fair, Hardy, Worthy, and many more. Sometimes derision appears to have pointed her finger at certain individuals by attaching to them such appellations as Cruickshanks, Longbottom, Clodpole, &c. Others seem to indicate a certain disposition of mind or character; as Gotobed (a desirable name to be called by at the close of a dull November day,) Younghusband, Wellbeloved, Scattergood, Goodenough, Cleverley, and some other odd compounds, that cause us to smile when they occur in the daily intercourse of life. Dr. Murray, who has gone deeper into the subject of proper names than most other writers, decidedly thinks that those of this class are more ancient than any other, as the evident qualities of mind or body would furnish the first distinctive epithets among all early tribes or nations. The veil of mystery hangs over the origin of all things; but certainly, a controversy on the antiquity of English proper names would be most amusing, and would besides possess the valuable property of lasting out the lives of the controversialists, and of leaving each party crowned with the wreath of conquest, in his own estimation, at the close, for who could decide between them, or say to whom the victory belonged?

The fifth class of sirnames is derived from natural objects or productions, chiefly animals, fruit, vegetables, flowers, &c. These were doubtless originally conferred from some supposed analogy between the individual and the object which supplied the designation; and if this be admitted, we must suppose that the first possessors of the names of Lion, Panther, Bull, and Bear, would be avoided for their ferocity; while we must confess that with the original family of the Sharks, (now mostly written Stark,) we would rather have left a P.P.C. card than have sent one of invitation. Then what opinion must be formed of the first Lizards, Foxes, Weazles, Badgers, Tadpoles, and Cats? The primitive Lambs, Hares, Coneys, Harts, Partridges, Doves, Goldfinches, Pointers, and Beagles, were, on the contrary, no doubt distinguished for their gentleness and other agreeable or serviceable qualities. All social intercourse with the first Snows and Frosts we must imagine to have been of a most repelling nature: while that with the original Springs, Summerfields, Honeymen, and Goodales, must have been equally agreeable and inviting. The name of Rose, now so common, we can only imagine to have been first bestowed on some fair maiden of surpassing beauty; and our ancestors were surely too gallant to attach such appellations as those of Lily, Hyacinth, Primrose, Hawthorn, or Roseberry, to any other but the fair sex. For the same reason we may conjecture that the first Peaches, Melons, Pines, Gages, and Plumtrees were females. The names of Hawk, Leopard, and some others, inspire us with no agreeable ideas of their original possessors; while we naturally suppose pertness or insignificance to have marked the first Sparrows, Starlings, Flounders, Whitings, and Smelts.

There are some English sirnames that cannot be comprised in either of the above classes. These are mostly monosyllabic, of which it is difficult to trace the etymology, partly from the change which orthography has undergone since the days of early civilization, and partly from the words having become so obsolete as to elude the efforts of the most industrious research. If they could be successfully investigated, it is generally supposed that they could be referred to one of the five classes enumerated in this paper.

Names derived from dignified titles, such as King, Prince, Duke, Bishop, Earl, &c., have been the subject of some contention. Camden thinks that many names of this kind were taken from the device in the armorial bearings of particular families, and were borne by their servants and dependents; and this seems probable, for it is not likely that dignitaries themselves would be thus

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called, as they were always distinguished by their proper titles. They might sometimes, however, have been given in derision to individuals who were ostentatious or assuming.

On taking promiscuously a hundred names from a General Directory, Mr. Merritt found the proportion of the different classes to be as follows:—

Names of countries, towns, or villages	48
Attributes, qualities, or nicknames	19
Trades or professions	14
Patronymics	9
Natural objects or productions	7
Not comprised in any of the above	3
	100

No trace can be found in this country of the time when the appropriation of sirnames ceased, or went out of fashion. Those who have given most attention to the subject, think the practice has not existed, except in a few instances, for the last two or three centuries; and it is the opinion of some, that from the great increase of population it will be found necessary, ere long, in order to avoid confusion, to revive the custom; to issue a new coinage, and by giving individuals bearing the commonest names, the privilege of assuming others on their marriage, to ensure to posterity more distinctive appellations than those enjoyed by the families of the present day.—*United Service Journal: (abridged.)*

SEASONABLE DITTY.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY.

Don't talk of September!

Don't talk of September!—a lady
Must think it of all months the worst;
The men are preparing already
To take themselves off on the first:
I try to arrange a small party,
The girls dance together,—how tame!
I'd get up *my* game of ecarte,
But *they* go to bring down *their* game!

Last month, their attention to quicken,
A supper I knew was the thing;
But now from my turkey and chicken
They're tempted by birds on the wing!
They shoulder their terrible rifles,
(It's really too much for my nerves!)
And slighting *my sweets and my trifles*,
Prefer my Lord Harry's *preserves!*

Miss Lovemore, with great consternation,
Now hears of the horrible plan,
And fears that her little flirtation
Was only a flash in the pan!
Oh! marriage is hard of digestion,
The men are all sparing of words;
And now 'stead of *popping the question*,
They set off to *pop at the birds*.

Go, false ones, your aim is so horrid,
That love at the sight of you dies:
You care not for locks on the forehead,—
The *locks* made by MANTON you prize!
All thoughts sentimental *exploding*,
Like *flints* I behold you depart;
You heed not, when priming and loading,
The load you have left on my heart.

They talk about patent percussions,
And all preparations for sport;
And these *double barrel* discussions
Exhaust *double bottles* of port!
The dearest is deaf to my summons
As off on his pony he jogs;
A doleful condition is woman's:
The men are all *gone to the dogs!*

New Monthly Magazine.

THE WHIP SNAKE.

(*From Tom Cringle's Log.*)

As the wind was veering about rather capriciously, I was casting my eye anxiously along the warp, to see how it bore the strain, when, to my surprise, it appeared to my eye to thicken at the end next the tree, and presently something like a screw, about a foot long, that occasionally shone like glass in the moonlight, began to move along the taught line, with a spiral motion. All this time one of the boys was fast asleep, resting on his folded arms on the gunwale, his head having dropped down on the stem of the boat. But one of the Spanish boatmen in the canoe that was anchored close to us, seeing me gazing at something, had cast his eyes in the same direction. The instant he caught the object, he thumped with his palms on the side of the canoe, exclaiming, in a loud, alarmed tone, "*culebra! culebra!*"—"a snake! a snake!"—on which the reptile made a sudden and rapid slide down the line towards the bow of the boat, where the poor lad was resting his head, and immediately afterwards dropped into the sea.

The sailor rose and walked aft, as if nothing had happened, amongst his messmates, who had been alarmed by the cries of the Spanish canoeman; and I was thinking little of the matter, when I heard some anxious whispering amongst them.

"Fred," said one of the men, "what is wrong, that you breathe so hard?"

"Why, boy, what ails you?" said another.

"Something has stung me," at length said the poor little fellow, speaking thick, as if he had laboured under sore throat. The truth flashed on me—a candle was lit—and, on looking at him, he appeared stunned, complained of cold, and suddenly assumed a wild, startled look.

He evinced great anxiety and restlessness, accompanied by a sudden and severe prostration of strength—still continuing to complain of great and increasing cold and chilliness, but he did not shiver. As yet no part of his body was swollen, except very slightly about the wound;—however, there was a rapidly increasing rigidity of the muscles of the neck and throat, and within half an hour after he was bit, he was utterly unable to swallow even liquids. The small whip-snake, the most deadly asp in the whole list of noxious reptiles, peculiar to South America, was not above fourteen inches long: it had made four small punctures with its fangs right over the left jugular vein, about an inch below the chin. There was no blood oozing from them; but a circle, about the size of a crown-

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piece, of dark-red, surrounded them, which gradually melted into blue at the outer rim, which again became fainter, until it disappeared in the natural colour of the skin. By the advice of the Spanish boatman, we applied an embrocation of the leaves of the *palma Christi*, or castor oil nut, as hot as the lad could bear it; but we had neither oil nor hot milk to give internally, both of which they informed us often proved specifics. Rather than lie at anchor, until morning, under these melancholy circumstances, I shoved out into the rough water, but we made little of it, and when the day broke, I saw that the poor fellow's fate was sealed: his voice had become inarticulate, the coldness had increased, all motion in the extremities had ceased, the legs and arms became quite stiff, the respiration slow and difficult, as if the blood had coagulated, and could no longer circulate through the heart, or as if, rom some unaccountable effect of the poison on the nerves, the action of the former had been impeded;—still the poor little fellow was perfectly sensible, and his eye bright and restless. His breathing became still more interrupted—he could no longer be said to breathe, but gasped—and in half an hour, like a steam-engine when the fire is withdrawn, the strokes or contractions and expansions of his heart became slower and slower, until they ceased altogether.

From the very moment of his death, the body began rapidly to swell and become discoloured—the face and neck, especially, were nearly as black as ink, within half an hour of it, when blood began to flow from the mouth, and other symptoms of rapid decomposition succeeded each other so fast, that by nine in the morning we had to sew him up in a boatsail, with a large stone, and launch the body into the sea.

Manners and Customs.

INDIAN TRAITS.

We resume our illustrated extracts from these entertaining volumes, introduced to the reader at page 119.

In the chapter on Religion are some curious particulars of the Idols:—"The ancient Virginians had an *idol* set up in every town, regarded as sacred, and kept in a house erected and taken care of by the priests for the purpose. This represented, not the Supreme *Good* Spirit,—in whom however these tribes fully believed,—but usually the evil one, whose favour they thought it more necessary to propitiate by adoration and sacrifices on account of his supposed malignity. In other cases it was considered simply the Guardian or Tutelar Spirit of the tribe or town. These buildings were commonly by the priests kept closed, and barred up very strongly, to prevent the intrusion of the whites, as well as of the generality of the Indians themselves. The only instance in which an Englishman is known to have seen the inside of one of them, is related by the historian Beverly as having happened to himself and a party of his friends, who were one day ranging the woods round about an Indian village, when the inhabitants were mostly absent from the place. Finding themselves masters of so fair an opportunity, and resolved to make good use of it, they proceeded to search the woods far and wide for the 'Quioccason.' Having found it, they removed more than a dozen large logs with which the entrance was barricadoed, and went in. At first nothing could be seen but naked walls, with a wide fire-place in the centre of the floor, and a hole in the middle of the roof as a vent for the smoke. The building was about eighteen feet wide, and thirty long, built like a common Virginian cabin, but larger. Some posts were before long discovered, set up round the walls, with faces carved on them and painted,—no doubt used in religious dances. In the third mat they found the various limbs of an image,—including a board three and a half feet long, with an indenture at the upper end, like a fork, to fasten the head upon,—half-hoops, nailed to the edges, to assist in stuffing out the body—pieces of cloth, rolls made up for arms and legs, and various other matters of the kind. The whole, being put together, made a figure like this:—

(Idol.)

"The imposing aspect of this image, whenever it was set up, seems to have been much heightened by the artful management of the priest, in casting light, or rather darkness, upon it, by aid of the mat curtains,—so that it glared out upon the gazing multitude, a grim and ghastly spectre. The spectators were kept at a distance sufficient to prevent a narrow inspection; and a conjurer might

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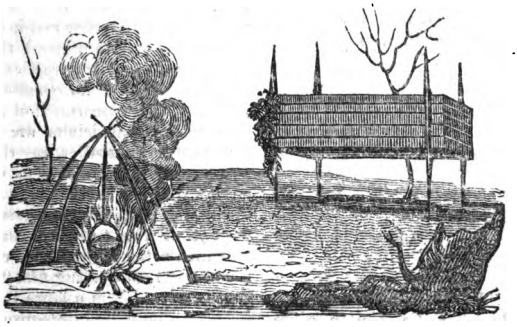
easily lend his ingenuity to complete the imposition, by concealing himself in the dark cavity behind, and there moving the machinery of the image. Idols of this description are not used in modern times. Images, a few inches in length, are frequently carried by hunters, and others, as a *medicine*."

From the chapter on Funeral Ceremonies is the following:—"The dead, when inclosed in a grave, are generally buried in a sitting posture, and in this situation the remains of those apparently deceased a century ago, are now and then found, at the present day, along the Atlantic coast. In many cases the grave was lined with stout birch-bark, or fortified with a wooden framework within, so as to serve the purpose of a *coffin*. If persons die on a hunting-excursion, remote from home, their remains are preserved by burning or otherwise, to be borne back to their own land. Frequently, in cases of this kind,—and among some Northern tribes regularly in all cases,—a scaffold, such as the adjoining sketch represents, is erected, to be the temporary resting-place; and this is perhaps ornamented with the verdure of a growing wild vine, carefully planted for the purpose. One object of this practice is to protect the dead from wolves and other wild animals. Another, as the Indians themselves sometimes say, is to keep the remains of their friends, as a consolation, within sight of the survivors. The Chippewas have, in some sections, a practice of placing a fire on the grave, for several nights after the interment of a person. This is lit in the evening, (commonly by a near relative,) and supplied with sticks of dry wood, to keep up a small



(*Funeral Ceremonies.*)

but lively blaze for several hours. It is renewed four successive nights, and sometimes longer.

"Among the Chippewas, when an infant dies, the mother carries about with her, for some months, an image of wood in the same cradle or frame. The widow has a more singular practice of making up a roll of her best apparel, wrapped in a piece of cloth and with the ornaments of the husband attached to it. This she carries constantly with her as a badge of her widowhood, until, the relatives of the husband choose to call upon her and take it away, when she is at liberty to marry again."

From one of the chapters on hunting:

"The common way of killing the buffaloes is to attack them on horseback. The Indians, mounted, and well armed with bows and arrows, encircle the herd, and gradually drive them into a situation favourable to the employment of the horse. They then ride in and single out one, generally a female, and following her as closely as possible, wound her with arrows until the mortal blow is given, when they go in pursuit of others until their quivers are exhausted."

(*Buffalo Hunting.*)

From the chapter of amusements is the following description of "a large pipe commonly called by the whites the 'Pipe of Peace,' or the *Calumet*, which has always been a favourite article in the negotiation of treaties, and the entertainment of travellers. The meaning was the same in all cases. It was an exchange and pledge of faith between those parties who joined in smoking. When, for example, a party of strangers came into an Indian village, the pipe of peace was brought out, filled with tobacco, and lit in

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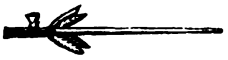
the presence of the strangers. The principal man in the village then took two or three whiffs, and handed it to the chief of the strangers. If the latter refused to smoke, it was regarded as a sign of hostility. If he wished, however, to be considered an ally or friend, he took a whiff or two, and then presented it to the person who appeared to be the second great man of the village. And thus it was passed to and fro, until most of the people of note on both sides had smoked more or less. In all parts of the country the calumet was made larger and much handsomer than the ordinary pipe. The head or bowl, made of stone, was finely polished; and the quill or tube, in length about two and a half feet, was made of a pretty strong reed or cane. It was adorned with feathers of various brilliant colours, interlaced with locks of female hair; and sometimes two wings of a rare bird attached to it in such a manner as to give it the appearance of what the ancient Greeks and Romans in their mythology, called '*Mercury's Wand.*'"



(*Pipes.*)

"The French traveller, La Hontan, gives a very similar description of the calumet which he saw used among several of the Canadian tribes, with a draught of the instrument.

"Beverly, who wrote the History of Virginia about a century since, has also a draught of the twisted calumet of that part of the country. The remotest Western tribes use one of which the handle is a yard long. M'Kenzie, speaking of the Knistenaux, says, that smoking-rites of some kind precede, among that people, every matter of great importance. Whatever contract is entered into and solemnized by the ceremony of smoking, it never fails of being faithfully fulfilled. If a person, previous to his going a journey, leaves the sacred stem as a pledge of his return, no consideration whatever will prevent him from executing his engagement."

Anecdotes of Indian jugglers furnish an amusing chapter:—"There are two classes of Indian jugglers; first, those who confine themselves to the practice of medicine; and secondly, those who undertake the exercise of similar imposition for the pretended accomplishment of some other object."

An essential part of the Indian Medical "Art," will be found to consist in a variety of fantastic ceremonies and stratagems; intended generally as an ingenious mode of cheating the unlucky patient out of his property in the

(*Indian Juggler.*)

way of *fees*, though no doubt sometimes meant, and even well adapted, to benefit his health by favourably affecting his imagination. The Indians universally believing in witchcraft and other evil influence, the jugglers have only to pretend that the disorder on account of which application is made to them, is one that no *common* medicine will heal, and to the treatment of which the talents of *common* physicians are not competent. Supernatural remedies, say they, must be applied, to defeat the designs of the malicious enemy who has taken possession of the body of the sick man. Having persuaded his feeble patient of the truth of these preposterous statements, the juggler next convinces him of the necessity of making *him* "very strong,"—that is, giving him a large fee in advance for his great trouble and immense skill. Of course, the juggler very rarely fails, when applied to, in the first instance, to represent the disorder as *one of the witchcraft kind.* He receives his fee—a rifle, perhaps, or a good horse—and is then ready to commence operations. Attired in a frightful dress, he approaches his patient, with a variety of contortions and gestures, and performs by his side and over him all the antic tricks that his imagination can suggest. He breathes on him, blows in his mouth, and squirts some medicines which he has prepared, in his face, mouth and nose; he rattles his gourd filled with dry beans or pebbles, and pulls out and handles about a variety of sticks and bundles, in which he appears to be seeking for the proper remedy. All this is accompanied with the most horrid gesticulations, by which he endeavours, as he says, to frighten the spirit or the disorder away; and he continues in this manner until he is quite exhausted and out of breath, when he retires to await the issue. This description, applied by Heckewelder to the Delaware jugglers, holds true of the same class, under various names, throughout the continent.

"The juggler's dress is not always so unassuming as that of the Virginian is represented by Beverly in the Cut. They frequently make themselves as hideous as possible."

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The Naturalist.

THE CLOVE.

The clove is the unexpanded flower-bud of an East Indian tree, somewhat resembling the laurel in its height, and the shape of its leaves, which are in pairs, oblong, large, spear-shaped, and of a bright green colour. The flowers grow in clusters, which terminate the branches, and have the calyx divided into four small and pointed segments. The petals are small, rounded, and of a blueish colour.

The culture of the clove-tree was formerly a very important labour of the Dutch colonists in the Molucca or Spice islands; and, it has even been asserted, that, in order to monopolize the trade in cloves, the Dutch destroyed all the trees growing in other islands, and confined the propagation of them to that of Ternate. But, in 1770 and 1772, both clove and nutmeg-trees were transplanted from the Moluccas into the islands of France and Bourbon, and subsequently into some of the colonies in South America.

At a certain season of the year, the clove-tree produces a great profusion of flowers. When these have attained the length of about half an inch, the four points of the calyx being prominent, and having, in the middle of them, the leaves of the petals folded over each other, and forming a small head about the size of a pea, they are fit to be gathered. This operation is performed between the months of October and February, partly by the hand, partly by hooks, and partly by beating the trees with bamboos. The cloves are either received on cloths spread beneath the trees, or are suffered to fall on the ground, the herbage having been previously cut and swept. They are subsequently dried by exposure to the smoke of wood fires, afterwards to the rays of the sun. When first gathered, they are of a reddish colour, but by drying they assume a deep brown cast. When fresh gathered, cloves will yield, on pressure, a fragrant, thick, and reddish oil; and by distillation, a limpid, essential oil; the latter being that common in the shops of druggists. The use of cloves in domestic economy is too well-known to need description.

The clove pink, gilliflower, or July flower is of the same genus of plants with the spice clove, which it resembles in its pleasant aromatic smell. These flowers were used by our forefathers in the form of syrup, and as a pleasant vehicle for other medicines.

Notes of a Reader.

EXECUTION OF LORD FERRERS, IN 1760.

[In the third volume of the recently published Correspondence of Horace Walpole, we find a long letter occupied by a narrative of this memorable scene, or we should say, event; for, happily, such occurrences are but rare in the history of crime. We abridge the paper, by omitting a few unimportant passages.]

What will your Italians say to a Peer of England, an earl of one of the best families, tried, for murdering his servant, with the utmost dignity and solemnity, and then hanged at the common place of execution for highwaymen, and afterwards anatomized? This must seem a little odd to them, especially as they have not lately had a Sixtus Quintus. I have hitherto spoken of Lord Ferrers to you as a wild beast, a mad assassin, a low wretch, about whom I had no curiosity.

His misfortunes, as he called them, were dated from his marriage, though he has been guilty of horrid excesses unconnected with matrimony, and is even believed to have killed a groom who died a year after receiving a cruel beating from him. His wife, a very pretty woman, was sister of Sir William Meredith,* had no fortune, and he says, trepanned him into marriage, having met him drunk at an assembly in the country, and kept him so till the ceremony was over. —As he always kept himself so afterwards, one need not impute it to her. In every other respect, and one scarce knows how to blame her for wishing to be a countess, her behaviour was unexceptionable.† He used his wife so ill, always carrying pistols to bed, and threatening to kill her before morning,

* Sir William Meredith, Bart. of Hanbury, in Cheshire. The title is now extinct.—D. (the late Lord Dover.)

† She afterwards married Lord Frederick Campbell, brother of the Duke of Argyll, and was an excellent woman. (She was unfortunately burned to death at Lord Frederick's seat, Combe Bank, in Kent.—D.)

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beating her, and jealous without provocation, that she got separated from him by act of parliament, which appointed receivers of his estate in order to secure her allowance. This he could not bear. However, he named his steward for one, but afterwards finding out that this Johnson had paid her fifty pounds without his knowledge, and suspecting him of being in the confederacy against him, he determined, when he failed of opportunities of murdering his wife, to kill the steward, which he effected. Having shot the steward at three in the afternoon, he persecuted him till one in the morning, threatening again to murder him, attempting to tear off his bandages, and terrifying him till in that misery he was glad to obtain leave to be removed to his own house; and when the earl heard the poor creature was dead, he said he gloried in having killed him. You cannot conceive the shock this evidence gave the court—many of the lords were standing to look at him—at once they turned from him with detestation. The very night he received sentence, he played at picquet with the wardours and would play for money, and would have continued to play every evening, but they refused. Lord Cornwallis, governor of the Tower, shortened his allowance of wine after his conviction, agreeably to the late strict acts on murder. This he much disliked, and at last pressed his brother, the clergyman, to intercede that at least he might have more porter; for, said he, what I have is not a draught. His brother represented against it, but at last consenting (and he did obtain it)—then said the earl, "now is as good a time as any to take leave of you—adieu!" A minute journal of his whole behaviour has been kept, to see if there was any madness in it. Dr. Munro, since the trial, has made an affidavit of his lunacy. The Washingtons were certainly a very frantic race, and I have no doubt of madness in him, but not of a pardonable sort. Two petitions from his mother and all his family were presented to the King, who said, as the House of Lords had unanimously found him guilty, he would not interfere. Last week my Lord Keeper very goodnaturedly got out of a gouty bed to present another: the King would not hear him. "Sir," said the Keeper, "I don't come to petition for mercy or respite; but that the 4,000*l.* which Lord Ferrers has in India bonds, may be permitted to go according to his disposition of it, to his mistress, children, and the family of the murdered man." "With all my heart," said the King, "I have no objection; but I will have no message carried to him from me." However, this grace was notified to him and gave him great satisfaction; but unfortunately it now appears to be law that it is forfeited to the sheriff of the county where the fact was committed; though when my Lord Hardwicke was told that he had disposed of it, he said to be sure he may before conviction.

Dr. Pearce, Bishop of Rochester,* offered his service to him: he thanked the Bishop but said, as his own brother was a clergyman, he chose to have him.

On the last morning he dressed himself in his wedding-clothes, and said, he thought this, at least, as good an occasion of putting them on as that for which they were first made. He wore them to Tyburn. This marked the strong impression on his mind. His mother wrote to his wife in a weak, angry style, telling her to intercede for him as her duty, and to swear to his madness. But this was not so easy: in all her cause before the Lords, she had persisted that he was not mad.

His courage rose where it was most likely to fail,—an unlucky circumstance to prophets, especially when they have had the prudence to have all kind of probability on their side. Even an awful procession of above two hours, with that mixture of pageantry, shame, and ignominy, nay, and of delay, could not dismount his resolution. He set out from the Tower at nine, amidst crowds, thousands. First went a string of constables; then one of the sheriffs, in his chariot and six, the horses dressed with ribands; next Lord Ferrers, in his own landau and six, his coachman crying all the way; guards at each side; the other sheriff's chariot followed empty, with a mourning coach-and-six, a hearse, and the Horse Guards. Observe, that the empty chariot was that of the other sheriff, who was in the coach with the prisoner, and who was Vaillant, the French bookseller in the Strand. How will you decipher all these strange circumstances to Florentines? A bookseller in robes and in mourning, sitting as a magistrate by the side of the earl; and in the evening, everybody going to Vaillant's shop to hear the particulars. Lord Ferrers at first talked on indifferent matters, and observing the prodigious confluence of people, (the blind was drawn up on his side,) he said,—"But they never saw a lord hanged, and perhaps will never see another." One of the dragoons was thrown by his horse's leg entangling in the hind wheel: Lord Ferrers expressed much concern, and said, "I hope there will be no death to-day but mine," and was pleased when Vaillant told him the man was not hurt. Vaillant made excuses to him on his office. "On the contrary," said the earl, "I am much obliged to

* Zachariah Pearce, translated from the See of Bangor in 1756. He was an excellent man, and later in life, in the year 1768, finding himself growing infirm, he presented to the world the rare instance of disinterestedness, of wishing to resign all his pieces of preferment. These consisted of the Deanery of Westminster and Bishoprick of Rochester. The Deanery he gave up, but was not allowed to do so by the Bishoprick, which was said, as a peerage, to be inalienable.—D.

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you. I feared the disagreeableness of the duty might make you depute your under-sheriff. As you are so good as to execute it yourself, I am persuaded the dreadful apparatus will be conducted with more expedition." The Chaplain of the Tower, who sat backwards, then thought it his turn to speak, and began to talk on religion; but Lord Ferrers received it impatiently. However, the Chaplain persevered, and said, he wished to bring his lordship to some confession or acknowledgment of contrition for a crime so repugnant to the laws of God and man, and wished him to endeavour to do whatever could be done in so short a time. The earl replied, "He had done every thing he proposed to do with regard to God and man; and as to discourses on religion, you and I, sir," said he to the clergyman, "shall probably not agree on that subject. The passage is very short; you will not have time to convince me, nor I to refute you; it cannot be ended before we arrive." The clergyman still insisted, and urged, that, at least, the world would expect some satisfaction. Lord Ferrers replied, with some impatience, "Sir, what have I to do with the world? I am going to pay a forfeit life, which my country has thought proper to take from me—what do I care now what the world thinks of me? But, sir, since you do desire some confession, I will confess one thing to you; I do believe there is a God. As to modes of worship, we had better not talk on them. I always thought Lord Bolingbroke in the wrong to publish his notions on religion: I will not fall into the same error." The Chaplain, seeing sensibly that it was in vain to make any more attempts, contented himself with representing to him, that it would be expected from one of his calling, and that even decency required, that some prayer should be used on the scaffold, and asked his leave, at least to repeat the Lord's prayer there. Lord Ferrers replied, "I always thought it a good prayer; you may use it if you please."

While these discourses were passing, the procession was stopped by the crowd. The earl said he was dry, and wished for some wine and water. The Sheriff said, he was sorry to be obliged to refuse him. By late regulations they were enjoined not to let prisoners drink from the place of imprisonment to that of execution, as great indecencies had been formerly committed by the lower species of criminals getting drunk; "And though," said he, "my lord, I might think myself excusable in overlooking this order out of regard to a person of your lordship's rank, yet there is another reason which, I am sure, will weigh with you:—your lordship is sensible of the greatness of the crowd; we must draw up to some tavern; the confluence would be so great, that it would delay the expedition which your lordship seems so much to desire." He replied, he was satisfied, adding,—"Then I must be content with this," and took some pigtail tobacco out of his pocket. As they went on, a letter was thrown into his coach; it was from his mistress, to tell him, it was impossible, from the crowd, for her to get up to the spot where he had appointed her to meet and take leave of him, but that she was in a hackney-coach of such a number. He begged Vaillant to order his officers to try to get the hackney-coach up to his. "My Lord," said Vaillant, "you have behaved so well hitherto, that I think it is pity to venture unmanning yourself." He was struck, and was satisfied without seeing her. As they drew nigh, he said, "I perceive we are almost arrived; it is time to do what little more I have to do;" and then taking out his watch, gave it to Vaillant, desiring him to accept it as a mark of his gratitude for his kind behaviour, adding, "It is scare worth your acceptance; but I have nothing else; it is a stop-watch, and a pretty accurate one." He gave five guineas to the Chaplain, and took out as much for the executioner. Then giving Vaillant a pocket-book, he begged him to deliver it to Mrs. Clifford, his mistress, with what it contained, and with his most tender regards, saying, "The key of it is to the watch, but I am persuaded you are too much a gentleman to open it." He destined the remainder of the money in his purse to the same person, and with the same tender regards.

When they came to Tyburn, his coach was detained some minutes by the conflux of people; but as soon as the door was opened, he stepped out readily and mounted the scaffold; it was hung with black, by the undertaker, and at the expense of his family. Under the gallows was a new invented stage, to be struck from under him. He showed no kind of fear or discomposure, only just looking at the gallows with a slight motion of dissatisfaction. He said little, kneeled for a moment to the prayer, said, "Lord have mercy upon me, and forgive me my errors," and immediately mounted the upper stage. He had come pinioned with a black sash, and was unwilling to have his hands tied, or his face covered, but was persuaded to both. When the rope was put round his neck, he turned pale, but recovered his countenance instantly, and was but seven minutes from leaving the coach, to the signal given for striking the stage. As the machine was new, they were not ready at it: his toes touched it, and he suffered a little, having had time, by their bungling, to raise his cap; but the executioner pulled it down again, and they pulled his legs, so that he was soon out of pain, and quite dead in four minutes. He desired not to be stripped and exposed, and Vaillant promised him, though his clothes

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must be taken off, that his shirt should not. This decency ended with him: the sheriffs fell to eating and drinking on the scaffold, and helped up one of their friends to drink with them, as he was still hanging, which he did for above an hour, and then was conveyed back with the same pomp to Surgeons' Hall, to be dissected. The executioners fought for the rope, and the one who lost it cried. The mob tore off the black cloth as relics; but the universal crowd behaved with great decency and admiration, as they well might, for sure no exit was ever made with more sensible resolution and with less ostentation.

[In the next letter, Walpole says:]

That wonderful creature, Lord Ferrers, of whom I told you so much in my last, and with whom I am not going to plague you much more, made one of his keepers read Hamlet to him the night before his death after he was in bed—paid all his bills in the morning as if leaving an inn, and half an hour before the Sheriffs fetched him, corrected some verses he had written in the Tower in imitation of the Duke of Buckingham's Epitaph, *dubius sed non improbus vixi*. What a noble author have I here to add to my catalogue!

SHAPE OF THE EARTH ILLUSTRATED.

We have likened the inequalities on the earth's surface, arising from mountains, valleys, buildings, &c. to the roughness on the rind of an orange, compared with its general mass. The comparison is quite free from exaggeration. The highest mountain known does not exceed five miles in perpendicular elevation: this is only one 1,600th part of the earth's diameter; consequently, on a globe of sixteen inches in diameter, such a mountain would be represented by a protuberance of not more than one hundredth part of an inch, which is about the thickness of ordinary drawing-paper. Now as there is no entire continent, or even any very extensive tract of land, known, whose general elevation above the sea is any thing like half this quantity, it follows, that if we would construct a correct model of our earth, with its seas, continents, and mountains, on a globe sixteen inches in diameter, the whole of the land, with the exception of a few prominent points and ridges, must be comprised on it within the thickness of thin writing paper; and the highest hill would be represented by the smallest visible grains of sand.—*Sir J. Herschel, on Astronomy.*

APPEARANCE OF THE EARTH FROM THE MOON.

If there be inhabitants in the moon, the earth must present to them the extraordinary appearance of a moon of nearly 2° in diameter, exhibiting the same phases as we see the moon to do, but *immovably fixed in their sky*, (or, at least, changing its apparent place only by the small amount of the libration,) while the stars must seem to pass slowly beside and behind it. It will appear clouded with variable spots, and belted with equatorial and tropical zones corresponding to our trade-winds; and it may be doubted whether, in their perpetual change, the outlines of our continents and seas can ever be clearly discerned.—*Ibid.*

INUNDATION OF THE VAL DE BAGNES.

[Mr. Brockedon, in his *Excursions in the Alps*, lately published, relates the following interesting particulars of this catastrophe:].

Around St. Branchier we saw the fearful effects of the great inundation of the Valley of Bagnes in 1818. The height which the torrent attained is seen in the desolation it has left; vast blocks of stone, which were driven and deposited there by the force of the waters, now strew the valley; and sand and pebbles present an arid surface, where rich pasturages were seen before the catastrophe. The quantity and violence of the water suddenly disengaged, and the velocity of its descent, presented a force which the mind may calculate, but cannot conceive.

In the accounts which have been given of this event, the object of the writers has been merely to describe the catastrophe, and the extent of its injuries; but in reading the account of M. Escher de Lenth, published in the *Bib. Univ. de Genéve, Sci. et Arts*, tom. viii. p. 291, I was most forcibly struck with the unparalleled heroism of the brave men who endeavoured to avert the evil, by opening a channel for the waters, which had, by their accumulation, become a source of terror to the inhabitants of these valleys.

In the spring of 1818, the people of the Valley of Bagnes became alarmed on observing the low state of the waters of the Drance, at a season when the melting of the snows usually enlarged the torrent; and this alarm was increased by the records of similar appearances before the dreadful inundation of 1595, which was then occasioned by the accumulation of the waters behind the débris of a glacier that formed a dam, which remained until the pressure of the water burst the dike, and it rushed through the valley leaving desolation in its course.

In April 1818, some persons went up the valley to ascertain the cause of the deficiency of water, and they discovered that vast masses of the glaciers of Getroz, and avalanches of snow, had fallen into a narrow part of the valley, between Mont Pleureur and Mont Mauvoisin, and formed a dike of ice and snow 600 feet wide and 400 feet high, on a base of 3,000 feet, behind which the waters of the Drance had accumulated, and formed

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a lake above 7,000 feet long. M. Venetz, the engineer of the Valais, was consulted, and he immediately decided upon cutting a gallery through this barrier of ice, 60 feet above the level of the water at the time of commencing, and where the dike was 600 feet thick. He calculated upon making a tunnel through this mass before the water should have risen 60 feet higher in the lake. On the 10th of May, the work was begun by gangs of 50 men, who relieved each other, and worked, without intermission, day and night, with inconceivable courage and perseverance, neither deterred by the daily occurring danger from the falling of fresh masses of the glacier, nor by the rapid increase of the water in the lake, which rose 62 feet in 34 days—on an average, nearly two feet each day; but it once rose five feet in one day, and threatened each moment to burst the dike by its increasing pressure; or, rising in a more rapid proportion than the men could proceed with their work, render their efforts abortive, by rising above them. Sometimes dreadful noises were heard, as the pressure of the water detached masses of ice from the bottom, which floating, presented so much of their bulk above the water, as led to the belief that some of them were seventy feet thick. The men persevered in their fearful duty without any serious accident; and though suffering severely from cold and wet, and surrounded by dangers which cannot be justly described, by the 4th of June they had accomplished an opening 600 feet long; but having begun their work on both sides of the dike at the same time, the place where they ought to have met was 20 feet lower on the side of the lake than on the other: it was fortunate that latterly the increase of perpendicular height of the water was less, owing to the extension of its surface. They proceeded to level the highest side of the tunnel, and completed it just before the water reached them. On the evening of the 13th the water began to flow. At first, the opening was not large enough to carry off the supplies of water which the lake received, and it rose two feet above the tunnel; but this soon enlarged from the action of the water, as it melted the floor of the gallery, and the torrent rushed through. In thirty-two hours the lake sunk ten feet, and during the following twenty-four hours twenty feet more: in a few days it would have been emptied; for the floor melting, and being driven off as the water escaped, kept itself below the level of the water within; but the cataract which issued from the gallery melted, and broke up also a large portion of the base of the dike, which had served as its buttress; its resistance decreased faster than the pressure of the lake lessened, and at four o'clock in the afternoon of the 16th of June the dike burst, and in half an hour the water escaped through the breach, and left the lake empty.

The greatest accumulation of water had been 800,000,000 of cubic feet; the tunnel, before the disruption, had carried off nearly 330,000,000—Escher says, 270,000,000; but he neglected to add 60,000,000 which flowed into the lake in three days. In half an hour, 530,000,000 cubic feet of water passed through the breach, or 300,000 feet per second; which is five times greater in quantity than the waters of the Rhine at Bâsle, where it is 1,300 English feet wide. In one hour and a half the water reached Martigny, a distance of eight leagues. Through the first 70,000 feet it passed with the velocity of thirty-three feet per second—four or five times faster than the most rapid river known; yet it was charged with ice, rocks, earth, trees, houses, cattle, and men; 34 persons were lost, 400 cottages swept away, and the damage done in the two hours of its desolating power exceeded a million of Swiss livres. All the people of the valley had been cautioned against the danger of a sudden irruption; yet it was fatal to so many. All the bridges in its course were swept away, and among them the bridge of Mauvoisin, which was elevated 90 feet above the ordinary height of the Drance. If the dike had remained untouched, and it could have endured the pressure until the lake had reached the level of its top, a volume of 1,700,000,000 cubic feet of water would have been accumulated there, and a devastation much more fatal and extensive must have been the consequence. From this greater danger the people of the valley of the Drance were preserved by the heroism and devotion of the brave men who effected the formation of the gallery in the dike, under the direction of M. Venetz. I know no instance on record of courage equal to this: their risk of life was not for fame or for riches—they had not the usual excitements to personal risk, in a world's applause or gazetted promotion,—their devoted courage was to save the lives and property of their fellow-men, not to destroy them. They steadily and heroically persevered in their labours, amidst dangers such as a field of battle never presented, and from which some of the bravest brutes that ever lived would have shrunk in dismay. These truly brave Valaisans deserve all honour!

The Gatherer.

Care of the Eyes.—Those who are conscious that their sight has been weakened by its severe and protracted exercise, or arising from any other cause, should carefully avoid all attention to minute objects, or such business or study as requires close application of the visual faculty, immediately on rising:

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and the less it is taxed for awhile after eating, or by candle-light, the better.—*Curtis.*

Cause of Diseases of the Eye.—These affections most commonly arise from derangement of the digestive organs, acting on the ganglia and great sympathetic nerve, which has such an extensive influence on the whole system. It is from medical men not bearing this in mind, that cases often seem incurable, and are found so troublesome.—*Ibid.*

Omens.—When George III. was crowned, a large emerald fell from his crown: America was lost in this reign.—When Charles X. was crowned at Rheims, he accidentally dropped his hat: the Duc d'Orleans, now Louis Philippe, picked it up and presented it to him.—On the Saturday preceding the promulgation of the celebrated *ordonnances* by Charles X.'s ministers, the white flag which floated on the column in the Place Vendome, and which was always hoisted when the royal family were in Paris, was observed to be torn in three places. The *tri-color* waved in its stead the following week.—The morning of the rejection, by the House of Lords, of the first Reform Bill, I never shall forget the ominous appearance of the heavens; it might be truly said

"The dawn was overcast."

At the period of Napoleon's dissolution, on the 4th of the month in which he expired, the island of St. Helena was swept by a tremendous storm, which tore up almost all the trees about Longwood by the roots. The 5th was another day of tempests, and about six in the evening, Napoleon pronounced *tete d'armee*, and expired. INNES.

The Thames blown out.—Among the phenomena of the recent storm of wind, we find the following noted in the *Morning Herald*: "The wind, as the sailors say, blew all the water out of the Thames, and persons were fording the river at Waterloo bridge. The tide had not been so low for many years. The shoal just below London bridge was high out of water, and the Margate and Gravesend steam-boats were for a short time hard aground, and unable to get away. The return of the tide was very remarkable, for, without any previous indication whatever, (as it appeared to be running down with great velocity the instant before,) it rose at once, nearly a foot, rolling in like a wave, and in less than three minutes after, the persons on the shoals took to their boats, the shoals were under water, and the steam-boats afloat and under way."

Australian Thieves.—A ludicrous theft upon a thief, followed by an equally ludicrous termination to the legerdemain of two thieves was practised some time back in the neighbourhood of Penrith. A man in the employment of the chief-justice at Edenglassie, hung out his shirt to air by the banks of the Nepean. An observer on the opposite side, stript, and swam across, and took possession of the white or striped pennant. During his absence, another had been equally as busy as himself, and had made as free with his shirt as he had done with that of the man of Edenglassie. A third happened to have his eyes upon both of the shirt appropriators, and took upon himself to see the trick and counter-trick properly adjusted before the magistrates at Penrith. FERNANDO.

Romish Miracle.—Marco Polo, who travelled in the East in the thirteenth century, tells us, "At a convent of monks, in Georgia, dedicated to St. Lunardo, the following miraculous circumstances are said to take place. In a salt water lake, four days' journey in circuit, upon the border of which the church is situated, the fish never make their appearance until the first day of Lent, and from that time to Easter Eve they are found in vast abundance, but on Easter day they are no longer to be seen, nor during the remainder of the year."

Kings of Georgia.—"In Gorzania, I was told," says the Venetian traveller, "that in ancient times the kings of the country were born with the mark of an eagle on the left shoulder." By this pretended tradition it may be understood that they were, or affected to be, thought a branch of the Imperial family of Constantinople, who bore the Roman eagle among their insignia.—INNES.

A sublime Prayer.—"O! Eternal, have mercy upon me because I am passing away; O! Infinite, because I am but a speck; O! most Mighty, because I am weak; O! source of Life, because I draw nigh to the grave; O, omniscient! because I am in darkness: O, all bounteous, because I am poor; O, all sufficient, because I am nothing!"

Flacourt, in his History of the Island of Madagascar, gives the above sublime effusion as emanating from the savages of that island. Savages, quotha! INNES.

Epigram.

(*From the French.*)

On a French translation of Horace.

Let us devote this brace of Horaces
To two divinities; between us,
We'll give the Latin one to Venus,
Since she is mistress of the *Graces*;
The other one, her spouse may claim,
For Vulcan like this version's lame.

LUIGI.

Epigrams.

Jack his own merit sees, this gives him pride
That he sees more than all the world beside.

Joe hates a hypocrite, this shows
Self-love is not a fault of Joe's.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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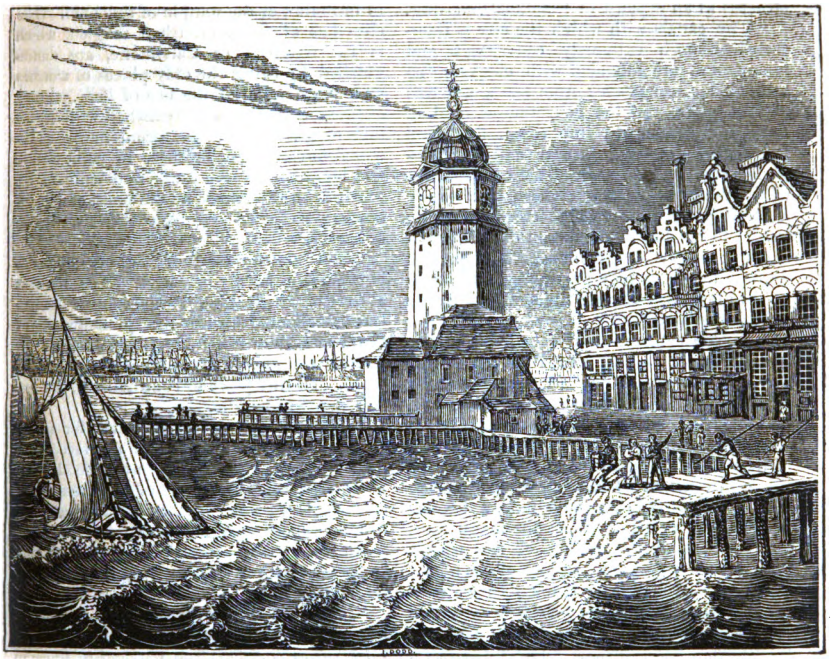

AMSTERDAM: THE HERRING TOWER.

Amsterdam was for nearly two centuries the centre of exchange for Europe. Its history may be briefly told: it was unknown before the latter end of the thirteenth century; it first acquired a commercial character about the year 1370; its opulence and splendour increased from its capture by the Hollanders, in 1578, until its invasion by the French in 1795; its importance then declined, till the revolution of 1813, since which period its commerce has increased very considerably. Nevertheless, it is again said to be on the decline, owing to the more favourable circumstances of the rival cities Rotterdam, and Hamburg. No city in Europe, however, possesses so large a portion of disposable capital as Amsterdam, and hence, it continues to be a place of the first commercial consequence.

Amsterdam is situate in Lat. 52° 25′ N. Lon. 4° 40′ E. at the confluence of the rivers Amstel and Y, or Wye, near the south-western extremity of the Zuyder Zee. It ranks as the capital of the northern division of the Netherlands, as it formerly did of the republic of the Seven United Provinces.

"The city extends in the form of a semi-circle on the southern bank of the Y, which is its diameter; on the land side it was surrounded by a wall and bastions, with a broad and deep fosse: the wall is dismantled, but the bastions still remain, and are used as sites for corn-mills. The Amstel, on entering the city, divides into two branches, from each of which issue numerous canals, forming a collection of islands, connected with each other by 290 bridges. That part of the river Y which forms the port of Amsterdam is guarded by a double row of piles, with openings at intervals for the admission of vessels: these openings are always closed at night. The deeply laden ships lie outside the piles, in a place called the Laag. During the period of Dutch prosperity, a hundred vessels have entered the port in one tide, and six or seven hundred were to be seen there at anchor together. On the opposite side of the Y are the locks by which ships enter the great

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canal, which is carried thence, in a straight line, northwards to the Texel; thus preventing the risk and delay of a voyage through the Zuyder Zee. This canal, which has been recently finished, is 120 feet wide at the surface, and twenty-five deep. It was constructed at an expense of 1,000,000*l.* sterling.

"The canals with which the city is intersected, though extremely convenient and ornamental, are attended with one very disagreeable consequence: from the stagnation of the water, and the collection of offal of every kind discharged into them, they send forth effluvia equally offensive and unwholesome, which all the characteristic cleanliness of the inhabitants has not been able wholly to remove. Mills have been erected on their banks, to promote a circulation of air by ventilation; others, called mud-mills, from the purpose to which they are applied, are also used to raise and remove the slime which the river deposits largely.

"In consequence of the badness of the foundation, the whole city is built on piles driven endways into the mud; a circumstance which occasioned the witty remark of Erasmus, on visiting it, "that he was in a town where the inhabitants lived, like rooks, on the tops of trees." This circumstance also occasioned the restriction of coaches to men of consequence and physicians, who paid a tax for the privilege of using them; the magistrates conceiving that the rolling of the wheels produced a dangerous concussion of the piles.

"The streets in general are narrow, with the exception of a few which present a fine appearance, and are adorned with spacious mansions. The principal square is the Dam, in front of the palace; besides which there are three others, where markets and an annual fair are held. The palace, formerly the Stadthouse, or town hall, is considered to be the most magnificent building in Holland. It forms an oblong square, 282 feet in length, 235 in breadth, and 116 in height, besides the tower, which is 67 feet high. Within is a spacious hall, 150 feet long, 60 broad, and 100 high.

"The royal museum contains, besides other curiosities, a fine collection of paintings, chiefly of the Flemish school. It is said that the emperor Alexander offered the sum of 30,000*l.* for one alone.

"The exchange is a large but plain building, 230 feet in length and 130 in breadth: it is capable of containing 4,500 persons; and is divided into thirty-six compartments, for the transaction of the various kinds of commercial business carried on there."

The places of public worship are not of striking architectural elegance. The total number of churches is, 10 reformed Dutch, 22 Catholic, one French reformed, one English presbyterian, three Lutheran, one Anabaptist, one Walloon, one Greek, and seven synagogues. The old church of St. Nicholas has some fine painted windows. The new church of St. Catherine's contains a splendid monument of white marble, erected to the memory of admiral de Ruyter. The Portuguese synagogue is said to have been built in imitation of the temple of Solomon. The churches of the established religion, which is the reformed or Calvinistic, are distinguished by being the only places of worship which are allowed the use of bells. Many of these edifices are embellished with paintings of great value. A recent tourist is inclined to class the churches, in point of size and height, with the tower and spire of St. Martin's in the Fields, and in point of general appearance in the architecture, to St. Mary's, or the New Church, in the Strand.

"The management of the penitentiaries is peculiarly worthy of notice. The number of convicts is great, not because crime is more common, but because the punishment of death is seldom inflicted; imprisonment for various periods, in most cases, supplies its place. In this place of confinement, no one is suffered to be idle.

"The workhouse is intended for minor offences; some of which are not recognised by our laws. Husbands may send their wives thither on a charge of drunkenness or extravagance; and they are themselves liable to punishment for the same offences. Young women, also, even of good families, are sometimes sent thither as to a school of rigorous reformation.

"The charitable institutions are numerous, and generally well conducted. The hospital for lunatics is among the earliest of those in which gentler modes of treatment were substituted for severity and strict coercion."

Amsterdam boasts of a fair proportion of literary and scientific societies. The principal of these is the Felix Meritis. It has a public Botanic Garden, and a Royal Academy of Liberal Arts. It has also "naval schools, wherein children of common seamen when properly recommended, are educated gratuitously; as are the sons of officers, on the payment of a small pension. All are treated alike; and almost every officer who has elevated the naval character of his country has received his education here."

Amsterdam has an abundance of public walks; for its canals are bordered by rows of large trees of oak, elm, and linden, not inferior to those of the Boombtjes of Rotterdam. Little can be said for the salubrity of these walks, from the consequences already explained.*

The population of Amsterdam, by the latest accounts, amounts to about 235,000: of these about 48,000 are Catholics, 24,000 Jews, and the rest Protestants of various sects.†

* Cabinet Cyclopædia, vol. vii.
† Ency. Brit. 7th edit. 1832.

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THE EFFECT OF CRITICISM ON AUTHORS.

Sir Walter Scott declared (and who could suspect the Author of Waverley of telling an untruth) that, for the last thirty years, he never read a review of any of his works, and never minded the "toothy critics by the score" a jot. Criticism fell off Samuel Johnson like rain off a duck's wing. The learned Bentley felt not the sting of Pope. And Burns scarcely knew what criticism was: he cared not for it, he "rhymed for fun."

But there is another class of authors on whom severe criticism has laid very frequently too severe a blow: these were writers who were over sensitive,—the least thing which would have merely twitched others, entered into their hearts, the spear pierced "helmet, man, and shield."

Pope, when young, bore an immense enmity against the critics; he saw the future pain he would receive, and soon commenced showing the world that he was never to be brow-beaten.

In 1711, was published the *Essay on Criticism*, in which several almost concealed allusions were made against John Dennis, the celebrated critic of the day. Dennis was greatly annoyed, and called Pope "a little, affected hypocrite, who had nothing in his mouth at the same time but truth, candour, friendship, goodnature, humanity, and magnanimity." The pamphlet, says Johnson, is such as rage might be expected to dictate.

Dennis was a cool, lashing critic, who feared neither friend nor foe, and, when provocation was given, laid about right and left at will—with great judgment and knowledge, detecting errors, and exhibiting faults in such a manner as must sadly have galled Pope, who for ever after writhed under the lash of his enemy. Though, says Johnson, he professed to despise him, he discovers, by mentioning him very often, that he felt his force or his venom.

Pope lifted now his mighty pen and determined to chastise all critics, and all incapable of replying, with one severe blow—this was about the year 1728—and not long after *The Dunciad* made its appearance. Every one has read the Dunciad, and so its plan need not be again repeated. The subject itself had nothing interesting: the poor authors who were so bitterly lashed could not conceal their pain, but printed epigrams and invectives in every newspaper, till the public began to take a warm interest in the debate. Dennis printed a pamphlet, entitled *Remarks on the Rape of the Lock*, written a long while before, intending it to come out when it should be required; the time was now, so it was immediately published.

Pope now crowed aloud and exulted over his victims; but the least thing vexed and annoyed him—and he still meditated revenge, for "vengeance is sweet;" adding to this, some little provocation which Cibber soon gave, made Pope usher out the fourth book of the Dunciad, in which Cibber is sufficiently flogged and then rubbed down with gunpowder.

The author of *The Apology* of course replies, and Pope's indignation is again aroused. Theobald is immediately taken off his place, poor Colley is mounted on the vacant throne, and Osborne is made to contend for the prize among the booksellers. The "shafts of satire were directed equally in vain against Cibber and Osborne;" Johnson observes, "being repelled by the impenetrable imprudence of one, and deadened by the impassive dulness of the other." Pope confessed his pain by his anger.

This was the last paper war of Alexander Pope; who appeared content with the bruises he had given, and the pain which these blows had brought.

The next criticism which occasioned the reply of a sensitive author was the review of Grainger's *Tibullus*, in the *Critical Review*, conducted by Smollett: it led to nothing but a mere paper controversy.

The tender mind of Kirke White felt hurt by the notice of his poems in the *Monthly Review*, for February, 1804. He wrote an answer couched in pleasant terms to the reviewers, who, in their address to correspondents, declared that they sympathized with his expostulations.

Keats had a mind in many respects similar to White's; he soared higher as a poet, but in that lofty flight completely lost himself; his verses are unconnected, and almost every other ten lines are upon subjects not at all relating to the story; in fact he seemed to have no story, but wrote on endeavouring to invent one, and in doing that was bewildered in his boundless imagery of glory and bliss. Keats's mind was of the sensitive kind: the least poignant criticism galled and harassed him. When his *Endymion* was published, a lashing review made its appearance in the *Quarterly*, undoubtedly written by a bitter critic, William Gifford, a man imbued with plenty of acrimony, and extensive learning, to which he added nothing of an original kind, so that his knowledge became commonplace without any of those redeeming points which Warburton had to a high degree. This review, in many parts true and clever, was nevertheless uncalled for, and moreover uncivil. Keats felt it bitterly, and this anguish brought on a disease which ended soon after with his life; the greatest injury criticism ever did to literature. On hearing of Keats's death, Shelley wrote the following:

> Who killed Johnny Keats,
> I said the Quarterly,
> So savage and Tartarly
> 'T was one of my feats.

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The same whip which scourged Keats served to chastise Hazlitt. But Hazlitt's mind was of a more vigorous nature, so that he replied, like Cibber of old, by means of a pamphlet, of which he sold fifteen, (Charles Lamb shrewdly observed), and the *Quarterly* sold some fifteen thousand.

Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss.
Authors are partial to their works 'tis true,
But are not Critics to their judgment too.

We will now see how the critique in the *Edinburgh Review* of the *Hours of Idleness* preyed on the mind of Lord Byron. This criticism, written by Lord Brougham, was unjust, and, moreover, too severe on the writings of any beginner. Moore speaks thus: "The effect this criticism produced upon him can only be conceived by those, who, besides having an adequate notion of what most poets would feel under such an attack, can understand all that there was in the temper and disposition of Lord Byron to make him feel it with tenfold more acuteness." * * "A friend, who found him in the first moments of excitement after reading the article, inquired anxiously whether he had just received a challenge? not knowing how else to account for the fierce defiance of his looks." Mr. Moore proceeds to say, "It would, indeed, be difficult for sculptor or painter to imagine a subject of more fearful beauty than the fine countenance of the young poet must have exhibited in the collected energy of that crisis. His pride had been wounded to the quick, and his ambition humbled; but this feeling of humiliation lasted but for a moment. The very reaction of his spirit against aggression roused him to a full consciousness of his own powers; and the pain and the shame of the injury were forgotten in the proud certainty of revenge." *Moore's Life*, vol. i. p. 206. (Ed. 1832.)

Wrath was visible on the poet's forehead till he had relieved his mind in rhyme: "after the first twenty lines," he said, "he felt himself considerably better;" the day he read the criticism he drank three bottles of claret to his own share after dinner.

The satire he produced was the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, which immediately silenced all his enemies and made many of them his friends, without one tithe of the talent and venom of Pope. But Pope had to deal with more troublesome enemies; the enraged Dennis was a legion himself—and the sensitive mind of Pope thought trumpery pamphlets hostile armies. Men did not feel the sting of Byron as critics had felt that of Pope three quarters of a century before. One side surrendered at discretion, the other held their fortress, and played their almost silent guns, which did next to nothing.

Gifford's *Baviad and Mæviad* produced the contrary effect on "Thrales' gay widow." Mrs. Piozzi's account of her revenge is interesting: "I contrived to get myself invited to meet him at supper at a friend's house, soon after the publication of his poem, sat opposite to him, saw that he was perplexed in the extreme; and, smiling, proposed a glass of wine as a libation to our future good-fellowship. Gifford (she adds) was sufficiently a man of the world to understand me, and nothing could be more courteous and entertaining than he was while we remained together."* This was exceedingly well managed of Mrs. Piozzi, who was a cleverer and shrewder woman than the world have allowed her to be.

The late review in the *Quarterly* of T—'s poems was sufficiently annoying to the author—who laid the severe notice to the critic's enmity and jealousy of the publisher!! (bravo.)

We shall only now take notice of a mean way critics have of receiving presents, under the promise of giving a favourable notice, nothing can be meaner than the conduct of both parties. When Huggins had finished his translation of Ariosto, he sent a fat buck to Smollett, who at that time conducted the *Critical Review*; consequently, the work was highly applauded; but the history of the venison becoming public, Smollett was much abused, and in a future number of the review retracted his applause.

So critics are mean enough to receive, and authors apparently, rich enough to give.

L. T.

MADAGASCAR.

(*Continued from page 71.*)

The history of these singular islanders presents a remarkable instance of the successful resistance of a barbarous nation to the more barbarous attempts of civilized foreigners to bring them under their yoke; and, it is, perhaps, the only case, in the history of modern times, in which such resistance has been attended with success. In general, the means employed by the discoverers of new countries have been so superior in every respect to those of the simple tribes, with whom they have had to contend, that the latter have fallen an easy prey to their cruel invaders. Such was the fate of the aborigines of America, of the eastern nations of Asia, and of Southern Africa. But, in Madagascar, every attempt of Europeans to subjugate the natives, and to colonize their island, has been frustrated, and the agents employed either sacrificed by the islanders, or obliged to fly for their lives. This has been, in part, owing to the meagre and inadequate means adopted; but, chiefly, to the extreme jealousy of the natives of their liberty as a nation, and their superior intelligence as to the mode and

* Piozziana, p. 4.

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means of defence. We shall now proceed with a short outline of their history.

The source, or origin, from whence the aborigines sprang, is involved in much obscurity, and has occupied the attention of many learned men. Some have supposed that they are descended from the Jews after their dispersion; others, from those Israelites who were left in Egypt after the departure of that people with Moses. Others carry their origin further back, and maintain them to be the descendants of Ham, or some of the Patriarchs immediately after the time of Noah. Many circumstances tend to strengthen the latter opinion. Their mode of life and system of religion are more analogous to those of the patriarchal ages than of the Jews. Like the former, every man is a priest in his own house; there being neither temples nor stated periods of worship; and all their religious rites and numerous sacrifices being purely spontaneous, and like their pastoral mode of life, partaking of the simplicity of patriarchal times. Flacourt, who had an opportunity of judging of their customs and manners before these were in any degree altered by an intercourse with Europeans, makes the following remarks: "These people having had no communication or commerce with the inhabitants of the main land of Ethiopia, on account of their ignorance of navigation, have not been affected by the changes of laws and customs that have been introduced there from time to time; but have adhered to those which were in use in the country from whence they originally came, and which they brought with them when they first landed in Madagascar. Those whom I consider to be the aborigines are the Zafe Ibrahim, or *descendants of Abraham*, who inhabit the island of St. Mary, and the adjacent lands; inasmuch as, retaining the usage of circumcision, they have no other rites in common with the Mahometans, and are so far from acknowledging Mahomet and his Caliphs, that they look upon them as no better than Caffres and lawless men, with whom they will neither eat, associate, nor contract any alliance. They keep the Sabbath on Saturday and not on Friday like the Moors, and they have no names amongst them similar to those of that people: which makes me think that their ancestors arrived in the isle about the time of the first transmigration of the Jews, or that they are descended from the more ancient families of the Ishmaelites, or from those who might have remained in Egypt after the departure of the children of Israel. They have retained the names of Moses, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, and Noah. Of the rest, some may have come from the coast of Ethiopia; but the whites called Zafe Ramini, arrived about 500 years since, and their learned men came there only about 150 years since." (A. D. 1500.)

From a careful consideration of these opinions, and the history of these islanders, we feel inclined to think that the real aborigines are those of an olive complexion, and also the Zafe Ibrahim; the former, who constitute the bulk of the population, being descended from the family of Ham, and the latter descended *collaterally* from Abraham; and that both these having arrived on the island about the same time, kept themselves separate, and so constitute different tribes. Two circumstances concur to give them a *very remote antiquity:* one is that, notwithstanding the numerous herds of cattle they possess, they have never used them for the purpose of bearing burthens: the other is that the aborigines had no idea whatever of *carriages on wheels*. Now, both these are modes of lessening the labours of husbandry so obvious and direct, that had they at any period of their history been acquainted with them, they *could* not have forgotten them, and *would* not have discontinued them. And, had they descended from the Jews subsequent to the captivity in Egypt, their ancestors *must* have been acquainted with them, and consequently would have availed themselves of them.

After the discovery of Madagascar by the Portuguese, they, as well as other Europeans, continued to touch at the island for supplies. In 1540, an attempt was made by the former to establish a colony in the province of Anossi. They continued but a short time, for the natives became jealous of their settlement, and massacred every one of them. Soon after, the Dutch made a similar attempt at the Bay of Antougil, but they too were driven out in a very short time. The next attempt was made by the French, in 1642, when Cardinal Richelieu granted a patent to Captain Rivault, giving him an exclusive right to send ships and forces, to establish a colony, plantation, and commerce, at Madagascar. Other merchants having joined him, the first East India Company was established. Pronis and Fouquenburg were appointed governors, and sent with twelve men to await the arrival of further reinforcements. They landed at St. Lucia, where they found 18 Frenchmen, part of the crew of a vessel that had been wrecked. In April following, 70 more joined them, who arrived very opportunely to prevent an attempt planned by the natives to cut off the colony. They now endeavoured to maintain terms with the islanders by presents to the chiefs, but their suspicions were excited, and the settlers found it impossible to keep them permanently in good humour. Every opportunity of annoying the invaders was eagerly embraced: six of them were destroyed in crossing a river; seven more in collecting ebony; and, to complete their discomfiture, a fever broke out, which in one month destroyed a third of the garrison, and drove the re-

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mainder to the peninsula of Tholaugare, about ten leagues from St. Lucia. Here they built a fort, called Fort Dauphin. It stood in a healthy situation, 150 feet above the level of the sea, and commanded a fine roadstead; and this spot formed the chief settlement of the French in their various attempts to colonize Madagascar.

Fouquenberg soon after returned to France, leaving Pronis governor; a weak-minded man, who neither won the good will of the natives, nor maintained his authority over his own troops. The latter rebelled and laid him in irons. He remained a prisoner six months, when he was released by the arrival of a French ship. His first act was to sell to the governor of the Isle of France, a great number of the natives in the service of the colony, amongst whom were sixteen women of the Lehavohitz race, esteemed sacred in Madagascar. This act rendered the French so unpopular, that the East India Company found it necessary to supersede Pronis, and Flacourt was appointed to succeed him. He arrived at Fort Dauphin in 1648, and was well received by the chiefs; but by aiming at the subjugation of the whole island he soon lost their affection and confidence. He dispatched eighty Frenchmen and a large number of armed natives to lay waste the most beautiful districts in the neighbourhood of Fort Dauphin. He also sent detachments to explore the interior of the island, and obtain a knowledge of the customs and manners of the inhabitants. His narrative was published on his return to France, in 1655, and is full of valuable and interesting details. He was recalled to give an account of his conduct, and having satisfied the Company he set sail again in 1658; but in doubling the Cape, a storm arose, which wrecked the vessel, and Flacourt, and all on board, perished. His fate would not have been much preferable had he reached Madagascar, for it appears that after he left the island the natives formed a plan for delivering themselves from their troublesome guests; and, so effectually did they succeed, that they destroyed every Frenchman and burnt Fort Dauphin to the ground.

The news of Flacourt's misfortune reached France, and the Company, being unconscious of the greater disaster at Madagascar, appointed Chamargou to succeed him. He arrived in 1660, and only then learned the fate of the colony. He, however, set about rebuilding the fort, and, having received considerable reinforcements, began to explore the country. The party sent on this expedition was commanded by Le Vacher, who went by the name of La Case. He was a man of great courage and prudence, and by his address obtained for the French a degree of reputation they never before enjoyed. But the ill treatment he received from Chamargou, who saw with mean jealousy the estimation in which he was held by the natives, induced him to quit the fort in disgust, and he soon after married Dian Nong, the daughter of Dian Rossitate, chief of the province of Amboule, who, approving of the match and being old, in a little time ceded to La Case the whole of the district. His valour and good conduct obtained for him the name of Dian Pouss, after that of one of their most celebrated chiefs. The withdrawal of La Case from Fort Dauphin was the signal for revolt on the part of the chiefs, who entered into a combination to starve the garrison by cutting off their supplies. The effects were soon felt, and they were reduced to the last extremity of distress, when a French ship fortunately arrived and relieved them. As soon as the real state of the case was made known to the captain, he remonstrated with Chamargou on the folly of being at variance with La Case, and threatened, if an amicable arrangement was not immediately made, he should feel it his duty to represent the affair to Marshal Meilleraye, who at that period possessed great influence in France. This menace had the desired effect, and a reconciliation took place between La Case and Chamargou, which was followed by a peace with the chiefs; and the usual supplies were obtained for the garrison. This peace, however, lasted little longer than the stay of La Case at the fort. On his return to Amboule, Chamargou began to levy contributions in the province of Anossi, while the priests attached to the colony made an attempt to convert some of the chiefs to the Catholic faith. They began by commanding them to repudiate all their wives, but one, although the custom of polygamy was general throughout the island. Dian Manaugue, a powerful chief, who was attached to the French, having refused to accede to this arrangement, Father Stephen, the superior of the mission, threatened him with the old Popish doctrines of fire and sword, and actually assaulted the offending chief and pronounced the sentence of excommunication upon him. This conduct so incensed him that he instantly ordered the whole party, consisting of seven priests and a few attendants, to be massacred: he then declared interminable war against the French. Forty of these, being ignorant of the transactions with Father Stephen, were surprised, and only one escaped to the fort to tell the fate of his companions. Upon this, Chamargou ravaged the whole country, and spared neither age nor sex, which, in its turn, reflected upon the garrison — for a famine succeeded, and they were again driven to the last extremity, when La Case came to their relief; and having overcome the hostile chiefs, supplied the French with provisions. Such was the valuable nature of his services on this and other occasions, that

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the East India Company saw the policy of keeping terms with him; they sent him a lieutenant's commission, he continued to serve the colony during his life, and was their principal safeguard against the hostile chiefs.

Chamargou was, in 1667, removed from the governorship by the Marquess of Mondevergue, who arrived at Fort Dauphin with a convoy of ten vessels, having on board two directors, an attorney-general, four companies of infantry, ten chiefs of colonies, eight merchants, and thirty-two women. The marquess, who was appointed governor-general of all the French settlements south of the line, appears to have acted with great moderation; and, during his stay, peace was maintained with but little interruption. In 1670, the French government assumed the sovereignty of the island, and a fleet of ten more ships arrived, under the command of M. de la Huye, who was appointed viceroy. On his arrival, Mondevergue chose the alternative offered to him, of returning to France, where he fell a sacrifice to his enemies, La Huye having secretly impeached him to the court: he was never brought to trial, but died a prisoner in the Castle of Saumur.

La Huye seems fully to have adopted the spirit which prevailed amongst the colonists of former ages, when it was thought impossible to do good by conciliation, and that an enemy could only be trusted when dead. Having now nearly a thousand troops on the island, he determined to get rid of those chiefs who were hostile, comprising a large majority of them; but treachery on the part of Chamargou, who commanded a body of troops, and who envied La Huye his power, occasioned a defeat. Upon this, La Huye left the island in disgust, and taking a large part of the forces, retired to Surat. La Case died shortly after, which completed the misfortunes of the French. Their yoke had long been insupportably heavy to the natives, and fresh combinations were formed against them, which, about the year 1675 came to a head; when a general massacre of the French took place, with the exception of a few who escaped to a ship lying in the harbour. Thus was Madagascar once more free from a foreign yoke.

(To be continued.)

Domestic Hints.

ELDER WINE.

This fruit is excellently calculated for the production of wine. Its juice contains a considerable portion of the fermentative matter which is so essential for the production of a vigorous fermentation, and its beautiful colour communicates to the wine a rich tint; but, as the fruit is deficient in saccharine matter, this substance must be liberally supplied. This wine is much ameliorated by adding to the elderberry juice a small portion of super-tartrate of potash. Dr. Macculloch observes, "that the proportion of this salt may vary from one to four, and even six per cent." The cause of this admissible laxity will appear, when it is considered that the greater part of the super-tartrate of potash is again deposited in the lees. I may also remark, that from two to four per cent will be found a sufficient dose, in proportion to the greater or less sweetness of the fruit, the sweetest requiring the largest quantity of this salt, and *vice versa*. The dose of it ought also to vary in proportion to the added sugar, increasing as it increases.

To every two quarts of bruised berries, put one quart of water; strain the juice through a hair sieve, and add to every quart of the diluted juice one pound of lump sugar. Boil the mixture for about one quarter of an hour, and suffer it to ferment.

Or, bruise a bushel of picked elder-berries; dilute the mass with ten gallons of water, and having boiled it for a few minutes, strain off the juice, and squeeze out the husks. Measure the whole quantity of the juice, and to every quart put three-quarters of a pound of lump sugar; and, whilst still warm, add to it half a pint of yeast, and fill up the cask with some of the reserved liquor.

When the wine is clear, it may be drawn off from the lees, (which will be in about three months,) and bottled for use.

For flavouring the wine, ginger, allspice, or any other aromatic substance, may be used; the flavouring materials may be inclosed in a bag, and suspended in the cask, and removed when the desired flavour is produced.—*Accum, on Wine Making.*

[We do not quote this as the most economical receipt for making elder wine, since unrefined sugar is generally used, which reduces the cost. But, it is reasonable to conclude that, by Mr. Accum's mode, may be produced a more perfect wine than by the common method. At all risks, the hint is in season.]

The Naturalist.

LARGE CEDAR-TREE,

In "the Palace Garden," Enfield.

In some account of the manor-house of Enfield, Middlesex, at page 129 of *The Mirror*, vol. xiv., we incidentally noticed this stupendous cedar. The mansion was one of the palaces of Queen Elizabeth, and this record is upon more substantial authority than that upon which many other mansions near London are stated to have been occupied by her Majesty.

This cedar was planted by Dr. Uvedale, who, about the year 1670, took the palace premises for a school. The Doctor was much

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(*Large Cedar-Tree, in the Palace Garden, Enfield.*)

attached to the study of botany, and had a very curious garden here. In an account of the most remarkable gardens near London in 1691, written by J. Gibson, and printed in the twelfth volume of the *Archæologia*, Dr. Uvedale is said to have had "the greatest and choicest collection of exotics that was perhaps any where in this land."

The dimensions of this tree were given thus in a letter from Sir John Cullum to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in 1779: height, 45 ft. 9 in., eight feet having been broken off by a high wind; girth at the top, 3 ft. 7 in.; second girth, 7 ft. 9 in.; third girth, 10 feet; fourth girth, (supposed near the ground,) 14 ft. 6 in. These dimensions were taken by Mr. Lilley, a schoolmaster at Enfield, at the desire of Mr. Gough. An account of this cedar was also printed in 1788, in four pages folio. The loss of the leading branch is attributed to the memorable high wind in 1703. In 1809, the girth at 3 ft. 10 in. from the ground, (it could not be taken at three feet, in consequence of a seat having been fixed round it,) was 13 ft. 1 in. The northern branch was 49 ft. 10 in. in length; the southern, 44 ft. 9 in. The distance from the extreme of each branch, 98 ft. 9 in. This information was communicated by the Rev. H. Porter, rector of Enfield to the Rev. Mr. Lysons, for his *Environs of London*, 1811. In 1820, the girth of this fine tree was 16 ft. at 1 ft. 6 in. from the ground.

The cedar at Enfield is the famed Lebanon species, distinguished by its strong, spreading branches, from all other trees of the same genus. The general character of the shoot, even when the tree is young, is singularly bold and picturesque, and quite peculiar to the species. This tree is supposed to have been introduced into England in 1683. The specimen at Enfield is far from the largest in this country. A cedar at Hendon Place, which was destroyed by a hurricane in 1729, was 70 feet high, and the greatest circumference of the trunk was 20 feet. The gardener is stated to have cleared from 15*l.* to 50*l.* a-year by sale of the cones. The pair of cedars in Chelsea Gardens must be known to most Londoners. The cedars at Whitton Place, planted in 1724, by Archibald, third duke of Argyle, have flourished exceedingly; so that rooms have been wainscotted with their timber.

In the park of Juniper Hall, in the valley between the village of Mickleham and Box Hill, Surrey, are several fine cedars, whose sombre, spreading branches have been one of the delights of many a morning and eventide walk in the halcyon days of our boyhood; and these trees form, we believe, one of the finest groups of cedars in England.

Fine Arts.

NORWICH CROSS.

Few places in Great Britain are richer in architectural antiquities than the city of Norwich. Time has not, however, spared the curious structure represented in the annexed Cut. It was the market-cross, and appears to have been a useful as well as embellished structure. Its form was octangular, and within were apartments appropriated to the transaction of public business. Its enrichments were not of the most picturesque character, but, altogether, with the clustered columns of its portico, and the pinnacles and ornaments of the upper portion, it must have been an edifice of no mean pretensions to architectural distinction.

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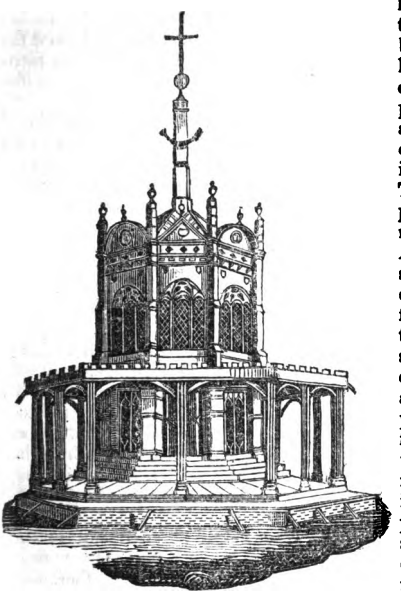

(*Norwich Cross.*)

The Public Journals.

JACOB FAITHFUL.

(*By the Author of Peter Simple.*)

" Bound 'prentice to a waterman,
I learnt a bit to row;
And, bless your heart, I always was so gay."

GENTLE reader, I was born upon the water—not upon the salt and angry ocean, but upon the fresh, and rapid-flowing river. It was in a floating sort of box, called a lighter, and upon the river Thames, and at low water, that I first smelt the mud. This lighter was manned (an expression amounting to bullism, if not construed *kind*-ly) by my father, my mother, and your humble servant. My father had the sole charge—he was monarch of the deck; my mother of course was queen, and I was the heir apparent.

Before I say one word about myself, allow me dutifully to describe my parents. First, then, I will portray my queen mother. Report says, that when first she came on board of the lighter, a lighter figure and a lighter step never pressed a plank; but as far as I can tax my recollection, she was always a fat, unwieldy woman. Locomotion was not to her taste—gin was. She seldom quitted the cabin; never quitted the lighter—a pair of shoes may have lasted her for five years, for the wear and tear that she took out of them. Being of this domestic habit, as all married women ought to be, she was always to be found when wanted; but although always at hand, she was not always on her feet. Towards the close of the day, she laid down upon her bed—a wise precaution when a person can no longer stand. The fact was, that my honoured mother, although her virtue was unimpeachable, was frequently seduced by liquor; and, although constant to my father, was debauched and to be found in bed with that insidious assailer of female uprightness—*gin*. The lighter, which might have been compared to another garden of Eden, of which my mother was the Eve, and my father the Adam to consort with, was entered by this serpent who tempted her; and if she did not eat, she drank, which was even worse. At first, indeed, and I mention it to prove how the enemy always gains admittance under a specious form, she drank it only to keep the cold out of her stomach, which the humid atmosphere from the surrounding water appeared to warrant. My father took his pipe for the same reason; but at the time that I was born, he smoked and she drank, from morning to night, because habit had rendered it almost necessary to their existence. The pipe was always to his lips, the glass incessantly to hers. I would have defied any cold ever to have penetrated into their stomachs;—but I have said enough of my mother for the present, I will now pass on to my father.

My father was a puffy, round-bellied, long-armed, little man, admirably calculated for his station in, or rather out of, society. He could manage a lighter as well as any body; but he could do more. He had been brought up to it from his infancy. He went on shore for my mother, and came on board again—the only remarkable event in his life. His whole amusement was his pipe; and, as there is a certain indefinable link between smoking and philosophy, my father, by dint of smoking, had become a perfect philosopher.

My father's pipe, literally and metaphorically, was never put out. He had a few apothegms which brought every disaster to a happy conclusion; and as he seldom or ever indulged in words, these sayings were deeply impressed upon my infant memory. One was, " *It's no use crying; what's done can't be helped.*" When once these words escaped his lips, the subject was never renewed. Nothing appeared to move him; the adjurations of those employed in the other lighters, barges, vessels, and boats of every description, who were contending with us for the extra foot of water, as we drifted up or down with the tide, affected him not, further than an extra column or two of smoke rising from the bowl of his pipe. To my mother, he used but one expression, " *Take it coolly;*" but it always had the contrary effect with my mother, as it put her more in a passion. It was like pouring oil upon flame; nevertheless, the advice was good, had it ever been fol-

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lowed. Another favourite expression of my father, when any thing went wrong, and which was of the same pattern as the rest of his philosophy, was "*Better luck next time.*" These aphorisms were deeply impressed upon my memory. I continually recalled them to mind, and thus I became a philosopher long before my wise teeth were in embryo, or I had even shed the first set with which kind Nature presents us, that in the petticoat age we may fearlessly indulge in lollipop:

My father's education had been neglected. He could neither write nor read; but although he did not exactly, like Cadmus, invent letters, he had accustomed himself to certain hieroglyphics, generally speaking sufficient for his purposes, and which might be considered as an artificial memory. "I can't write nor read, Jacob," he would say, "I wish I could; but look, boy, I means this mark for three-quarters of a bushel. Mind you recollects it when I axes you, or I'll be blowed if I don't wallop you." But it was only a case of peculiar difficulty which would require a new hieroglyphic, or extract such a long speech from my father. I was well acquainted with his usual scratches and dots, and having a good memory, could put him right when he was puzzled with some misshapen *x* or *z* representing some unknown quantity, like the same letters in algebra.

I have said that I was heir apparent, but I did not say that I was the only child born to my father in his wedlock. My honoured mother had had two more children; but the first, who was a girl, had been provided for by a fit of the meazles, and the second, my elder brother, by tumbling over the stern of the lighter when he was three years old. At the time of the accident, my mother had retired to her bed, a little the worse for liquor; my father was on deck forward, leaning against the windlass, soberly smoking his evening pipe. "What was that?" exclaimed my father, taking his pipe out of his mouth, and listening; "I shouldn't wonder if it wasn't Joe." And my father put in his pipe again, and smoked away as before.

My father was correct in his surmises. It was Joe who had made the splash which roused him from his meditations, for the next morning Joe was no where to be found. He was, however, found some days afterwards; but, as the newspapers say, and as may well be imagined, the vital spark was extinct; and moreover, the eels and chubs had eaten off his nose and a portion of his chubby face, so that, as my father said, "he was of no use to nobody." The morning after the accident, my father was up early and had missed poor little Joe. He went into the cabin, smoked his pipe, and said nothing. As my brother did not appear as usual for his breakfast, my mother called out for him in a harsh voice; but Joe was out of hearing, and as mute as a fish. Joe opened not his mouth in reply, neither did my father. My mother then quitted the cabin, and walked round the lighter, looked into the dog-kennel to ascertain if he was asleep with the great mastiff—but Joe was no where to be found.

"Why, what can have become of Joe?" cried my mother, with maternal alarm in her countenance, appealing to my father, as she hastened back to the cabin. My father spoke not, but taking his pipe out of his mouth, dropped the bowl of it in a perpendicular direction till it landed softly on the deck, then put it into his mouth again, and puffed mournfully. "Why, you don't mean to say that he is overboard?" screamed my mother.

My father nodded his head, and puffed away at an accumulated rate. A torrent of tears, exclamations, and revilings, succeeded to this characteristic announcement. My father allowed my mother to exhaust herself. By the time that she was finished, so was his pipe; he then knocked out the ashes, and quietly observed, "It's no use crying; what's done can't be helped," and proceeded to refill the bowl.

"Can't be helped!" cried my mother; "but it might have been helped."

"Take it coolly," replied my father.

"Take it coolly!" replied my mother, in a rage—"take it coolly! Yes, you're for taking every thing coolly: I presume, if I fell overboard, you would be taking it coolly."

"You would be taking it coolly, at all events," replied my imperturbable father.

"O dear! O dear!" cried my poor mother; "two poor children, and lost them both!"

"Better luck next time," rejoined my father; "so, Sall, say no more about it."

My father continued for some time to smoke his pipe, and my mother to pipe her eye, until at last my father, who was really a kind-hearted man, rose from the chest upon which he was seated, went to the cupboard, poured out a teacup-full of *gin*, and handed it to my mother. It was kindly done of him, and my mother was to be won by kindness. It was a pure offering in the spirit, and taken in the spirit in which it was offered. After a few repetitions, which were rendered necessary from its potency being diluted with her tears, grief and recollection were drowned together, and disappeared like two lovers who sink down entwined in each other's arms. With this beautiful metaphor, I shall wind up the episode of my unfortunate brother Joe.

It was about a year after the loss of my brother, that I was ushered into the world without any other assistants or spectators than my father and Dame Nature. My father, who had some faint ideas of Christianity, performed the baptismal rites, by crossing me on the forehead with the end of his pipe, and calling me Jacob: as for my mother being churched, she had never been to church in

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her life. I cannot recall much of my infancy: but I recollect that the lighter was often very brilliant with blue and red paint, and that my mother used to point it out to me as "so pretty," to keep me quiet. I shall therefore pass it over, and commence at the age of five years, at which early period I was of some little use to my father. Indeed, I was almost as forward as some boys at ten. This may appear strange, but the fact is, that my ideas, although bounded, were concentrated. Up to the time that I quitted the lighter, at eleven years old, the banks of the river were the boundaries of my speculations. I certainly comprehended the nature of trees and houses; but I do not think that I was aware that the former *grew*. From the time that I could recollect them on the banks of the river, they appeared to be exactly of the same size as they were when first I saw them, and I asked no questions. But by the time that I was ten years old, I knew the name of every reach of the river, and every point—the depth of water, and the shallows, the drift of the current, and the ebb and flow of the tide itself. I was able to manage the lighter as it floated down with the tide; for what I lacked in strength, I made up with the dexterity arising from constant practice.

It was at the age of eleven years that a catastrophe took place which changed my prospects in life, and I must therefore say a little more about my father and mother, bringing up their history to that period. The propensity of my mother to ardent spirits had, as always is the case, greatly increased upon her, and her corpulence had increased in the same ratio. She was now a most unwieldy, bloated mountain of flesh, such a form as I have never since beheld, although at the time she did not appear to me to be disgusting, accustomed to witness imperceptibly her increase, and not seeing any other females except at a distance. For the last two years she had seldom quitted her bed—certainly she did not crawl out of the cabin more than five minutes during the week—indeed, her obesity and habitual intoxication rendered her incapable. My father went on shore for a quarter of an hour once a month, to purchase gin, tobacco, red herrings, and decayed ship biscuit—the latter were my principal fare, except when I could catch a fish over the sides, as we lay at anchor. I was, therefore, a great water drinker, not altogether from choice, but from the salt nature of my food, and because my mother had still sense enough left to discern that "gin wasn't good for little boys." But a great change had taken place in my father. I was now left almost altogether in charge of the deck, my father seldom coming up except to assist me in shooting the bridges, or when it required more than my exertions to steer clear of the crowds of vessels which we encountered when between them. In fact, as I grew more capable, my father became more incapable, and passed most of his time in the cabin, assisting my mother in emptying the great stone bottle. The woman had prevailed upon the man, and now both were guilty in partaking of the forbidden fruit of the Juniper Tree. Such was the state of affairs in our little kingdom, when the catastrophe occurred which I am now about to relate.

One fine summer's evening, we were floating up with the tide, deeply laden with coals, to be delivered at the proprietor's wharf, some distance above Putney Bridge; a strong breeze sprung up, and checked our progress, and we could not, as we expected, gain the wharf that night. We were about a mile and a half above the bridge when the tide turned against us, and we dropped our anchor. My father, who, expecting to arrive that evening, had very unwillingly remained sober, waited until the lighter had swung to the stream, and then saying to me, "Remember, Jacob, we must be at the wharf early to-morrow morning, so keep alive," he went into the cabin to indulge in his potations, leaving me in possession of the deck, and also of my supper, which I never ate below, the little cabin being so unpleasantly close. Indeed, I took all my meals *al fresco*, and unless the nights were intensely cold, slept on deck, in the large dog kennel abaft, which had once been tenanted by the large mastiff, but he had been dead some years, had been thrown overboard, and in all probability had been converted into Epping sausages, at 1*s*. per lb. Some time after his decease, I had taken possession of his apartment and had performed his duty. I had finished my supper, which I washed down with a considerable portion of Thames water, for I always drank more when above the bridges, having an idea that it tasted more pure and fresh. I had walked forward and looked at the cable to see if all was right, and then having nothing more to do, I laid down on the deck, and indulged in the profound speculations of a boy of eleven years old. I was watching the stars above me, which twinkled faintly, and appeared to me ever and anon to be extinguished and then relighted. I was wondering what they could be made of, and how they came there, when of a sudden I was interrupted in my reveries by a loud shriek, and perceived a strong smell of something burning. The shrieks were renewed again and again, and I had hardly time to get upon my legs when my father burst up from the cabin, rushed over the side of the lighter, and disappeared under the water. I caught a glimpse of his features as he passed me, and observed fright and intoxication blended together. I ran to the side where he had disappeared, but could see nothing but a few eddying circles as the tide rushed quickly

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past. For a few seconds I remained staggered and stupified at his sudden disappearance and evident death, but I was recalled to recollection by the smoke which encompassed me, and the shrieks of my mother, which were now fainter and fainter, and I hastened to her assistance.

A strong empyreumatic thick smoke ascended from the hatchway of the cabin, and as it had now fallen calm, it mounted straight up in the air in a dense column. I attempted to go in, but as soon as I encountered the smoke, I found that it was impossible; it would have suffocated me in half a minute. I did what most children would have done in such a situation of excitement and distress—I sat down and cried bitterly. In about ten minutes I removed my hands, with which I had covered up my face, and looked at the cabin hatch. The smoke had disappeared, and all was silent. I went to the hatchway, and although the smell was still overpowering, I found that I could bear it. I descended the little ladder of three steps, and called "Mother," but there was no answer. The lamp fixed against the after bulk-head, with a glass before it, was still alight, and I could see plainly to every corner of the cabin. Nothing was burning—not even the curtains to my mother's bed appeared to be singed. I was astonished—breathless with fear, with a trembling voice, I again called out "Mother." I remained more than a minute panting for breath, and then ventured to draw back the curtains of the bed—my mother was not there! but there appeared to be a black mass in the centre of the bed. I put my hand fearfully upon it—it was a sort of unctuous, pitchy cinder. I screamed with horror, my little senses reeled—I staggered from the cabin and fell down on the deck in a state amounting almost to insanity: it was followed by a sort of stupor, which lasted for many hours.

As the reader may be in some doubt as to the occasion of my mother's death, I must inform him that she perished from what is termed *spontaneous combustion*, an inflammation of the gasses generated from the spirits absorbed into the system. It is to be presumed that the flames issuing from my mother's body, completely frightened out of his senses my father, who had been drinking freely; and thus did I lose both my parents, one by fire and the other by water, at one and the same time.—*Metropolitan*.

Notes of a Reader.

THE YOUNG GREEK'S RETURN.

(*From Demetrius, by Agnes Strickland.*)

Now Demetrius gained the branching road
That led to princely Castriot's proud abode,
Whose polished columns might be plainly seen
Through the long vistas of embowering green;
Yet not on these Demetrius cast a look,
But the lone path beside the river took;
That dear familiar path, which oft his feet
Had to the olive-grove at evening beat,
In days of rapture past for ever by,
When life's gay morn was fresh, and hope was high;
And now again he treads it, there appears
Naught to proclaim the interval of years,
Or all the change and chances he has proved
Since the last time amidst these scenes he roved.
The river still, from its unfailing source,
Pursues the even current of its course;
From the same spots the self-same willows dip
Their pendant branches, as if bowed to sip
The crystal waters, which in shining tide
Beneath their trembling shadows softly glide.
Nay, in their wonted nooks, the very flowers,
Remembered even from his boyish hours,
From spring to spring still rear their silvery heads
In placid beauty from their watery beds.
The air is breathing its accustomed balm;
The heavens are still as lovely, blue, and calm;
And were it not that now the dewy sod
Bears not a vestige that a foot has trod
For years its verdure, he might deem all past
Since he pursued that grass-grown pathway last,
And gazed in musing silence on that stream,
Was but a vivid and eventful dream.
But now, once more he breathes the soft perfume
Of those bright roses that profusely bloom
In fair Ismena's garden, and entwine
Around her latticed porch with jessamine
And clasping tendrils of the clustered vine.
His hand is resting on the wicket-latch
Where he so oft has paused, a look to snatch
Of the loved inmate, ere he dare intrude
On the enchantment of her solitude.
E'en now he pauses, and his eager eye
Dwells on some object with intensity—
That form, whose drooping head support has found
Against a pillar, wreathed with roses round,
O'er which, and mingling with the blossoms there,
Float the rich tresses of her ebon hair,
In glossy ringlets waving, unconfined,
In playful dalliance with the summer wind,
Should be his own beloved one; though her face
Is shaded with her hand, the touching grace
That marks her attitude, the forehead fair,
The dark luxuriant locks, the pensive air,
Denote Ismena; and but sometimes she,
Across the lute that rests upon her knee.
Her half unconscious hand at moments flings
And to uncertain music wakes the strings—
And that he felt her presence in his heart—
He could have deemed that Praxiteles' art
Had, in his happiest mood, a figure made
Of Contemplation musing in the shade,
Which had from common gaze been hidden there
For countless ages, as a relic fair.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

NOTHING is more remarkable in the present age of mental excitement than the care with which, by most of the prevalent customs and a system of fashionable education, the minds of the generality of females are consigned to inactivity and utter uncompanionable insipidity. Whilst the expression of almost every elevated feeling is repressed as inconsistent with refinement, every artificial want, every habit of selfish gratification, is as much as possible indulged. Active exercise in the open air, cheerful country walks, a joyful participation of the hearty pleasures of any society in which every movement is not taught by the posture-master, or conversation conducted according to the rules laid down in books professing to teach female duty and behaviour;—all this would be inconsistent

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with the general aim of all classes to imitate the manners and habits of the highest. All kind of reading, except of works the most frivolous, is considered ungenteel, or, at least, singular; and any display of deep and unsophisticated sentiment excites universal pity. The beauties of nature, the triumphs of science, the miracles of art, excite no more than a languid expression of wonder. To apply the mind to read or understand such things would destroy the apathetic elegance which those desire to preserve, who still believe knowledge to be a very good thing for persons who live by it. With as much care as the natural proportions of the female figure are destroyed by stays made upon abstract principles, is the mind cribbed and cabined by custom and fashion. Then, universal ambition leads to universal difficulties as to fortune; and the only serious duty to daughters is to obtain an advantageous settlement, which, whether gained or missed, is too often thus the cause of cureless discontent, injured health, and all the nervous maladies incidental to an ill-managed mind and infirm body.

Barely equal to sustain a life of indolence, from which all strong and all noble emotions are shut out, the slighter pains and disappointments of life induce suffering in the frivolous and morbid mind; and any serious contradiction, any check to indulgence, any appeal of duty against pleasure, produces discontent, agitation of the nervous system, tears, low spirits, bewailings, the vapours, or a hysteric fit. The tendency to the latter exhibition of feelings injured or irritated, is found to be partly under the control of the will, or is at least often yielded to as the shortest way of putting an end to the disagreeable opposition of parents or a husband. Youth gives place to middle age, and middle age leads on to declining years, and, the mind having no resources to retreat upon, the frivolity of early life is too frequently exchanged for a feverish devotion and a chronic hysteric sensibility. Vainly hoping to obtain from various stimulants that feeling of health which no stimulants can bestow, so long as good atmospheric air is not breathed, and the voluntary muscles are not exercised, the invalid sinks by slow degrees into all the selfish inactivity of a confirmed valetudinarian; and in these cases the double grievance of hypochondriasis and hysteria is often incurred by the same individual, and seems to furnish an excuse for the neglect of every duty requiring the smallest exertion of body and mind.

If any hope could be entertained that declamation against follies so notorious and hurtful would be rewarded by success, or that advice given to counteract them would be listened to, we would say to the parents of the present day,—"Let your first care be to give your little girls a good *physical* education. Let their early years be passed, if possible, in the country, gathering flowers in the fields, and partaking of all the free exercises in which they delight. When they grow older, do not condemn them to sit eight listless hours a day over their books, their work, their maps, and their music. Be assured that half the number of hours passed in real attention to well-ordered studies will make them more accomplished and more agreeable companions than those commonly are who have been most elaborately *finished*, in the modern acceptation of the term." The systems by which young ladies are taught to move their limbs according to the rules of art, to come into a room with studied diffidence, and to step into a carriage with measured action and premeditated grace, are only calculated to keep the degrading idea perpetually present that they are preparing for the great market of the world. Real elegance of demeanour springs from the mind; fashionable schools do but teach its imitation, whilst their rules forbid to be ingenuous. Philosophers never conceived the idea of so perfect a vacuum as is found to exist in the minds of young women who are supposed to have finished their education in such establishments. If they marry husbands as uninformed as themselves, they fall into habits of indolent insignificance without much pain; if they marry persons more accomplished, they can retain no hold of their affections. Hence many matrimonial miseries, in the midst of which the wife finds it a consolation to be always complaining of her health and ruined nerves.

In the education of young women we would say—let them be secured from all the trappings and manacles of such a system; let them partake of every active exercise not absolutely unfeminine, and trust to their being able to get into or out of a carriage with a light and graceful step, which no drilling can accomplish. Let them rise early and retire early to rest, and trust that their beauty will not need to be coined into artificial smiles in order to ensure a welcome, whatever room they enter. Let them ride, walk, run, dance, in the open air. Encourage the merry and innocent diversions in which the young delight; let them, under proper guidance, explore every hill and valley; let them plant and cultivate the garden, and make hay when the summer sun shines, and surmount all dread of a shower of rain or the boisterous wind; and, above all, let them take *no medicine* except when the doctor orders it. The demons of hysteria and melancholy might hover over a group of young ladies so brought up; but they would not find one of them upon whom they could exercise any power.

When a system quite opposite to this is

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pursued, what is the consequence? A blooming girl, just on the verge of womanhood, begins to wither and decay. Her complexion fades, her spirits desert her, she becomes hysterical, she cannot walk, or ride, or hold herself upright. The physician is consulted; he advises what we have advised; but the cure is entrusted to other hands. The young lady is removed to London, and placed under some one who professes to cure deformities of the spine, as if the feeble bend, which probably does exist, were the cause of all the bad health, and not, as well as the hysteric feelings, the result of a foolish system of physical education. And now for many months the young patient passes the precious morning hours in rooms crowded with other victims, and in an atmosphere no better than that respired by the factory girls; and, as substitutes for all the natural exercises which she ought to be taking in the country,—instead of playing with ball and battledore, instead of riding, walking, running races, jumping, swinging, and other vulgar but healthful diversions,—she is instructed how to climb ropes, or to get to the top of a pole; she is indoctrinated in the mystery of throwing summersets over a bar; or applied to the rubbing and scrubbing of tables; or drilled by calisthenic arts to emulate the mystic motions of a telegraph: and all this time, mental education is suspended as a matter of course.

We do sincerely believe, that if parents could be convinced that by their endeavours to produce an excessive and mistaken refinement, a refinement which, confined to looks, and words, and motions, and attitudes, does not imply the greater refinement of mind from which all the rest would spring, they are only laying the foundations of suffering, and would determine to follow entirely opposite rules, there would be as few instances of spinal disorder, and as few hysterical and nervous complaints in the upper classes of society, or in families in comfortable circumstances as to fortune, as there are in those in which the luxuries of life (very erroneously so called) cannot be procured, or the indulgence of superfluities allowed. Many a young woman now doomed to peevishness, pale sickliness, disappointed hopes, or matrimonial discontent, would become a cheerful, active, happy person, and if married, a contented wife, a healthy mother, and a blessing to her husband and her children.

The chance of freedom from all nervous complaints, including some of the most dreadful mental visitations, is increased by every rational means of increasing individual happiness; by that great blessing, a contented mind; by a calm dependence on a benevolent and all-wise Creator; by a freedom from all mean forms of ambition—as for establishment, equipage, and restless gaiety; by a love of home-duties, country scenery, and useful occupations; by a reasonable acquaintance with some of the sciences; by a taste for the arts, and for the improving pleasures of elegant literature, and the society of the virtuous and well-informed. The divine, the philosopher, and the physician speak the same language. The dictates of reason and of duty are sufficiently plain, and few are blind to them; and they are the dictates of health, bodily and mental; but so opposed to them are the dictates of fashion, and the habits of what is called *the world*, in a country too much given to the worship of gold, that of all who profess to acknowledge their truth, the greater number are still ever found

"To see the best, and yet the worst pursue."

Foreign Quarterly Review.

Spirit of Discovery.

LANDER'S NIGER EXPEDITION.

[We abridge from the *Kelso Chronicle*, the following interesting account of Lander's Second Expedition, given in the above journal, as "from the letter of an officer of the party."]

Fernando Po, His Majesty's ship, Curlew, May 12.

Mr. Lander arrived here some days ago from the Nun, or Niger. I had been there in the Curlew only a week before, when they had received no intelligence of the expedition for five months.

It appears the large steam-boat, the Quorra, after a passage of three months, only reached the river Tchadda, or rather within six miles of it, when she was thrown by the strength of the stream (or by bad steerage) upon a bank, where she remained for three months, with about three fathoms water close to her. This delayed the expedition, for the little steamer, the Alburka, was obliged to attend her consort for fear of accidents. Mr. Lander left them about three or four weeks ago, in order to get a supply of medicines, tea, &c. Curious enough, the medical man who went up the river was an inexperienced practitioner, and neglected to take up a proper quantity of stores; the consequence has been, that, after getting into the Nun (having lost about six men before), twenty white men died of fever and dysentery, and amongst the number the doctor himself (Dr. Briggs), and all the officers excepting Mr. Laird, Mr. Lander, Lieut. Allan, and the Captain of the little steamer. There are now living on board the two boats only fourteen whites. They luckily took plenty of blacks with them (Kroomen), twenty in one boat and fifteen in the other, who are all alive. The success of a future expedition is now certain, if properly conducted, for the only opposition Lander has met with was between the mouth of the river

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and a place about half-way to Eboe, and three days and a half from the sea. At this place the boats, on going ashore to wood, were fired upon by the natives; and although every means was used for conciliation, the steamers were obliged to fire their guns, and eventually to burn the town. This happened on their way up. The chief of the place has now joined nine others, and they have determined upon preventing the return of the Expedition. These chiefs live within ten miles of each other, and although they have large canoes, they can do nothing against a steamer: they have been urged on by the English palm-oil captains and captains of slavers, who have been doing everything to thwart the views of the Expedition. Lander met King Boy at Eboe (whom you may recollect as the person who, on a former occasion, ransomed the two brothers and brought them down to Brass), and his Majesty gave him a passage down in his war canoe, and has promised to take him up again. * * * * The country was quite healthy where the steam-boats were lying, and they had plenty of provisions. Bullocks cost only 8*s.*, and weighed 2 cwt., and fowls about 1*d.* Lander says the victualling of about thirty persons amounted to about 1*s.* 6*d.* a-day, including yams, rice, &c. They have not succeeded well in trade, having procured only about five tons of ivory: this was owing to their not having good interpreters, and to their not being far enough up the river. Had the large steamer not grounded, they would have been up to Boosa. Owing to the strong current against them, their fuel only lasted two days, and it took them ten to complete it again. Lander's complaint is dysentery, which is now nearly subdued; he came down here from the mouth of the Nun in an open boat (for change of climate), and luckily had not a drop of rain the whole passage, for three days. One tornado must have killed him, and we had a severe one the day before he arrived, and the day after. He has obtained several good interpreters here, good disciplined lads, who have been well drilled by Colonel Nicholls.

[From the *Literary Gazette* of August 31, we learn that, "on the 18th of May, Mr. Lander left Fernando Po, in a native canoe, as before, in order to rejoin his companions."]

The Gatherer.

Paschal, in his most excellent discourse on "the Misery of Man," tells us that all our endeavours after greatness, proceed from nothing but a desire of being surrounded by a multitude of persons and affairs that may hinder us from looking into ourselves, "which is a view we cannot bear." I.

Virtue, like the loadstone, can only communicate its properties to susceptible natures.

Catullus saying to Philip, the orator, "Dog, why do you bark?" was answered, "Because I see a thief."

Fabia Dollabella, a Roman lady, saying she was only thirty years of age, Cicero answered, "It must be true, for I have heard it these twenty years."

Battle Song.

Unfinished.—Original.

Presented to a friend who joined the liberating army under Don Pedro, before its descent on Oporto.

Awake! a Lusitanian band
In freedom tread their native strand,
Above, they wave their battle brand
Hurra!

Arise! and let the red grape grow,
Let children trail its tendrils—go!
A redder stream shall overflow
Dismay!

Come forth,—the tyrant's festal bowl,
Crimsons the streams that darkly roll,
Each drop has drained a freeman's soul,
Beware!

To arms! shall Lusitania sleep?
The British sea-lords on the deep,
The Polish eagle's on the steep,*
Prepare!

But hush! let fall the bended knee,—
We dedicate this brand to thee
Our God—our Queen—and Liberty
The three!

Behold! a sign is in the air,
A red hand waves a war torch there,
Lisbon's turrets drink the glare
See, see!

* * * *

INNES.

De la Croix relates the following almost incredible instance of sagacity in a cat, which, even under the receiver of an air-pump, discovered the means of escaping a death which appeared to all present inevitable: "I once saw," says he, "a lecturer upon experimental philosophy place a cat under the glass receiver of an air-pump, for the purpose of demonstrating that very certain fact that life cannot be supported without air and respiration. The lecturer had already made several strokes with the piston, in order to exhaust the receiver of its air, when the animal, who began to feel herself very uncomfortable in the rarified atmosphere, was fortunate enough to discover the source from whence her uneasiness proceeded. She placed her paw upon the hole through which the air escaped, and thus prevented any more from passing out of the receiver. All the exertions of the philosopher were now unavailing; in vain he drew the piston; the cat's paw effectually prevented its operation. Hoping to effect his purpose, he let air again into the receiver, which, as soon as the cat perceived, she withdrew her paw from the aperture; but whenever he attempted to exhaust the receiver, she applied her paw as

* Several of these noble patriots joined Don Pedro, among them a nephew of Skryznecki.

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before. All the spectators clapped their hands in admiration of the wonderful sagacity of the animal, and the lecturer found himself under the necessity of liberating her, and substituting in her place another that possessed less penetration, and enabled him to exhibit the cruel experiment."

A Club Bet.—Walpole, in one of his letters dated Sept. 1, 1750, says "they have put in the papers a good story made on White's: a man dropped down dead at the door, was carried in; the club immediately made bets whether he was dead or not, and when they were going to bleed him, the wagerers for his death interposed, and said it would affect the fairness of the bet."

"*The Spirit.*"—The following sensible observations by Mr. Hayley, in his *Life of Cowper*, are peculiarly applicable to some recent "manifestations:" "So wonderfully and fearfully are we made, that man perhaps in all conditions ought to pray that he may never be led to think of spiritual concerns either too little or too much, since human misery is often seen to arise equally from an utter neglect of religious duties, and from a wild extravagance of devotion."

Musical Men.—Generally speaking, musicians are the most intolerant of men to one another, the most captious, the best humoured when flattered, and the worst tempered at all other times. Music, like laudanum, appears to soothe the senses when used in moderation, but the continual employment of either flurries and excites the faculties, and often renders the best natured men in the world, petulant, irritable, and violent.—*Madden.*

Ancestry.—Lord Chesterfield placed among the portraits of his ancestors two old heads, inscribed Adam de Stanhope, and Eve de Stanhope: the ridicule is admirable. Old Peter Leneve, the herald, who thought ridicule consisted in not being of an old family, made this epitaph for young Craggs, whose father had been a footman: *Here lies the last who died before the first of his family!* Old Craggs was one day getting into a coach with Arthur Moore, who had worn a livery too, when he turned about, and said, "Why, Arthur, I am always going to get up behind; are not you?" —*Walpole.*

The Gordons trace their name no farther back than the days of Alexander the Great, from Gordonia, a city of Macedon, which, they say, once formed part of Alexander's dominions; and, from thence, no doubt, the clan must have come!

Lending Money.—Patrick Forbes, bishop of Aberdeen, had lent an unlucky brother money until he was tired out; but the borrower renewed his application, and promised security. The bishop consented to the loan; "but, where is your surety," said he; when the poor fellow replied: "God Almighty is my bondsman in providence. He is the only security I have to offer." So singular a reply of a despairing man smote the feelings of the bishop; and he thus replied: "It is the first time, certainly, that such a surety was ever offered to me; and since it is so, take the money, and may Almighty God, your bondsman, see that it does you good."

Extinction of Fires.—Hydrogen gas had been procured by burning coal, sealed up with clay, in tobacco pipes, and on this small scale exhibited in a state of combustion, by way of experiment, for many years before it came into practical use as a substitute for lamp-oil. A parlour fire is much sooner put out by throwing on it any kind of effervescing mixture, charged with carbonic acid gas, than by the same quantity of water. It is true that we could not put out a church in flames by emptying a bottle of soda water upon it, but neither could our streets have been lighted up with tobacco pipes. A heap of chalk shot down into the interior of a house on fire, or otherwise conveyed into any of its apartments, and a carboy or two of vitriol smashed over it, might produce enough of this gas so to damp the ardour of the flames as to give more time for the rescue of property. A cheap kind of soda water, manufactured from chalk or marble dust, and sulphuric acid (diluted), might be pumped upon houses on fire out of engines lined with lead. Copper cylinders of large size, containing a solution of common soda or potash, into which seven or eight volumes of gas have been pumped, might be made to jet their contents spontaneously upon houses in flames. By these, or other better considered measures, carbonic acid gas might, perhaps be employed to arrest the progress of the devouring element, and prevent its spread.—*Lancet.*

Pithy Appeal.—Swift having to preach a charity sermon to which he had little goodwill, from the opinion he had formed of his audience, said nothing of the subject until the sermon was ended. He then told them that this was a mere matter of business, and as such he would talk of it. They knew as well as he, that they had certain poor to provide for, who looked to their purses. He then merely read the text: "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord,"—and added, "if you approve of your security, down with your money." With this he sent round the plate for collection.—*Picken's Tales.*

Erratum.—Drummond of Hawthornden was not, as we stated at page 113, "the friend of Shakspeare." We were misinformed in this particular by Chambers's Picture of Scotland.

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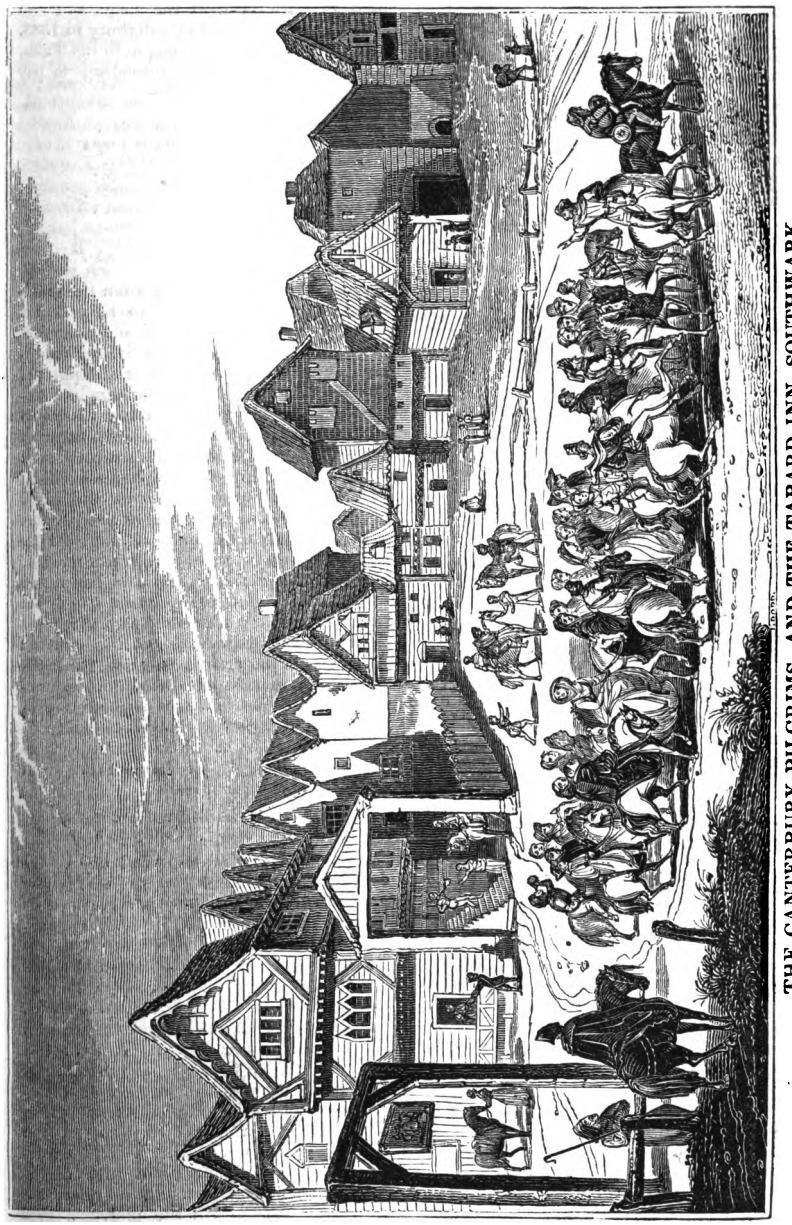
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 624.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1833. [PRICE 2*d*.



THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS, AND THE TABARD INN, SOUTHWARK.

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CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.

THE annexed Engraving represents the Canterbury Pilgrims, in the yard of the Tabard, now Talbot Inn, in the Borough, as they are made to assemble in the immortal Tales of Chaucer. It also conveys the marshalling of the characters, and the manner in which they pursued their progress, headed by the miller, as is described in the prologue. The name, Tabard, means an article of clothing; a jacket or sleeveless coat, as represented on the sign post, worn in olden times by noblemen in war, but now by heralds, and is called their coat of arms in service. When the alteration was made in the sign of this Inn, we are not informed; it must have been not long after Chaucer's demise, which occurred in 1400. A commentator, Speght, who wrote at the conclusion of the 16th century, says of this Inn, "And whereas, through time, it had been much decayed, it is now by Mr. J. Preston, with the Abbot's house thereto adjoining, newly repaired, and with convenient rooms, much increased for the receipt of many guests." The Abbot of Hyde is here noticed, whose residence was within the yard here alluded to. At the commencement of the 18th century, and down to the spring before last, the following inscription was on the sign post over the gateway:—"*This is the Inn where Sir Jeffry Chaucer, and nine-and-twenty pilgrims lodged on the journey to Canterbury. Anno* 1383." This inscription we may suppose to have been propagated by a succession of faithful transcripts from the very time. Whether the pilgrimage did take place or not, or whether it was a fiction of the author, has been left to conjecture; the internal evidence of the Tales seems to favour the supposition that Chaucer was the guest of Harry Bailey, mine host of the Tabard; the first recorded tapster and drawer of

> "The nappy stroug ale of Southwerk,
> Which sent many a gossip fra' the kirk;"

whose address, method of marshalling the pilgrims, authoritative deportment, and facetious disposition, rendered him so invaluable to the author, and who furnishes one of the richest of that "merrie train."

The latest historical fact mentioned in the Canterbury Tales, is the insurrection of Jack Straw. In the tale of *Chaunticleer and Pertelot*, when the fox enters the hen roost, it is said—

> "So hideous was the noise, ah! benedicite,
> Certes, Jack Straw, and his meinee,*
> He made shouts never half so shrill."

This occurred in 1381; and the earliest historical fact, in which any person is concerned, is the siege of *Algesiras*. Speaking of the services and dangers in which the knight had served

> "In Granada, eke had he been
> At the siege of Algesir,"

which began in August, 1342, and ended with the taking of the city in March, 1344. The knight may, therefore, very well be supposed to have been at the siege, and also upon the pilgrimage to Canterbury in 1383, or thereabouts. In the prologue to his Tales, Chaucer informs us, that intending to pay a pilgrimage to Canterbury—

> "Befell, that in that season on a day,
> In Southwerk, at the Tabard as I lay;
> Ready to wendin on my pilgrimage,
> To Canterbury with devout courage;
> At night were come into that hostelry,
> Well nine and twenty in a company:
> Of sundry folk by adventure y' fall,
> In fellowship and pilgrims were they all
> That toward Canterbury wouldin ride."

The present Inn is detached from the buildings, which are conjectured to have formed part of the ancient hostel. These consist of a wooden projecting gallery, and the apartments to which this leads are of great antiquity, as the substantial oak beam floorings bear evidence. The subjoined Engraving represents the premises, (from an old print,) as they may be supposed to have stood in Chaucer's time: the sign has been replaced by one painted by Blake, representing the pilgrims, and which at present exists. The figures of the pilgrims are from the celebrated print after Stothard.

There is a room, in which, tradition says, the pilgrims assembled; and a bed is shown at the house, called the pilgrim's bed, but whether the whole nine-and-twenty reposed in it, or only a fractional part, the *cicerone* who conducts the curious to view the furniture in question does not mention. A company of gentlemen lately assembled at this Inn to commemorate the natal day of Chaucer, and, we believe, it is intended annually to meet in honour of the venerable Dan, whom Spenser characterizes as—

> "The well of English undefiled
> On fame's eternal bead roll worthy to be filed."

It is in every sense of the word one of the most interesting localities of the metropolis; and were any evidence further required, to prove the fact of the pilgrimage being undertaken in the company so graphically described by Chaucer, it is to be found in the minute and critical manner in which he illustrates the personal appearance, the habits, the moral and social qualities, of the pilgrims who compose the poetic train. It is true that in all his works Chaucer is prolix, never omitting the narration of any incident however minute. He is frequently tedious from his fidelity, and adheres to his subject with as much pertinacity as other writers are remarkable for the frequency of their digression. In his other works, this minuteness is on general objects, with the pilgrims, however, it is exclusively confined to individual

* Minions.

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particularities, which scarcely leaves a doubt but that they were faithful transcripts from existant originals. We have, for example, on the Miller's nose,

" A wert, and thereon stood a tuft of haires,
Red as the bristles of sow's ears."

And that odious peculiarity of the Cook,—

" But great harm was it, as it seemed me,
That on his shinn a mormal* large had he."

The White Hart Tavern, Bishopsgate Street, was nearly coeval with the above Inn, which is rendered doubly interesting, since the removal of the Boar's Head, Great East-cheap, the rendezvous of Falstaff and his fellows, and many localities on both sides of the river in that neighbourhood, which the sweeping arm of destruction has levelled to the dust. The march of improvement has left us yet this memorial of him,—

" who left untold
The story of Cambuscan bold;
Of Camball and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass:
And of the wondrous Horse of brass
On which the Tartar king did ride."†

In the engraving, the Miller leads the way of the pilgrim procession:

" a stout carle for the nones
Full bigge he was of braun and eke of bones
* * * * * *
A bagge-pipe well couth he blowe and soune
And there withall brought he us out of town;

whilst the venerable Chaucer in the foreground, reviews the train as it passes before him. H. Innes.

SONNET.

TO THE LAKE AVERNUS.

" The mystic pass untraced by man, which Fate
Seem'd to have closed with an eternal gate."

Where are the fabled horrors, that of old
Circled this spot with spells and shadowy fear,—
The twilight gloom—the haunted forests near,
And deadly mists where sluggish waters roll'd?
Clasp'd in its verdant zone—the lake behold!
No pagan rites hold dark dominion here,
But steep'd in heav'n's bright hues, it sparkles clear,
As flow'rs with morning's light, their tints unfold;
The gondolas, with stately beauty glide
Like faëry forms, while faintly o'er the tide
Blend vesper bell and chant of gondolier—
A magic scene! all changed and sanctified.
Thus gloomy Superstition's fearful night
Fades with dark mists, before Truth's dawning light.

Luigi.

* Cancer. † Milton.

Spirit of Discovery.

AUSTRALIAN OPIUM.

A New South Wales paper contains the following statement: " A mercantile house in Sydney received advices, conveying to it the opinions which are entertained at Canton of the opium produced in New South Wales; and, if we may place faith in one trial of its qualities, this article of produce bids fair to become a very profitable export, if our cultivators will only be at the pains to cultivate the poppy. A sample of the opium of the colony was sent to Canton, where it was tested by experienced chemists, who state that it is equal in quality to the famous opium of Turkey. A strong recommendation is forwarded by this opinion of its merits, advising the correspondent of the merchant at Canton, to cultivate, by way of further experiment, as much as will make up two chests, each containing a pecul, or 133 pounds." The colonial editor adds: "Nothing is yet, comparatively speaking, known of the resources and capabilities of this colony, and the more we see and hear of its productions, the more convinced do we become, that the means of profitably embarking capital are so abundant, as to render it next to impossible for a capitalist of common prudence to err, or to be disappointed in the returns he calculates upon."

EMBALMING IN EGYPT.

A French chemist, M. Julie Fontenelle, in a discourse pronounced on occasion of the opening of an Egyptian mummy in the amphitheatre of the Sorbonne at Paris, has delivered an opinion respecting the cause of embalming in Egypt,—that the Egyptians were led to it from physical necessity. During four months of every year, the inundations of the Nile cover almost entirely the whole of the surface of Egypt which is under cultivation. Under the reign of Sesostris, for an extent of territory of about 2,250 square leagues, according to D'Anville, there would be a population of 6,222 persons per square league, which would present 350,000 deaths, per annum. These corpses must be gotten rid of, either by burning or by interment: if the latter, they must be buried around the inhabited spots, or in those which were inundated by the Nile, and then the decomposition of these bodies would have been a source of pestilence; and for burning there was an insufficiency of wood. But the soil of Egypt abounds in springs of natron (subcarbonate of soda); and, as this substance is perfectly antiseptic, the inhabitants were naturally led to preserve with it the corpses of the dead. In support of the opinion that sanitary views alone were the cause of embalment down to the third century before the Christian era, when the practice was abandoned, M. Fontenelle observes, that during the whole of that period the plague was unknown in Egypt, where it is now endemic.

THE VINE IN THE CRIMEA.

The culture of the vine has been introduced in the Crimea with success. The vineyards have been increasing for some years past, and the manufacture of wine has aready reached the quantity of 500,000 vedros, or about 13,000 hogsheads, annually.

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By the efforts, and at the expense, of the late Count Nicolas Roumianzoff, the imperial garden of Nikita, on the southern coast of the Crimea, has been enriched with numerous exotics. He gave the sum of 1,000 roubles for the purpose of introducing the culture of the cochineal insect, and the tree on which the insect feeds has been found to thrive there. The *cactus opuntia*, or prickly pear of India, which is of the same genus, is also found to bear the Crimean winter well.

COALS IN AUSTRALIA.

A DISCOVERY which, it is expected, will prove to be a valuable one, has been recently made by the Rev. Mr. Threlkeld, at Lake Macquarie, in the district of Reid's Mistake. He was about to build a chimney with what he considered to be a very fine black stone, which he had found in abundance in the neighbourhood of his dwelling; when, upon close inspection, he ascertained it to be what is called in England cannel coal. The overseer of the Newcastle mines has been at Reid's Mistake to examine the coal, and he reports it to be of a very superior quality, far beyond the Newcastle coal. The vein lies almost on the surface of the earth; and can, therefore, be worked at a trifling expense. First comes a layer of inferior coal, three feet thick, which is immediately succeeded by another layer of excellent coal, about five feet thick, and then comes the cannel coal, three feet thick, which can be taken out in solid masses a yard square.

LITERATURE OF CEYLON.

IN the first number of the *Nordisk Tidsskrift*, a Danish periodical work lately commenced by Professor Molbech, there is an article on the Pali and Cingalese manuscripts in the Royal Library of Copenhagen, 50 in number, 22 of which are in Pali, and 28 in Cingalese. Amongst the former is a fine copy of the *Kammavacam*, or liturgy, of the Burmahs, more complete than any other yet known; it is written on palm leaves, varnished and gilt; the letters are in black lacker, the ornaments in red varnish.

Among the Cingalese manuscripts is a grammar of the Pali language, written in the latter, with the explanations in Cingalese, and a grammar of the Elou tongue, edited by a Bauddhist priest named D'hamma Pala, who is said to have flourished fifteen centuries ago.*

NEW POWER.

MR. ERICSON is about to take out a patent for the employment of a new power in steam-engine machinery—that of heated air; in which he offers a saving of fuel of eight-tenths.

* For this and the four preceding paragraphs we are indebted to our zealous Correspondent, Fernando.

Select Biography.

HANNAH MORE.

THIS excellent writer and amiable benefactress to mankind died a few days since at Clifton, after an illness of several years.

Mrs. Hannah More was the youngest of five daughters of a clergyman, who resided at Hanham, near Bristol. She was born at Stapleton, in Gloucestershire, Feb. 2, 1745. In her childhood she evinced untiring attachment to reading; having soon exhausted the scanty library of her father, she borrowed books from her village friends, and among the first works which thus fell into her hands, was the *Pamela* of Richardson. Her sisters, who had for some time conducted a small school prosperously at Hanham, removed to Bristol, about the year 1765, where they opened a boarding-school, which soon became one of the most successful establishments in the West of England. Miss Hannah More removed with them, and probably took some share in the business of the school; but this change of situation led to a more interesting result. Here Miss Hannah soon acquired the friendship of the Rev. Dr. Stonehouse, a man of taste and discernment, who resided in the house adjoining the Misses Mores' school. He encouraged Miss Hannah in attempts at composition, and even corrected her earliest productions; and it is not unreasonable to infer that the Doctor's instructions instilled into the mind of the young authoress that excellent tone of religious and high moral feeling, by which the writings of Hannah More are uniformly characterized.

Miss More's first publication was a *Search after Happiness*, in the year 1773, a pastoral drama written at the age of 18 for some female friends, who performed the several characters in private parties. The artlessness of its poetry was creditable to the early years of the writer; but, it has been well observed that "its chief distinctions over every similar drama are its purity of sentiment, simplicity of diction, originality of design, and the inviolable affinity which it establishes and preserves between truth and nature, virtue, and happiness, habits of innocence, and the practice of piety."

This success encouraged Miss More to publish in the following year, the *Inflexible Captive*, a tragedy founded on the story of Regulus. Its literary merits are considerable; it was acted, though but once, on the Bath stage. In 1776, appeared *Sir Eldred of the Bower*, and the *Bleeding Rock*, two enchanting legendary tales, published together in quarto. The latter is in the manner of Ovid; and the pleasing fiction at its conclusion had its origin from a rock, near the author's residence in Somersetshire, whence a stream flowing over red strata has the appearance of crimson water, or blood.

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By the kindness of Dr. Stonehouse, Miss More was introduced to Mr. Garrick, who advised her to write for the stage. In 1777, she published a trifle styled *An Ode to Mr. Garrick's House-dog*. In the same year appeared her *Essays on several subjects, designed for young Ladies*. In the next and following years were published her tragedies of *Percy* and *Fatal Falsehood*, the success of which established Miss More's fame as a dramatic writer. At this time she enjoyed the society of Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, and Horace Walpole; and subsequently of Porteus, bishop of London. Her friendship with the latter probably gave to her future writings a tone decidedly different from that of her previous productions; for, successful as had been her dramas, and beneficially as she had defended the moral tendency of theatrical performances, Miss More suddenly took what is called "a religious turn," and declaring that she did not think the drama in its present state becoming the countenance of a Christian, she renounced all dramatic attempts for the stage.* Such a change must have been viewed as bitter ingratitude by Garrick, who was devoted to the elevation of his art, and to whom Miss More owed much for introduction to first-rate literary society — at that period an essential passport to success.

Consistently with her new tone of thought, Miss More published in 1782, *Sacred Dramas*, chiefly for young persons, the subjects taken from the Bible; with *Simplicity*, a poetical epistle. Some of these dramas had been previously acted by the pupils of the Misses Mores' school.

About this time, Miss More and her sisters retired with a respectable fortune, from Bristol to Mendip, in Somersetshire, where their conjoint philanthropy was exerted in the establishment of charity schools among the ignorant, uneducated colliers of the district. Miss More did not relax in her literary exertions; for, in 1785, in the same spirit in which she herself had been fostered by Garrick, she brought forward a Mrs. Yearsley, a Bristol milkwoman, who had written some poems, to which Miss More prefixed a biographical preface, upon their publication. The poetess had, however, little or none of the milk of human kindness in her composition; she was patronized and profusely rewarded for her poetry, but she forgot her patroness, and even added insult to ingratitude. Her poems have sunk into deeper oblivion than her wicked conduct; for, as our shrewd correspondent *Enort* observed about a year since, "Who now reads the verses of Ann Yearsley, the poetic milkwoman, who was so lauded beyond her deserts by Mrs. H. More?" though we believe she occupies a niche in Mr. Southey's temple of "Uneducated Poets," whose immortality, in a handsome post 8vo. volume, we saw the other day on a bookstall for two shillings!

In the following year, Miss More published three poems, *Florio, the Bas Bleu*, and *Slavery*. In the same year she published anonymously, *Thoughts on the Manners of the Great*, the authorship of which was for some time assigned to Bishop Porteus, the late Mr. Wilberforce, and others. This was followed by a work of similar character, *Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World*, which excited much attention. Labouring in the same vocation, Miss More subsequently attacked the speech of M. Dupont, in the National Convention of France, on religion and education; and a pamphlet on the subject her championship of our religious institutions against the atheistical attacks of Dupont, gained her many valuable friends. Such was the success of these works, that their arguments were even quoted in pulpits about the Court.

In 1799, Miss More published *Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education*; which work afterwards led to her being consulted by Queen Charlotte on the education of the Princess Charlotte, a circumstance which led to the publication of *Hints towards forming the Character of a young Princess*, which became very popular.

We now come to the work by which Mrs. More's fame became more rapidly known than by either of the productions yet mentioned. This was the religious novel of *Cælebs in search of a Wife*, of which ten editions were sold in the year (1809) of its publication. In this work, the writer is said to have been materially assisted by Bishop Porteus; a report to which greater credence was given from the close intimacy and presumed coincidence of religious bias between the parties. It is not, however, improbable that jealousy at the great success of the work had some share in this conjecture; in either case, the association did not impair the popularity of the book. Its tide of favour was as brief as it was rapid; and little more than the title of *Cælebs* is known among readers under 30 years of age.

If to these works we add the following, we shall have enumerated the principal of Mrs. More's productions; her minor pieces would probably be too numerous to specify, if they were known to us.†

* We have been informed that such was Miss More's anxiety to retrace her steps of error in writing for the stage, that she endeavoured to purchase back the copyright and printed stock of her plays, so that by destroying the latter she might consign her dramatic authorship to oblivion; but, in this step, she did not succeed.

† We ought, however, to mention that a *Cheap Repository*, projected many years since by Mrs. More, contained many tracts of clever execution, in their way, and of excellent religious and moral tendency. Mrs. More contributed several tracts to this Repository; one of the most celebrated of which

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Those we have to name are, *Practical Piety*, 2 vols. 1811; *Christian Morals*, 2 vols. 1812; *Essay on the Character and Writings of St. Paul*, 2 vols. 1815; and *Moral Sketches of prevailing Manners and Opinions*, 1819: the latter work, in our recollection, teems with wholesome, but to many, unwelcome truths; and of its design, if not tendency, it is scarcely possible to speak in sufficient commendation.

For some years Mrs. More had been afflicted with excruciating disease; but she is stated to have filled up her intervals of pain with literature. She resided in a pretty cottage at the foot of the Mendip Hills, at Barley Wood, in the village of Wrington,

the birthplace of immortal Locke;

and in her veneration for that excellent philosopher, Mrs. More placed in her garden, an urn, with this inscription:

To
JOHN LOCKE,
Born in this village.
This memorial is erected
by
Mrs. Montague,
and presented to
HANNAH MORE.*

In this retired nook, Mrs. More enjoyed the congenial friendship of the Rev. John Langhorne, rector of the adjoining village of Blagdon. The Rev. Mr. Bowles thus appositely notices this interesting locality, in his poem, *Days Departed; or Banwell Hill:*

And who can paint sweet Blagdon, and not think
Of Langhorne, in his rural rectory—
Langhorne, a pastor and a poet too.
* * * Nor pass on, without a prayer,
For her, associate of his early fame,
Accomplish'd, eloquent, and holy More—
Who now, with slow and gentle decadence,
In the same vale, with look uprais'd to Heaven,
Waits meekly at the gate of Paradise,
Smiling at Time!

In a note to this poem, Mr. Bowles relates "there is a tradition that Langhorne, on Uphill sands, in early days, scratched the following lines:

Upon the shore
Walk'd Hannah More,
Waves let this record last,—
Sooner shall be
The earth the sea,
Than what she writes be pass'd!

The next day, to return the compliment, the lady wrote some lines, the two first of which, I believe, are as follow:

Some firmer basis, polish'd Langhorne, choose,
For the effusions of thy partial muse."

Mrs. More's publications are believed to be an exact transcript of her own life, which was literally spent in doing good. Nevertheless, as the subjects of her writings were controversial, this excellent woman was not unattacked, nor the motives of her benevolence unimpugned: even at Mendip her establishment of schools for the labouring poor met with this description of opposition from a clergyman; but Mrs. More was ably defended by her friends. The latter did not, however, conceal her eccentricities: some of them went so far as to call her exquisite humanity her hobby-horse; and to such of them as were wits, it furnished a new species of raillery. It is in this vein of sarcastic eulogy, that Horace Walpole, in a letter to Mrs. More, gives the following sketch of her character. "It is very provoking that people must always be hanging or drowning themselves, or going mad, that you, forsooth, mistress, may have the diversion of exercising your pity, and good nature, and charity, and intercession, and all that bead-roll of virtues that make you so troublesome and amiable, when you might be ten times more agreeable by writing things that would not cost one half-a-crown at a time. You are an absolute walking hospital, and travel about into lone and by-places, with your doors open to house-stray casualties. I wish, at least, that you would have some children yourself, that you might not be plaguing one for all the petty brats that are starving and friendless. I suppose it was some such goody, two or three thousand years ago, that suggested the idea of an alma mater suckling the 365 bantlings of the Countess of Hainault.—Well, as your newly adopted pensioners have two babes, I insist on your accepting two guineas for them, instead of one, at present. If you cannot circumscribe your own charities, you shall not stint mine, madam, who can afford it much better, and who must be dunned for alms, and do not scramble over hedges and ditches in searching for opportunities of flinging away my money on good works. I employ mine better at auctions, and in buying pictures and baubles, and hoarding curiosities, that, in truth, I cannot keep long, but that will last for ever in my catalogue, and make me immortal. Alas! will they cover a multitude of sins? Adieu! I cannot jest after that sentence." Few persons besides Walpole dare have written in such terms as these; though we see how dexterously he has tempered his raillery.

Mrs. Hannah More is stated, in the notices of her death, to have been in her 80th year;* but, she was, as we have shown, in her 89th year. She closed her useful life, as rich in good works as full of years; and although many of her benevolent labours may have passed from popularity in her protracted career, we hope that justice will be done by some competent biographer, to her good name; for, of a truth, few in our times have deserved so well of the world, or of those employed in records of the human character.

is *Salisbury Plain*. Are not the *Cheapside Apprentice*, *Parley the Porter*, and *Patient Joe*, parts of this Repository?

* Quoted from *the Mirror*, vol. xvii. p. 307.

* Except in the *Literary Gazette*, where she is stated to have been in her 88th year.

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Appended to the announcement of the death of Mrs. H. More, in a London journal we find the following summary of her merits:

"Under a deep conviction that to live to the glory of God, and to the good of our fellow-creatures, is the great object of human existence, and the only one which can bring peace at the last, she quitted in the prime of her days the bright circles of fashion and literature, and, retiring into the neighbourhood of Bristol, devoted herself to a life of active Christian benevolence, and to the composition of various works having for their object the religious improvement of mankind. Her pen could adapt itself with equal success to the instruction of the highest and of the humblest classes, and the numerous editions through which her various publications have passed attest the high sense entertained by the public of their varied utility and excellence. Her practical conduct beautifully exemplified the moral energy of her Christian principles. She was the delight of a widely-extended sphere of friends, whom she charmed by her mental powers, edified by her example, and knit closely to her in affection by the warmth and constancy of her friendship. She lived and walked in an atmosphere of love, and it was her delight to do good; the poor for many miles around her felt the influence of her unceasing benevolence, and her numerous schools attested her zeal for the improvement and edification of the rising generation. In these works of faith and charity she was aided for a long course of years by the concurring efforts of four sisters, who lived with her, who regarded her with mingled feelings of admiration and affection, and towards whom her conduct was ever marked by the kindest and most endearing consideration. It was truly a sisterhood animated by all the social and hospitable virtues. Mrs. Hannah More's last illness was accompanied by feverish delirium, but the blessed influence of Christian habits was strikingly exemplified even under the decay of extreme old age and its attendant consequences. Not seldom she broke forth into earnest prayer and devout ejaculation, and invariably met the affectionate attentions of the friends who sedulously watched over her sick bed by unceasing and most expressive returns of grateful love. The writer of this tribute to her memory saw her only the day before her last seizure, when she expressed to him in a most impressive manner the sentiments of a humble and penitent believer in Jesus Christ, assuring him that she reposed her hopes of salvation on his merits alone, and expressing at the same time a firm and joyful affiance on his unchangeable promises. In her excellent writings she will long live, not only as one of the brightest ornaments of her sex, but as the benefactress of her species."

Anecdote Gallery.

VOLTAIRIANA.

Sometime after Voltaire was banished the French court, and had retired to his seat on the Lake of Geneva, Colonel C., who was on his travels in Switzerland, went to see him. When he arrived, he found Voltaire working in his garden, who, seeing the Colonel approach, threw away his spade, and thus addressed him: "Here, sir, you see a banished man, but still a philosopher; for, as your countryman says,

'When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.'"

To which the Colonel immediately replied,

"In vain the deserts thy retreat is made,
The muse attends thee to the silent shade;
'Tis hers, the great man's latest steps to trace,
Rejudge his acts and dignify disgrace."

Voltaire was so pleased at the application of these lines, that he embraced the Colonel most cordially, insisted upon his taking up his lodgings at his chateau, and behaved with the most marked civility to him during his residence at Geneva.

When at Geneva I was invited to Ferney, (says Sir J. Campbell,) to assist at the presentation of Prince Dolgouroukie, a young man of very high rank in Russia, who came to Voltaire at the head of a deputation from the empress Catherine II., than whom, perhaps, no one has ever been more anxious as to what should be said of her by the world. Voltaire had contributed to foster, at the same time that he gratified, this passion, by writing a great deal in the empress' praise; and the presents which were brought by the Prince Dolgouroukie were probably intended as a reward for past praises, or as a retaining fee for the future. I say nothing of the truth of what he has written, but content myself with recording what I witnessed at the reception of the embassy. The presents were produced by the Prince in succession, and exhibited with great state and ceremony. The first was an ivory box, the value of which consisted in its being the work of the empress's own hands. The next was her imperial majesty's portrait, brilliantly set in diamonds, of very great value; and I could not resist the idea that the eyes of the philosopher sparkled with delight at the splendid setting of the picture, rather than the picture itself. Then followed a collection of books in the Russian language, which Voltaire admitted that he did not understand; but he admired them, and very justly, as rare specimens of typography, and as being bound in a style of magnificence befitting an imperial gift. The last of the presents was a robe, the lining of which was of the fur of the black fox, from the Kurile isles. It was certainly of immense value, and such only as the empress of Russia

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could give. The prince, on producing it, begged to be shown into a darkened room, where, on drawing his hand across the fur, it produced so much electrical fire, that it was possible to read by it. This was ascribed to the extreme closeness or thickness with which the hair was set on the skin. In return for these princely gifts, Voltaire had his portrait drawn by my friend Hubert, in which he was exhibited in rather an extraordinary position, rising out of bed in an ecstacy upon the presents being presented to him. The picture was accompanied by a copy of verses in the empress' praise, in the taste of the period, and, of course, sufficiently nauseous and fulsome.

When Sir William Jones was in Paris, in 1770, with his pupil Lord Althorp, he made an excursion to Geneva, in the hopes of seeing Voltaire, but was disappointed. He sent him a note with a few verses, implying that the muse of tragedy had left her ancient seat in Greece and Italy, and fixed her abode on a lake, &c. Voltaire returned this answer: "The worst of French poets and philosophers is almost dying, age and sickness have brought him to his last days. He can converse with nobody, and entreats Mr. Jones to excuse and pity him." W. G. C.

THE KIT-CAT CLUB.

In our 16th volume will be found some interesting particulars of this celebrated society, which included in its list nearly all the leading wits of the early part of the last century. "Garth, Vanburgh, and Congreve," say Pope and Tonson, in *Spence's Anecdotes*, "were the three most honest hearted, real good men, of the poetical members." The society, according to Mr. W. S. Singer, is said to have first met at an obscure house in Shire-lane, and consisted of 39 distinguished noblemen and gentlemen, zealously attached to the protestant succession in the house of Hanover: among whom were the Dukes of Somerset, Richmond, Grafton, Devonshire, and Marlborough, and (after the accession of George I.) the Duke of Newcastle, the Earls of Dorset, Sunderland, Manchester, Wharton, and Kingston; Lords Hallifax and Somers. Addison, Manwaring, Stepney, Walpole, Pultney, Lord Stanhope, and the Earl of Essex, were also members. Jacob Tonson, the eminent bookseller, was the secretary.

Pope tells us that "the day Lord Mohun and the Earl of Berkley were entered of it, Jacob said he saw they were just going to be ruined. When Lord Mohun broke down the gilded emblem on the top of *his* chair, Jacob complained to his friends, and said that a man who would do that would cut a man's throat. So that he had the good and the forms of the society much at heart.—The paper was all in Lord Hallifax's writing, of a subscription of 400 guineas for the encouragement of good comedies, and was dated 1709. Soon after that they broke up." Tonson had his own and all their pictures by Sir Godfrey Kneller: each member gave him his, and he built a room for them at his villa at Barn Elms. Tonson died in 1736, and left the pictures to his great nephew, a bookseller, who died in 1767. They were then removed to the house of his brother at Water Oakley, near Windsor: this resting-place of the club pictures is now called

Down Place.

It has been considerably altered since its occupation by Tonson's relative, and the common story attached to Down Place is that it was Jacob Tonson's villa, and that here the Kit Club was formed. The truth, however, appears to be, that the pictures were kept at Down Place till their removal to Hertingfordbury.

This villa is delightfully situated on the Thames, four miles from Windsor; and from its grounds, the magnificent castle, and Eton College are seen to best advantage.

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LAW ANECDOTES.

HENRY ERSKINE was a great wit, Lord Swinton a great arithmetician. Uncongenial in everything save the study of the law, they were, nevertheless, frequently together, and known to the world as particular friends. Like most aged persons, his lordship at last became a little deaf; and from this defect sometimes missed the innumerable scintillations with which his friend, like a second Yorick, "was wont to set the table in a roar." On these occasions his lordship would scan the circle of bright and happy faces, and artlessly inquire, "Is that something good my friend Harry has said?"—"Yes, my lord, very—very good."—"Oh, the wag! ha! ha! ha!" And as the merriment increased, "Is that another thing of my friend Harry's?" "Yes, my lord, better and better."—"Oh, the wag, ha! ha! ha!" suiting the action to the word, and fairly outlaughing the loudest of the company.

ERASMUS in his description of Sir Thomas More's living at Chelsea, exhibits a picture of domestic happiness. "His house," he says, "was situated near the water-side," neither so mean as to be entitled to contempt, nor so magnificent as to become the subject of envy. "There he conversed with his wife, his daughter-in-law, his three daughters and their husbands, with eleven grandchildren. There is not any man living so affectionate to his children as he, and he loveth his old wife as well as if she was a young maid." W. G. C.

New Books.

POEMS,
By Agnes Strickland.

[We quoted a passage in our last from this delightful volume. Its contents are Demetrius, a tale of Modern Greece; and several Miscellaneous Poems. Of the impassioned beauty of the former, our quotation was a fair specimen. The following is also in the fervid vein of genuine poetry:]

In silence brave Demetrius led his men
Through the recesses of the wooded glen,
And by no word or outward sign expressed
The mortal anguish struggling in his breast—
Save that a glassy fixture of the eye,
Whose rayless glance was bent on vacancy,
And motion of the lip convulsed, but slight,
Showed that internally he felt its might,—
Amidst this scene of wo you would have thought
He was the only one in whom it wrought
No touch of suffering, for his feelings were
Locked up, and frozen in such dense despair
As to the slight observer seemed to be
Bordering almost on chilly apathy.
Forward he moves, and with such reckless gaze,
As if he saw it not, beholds the blaze
From his own palace, whose fierce radiance now
Gleams fitfully on his pale cheek and brow,
As through the grove's long vistas its proud frame
Is seen enswathed in waves of ruddy flame:
Entire as yet, it bursts upon the sight
With fiery colonnades and domes of light,
Whose spires of gloomy radiance redly glare,
And tinge with wild terrific hues the air.
Demetrius marks it not—for through the trees,
Unscathed by fire, Ismena's home he sees,
Gilded alone by morn's unconscious rays,
And calm and peaceful as in other days.
The colour rushes to his cheek—his eye
Resumes its wonted light—his heart beats high—
And, careless of the presence of the crowd,
"God, thou art merciful!" he cries aloud;
And with impetuous haste he forward speeds
To gain this spot——but what his course impedes?
Why does he faltering pause, with sudden start,
As if a thrilling pang had struck his heart?
Well may he shudder—for along the road
That leads by his beloved one's lone abode,
Too plainly he can trace the bloody path
Of gloomy slaughter and destroying wrath.
In this direction evil chance has led
The desolators, and their work is spread,
In each dire shape of outrage, far and wide,
Where'er the eye may rest on every side;
And where the land before like Eden smiled,
They've left behind a desert and a wild!—
Death's silent kingdom, who obstructs the way
With scattered groups, pale subjects of his sway.
But here and there may certain marks be seen,
Where vain resistance, brief, but fierce, has been;
For mingled with the Sciot victims here,
Corses of turbanned infidels appear,
Who, by the arm of vengeance lowly laid,
The earthly forfeit of their crimes have paid.
These thicken every step as he draws nigh
Ismena's dwelling, and his anxious eye
Can now distinguish that some dreadful scene
Has there been acted furious foes between.
The carnage stops not at the garden bound,
Where it should seem that every inch of ground
Has been disputed midst its peaceful bowers;
For life's red drops are sprinkled on the flowers.
And every blooming shrub, and gay parterre,
So late the objects of Ismena's care,
Are rudely now to devastation beat,
And bear the trampling marks of struggling feet;
And where the foes have forced resistless way,
Broken and crushed the blossomed branches lay;
And every verdant walk, so calm before,
Is cumbered with the slain, and drenched with gore;
Where Turks and Sciots as they fell are spread,
Mingled in death confusedly and dread.

[The minor pieces are of equal merit: thus:]

ON THE RUINS OF BUNGAY CASTLE.

WRECK of past ages on thy mouldering towers
No feudal banner waves its silken fold;
No archers now direct their deadly showers
From thy lone heights as in the days of old,
When he of iron soul and stalwart mould,
The haughty Bigod, in his tameless pride,
Held with the lord of England parlance bold;
And the chafed lion to his teeth defied,
And taunt for taunt with answering scorn replied:
And spake of his strong hold on Waveney's shore
With stern regret, as fortress whence he might
Have braved securely, till the storm was o'er,
The royal anger in its fellest height—
Nor cared for proud Plantagenet's despite;
But there, in his rebellious hardihood,
The sap, the siege, the desultory fight,
Fiercely repelled, and made resistance good
Through each reverse, unawed and unsubdued.

Bright visions of departed grandeur rise,
In shadowy splendour, as I gaze on thee,
Lone, crumbling pile! they sweep before mine eyes
The varied scenes of pomp and pageantry
Thy walls have seen, but ne'er again will see;
When to the lofty harp's inspiring chime
High tales were sung of love and chivalry,
In the wild numbers of spontaneous rhyme,
By gifted minstrels of the olden time.
And high-born beauty, in the graceful dance,
Trod the light measure to the rebec's sound—

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Or led the mask in quaint device, perchance,
Or for her lordly sire the wine-cup crown'd
Ere the deep pledge of revelry went round;
While haply in the guarded keep below,
Or murky dangeon's solitude profound,
The fettered captive pined in hopeless wo,
Mourning his adverse fate, his battle's overthrow.

Deserted towers! no steel-clad warder now
O'erlooks with watchful eye the quiet vale,
Nor scans with anxious glance the upland brow
For plumes and pennons waving in the gale—
Or stately chieftain in his warlike mail,
With steed caparisoned, and couchant lance—
Such as in ancient chronicle and tale,
Stand forth portrayed, and poesy's romance
Presents embodied to our mental glance.
Their date is past—the strife of feudal war
Disturbs no more sweet Waveney's peaceful side;
No rival clarions now resound from far,
Nor life's red current stains his silvery tide;
But those unruffled waters, as they glide
Through smiling meads of ever-verdant hue,
Reflect the snowy lily's queen-like pride,
Throned on the waves, all beautiful to view,
And mirror back the heavens' delicious blue.

And where the martial pride of helm and spear
Flashed in the western sun's declining ray
From massive walls, now desolate and drear,
Sits the lone mournful spirit of Decay,
Time's ruthless daughter, robed in lichens gray,
Throned in their dust, and sternly waving round
The iron sceptre of her gloomy sway,
O'er mouldering turret, parapet, and mound,
With clustering ivy-leaves profusely crowned—
That o'er these relics of departed days,
Unchanged by summer suns or wintry showers,
With faithful love its mantling veil displays,
And clings more closely when the tempest lowers;
And there the delicate and starry flowers
Of sweetest jasmine yield their fragrant breath
To every breeze that waves their pendent bowers,
And from those heights, where once the shafts of death
Were sternly launched, fling their light graceful wreath.

Scenes of my childhood! scenes where Fancy loves
To weave of thought the many-tinted chain,
And musing Memory, as she fondly roves
From town and tower to stream and pastoral plain,
Brings to the soul, in sadly pleasing train,
The joys and sorrows of life's dawning years,
Rising in all their changeful lights again—
How softly blent in retrospect appears
The rainbow halo of youth's smiles and tears!

Note.—This interesting relic of the feudal times is situated in the county of Suffolk, separated from Norfolk only by the river Waveney, which flows at the foot of the castle hills, on the most considerable of which stands all that now remains of the stronghold of the Bigods, Earls of Norfolk—a crumbling ivy-mantled turret.

Tradition places the era of its erection in the reign of King Stephen, of whom its founder, Hugh Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, was so stanch an adherent, that, on the accession of Henry II. he was compelled to compound with that monarch in a large sum of money, for being permitted to retain his castle of Bungay, and also to give hostages for his good behaviour. Being implicated, however, in the rebellion of Prince Henry, his estates and strongholds were confiscated, though his castles of Bungay and Framlingham were afterwards restored to his son, who, in the reign of Henry III., engaging in the war of the confederated barons, under Montfort, Earl of Leicester, was, in his turn, exposed to the royal displeasure, and his favourite fortress, Bungay Castle, was dismantled by order of the king.

In the tenth year of Edward the First, Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, obtained the king's permission to embattle his house, which was built on the site of the ancient castle, which he fortified so strongly, and deemed so impregnable, that in the heat of his memorable altercation with that monarch,* he is said by the Chroniclers to have given utterance to this baronial impromptu:

"Were I in my strong Castle of Bungay,
Upon the water of Waveney,
I would ne care for the King of Cockayne,
Nor all his bravery."

The records belonging to the castle were lost in the fire of Bungay, anno 1688. The ruins are extremely picturesque, hanging gardens having been erected in terraces on the massive wall of the ivy-clad pile, leading, by successive flights of rude stairs, to a gallery on the summit of the ruined edifice, which commands a panoramic view of the pastoral vale of the Waveney, and the lovely wood-crowned uplands with which it is surrounded.

[Another, full of touching sympathy:]

THE FACTORY CHILD.

I hear the blithe voices of children at play,
And the sweet birds rejoicing on every green spray;
On all things the bright beams of summer have smiled,
But they smile not on me, the poor factory child.

The gay sports of childhood to me they deny,
And the fair paths of learning I never must try—
A companion of creatures whom guilt has defiled,
Oh, who does not pity the factory child!

Oh, who would not mourn for a victim like me,
A young heart-broken slave in the land of the free.
Hardly tasked, and oft beaten, oppressed and reviled—
Such, such, is the lot of the factory child!

In the dead of the night, when you take your sweet sleep,
Through the dark dismal streets to my labours I creep;
To the din of the loom, till my poor brain seems wild,
I return—an unfortunate factory child!

The bright bloom of health has forsaken my cheek,
My spirits are gone, and my young limbs grown weak;
Oh, ye Rich and ye Mighty! let Sympathy mild
Appeal to your hearts for the factory child!

Oh, pity my sufferings, ere yet the cold tomb
Succeed my loathed prison, its tasks, and its gloom,
And the clods of the valley untimely are piled
O'er the pale wasted form of the factory child!

CONVERSATIONS WITH NATIVE AFRICANS.

(*From Mrs. Carmichael Smith's "Social Condition of the Population in the West Indies."*)

ONE day I asked F. "how big were you when you left Africa?"—"Misses, me big young woman."—"How were you taken?"—"Misses, Ebo go war wid a great grandee Massa; him Massa take Ebo many, many; tie hand, tie foot, no could run away, Misses; they gie us only so leetle for yam (as she said this she took up a splinter of wood and held it, to signify that the food they got was insignificant in point of size). Well Misses, they take me mama too; she be one nice nigger, fat so; they take her, kill her, boil her, fry

* Hugh Bigod, Earl of Norfolk and Earl hereditary Marshal of England, on being required to serve under another nobleman in the forces with which Edward the First designed to carry the war into Guienne, having no liking for the expedition, plainly told the king, "he was ready at all times, as the duties of his office prescribed, to lead the vanguard, where he commanded in person, but he would not serve under any other man." "By the eternal God!" exclaimed the angry monarch, "Sir Earl, you shall either march or be hanged!" "By the eternal God! Sir King," replied the undaunted earl, "I will neither march nor be hanged!" and with these audacious words left the royal presence.

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her, yam her (eat her) every bit, all; dey bring her heart to me and force me to yam a piece of it. Well, Misses, after dat, dey sell me to another grandee for cottons, and he send me a Guinea coast; and when I comed there the first buckra I seed, Misses, I started all."—"Were you afraid of the white man?"—"No, Misses, no of he, but of he colour; look so queer, Misses, I ax your pardon."—"Did you know you were going to be sold to a white man?"—"Yes, Misses, me happy at dat; nigger Massa bad too much, white Massa him better far. Africa no good place, me glad too much to come to a white man's country."—"Well, what did you do when you were landed?"—"Old massa buy me, old misses very good; she make nice bamboo for me (clothing), teached me bout God, get me christened; me quite happy; me, (said she with exultation,) never once punished. Old massa love me, old misses love me, me loved dem; me get good husband; me never have sore heart but once, when my H. (her only child) go dead. Misses, oh! she handsome too much; take pain in side, dey do all for her, but God say no, and so she go dead, and so me just take young H. (a negro woman upon the estate, of the same name as her own daughter), she have no daddy or mama, and me take her for my own, being as I was her god-mama." I asked a common field negro, named I., "when she was brought from Africa?"—"When me big woman."—"Were your father and mother alive when you left it?"—"No, Misses, but I had husband and one picaninny."—"And were you not very much grieved when you found yourself away from them?"—"Misses me husband bad too much; beat me one day, two day, tree day, every day. Misses, me husband *here* go beat me too much (meaning if or when he beat me too much) or when me no really bad, me go a manager, or come a massa, to complaint, and he settle all. Misses, me have one picaninny in a Guinea; but me have D., I., K., L., M., N. and I. here; cooper O. for husband; he bring me some tick (fuel) often. L. big now, help vorck provision ground; little M. she took broom, sweep a house; N. he little too much, but me get fish and bambo for him. Oh, misses, is Africa good country? No good people say that, surely." P. a female field negro, left Africa when not quite grown up, but recollected it perfectly. "Would you like to go back to your country?"—"Eh, Misses, me no like dat; St. Vincent fine country—good white massa dey."—"Were you a slave or free in Africa?"—"Misses, me one time slave, one time free, just as our grandee massa fight (beat) next grandee massa."—"And you would rather be here?"—"Yes, misses, I no like me country at all." Q. was a field negro of the very best character; "What nation are you of, Q.?"—"An Ebo."—"Would you like to go to Africa?"—"Misses, me hope never to see that country no more; misses, me hear tell dat some white massa go to England, and tell that nigger wish for go again to Africa, and say dat nigger tink they go to Africa when dey go dead."—"Is this not true, Q?"—"Misses, me never hear one nigger say so—me no tink dat; me know very well God make me above; God make one breath—put one breath in all; God make us live—God take away breath, me go dead; misses, me notion is, dis breath and life all as one."—"How old were you when you left Africa?"—"Me be the same as now."—"Were you free or slave there?"—"Misses, me born free; Ebo war wid another grandee massa—take me, me daddy, me mama, me husband—sell me, den keep me slave to dat grandee massa; he flog me, curse me, use me very bad, me heart-broke; he want calicoes; take me a coast, sell me for calicoes; me dance for joy to get away from nigger massa."—"And are you now happier than you were in Africa?"—"Yes, misses, Africa one bad country."

The Public Journals.

MATLOCK.

TAKE it all in all, this is the most beautiful watering-place perhaps in England. The ruggedness of the cliffs, clothed with the richest verdure,—the dark Derwent flowing below,—the quiet and solitude of the place itself,—the beauty of the neighbouring country,—the variety of the wild flowers that reward the botanist,—make the place a paradise to those who can bear to live alone. For here there are no amusements, except those you create for yourself: Nature is your master of the ceremonies. There is a small fountain with a willow bending over it at the foot of the beautiful walks leading to the heights of Abraham, which is a perfect model in its way; and if you like a high situation, you will find a charming Tower, belonging to Mr. Gilbert, to be let in the midst of the grounds, half way up the ascent, backed by copses of thick firs, and commanding a rich prospect of the vale below. But, above all, go and see Haddon; it is the only house extant which has been left just as it was in Henry VIII.'s time. It is small, compared with our notions of Gothic grandeur; the hall is rude and mean, and there is only one room possessing claims to architectural graces. But its melancholy and naked simplicity is its chief merit; the uneven stones in the courtyard,—the dark den where the porter slept,—the worn wood of the heavy gate, all impress you far more powerfully with that sentiment which belongs to the antique, than the more ornate and florid castles of greater pretension in size and proportions. From the dim chambers of Haddon, Mrs. Ratcliffe is supposed to

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have borrowed some of her descriptions in the "Mysteries of Udolpho;" but the author has given a stately vastness to her creation which Haddon never possessed.—*N. Monthly Magazine.*

A LAMENT.

(By Miss Fanny Kemble.)

[The following poem has appeared in the *New York Mirror*, and in a recent number of *the Athenæum*. It was accompanied by a letter, whence the following is an extract, necessary to a correct understanding of the lines.]

I have chosen them because they were inspired by one of the most beautiful watercourses that, I think, can be found even in this world of lovely and glorious rivers.

I had purposed riding out to the Wissihiccon, an Indian name for a beautiful stream near Philadelphia, signifying, I am told, the "pleasant water." I had just explored enough of its beauties on the previous day to be most anxious to return; but circumstances occurred to prevent my doing so; and the following lament bears witness to the little philosophy with which I endured the disappointment. The obstacles to my ride, however, were removed—I revisited several times my favourite haunt, and have only to hope that some portion of my delight and happiness while there, and of my vivid impression of its loveliness, may have found its way into my verses.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

The water-fall is calling me,
With its merry gleesome flow;
And the green boughs are beck'ning me
To where the wild-flowers grow:
I may not go, I may not go,
To where the sunny waters flow,
To where the wild wood-flowers blow;
I must stay here
In prison drear;
Oh! heavy life, wear on, wear on,
Would God that thou wert done!

The busy mill-wheel, round and round
Goes turning, with its reckless sound;
And o'er the dam the waters flow
Into the foaming stream below,
And deep, and dark, away they glide
To meet the broad, bright river's tide;
And all the way
They murmuring say,
"Oh, child! why art thou far away?
"Come back into the sun, and stray
"Upon our mossy side."

I may not go, I may not go,
To where the gold, green waters run
All glittering in the summer's sun,
And leap from off the dam below
Into a whirl of boiling snow,
Laughing and shouting as they go;
I must stay here
In prison drear;
Oh! heavy life, wear on, wear on,
Would God that thou wert done!

The soft spring-wind goes passing by
Into the forests wide and cool,
The clouds go trooping through the sky
To look down on some glassy pool;
The sunshine makes the world rejoice,
And all of them, with gentle voice,
Call me away
With them to stay
The blessed, live long, summer's day.

I may not go, I may not go,
Where the sweet-breathing spring-winds blow,
Nor where the silver clouds go by
Across the holy, deep, blue sky;
Nor where the sunshine, warm and bright,
Comes down, like a still show'r of light;
I must stay here
In prison drear:
Oh! heavy life, wear on, wear on,
Would God that thou wert done!

Oh! that I were a thing with wings!
A bird that in a May-hedge sings!
A lonely heather-bell that swings
Upon some wild hill side!
Or e'en a silly, senseless stone
With soft, thick, starry moss o'ergrown,
Round which the waters glide!

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

The eloquence of the pulpit is, with us, characterized by a measured frigidity of demeanour—it for the most part consists merely in elegant language, uttered in modulated tones. "Have you heard Mr. So-and-so—*such* a preacher—*so quiet*—no thumping the cushion—what a sweet voice—and then his periods are so beautifully turned." Such is the usual eulogium on a fashionable orator of the Cloth! Many are the *favourite*, but where are the *great*, preachers? Where are the discourses worthy the theology of that nation which produced a Taylor? Where that wonderful philosophy—that copious luxuriance of words—each word a thought—that power over the passions which the *classical* preachers of our, and of every, country possessed? Let us take one of the celebrated passages in Jeremy Taylor—it is florid we allow—but what deep pathos in every line:—"It is a mighty change that is made by the death of every person, and it is visible to us who are alive. Reckon but from the sprightliness of youth, and the fair cheeks and full eyes of childhood—from the vigorousness and strong flexures of the joints of five-and-twenty, to the hollowness and dead paleness—to the loathsomeness and horror of a three days' burial, and we shall perceive the distance to be very great and very strange. But so have I seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fresh as the morning, and full of the dews of heaven as a lamb's fleece—but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness, and the symptoms of a sickly age—it bowed the head and broke the stalk, and at night, having lost some of its leaves, and all its beauty, fell into the portion of weeds and worn-out faces."

This passage carries to perfection the true religious and moralizing eloquence. Who now ever aspires to such flights? All modern preaching is trite, and feeble, and soulless, in comparison to such Shaksperian beauty of

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mind and language. We have renounced the God who gave us passions, for one who gave us good taste—

We've set up in His stead
A Deity—that's perfectly well bred.

New Monthly Magazine.

FAMINE IN A SLAVE SHIP.

(*By the Author of "Corn Law Rhymes."*)

They stood on the deck of the slave-freighted bark,
All hopeless, all dying, while waited the shark;
Sons, fathers,—and mothers, who shriek'd as they press'd
The infants that pined till they died on the breast;—
A crowd of sad mourners, who sighed to the gale,
While on all their dark faces the darkness grew pale.
White demons beheld them, with curse and with frown,
And cursed them, from morn till the darkness came down,
And knew not compassion, but laugh'd at their prayer,
When they call'd on their God, or wept loud in despair;
Till again rose the morn, and all hush'd was the wail,
And on cheeks stark and cold the grim darkness was pale.
Then the white, heartless demons, with curse and with frown,
Gave the dead to the deep, till the darkness came down:
But the angel who blasteth, unheard and unseen,
Bade the tyrants lie low where their victims had been;
And down dropp'd the waves, and stone-still hung the sail,
And black sank the dead, while more pale grew the pale.
Stern angel, how calmly his chosen he slew?
And soon the survivors were fearful and few;
For wall'd o'er their heads the red firmament stood,
And the sun saw his face in a mirror of blood;
Till they fed on each other, and drank of the sea,
And wildly cursed God in their madness of glee.
What hand sweeps the stars from the cheek of the night?
Who lifts up the sea, in the wrath of his might?
Why down, from his glance, shrinks in horror the shark?
Why stumbles o'er mountains the blind, fondless bark?
Lo, his lightning speaks out, from the growl of the gale!
And shrieking she sinks—while the darkness turns pale!

Monthly Repository.

The Novelist.

NORA BOYLE.

"It was a winter evening, and fast came down the snow,
And keenly o'er the wide heath the bitter blast did blow."

There was snow enough to mottle the tempestuous darkness, but it melted into rain ere it had broken the black monotony of the ground. On all the dreary upland of Dirrimalion Moor there was neither human habitation, house, nor tree. One gaunt pillar stone, a solitary monument of unknown times, was all that rose upon the bare expanse to break the rush of the blast, and the sweeping current did surge against and pour over it like the waters of a headlong river. The only shelter obtainable within sight was that afforded by its base, and some seemingly belated traveller, or houseless outcast, had taken its protection; for there sat at its foot a figure wrapped and gathered up in the folds of a long mantle, but so motionless that, save for an occasional movement of the head to cast a glance past its shielding side into the stormy weather beyond, she,—for, alas! it was a female form,—might have been supposed either numbed into insensibility by the cold, or fast asleep. The storm continued; she kept her comfortless position, her head sunk upon her bosom, and the dark mantle drawn so close around her, that her figure was soon scarcely distinguishable from the dark ground where she sat. A most forlorn half hour had passed, and no other human being had appeared upon the scene. The watcher had sunk her head lower and lower, and had drawn herself closer and closer to the rugged shelter, for the gale had now swelled into a storm, that raved over the bleak desert till yellow tufts of the last year's grass, and bushy wisps of the straw and heather, rolled before it in a whirling drift that emulated the driving tumult of the sky. At length, upon the faintly marked pathway that crossed the moor within a stone's throw of the pillar, there emerged from the darkness a single horseman—his cloak, and the mane of the strong animal he rode, streaming straight out into the blast, and his back and shoulders crusted white with snow. He drew up from the gallop at which he had approached, and, as he slowly rode past the spot described, cast round an anxious but disappointed glance, then turning from the horse track, directed his course over the open moor, and twice made the whole circuit of the pillar before he at last rode up to it and dismounted. It was only as he leaped to the ground that he at length observed the presence of the other.

"Ha, my true girl!" he exclaimed in a voice of joyful surprise, as he cast his reins over the top of the grey stone, "I feared this wild weather had marred our meeting—it has been a cold trysting-place for you, Nora, and I have kept you waiting, but I could not come sooner, and when I did come, I could not see you for this blinding sleet.—Have you brought the child?" There was no answer; he stooped and drew the cloak from her face, "Ho, Nora, awaken! how can you sleep on such a night as this? 'Tis I, Nora—rouse yourself."

"Oh, Richard," replied a feeble voice, as the benumbed being awoke from her stupor—oh, Richard, are you come at last? I thought I was doomed to die at the foot of this cold stone. God and my own chilled heart only know what I have this night suffered for your sake.

Her words, half inarticulate from weakness, were almost inaudible from the violence of the wind, but their faintness made her wretched plight sufficiently understood.

"Get up, Nora dear," said her companion, bending over her, and extending his cloak

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between her and the blast, while he urged her to rise, "You will perish, Nora, if you sit longer here," he said. "I have a pillion for you behind my saddle; we can be in Banagher before an hour."

"In Banagher!" she exclaimed; "and shall we not first go to Inisbeg chapel?"

"Yes, yes," he replied hastily; "certainly we shall—I had forgotten."

"Oh, Richard," she cried, taking his hand, "you would not, you surely would not deceive me?"

"Do I live? do I breathe?" he exclaimed; but the tone of indignant affection in which he spoke was too extravagant to be real:—"but, Nora," he added quickly in a low and eager whisper, "have you brought the child?"

"Alas! poor infant," she replied, "he is here in my arms. I would to God I were free of the sin of bringing him out this bitter night!—Baby, baby," she passionately added, addressing her covered and apparently sleeping burthen, "I have stolen you to-night from your lawful mother, but it was to gain a lawful father for my own. Oh, Richard, shall we not be kind to him when we are the happy couple that you promise this night's theft shall make us?"

"We will, we will, Nora; but waste no more time, rise and let us go." He aided her to rise slowly and painfully, and placing his arm round her waist, supported her, while she began to lap the infant closer in its mufflings. Suddenly she started, and drew in her breath with the quick sob of terrified alarm. "What is the matter?" cried her supporter.

"Oh, nothing—I hope, I trust in God, nothing," she replied, sighing convulsively, and trembling, as with a shaking and hurried hand she undid the wrappers in which the infant lay; but when she had bared his neck, and once pressed her cheek to its face, and her hand to its little feet, she fell from his arms to the ground, with one long cry and fainted.

"What is the meaning of all this?" cried the man, in a voice of rough impatience and vexation, as he stooped down and raised her on his knee. Her head sank back upon his arm, and the child rolled from her relaxed grasp. He grasped it roughly as it fell, bent down, and gazed upon its still features, and laughed horribly.—"Ah, ha!" he muttered, "here is a speedy consummation. No more need for plotting and planning now;—no more need for coaxing and quieting the scrupulous fool after this. Ha, ha, Sir Richard Morton, I wish you joy!"

But consciousness was now returning to the wretched girl; she heaved a deep sigh, and raised her hands to her forehead—"Nurse, bring me the baby—oh! gracious God, what is this!—Richard, Richard, where am I?—is this the Brehon's pillar?—and the infant—is he—oh! is he so numbed?"

"Numbed!" repeated Morton, in a voice of ill-subdued triumph, "he is numbed to death, I think."

"No, no, no," she exclaimed, frantically tearing away the kerchief from her bosom, and snatching the motionless body from the ground, where it had fallen like a clod out of the hands of the exulting villain, to press it ineffectually against her chilled and terrified heart. "Oh! no, no, he is not dead—he is not dead," she cried, "or I am the most accursed of women;" and starting to her feet, she rushed wildly into the storm. The storm caught her like a withered leaf in autumn, and upon the wings of the wind, and in the frenzy of despair, she flitted before her astonished pursuer, for Morton had followed on the instant; yet although he ran swiftly, impelled by anger and apprehension, he had left both horse and pillar far out of sight, before he overtook, and at length arrested her. "Touch me not, Richard!" she exclaimed, "touch me not, for I am a wretch that would pollute the hangman. Oh, God! send the storm to sweep me to the river, or the snow to bury me where I stand, for I have taken the life of that innocent babe, and am not fit to live!"

Amid her passionate lamentations, the voice of Morton was hardly heard; but when her tears and sobs at length choked their utterance, he said to her, as she sank exhausted in his arms, "Cease your useless complaints, and hear me. What is done cannot be undone; but listen to me, and, even as it is, I will show you how to make it better for us both—Do you hear what I say to you, Nora Boyle?"

"Richard, Richard, do you know what I have done?" she sobbed in reply.

"I'll tell you what," cried he, sternly, "you have done me better service than you ever did before—you have done the very thing I wanted."

"My brain is bewildered and burning," she said, "and I hardly comprehend what you would tell me. Service, did you say? Alas! I can do you no service, Richard. I would to God I were dead!"

"I did not ask you to do more service," cried he,—"I told you, you had done enough already. The stealing of their heir, I tell you, was of no use without this; and this would have been done sooner or later.—Why what a simpleton you were, to think that I would succeed to these estates, till a jury had been shown that the next heir was dead. I was jesting with you when I said that I would rear him in France."

Consciousness of something dreadfully sinful in her companion seemed to have been gradually forcing itself upon the reluctant mind of the miserable girl; she had

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shrunk partially from his embrace at the first faint suspicion, but now she sprung from his side with the energy of entire horror.

"Jesting! jesting!" she exclaimed; "and your promise that you would marry me—oh! blessed Virgin! was that jesting also?"

"Perverse and provoking fool," he cried furiously, and grasped her by the arm, "dare you reproach me with a falsehood when the guilt of murder is on your own soul? What would you do? Would you rush into Lady Morton's chamber with her dead child in your arms, and tell her that you come to be hanged? Would you go mad, and rave to the tempest here, till you sink upon the common, and become like what you carry?"

"Oh! that I were;—oh! would to God that I were!" she exclaimed, with a fresh burst of passionate weeping.

"Well, well," said he, "be calm; be calm, I entreat you now, and listen to me."

He set his back doggedly against the blast, and again drew her to his side, where, under the shelter of his cloak, he said, in a strong whisper—

"You can save us both if you will, Nora. Go down to Mount Morton; I will see you safe to the door. Steal in as you came out. Dry the wet from the child's hair, and the marks of the soil from his night-dress, and lay him as you found him, in his cradle. The draught you gave the nurse secures you from interruption. Then, go to your own bed; but you must hang your wet clothes to dry, and throw your shoes into the river out of your window. They will all say in the morning that the child died a natural death overnight. Come"—for all at once, as he was speaking, she had clasped her hands closer over her breast, where the infant still lay, and with a deep and fluttering inspiration had made a motion of assent, in the direction of the house,—"Come, there is a good girl. Did I not say well, Nora? Why, you are a woman of spirit after all. I was wrong to quarrel with you. This was no fault of yours. You could not tell how cold it would be; never blame yourself then. By my honour I will marry you yet, if you only do this thing well;—but why do you not speak, Nora?"

"Make haste, make haste," in a voice of forced and tremulous calmness, was all the reply she made.

"Yes, let us hurry on," he answered; "the sooner it is done the better. But, I cannot take you with me to-night, Nora; you are aware of that. You must stay to avoid suspicion. And, mark me, be not too eager in the morning to take the alarm; and when you have to look at it along with the rest"—

But let us not pollute our pages with the minutiæ of deliberate villany which, in the pauses of the wind, he ceased not to pour into the ears of Nora Boyle, till they had passed the farthest skirts of the declining moor, and were arrived beneath an arch of tossing and leafless branches. Through this the blast shrieked so loud and shrilly, that neither heard the other till they stood before an antique and extensive building at its farther end.

"Now, Nora," whispered Morton, as they advanced to a low door in the thickly ivied wall, "remember what I have told you; I will see you to-morrow: till then, give me a kiss"——

But she had hurried in through the unfastened postern, and he heard the bolts shoot and the chains fall on the inside ere the unhallowed words had passed his lips.

"She cannot mean to play me false," he muttered; "she cannot do but as I have desired. She has no choice. Yet I will not trust her. I will round to her window, and see to it myself."

So saying, he turned from the door, and dived into the thick shrubbery that skirted the courtyard in front.

(To be continued.)

The Gatherer.

The generality of what the world calls *friends*, are but one's shadows, they accompany us while the sun shines, but quit us as soon as it disappears: "*Felix sec nescit amari*," says Lucan, and "the distressed have no patron," says experience.

Unkindness. — How many heart-aches should we spare ourselves if we were careful to check every unkind word or action towards those we love, by this anticipating reflection. The time may soon arrive when the being I am now about to afflict, may be snatched from me for ever to the cold recesses of the grave, secured from the assaults of my petulance and deaf to the voice of my remorseful penitence.

Melody and Harmony.—A young lady one day playing a favourite air on the piano, with some useless variations, led me into the following reflections. Melody is the soul of harmony, for, without melody, what effect has harmony but to puzzle and send the hearer to sleep? When an air is played every one is all ear, but what a discordant gabble is afloat when some of these *fine harmonies* are produced. As the poet says

"All discord, harmony not understood."

Too many accompaniments in music destroy the pleasure arising from sweet sounds, and we think of such musical compositions as we do of more corporeal tastes, "*that too many cooks have spoiled the broth.*"

Insanity Defined.—There are so many shades of want of reason, that a medical man is placed in very difficult circumstances in speaking on that point before a jury. Com-

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mon people think that when a man is in a delirium he is mad.—Sometimes the imagination of a person only is disordered, while the reason is sound. Sometimes only one feeling is disordered, at other times a great number of feelings. At other times his perception may be diseased. If a number of these are disordered, his reason becomes embarrassed.—In insanity when a man does an insane act, I always look whether there is an adequate motive for it.—Madness is a most complicated disease and shows itself in a great number of ways.

Marianne S——.

Conjuge nunquam satis plorandæ
Inane hoc, tamen ultimum,
Amoris consecrat testimonium
Maritus, heu! superstes.

The above epitaph, inscribed on a plain marble tablet in a village church near Bath, is one of the few in which the Latin language has been employed with the brief and profound pathos of ancient sepulchral inscriptions. INNES.

The Drama.—Every dramatist must be a poet, but many of the greatest poets have proved very indifferent dramatists.—*Madden.*

A Good Story.—Sir John Sinclair relates that the common people still believe, that the devil visited Patrick Forbes, bishop of Aberdeen, in his castle of Craigievar; that the two quarrelled, that his majesty of the "brimstone cutie" carried away with him the whole gable of the castle, on the stone stairs whereof they still pretend to point out his footsteps!

Electricity.—Saussure and his companion, while ascending the Alps, were caught amidst thunder-clouds: they found their bodies filled with electricity, and every part of them so saturated with it, that spontaneous sparks were emitted with a crackling noise, and the same painful sensations which are felt by those electrified by art.

A vigorous mind is as necessarily accompanied by violent passions, as a great fire with great heat.—*Burke.*

Ignorance Bliss.—The disadvantages of literature, and consequently the advantages of ignorance, are much better understood in Turkish countries, and a more salutary terror entertained of them, than in any Christian clime.—*Madden.*

Burns.—Mr. Madden, in his clever work on the *Infirmities of Genius*, thus concludes a chapter on the poet Burns: "Let those who are without follies cast the stone at his infirmities, and thank their God that they are not like the other poor children of genius, frail in health, feeble in resolution, and in small matters improvident, and unfortunate in most things."

The Rebel Lords.—When their lordships were brought from the Tower in separate coaches, there was some dispute in which the axe must go, when Lord Balmerino cried, "Come, come, put it with me." At the bar, he played with his fingers upon the axe, while he talked to the gaoler; and one day somebody coming up to listen, he took the blade, and held it like a fan between their faces.

Shows at Fairs.—Walpole had some experience of the deceit of these traps. In one of his letters he says, "I am not commonly fond of sights, but content myself with the oil-cloth picture of them that is hung out, and to which they seldom come up."

Arresting a King.—Everybody knows the story of the poor insolvent Theodore, king of Corsica, who left his kingdom to his creditors. His arrest was cruelly curious. He lived in a privileged place: his creditors seized him by making him believe that Lord Granville wanted him on business of importance: he bit at it, and was sent to the *King's* Bench Prison.

Venison. — When Walpole invited the Chevalier Lorenzi to dine at Strawberry Hill, he gave him venison, and as he was determined to like it, he protested it was "*as good as beef.*"

Ancestry.—The Levis, a rich family of the last century, piqued themselves on their Jewish name, and called cousins with the Virgin Mary. There was an absurd picture of them, in which Noah was represented going into the ark, carrying under his arm a small trunk, on which was written "Papers of the house of Levi."

Hot Weather.—In 1750, Walpole says, "we had eight of the hottest days that ever were felt; they say, some degrees beyond the hottest in the East Indies, and that the Thames was more so than the Hot Wells at Bristol. The Guards died on their posts at Versailles; and here a Captain Halyburton went mad with the excess of it."

Over the door of a tavern, in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen, is the following intimation:

"James Rettie—Licensed to sell the year that's begun—
P.P. Porter and Ale—F. F. Fusky and Rum.

On a person inquiring the meaning of the above detached letters, he was answered that "both the publican and the painter had an impediment in their speech, and, perhaps," continued his informant, "the painter had a stuttering brush also."

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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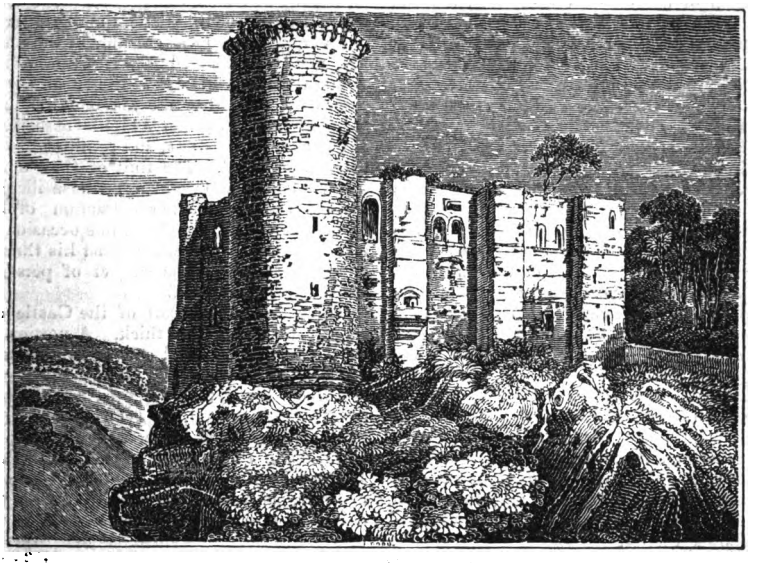
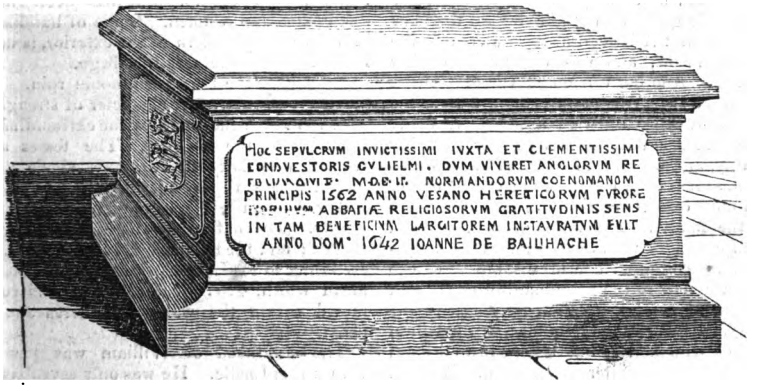


BIRTHPLACE OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR,

CASTLE AT FALAISE, NORMANDY.

THIS is an interesting illustration of early English history. It was visited by Louis Philip, king of the French, during his recent tour through Normandy, when, as if to heighten the romantic associations of the locality, the king and his court inspected the castle by torchlight.

Falaise is a pretty, rural town, not far distant from Caen, in what was formerly called Lower Normandy, one of the richest portions of the north of France. The valley in which it lies is fertile and well wooded: the town itself, embowered within lofty elms, stretches along the top of a steep, rocky ridge, which


HOC SEPVLCRVM INVICTISSIMI IVXTA ET CLEMENTISSIMI
CONDVESTORIS GVLIELMI. DVM VIVERET ANGLORVM RE
FORMANDORVM NORMANDORVM COENOMANOM
PRINCIPIS 1562 ANNO VESANO HERETICORVM FVRORE
ABBATIÆ RELIGIOSORVM GRATITVDINIS SENS
IN TAM BENEFICINM LARGITOREM INSTAVRATVM EVLT
ANNO DOM° 1642 IOANNE DE BAILHACHE

(Tomb of William I. at Caen.)

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rises abruptly from the vale below, presenting an extensive line of buildings, mixed with trees, flanked towards the east by the venerable remains of the Castle. The name Falaise denotes the position of the town: Mr. Dawson Turner supposes it to be a modification of the German word *fels*, a rock; *falsia*, in modern Latinity, and *falaise*, in French, signifying a rocky shore.

The origin of the Castle may safely be referred to remote antiquity, the time, most probably, of the earliest Norman dukes. It is situated on a bold and very lofty rock, broken into fantastic masses, and covered with luxuriant vegetation. The keep is of excellent masonry; the stones are accurately squared, and put together with great neatness, and the arches are turned clearly and distinctly. Some parts of the wall towards the interior court are built of the dark stone of the country, disposed in a zig-zag, or, as it is more commonly called, in a herring-bone direction; the buttresses, or rather piers, are of small projection, but great width. The upper story, destroyed about sixty years since, was of a different style of architecture; according to an old print, it terminated with a large battlement, and bartizan towers at the angles. The dungeon was formerly divided into several apartments. The second, or principal story of the keep now forms a single square room, about 50 feet wide, lighted by circular headed windows, each divided into two by a short and central massy pillar, whose capital is altogether Norman. On one of the capitals is sculptured a child leading a lamb, a representation, as it is foolishly said, of the Conquerot, whom tradition alleges to have been born in the apartment to which this window belonged.

Connected with the dungeon by a stone staircase is a small apartment, very much dilapidated, but still retaining a portion of its original facing of Caen stone. It was from the window of this apartment, as the story commonly goes, that Duke Robert first saw the beautiful Arlette, drawing water from the stream below, and was enamoured of her charms. Another version of the tale is that the Duke saw Arlette, on his return from the chase, washing linen in a brook with her companions; that he was smitten with her beauty, and wishing to have her for his mistress, sent (says a chronicler in verse,) one of his most discreet cavaliers to make proposals to the family. The father at first received such proposals with disdain; but, on reflection, he consulted one of his brothers, who was a hermit in the neighbouring forest, and a man of great reputation for religion; the religious man was of opinion that the will of the powerful man should be done in all things; and thus the matter was settled. A third story relates that the *rencontre* took place as Robert was returning from the chase, with his mind full of anger against the inhabitants of Falaise, for having presumed to kill the deer which he had commanded should be preserved for his royal pastime. In this offence, the curriers of the town had borne the greatest share, and they were, therefore, principally marked out for punishment. But, fortunately for them, Arlette, the daughter of one Verpray, the most culpable of the number, met the offended Duke, while riding through the street, and with her beauty so fascinated him, that she not only obtained the pardon of her father and his associates, but became his mistress, and continued so as long as he lived. The fruit of their union was William the Conqueror, whose illegitimate birth, and the low extraction of his mother, served on more than one occasion as a pretext for conspiracies against his throne, and were frequently the subject of personal mortification to himself.

The walls in this part of the Castle are from eight to nine feet thick. A portion of them has been hollowed out, so as to form a couple of small rooms.

Talbot's tower, thus called for having been built by that general, in 1430, and the two subsequent years, is connected with the keep by means of a long passage. It is more than 100 feet high, and is a beautiful piece of masonry, as perfect, apparently, as on the day when it was erected, and as firm as the rock on which it stands. This tower is ascended by a staircase concealed within the substance of the walls, whose thickness is from 13 to 16 feet. Another aperture in them serves for a well, which thus communicates with every apartment in the tower.

The walls and towers which encircle the keep are of much later date; the principal gateway is pointed. Immediately on entering is seen the very ancient chapel, dedicated to St. Priscus, or, as he is called, St. Prix. This building has been much altered. Henry V. repaired it in 1418, and it has been since dilapidated and restored. A pile of buildings beyond, wholly modern in the exterior, is now inhabited as a seminary or college.

Altogether the Castle is a noble ruin. It possesses an impressive character of strength, which is much increased by the extraordinary freshness of the masonry. The fosses are planted with lofty trees, which shade and intermingle with the towers and ramparts, and group on every side with picturesque beauty. The outline of the Castle is egg-shaped; and the following are its dimensions, according to M. Langevin: length, 270 feet; mean width, 420: quantity of ground contained within the walls, two acres and a perch.

The childhood of William was passed within this Castle. He was only seven years of age, when Robert, his father, made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem to atone for his sins

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The Normans wished to detain him, representing to him that it would not be well for them to be left without a chief. Robert replied that he would not leave them without a lord, and offered them his little son as his successor. The Normans did as the Duke proposed, because (says the chronicler,) they found it convenient; they swore fealty to the child, and placed their hands in his. But several chiefs, and especially the relations of the former dukes, protested against this election, saying that an illegitimate was not worthy to command the sons of the Danes. The friends of William made war upon them, and conquered them, with the assistance of the King of France.

William, as he advanced in age, grew in favour with his partisans; and some interesting traits of his youth are recorded. The day when he for the first time put on armour, and mounted a war-horse, was an occasion of rejoicing in Normandy. He occupied himself with military concerns from his boyhood, and in his youth made war upon Brittany and Anjou. What a presage was this of his future life of tyrannical cruelty; though it may be said that the soldier boy was flattered by the indiscreet applause of a feudal age. William was passionately fond of fine horses, especially those which bore proper names to distinguish their genealogy; and had them brought (say his contemporaries,) from Gascony, Auvergne, and Spain. The young son of Robert and Arlette was ambitious and vindictive to excess. He impoverished his father's family to enrich his relatives by his mother's side. He often punished, in a sanguinary manner, the railleries which the dishonour of his birth drew upon him. One day when he was attacking the town of Alençon, the besieged were imprudent enough to shout to him from the walls, "*La peau! la peau! à la peau!*" at the same time beating some hides, in allusion to the trade of the citizen of Falaise who was William's grandfather. William immediately had the feet and hands of all the prisoners he had taken cut off and thrown by his slingers into the town.

The life of William, to the battle of Hastings, Sep. 28, 1066, presents too many interesting incidents to be crowded into our columns; as do the next twenty-one years, to his death, at Rouen, Sep. 10, 1087. This event was hastened by circumstances which happily have few parallels in history; but remorse overtook "the Conqueror" in his last moments. He sent money to the convents and the poor of England, to purchase remission (says an old poet,) for all the robberies he had committed; and, on his deathbed, when disposing of the ill-gotten spoils of his cruel career, he is reported to have said: "As for the kingdom of England, I bequeath it to no one; for it was not bequeathed to me; I acquired it by force and at the cost of blood. I leave it in the hands of God—only wishing that my son William, who has been submissive to me in all things, may obtain it, if he please God and prosper." William Rufus did not wait for the death of his father, but started for England, to endeavour to get himself named king. At sunrise, on Sep. 10, King William was awakened by the sound of bells, and asked what it meant. He was told that they were ringing for the morning service at the church of St. Mary. He lifted up his hands, saying, "I commend myself to my lady, Mary, the holy mother of God," and almost instantly expired. Mark the revolting sequel, in accordance with times when might triumphed over right. The attendants who had passed the night with the king, seeing that he was dead, hastily mounted their horses, and rode off to take care of their property. The serving men and vassals of inferior rank, when their superiors had fled, carried off the arms, vessels, clothes, linen, and other movables, and fled likewise, leaving the corpse naked on the floor. Alas! then indeed was "the desolater desolate."

The incidents of the funeral of the Conqueror having been already quoted in our Miscellany,* need not be repeated here. The royal corpse, as the reader may recollect, was conveyed to the church of St. Stephen's, at Caen, and placed in a sarcophagus tomb. Rufus likewise raised a superb monument to his father's memory. But the tomb was twice violated, and the son's tribute despoiled, and razed to the ground; the coffin was dug up, and the bones of the Conqueror were, for a time, kept in the Abbey of St. Stephen, but eventually *lost*, save a thigh-bone, over which the monument represented in the subjoined Cut, was erected in the choir of the church of St. Stephen, in the year 1642. It was, however, considered an incumbrance, and removed in 1742, when a flat stone was placed in front of the high altar, with a Latin inscription of two-and-twenty lines: part of which was composed by Thomas, Archbishop of York, and was engraved upon the original monument, as well as upon a plate of gilt-copper, which was found within the sepulchre when it was first opened: the latter part of the inscription describes the removal of the tomb in 1642, which led to the present stone being laid. William had been a liberal benefactor to the foundation of St. Stephen's; but the occurrence of the word "*clementissimi*," in the first line of the inscription on the monument of 1642, is a specimen of servility to kingcraft, which has scarcely been exceeded

* See *Mirror*, vol. xx. p. 13. By the way, it is but late justice to mention that the article to which we refer, entitled Funeral of William the Conqueror, received from our Correspondent *I. S. R.* has been copied verbatim from Mr. Dawson's *Letters from Normandy*, and that without a line of acknowledgment.

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by any monumental flattery within recollection.*

MADAGASCAR.

(Concluded from page 167.)

NOTHING particular transpired on the island until about the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the pirates who had long infested the seas, formed an establishment at the isle of St. Mary, on the north-east coast of Madagascar. Here they rendered themselves so formidable to the India trade by their daring attacks and the valuable prizes which they took, that the merchants determined to put a stop to their depredations and a combination was entered into in Europe to scour the seas of those depredators. The enterprise was successful—and, being pursued to their haunts by a large armament, the pirates set fire to their ships and fled to the main land. Here they were protected by the natives, with whom they had ingratiated themselves by the trade they carried on with their prize goods—avoiding at the same time all interference with political affairs. Being thus driven upon their resources, they introduced a system which has entailed upon Madagascar evils of the most frightful nature. This was the slave trade. Many previous attempts had been made by the colonists to induce the natives to sell the prisoners taken in war, but without effect. But in a war between two of the provinces, instigated by the pirates, one of the contending parties having expended their ammunition, they were prevailed on to exchange their prisoners for a fresh supply. This principle, once adopted, led to retaliation, and thus that dreadful scourge became the constant practice in Madagascar, and fresh wars were continually engaged in for the express purpose of obtaining slaves. The pirates themselves felt the immediate effects of it. They who a few months before were the curse of the merchants were now courted by Europeans of all nations; being employed as agents in this infernal traffic, which has nearly ever since desolated that beautiful country and deluged it with the blood of its infatuated inhabitants.

The next attempt of the French to colonize Madagascar was in 1745, when the East India Company sent M. Gosse to take possession of Isle St. Mary, in their name. John Harre was the chief of that place, and of Foule Point, on the opposite coast. The former he had left to the care of his mother and sister Betie. Gosse having offended the mother by his attentions to the daughter, who was a pretty, lively lass, the old lady raised an accusation against the French of having violated the sanctity of her husband's tomb for the sake of the treasure it contained. True or false, this charge so incensed the natives, that they doomed them to destruction; and so secret and certain was their revenge, that on Christmas eve, 1754, when the French were unsuspectingly at their devotions, the islanders rose in a body and massacred every man.

When this event became known at the Isle of France, the governor sent a force to lay waste the Isle St. Mary with fire and sword, which was executed to the letter. The old queen was killed, and Betie taken prisoner—but she fully exculpated herself from all share in the massacre. The French had now wreaked their vengeance, but the consequences were nearly as disastrous to themselves as to the natives. All the supplies at the isle of France, as well as those required by the East India ships, were derived from Madagascar; and such was the terror inspired in the inhabitants that they fled to the interior, and trade was completely at a stand. They, therefore, employed Betie and one Bigorne, a soldier in the Company's service, and who possessed considerable influence with the natives, to bring about a reconciliation, which, after many delays, was effected. A *cabar*, or conference, was held, the usual ceremonies gone through, and trade once more resumed its accustomed channel.

In 1767, another attempt was made by M. Maudave to establish a colony upon different principles, namely those of conciliation and mutual advantage; but these did not suit the spirit of the French government; they denounced them as "false principles which they could neither support nor sanction," and M. Maudave relinquished the undertaking and returned to Europe. A proposition was soon after made to the celebrated Count Benyowsky to make another attempt. Bold and speculative, Benyowsky possessed much of that talent which was calculated to inspire awe and command respect amongst the uncivilized natives; and had he been supported by the French government in a suitable manner, it is probable that during his life, at least, the enterprise would have been very advantageous to France. But that narrow and jealous policy upon which the government invariably acted towards its colonies, together with the positive hostility of the authorities at the Isle of France, rendered the undertaking abortive as far as France was concerned. Benyowsky, finding he could neither obtain the needful supplies nor satisfy the French court, and that the jealousy of the merchants at the Isle of France induced them to thwart him in all his plans

* This inscription is given at length in the second volume of Mr. Dawson Turner's *Letters from Normandy*, to which valuable work we are indebted for the original of the annexed view of the Castle of Falaise, and part of the description. In our brief notices of the Conqueror's early life and death we have also been assisted by Mr. Turner's valuable work, and by the *History of the Conquest of England by the Normans*, from the French of A. Thierry, a work of unwearied research.

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threw off his allegiance to France and declared himself Souzeraine of Madagascar, having, as he pretended, discovered that he was descended from the wife of one of their kings, who had been carried to the Isle of France. The chiefs of the country appear to have acquiesced in this arrangement, and had he remained on the island, it is probable he would have succeeded to his wishes. But he sailed to Europe, and the charm that supported his pretensions was thus dissolved; and upon his return, in 1786, a vessel was sent out from the Isle of France with troops and orders to take him *dead or alive*. They soon landed, and before he could get the natives to rally round him, in the first skirmish he was shot through the heart. With this event ended the last attempt of the French to colonize Madagascar.

After Benyowsky's death, the intercourse with the island was confined to commercial transactions, chiefly the slave trade, which continued to be carried on to a large extent, by the French and other nations. France, however, had not lost sight of this valuable island, for the possession of which, as a dependency, she was still ambitious. In 1792, the National Assembly sent M. Lescallier to ascertain whether it was possible to re-establish their influence and authority. He found the chiefs friendly, and appeared to think that a colony on liberal principles would succeed. The events in Europe, however, occupied the attention and resources of France, to the exclusion of so distant an object at that period. But in the short peace of 1801, Bory de St. Vincent was sent by Buonaparte on a similar errand, Napoleon being desirous of supplying the loss occasioned by the emancipation of St. Domingo from the French yoke. In his memoir, Bory de St. Vincent expatiates largely on the superiority of Madagascar over St. Domingo, and on the uselessness of retaining Bourbon and Mauritius without it; he also talks as coolly of distributing the lands of this independent island among those Americans who had lost their property by the revolution and were dependent on the French government for support, as if Madagascar was in their possession. A better fate, however, began to dawn upon that island. The war in Europe again broke out, and the British succeeding, in 1810, in taking possession of the isles of France and Bourbon, which gave them a direct influence at Madagascar, detachments were sent to take possession of the trading posts previously occupied there by the French. The English had long been in favour with the natives, and on this occasion they were received with great satisfaction by the chiefs. At the peace of 1814, a proclamation was issued by Governor Farquhar, taking possession of Madagascar in the name of his Britannic Majesty, as one of the dependencies of the Mauritius; the principal object of which was to extend to that island the abolition of the slave trade, which had taken place, wherever British influence extended. The following year, an unfortunate accident took place which occasioned the massacre of a party of British who had fixed an establishment at Pont Louquez. But the chiefs were so far from being accessory to this massacre, that they soon after apprehended the one concerned in it; and having put him on his trial, he was convicted and executed.

It may be supposed that the intercourse which had for so long a series of years existed between these islanders and Europeans, had gradually produced an effect upon the manners of the former. In those parts immediately in the neighbourhood of the trading establishments, civilization was beginning to extend itself, as far as the arts and conveniences of life were concerned; and a channel was thus prepared for the more important alterations resulting from British influence. A large proportion of the island was, in fact, under the dominion of Radama, whom we have mentioned in a former part of this sketch. This chief, or king, was a man of extraordinary strength of mind and perseverance. About 80 years of age, he was cheerful, intelligent, and active. Determined to effect the civilization of Madagascar, he seized every opportunity afforded by his connexion with the British; and perceiving that the slave trade presented insuperable difficulties, he prevailed on his people to yield to the wishes of the British government expressed by their agent Mr. Hastie, and agree to abolish the trade for ever, *on condition* that ten Madagassee youths should be educated in England, and that artisans, mechanics, and missionaries, were sent from thence to Madagascar to instruct the natives in the civil arts of life, to teach them Christianity, and to introduce a general system of education. All these objects were happily accomplished about the year 1821, and civilization is now rapidly spreading throughout the island. The missionaries, who have been sent out by the London Missionary Society, have succeeded in gaining the respect and confidence of the people. Schools have been established, and notwithstanding the death of Radama, subsequent political changes are multiplying in every quarter of the island. At this time, thousands of natives, young and old, are under instruction, and native teachers are continually sent into fresh districts, so that the beneficial effects of education will in a few years be felt throughout the whole island. These changes will be hailed with pleasure by every philanthropist, while the political economist will see a sure foundation laid for the future operations of commerce, on an island rich in the extreme in almost every commodity common to both hemispheres.

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Anecdote Gallery.

TURKISH LAWYERS.

THE following curious anecdote is told, in the *Negaristan*,* of a famous lawyer of Bagdad, called Abu Joseph: it marks several peculiarities in the Mohammedan law, and displays some casuistical ingenuity in adapting them to the views of his clients. The Caliph, Haroun Al Raschid, had taken a fancy for a female slave belonging to his brother Ibrahim; he offered to purchase her, but Ibrahim, though willing to please his sovereign, had sworn that he would neither sell nor give her away. As all parties wished to remove this difficulty, Abu Joseph was consulted, who advised Ibrahim to *give* his brother one-half of the slave, and to *sell* him the other. Happy to be relieved from this embarrassment, the Caliph ordered 30,000 dinars for the moiety of the slave, which Ibrahim, as a mark of his acknowledgment, presented to the lawyer. But a second difficulty now arose. The Moslem law prohibits all commerce between a man and the wife or concubine of his brother, till she has been re-married and divorced by a third person. Abu Joseph advised the Caliph to marry her to one of his slaves, who, for a sum of money, would be easily induced to repudiate her on the spot. The ceremony was performed; but the slave, falling in love with his handsome spouse, could not be persuaded to consent to a separation. Here was a strange and unexpected dilemma; for, despotic as the Caliph was, he durst not compel him. But Abu Joseph soon discovered an expedient: he desired the Caliph to make a present to the lady of her new husband, which virtually dissolved the marriage; as no woman, by the Mohammedan law, can be the wife of her own slave. Overjoyed that the gordian knot was thus so ingeniously unloosed, the Caliph gave him 10,000 dinars; and the fair slave, receiving a considerable present from her royal lover, presented him with 10,000 more; so that Abu Joseph, in a few hours, found his fees amount to 50,000 dinars, or nearly 25,000*l*.

FERNANDO.

* Or Gallery of Pictures, consisting of historical anecdotes in prose and verse.

LAW ANECDOTES.

WHEN Mr. John Clerk (afterwards Lord Eldin) was at the bar, he was remarked for the *sang froid* with which he treated the judges. On one occasion, a junior counsel, on hearing their lordships give judgment against his client, exclaimed that "he was surprised at such a decision." This was construed into a contempt of court, and he was ordered to attend at the bar next morning. Fearful of the consequences, he consulted his friend John Clerk, who told him to be perfectly at ease, for he would apologize for him in a way that would avert any unpleasant result. Accordingly, when the name of the delinquent was called, John Clerk rose and coolly addressed the assembled tribunal: "I am very sorry, my lords, that my young friend has so far forgotten himself as to treat your honourable bench with disrespect; he is extremely penitent, and you will kindly ascribe his unintentional insult to his ignorance. You must see at once that it did originate in that. He said he was surprised at the decision of your lordships! Now, if he had not been very ignorant of what takes place in this court every day—had he known you but half so long as I have done, he would not be surprised at anything you did."

Lord Chief Justice Holt, when a young man was very dissipated, and belonged to a club of wild fellows, most of whom took an infamous course of life. When his lordship was engaged at the Old Bailey, a man was convicted of a highway robbery, whom the judge remembered to have been one of his old companions. Moved by curiosity, Holt, thinking the prisoner did not know him, asked what had become of his old associates? The culprit, making a low bow, and fetching a deep sigh, replied, "Ah, my lord, they are all hanged but your lordship and I!"

Sir Thomas More, being Lord Chancellor of England, observes Baker, in his *Chronicle*, at the same time that his father was a judge of the King's Bench, he would always, at his going to Westminster, go first to the King's Bench, and ask his father's blessing before he went to sit in Chancery.—W. G. C.

The Naturalist.

HABITS OF THE JACKDAW,

By Charles Waterton, Esq.

THIS lively bird is the constant friend and companion of the rook, in our part of Yorkshire, for nine months out of twelve; and, I think, there is no doubt but that it would remain with the rook for the other three if it only had that particular kind of convenience for incubation which its nature, for reasons totally unknown to us, seems to require.

Though the jackdaw makes use of the same kind of materials for building as those which are found in the nest of the rook; though it is, to all appearance, quite as hardy a bird; and though it passes the night, exposed to the chilling cold and rains of winter, on the leafless branches of the lofty elm; till, when the period for incubation arrives, it bids farewell to those exposed heights where the rook remains to hatch its young, and betakes itself to the shelter which is afforded in the holes of steeples, towers, and trees.

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Perhaps there is no instance in the annals of ornithology which tells of the jackdaw ever building its nest in the open air. Wishing to try whether these two congeners could not be induced to continue the year throughout in that bond of society which, I had observed, was only broken during incubation, I made a commodious cavity in an aged elm, just at the place where it had lost a mighty limb, some forty years ago, in a tremendous gale of wind which laid prostrate some of the finest trees in this part of Yorkshire. At the approach of breeding-time, a pair of jackdaws took possession of it, and reared their young in shelter; while the rooks performed a similar duty on the top of the same tree, exposed to all the rigours of an English spring. This success induced me to appropriate other conveniences for the incubation of the jackdaw: and I have now the satisfaction to see an uninterrupted fellowship exist, the year throughout, between the jackdaw and the rook.

Those who are of opinion that birds are gifted with a certain portion of reasoning, superior to that which is usually denominated instinct, will have cause for reflection, should they ever examine the materials of a jackdaw's nest, or pay any attention to the mode by which the bird tries to introduce those materials into the hole. The jackdaw invariably carries into it a certain quantity of sticks, fully as thick as those which are made use of by the rook. Now, it always occurs to us that the rook conveys sticks up to the branches of a tree in order to make a kind of frame which may support the inner parts of the nest. But why should the jackdaw deposit a large heap of strong sticks in the hole which is already calculated to support every kind of material proper for a nest? Then, again: how the act itself of introducing those apparently useless sticks causes us to suspend our judgment, before we finally conclude that the bird is endowed with any sort of reasoning superior to what is commonly denominated the instinct of brutes! You may see the jackdaw trying, for a quarter of an hour, to get a stick into the hole; while every attempt will be futile, because, the bird having laid hold of it by the middle, it is necessarily thrown at right angles with the body; and the daw cannot possibly perceive that the stick ought to be nearly parallel with its body, before it can be conveyed into the hole. Fatigued at length with repeated efforts, and completely foiled in its numberless attempts to introduce the stick, it lets it fall to the ground; and immediately goes in quest of another, probably to experience another disappointment on its return. When time and chance have enabled it to place a quantity of sticks at the bottom of the hole, it then goes to seek for materials of a more pliant and a softer nature.

The shrill and quickly repeated notes of the jackdaw, especially during incubation, are far from being unpleasant to the ear which is accustomed to rural sounds; but very few people have an opportunity of paying attention to them, as this bird is by no means a general favourite with man. It is commonly accused of sucking eggs: but eggs form no part of its diet, otherwise it would be a bad neighbour here; and ringdoves, housedoves, wagtails, fowls, and ducks would wish it far away. It is vastly fond of peas and cherries. When these are done, the jackdaw repairs to the pastures, where it devours an incredible number of insects.

After the young have left the nest, they join the rooks, and roost with them in the surrounding woods till near the autumnal equinox; when both rooks and jackdaws regularly retire at nightfall to the eastward of this place, in immense flocks, and return to the westward every morning for the ensuing half year.

The jackdaw lays from four to six eggs, varying very much in colour, and often in size and shape. When protected, it will build its nest in holes not above six feet from the ground, where people are passing and repassing every hour of the day. If you take away the eggs, and substitute those of magpies, the bird will hatch them, and rear the young ones with great care and affection.

The plumage of the jackdaw is black, with shining silvery gray behind the head, changing when exposed to the different rays of light. A jackdaw once appeared here with a remarkable portion of white in one of the wings; it tarried with us for two years, and then disappeared for ever. Probably the singularity of its wing had attracted the fatal notice of some experienced gunner, in its peregrinations beyond this vale of safety.

The jackdaw, like the rook, collects insects in its mouth, to feed its young; and this gives it the appearance of a pouch under the lower mandible.

I know not how far naturalists will agree with me in the speculation that these birds remain in pairs the year throughout. When November's winds have stripped the sycamore of its every leaf, I see the daws sitting in pairs, side by side, upon the naked branches. They seem fond of preening each other's heads; and, as they mostly leave the trees in pairs, and in pairs return, I am led to conjecture that their union is not dissolved at the period when the young no longer need parental aid.

He who is fond of rural scenes, and loves to rove

> "On a mountain's lonely van,
> Beyond the noise of busy man,
> Painting fair the form of things,
> While the yellow linnet sings,
> Or the tuneful nightingale
> Charms the forest with her tale,

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will never bring his mind to drive away this playful, merry bird, or allow his gardener to take its life, for the value of a handful of cherries.—*Magazine of Natural History.*

ALLSPICE.

Allspice, or pimento, is the dried berry of a West Indian species of myrtle, which grows to the height of 20 feet and upwards. It has somewhat oval leaves, about four inches long, of a deep, shining, green colour; and numerous branches of white flowers, each with four small petals. In the whole vegetable world there is scarcely any tree more beautiful or more fragrant than a young pimento-tree about the month of July. Branched on all sides, richly clad with deep green leaves, which are relieved by an exuberance of white and richly aromatic flowers, it attracts the notice and admiration of all who approach it.

Pimento-trees grow spontaneously, and in great abundance, in many parts of Jamaica, whence the berries are sometimes called *Jamaica-pepper;* but they cannot be propagated without great difficulty. The usual method of making a new pimento walk, or plantation, is to appropriate for this purpose a piece of woody ground in the neighbourhood of an already existing walk, or in a part of the country where the scattered trees are found in a native state. The other trees are cut down; and in a year or two, young pimento plants are found to spring up in all parts, supposed to have been produced from berries dropped there by birds which eagerly swallow them. About the month of September, and not long after the blossoms have fallen, the berries are in a fit state to be gathered. At this time, though not quite ripe, they are full grown, and about the size of pepper berries. They are gathered by the hand: one labourer on a tree will strip them off so quickly, as to employ three below in picking them up; and an industrious picker will fill a bag of 70 pounds' weight in a day. The berries are then spread on a terrace, in the sun, to be dried; but this is an operation which requires great care, from the necessity of keeping them entirely free from moisture. By drying they lose their green colour, and become of a reddish brown; the process is known to be completed by their change of colour, and by the rattling of the seeds within the berries. They are then packed into bags or hogsheads for the market. When the berries are quite ripe, they are of a dark purple colour, and filled with a sweet pulp.

Pimento is thought to resemble, in flavour, a mixture of cinnamon, nutmegs, and cloves; whence it has obtained the name of *all-spice.* Its use, as a condiment, is well known, and for this purpose it was originally brought to this country. It is also employed in medicine, as an agreeable aromatic, and forms the basis of a distilled water, a spirit, and an essential oil.

Retrospective Gleanings.

BRICKS.

The use of bricks is coeval with the earliest buildings of which we have any trace or record. Indeed, the art of making bricks has been variously practised among different nations of every period. The bricks of the ancients differed from ours, inasmuch as they were dried in the sun, instead of being burnt or baked by fire, and were mixed with chopped straw to give them a tenuity of substance. The most ancient specimens are among the ruins of Babylon, where, (according to Rich, the traveller,) on the hill supposed to bear the relics of the temple of Belus, or the tower of Babel, are immense fragments of brickwork of no determinate figures, tumbled together, and converted into solid vitrified masses: they are completely molten, it is presumed from the temple having been destroyed by fire. Brickmaking, we learn from sacred history, was one of the laborious indignities by which the Israelites were oppressed during their bondage in Egypt.

The ancient Babylonians often impressed or engraved inscriptions on their bricks, in a character which has given rise to much discussion among the learned. Specimens of them may be seen in the archaiological department of the British Museum, the Museum of the East India Company, and in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The ancient Greeks chiefly used three kinds of bricks: those of two palms in length, those of four palms, and those of five palms.

The Romans, from a comparative deficiency of marble, built more with bricks than the

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Greeks: they used both burnt and unburnt. Most of the old houses of Rome were built of unburnt bricks; which may be infered from the boast of Augustus, that he had found Rome of brick, and left it of marble; although this must be taken in some respects as an imperial hyperbole.

The first use of baked bricks is uncertain. Vitruvius informs us that three sorts were used in his time:—the *didoron*, which was in general use among the Romans; the *tetradoron*, and the *pentadoron*, chiefly used by the Greeks. This account, with trifling variations, is confirmed by Pliny; but that the Romans had no exact moulds for their bricks, appears from a table of measurements of 13 different specimens, all of which vary in their dimensions. They inscribed mystical characters upon their bricks in imitation of the Jews; and Leland, in his *Collections*, gives an engraving of a brick, on which is represented the story of Sampson, with the foxes and firebrands.

We gather, however, from Pliny, that the bricks most in use among the Romans, were about 17 inches long, and 11 inches broad, and scarcely thicker than our paving bricks; on which account, bricks subsequently made to resemble them in thickness, have been called wall-tiles. These bricks have occasionally been found in various parts of England in the foundations of buildings erected by the Romans during their sway in this country. One of the most interesting of these discoveries was that of a Roman brick dug up at Cambridge, a few years since, among the ruins of a temple dedicated to Diana, on the foundation of which the present church of St. Peter is supposed to have been erected, within the site of the Roman city, or station.* This stood on the north-west side of the river Cam, and occupied about 30 acres of ground of an irregular figure: the ramparts are yet discoverable in several places.

(*Roman Brick found at Cambridge.*)

This brick, which is six inches long, four inches wide, and two in thickness, was incorporated in the wall of a dwelling-house opposite to the south side of St. Peter's church, but has since been removed, and in 1817, was for sale, in the possession of Mr. Kettle, of Cambridge. It probably now occupies a snug corner, or is imbedded in the wall of, the museum of some zealous collector of antiquarian treasures. The figures are raised between a quarter and half an inch, and have been surrounded by a projecting border, since mostly chipped or broken off, as may be seen by the Cut.

Mr. Brayley, who inspected this brick, when at Cambridge, some years since, is not certain whether the substance of which it is made, is the same as that employed in the composition of the Roman tile: "if it be really of a kindred quality, this antique (for ancient it certainly is) must be regarded as a most valuable one."

"The immediate object of the representation is very obvious; though the particular

* The fact of several churches in Britain occupying the site of pagan temples has often been proved by the discovery of Roman remains in digging for alterations or repairs. A discovery of this description is at the present moment exciting considerable interest among antiquarian writers. It has been generally supposed that the abbey church at Bath was built upon the site of a Roman temple dedicated to Minerva; an opinion advocated by Mr. Britton, and espoused by other eminent antiquaries. The Corporation recently ordered the removal of the rubbish &c. which had accumulated round the church, and, in consequence, there have been discovered under the eastern facade, the clustered columns of a building, which must have been of considerable extent. The hypothesis may, therefore, be set down as established, to the credit of those who advanced it.

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event it was intended to commemorate is probably beyond the reach of conjecture. The two men who form the middle figures of the group, and who are bound together with thongs, are evidently British captives, wearing the Scotch bonnet on their heads, the Scotch plaid on their bodies, and the Scotch philibeg for breeches. Those who have them in custody are as evidently Roman soldiers leading the unfortunate captives either to execution or to prison. This is strikingly marked by the two foremost figures, the attitude of the Roman being expressive of the exertion of a strong degree of muscular force; whilst that of the prisoner, whom he is dragging along, exhibits a tardy and reluctant gait, mingled with an attempt to excite pity or commiseration, the palms of his hands being expanded.

"In Horseley's *Britannia Romana*, Scotland, No. III., is an engraving of a stone, representing three captives, all with their hands bound behind them, two with the Scotch dirk, and the third with the very bonnet which is so decidedly exhibited on the heads of the captives," in the brick found at Cambridge.

The sculpture described by Horseley has been considered as a valuable illustration of British weapons and dresses: yet it is very inferior to the representation before us. The former has not the plaided drapery of the Britons, which is so particularly noticed by Dion Cassius, when he speaks of Boadicea's dress, as a robe marked with various colours.

"It can hardly be affirmed, however, that the plaided drapery formed a distinctive feature of the British dress, as stained garments are mentioned by different writers as being in use among the Gauls and other barbarous nations."*

* Mr. Brayley, in Antiq. and Topog. Cabinet, vol. i.

The Public Journals.

THE LATE POPULAR MR. SMITH.

I DIED on the 1st of April, 1823; and if the reader will go to the parish-church of Smithton, ask the sexton for the key, and, having gained admission, if he will walk up the left-hand side aisle, he will perceive my family pew, beneath which is my family vault, where my mortal remains are now reposing; and against the wall, over the very spot where I used to sit every Sunday, he will see a very handsome white marble monument: a female figure is represented in an attitude of despair, weeping over an urn, and on that urn is the following inscription:—

"Sacred
to the Memory
of
ANTHONY SMITH, Esq.,
of Smithton Hall,
who departed this life
on the 1st of April, 1823.
The integrity of his conduct and the amiability of his temper endeared him
to a wide circle of friends:
he has left an inconsolable Widow,
and by her
this Monument is erected."

[After enumerating the good qualities by which he became popular, Mr. Smith proceeds:]

What I have now to relate may strike some of my readers as less probable, but, nevertheless, it is not one jot the less true. I was anxious not only to attain a degree of popularity which should survive my brief existence; I panted to witness that popularity; unseen, to see the tears that would be shed,—unheard, to mingle with the mute mourners who would lament my death. Where is the advantage of being lamented if one cannot hear the lamentations? But how was this privilege to be attained? Alas! attained it was; but the means shall never be divulged to my readers.

I had perused St. Leon; I, therefore, knew that perpetually-renovated youth had been sought and had been bought. I had read Frankenstein, and I had seen that wonders, equally astonishing and supernatural, had been attained by mortals. I wanted to watch my own weepers, nod at my own plumes, count my own mourning-coaches, and read with my own eyes the laudatory paragraph that announced my own demise in the county newspaper. I gained my point,—I did all this, and more than this; but I would not advise any universally-admired gentleman and fondly-idolized husband to follow my example. What devilish arts I used, what spells, what conjurations, never will I reveal; suffice it to say that I attained the object of my desires. Two peeps was I to have at those I left behind me,—one exactly a month after my demise, the second on that day ten years!

And now for the result of peep the first.

In some degree my thirst for posthumous popularity was certainly gratified; and I will begin with the pleasantest part of my own "post mortem examination."

My own house (or rather the house that had been mine) looked doleful enough: no mirth, no guests, no music; the servants in deep mourning, and a hatchment over the door. My own wife (or rather my relict) was a perfect picture of misery and mourning, in the extreme of the fashion. She heaved the deepest sighs, she was trimmed with the deepest crape, and wore the deepest hems that ever were seen. The depth of her despondency was truly gratifying. Her cap was most conscientiously hideous, and beneath its folds every hair upon her head lay hid. She was a moving mass of crape and bombasin. In her right hand was a pocket-handkerchief, in her left a smelling-bottle,

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and in her eye a tear. She was closeted with a gentleman, but it was no rival—nothing to arouse one jealous pang in the bosom of a departed husband. It was, in fact, a *marble masonic meeting*. She was giving directions about my monument, and putting herself into the attitude of lamentation in which she wished to be represented (and is represented), bending over my urn: she burst into a torrent of tears, and in scarce articulate accents called for her "sainted Anthony." When she came a little to herself, she grumbled somewhat at the extravagance of the estimate, knocking off here and there some little ornamental monumental decoration, bargaining about my inscription, and cheapening my urn!

She was interrupted by the entrance of a milliner, who was ordered to prepare a black velvet cloak lined with ermine; and no expense was to be spared. Alas! thought I, the widow's "inky cloak" may well be warm; my black marble covering will be cold comfort to her. "Just to amuse you, ma'am," said the *marchande des modes*, "do look at some things that are going home for Miss Jones's wedding."

The widow said nothing; and I thought it was with a vacant eye that she gazed apathetically at satin, blonde, and feathers white as the driven snow. At length she cried abruptly, "I cannot—cannot wear them!" and covering her face with her handkerchief, she wept more loudly than before. Happy late husband that I was—surely for *me* she wept! A housemaid was blubbering on the stairs, a footman sighing in the hall; this is as it should be, thought I: and when I heard that a temporary reduction in the establishment was determined on, and that the weeping and sighing individuals had been just discharged, I felt the soothing conviction, that leaving their living mistress tore open the wounds inflicted by the loss of their late master, and made them bleed afresh. My dog howled as I passed him, my horse ran wild in the paddock, and the clock in my own sitting-room maintained a sad and stubborn silence, wanting my hand to wind it up.

Things evidently did not go on in the old routine without me, and this was soothing to my spirit. My own portrait was turned with its face to the wall: my widow having no longer the original to look at, could not endure gazing at the mute resemblance! What, after all, thought I, is the use of a portrait? When the original lives, we have something better to look at; and when the original is gone, we cannot bear to look at it. Be that as it may, I did not the less appreciate my widow's sensibility.

On the village green the idle boys played cricket; they mourned me not—but what of that? a boy will skip in the rear of his grandmother's funeral. The village butcher stood disconsolately at the door of his shop, and said to the village baker, who was despondingly passing by, "Dull times these, neighbour Bonebread! dull times. Ah! we miss the good squire, and the feastings at the hall."

On a dead wall I read, "Smith for ever." "For ever," thought I, "is a long time to talk about." Close to it, I saw, "Mitts for ever," written in letters equally large, and much more fresh. He was my parliamentary successor, and his politics were the same as my own. This was cheering; my constituents had not deserted my principles—more than that I could not expect. The "SMITH," who, they said, was to be their representative "FOR EVER," was now just as dead as the wall upon which his name was chalked!

Again I retired to my resting-place under the family pew in the church of Smithton, quite satisfied that, at the expiration of ten years, I should take my second peep at equally gratifying, though rather softened, evidences of my popularity.

TEN YEARS! What a brief period to look back upon! What an age in perspective! How little do we dread that which is certain not to befall us for ten years! Yet how swiftly to all of us will ten years seem to fly! What changes, too, will ten years bring to all! Yon schoolboy of ten, with his toys and and his noise, will be the lover of twenty! The man now in the prime of life will, in ten years, see Time's snow mingling with his dark and glossy curls! And they who now are old—the kind, the cheerful, looking, as we say, so much younger than they really are—what will ten years bring to them?

The ten years of my sepulchral slumber passed away, and the day arrived for my second and last peep at my disconsolate widow and wide circle of affectionate friends.

The monument already mentioned opened "its ponderous and marble jaws" for the last time, and invisibly I glided to the gates of my old domain. The old Doric lodge had been pulled down, and a Gothic one, all thatch and rough poles, little windows and creepers, (a sort of cottage gone mad,) had been erected in its stead. I entered, and could not find my way to my own house; the road had been turned, old trees had been felled, and new plantations made; ponds had been filled up, and lakes had been dug; my own little "Temple to Friendship" was not to be found, but a temple dedicated to the blind God had been erected in a conspicuous situation. "Ah!" thought I, "her love is a buried love, but not the less dear. To me—to her dear departed—to her 'sainted Anthony,'—this temple has been dedicated!"

So entirely was the park changed that I did not arrive at the mansion until the hour of dinner. There was a bustle at the hall-

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door, servants were assembled in gay liveries carriages were driving up and setting down, and lights gleamed from the interior. A dinner party!—no harm in that: on the contrary I deemed it fortunate. Doubtless my widow, still in the sober gray of ameliorated mourning, had summoned round her the best and the dearest of my friends; and though their griefs were naturally somewhat mellowed by time, they remembered me in their calm yet cheerful circle, and fondly breathed my name! Unseen I passed into the dining-room—all that I beheld was new to me—the house had been new built on a grander scale—and the furniture was magnificent! I cast my eyes round the table, where the guests were now assembled. Oh! what bliss was mine! At the head sat my widowed wife, all smiles, all loveliness, all pink silk and flowers—not so young as when I last beheld her, but very handsome, and considerably fatter. At the foot (oh! what a touching compliment to *me!*) sat one of my oldest, dearest, best of friends, Mr. Mitts, the son of a baronet who resided in my neighbourhood: his father too was there, with his antiquated lady, and the whole circle was formed by persons whom, living, I had known and loved. My friend at the bottom of the table did the honours well, (though he omitted to do what I think he ought to have done—drink to my memory,) and the only thing that occurred to startle me before the removal of dinner was my widow's calling him "*my dear.*" But there was something gratifying even in that, for it must have been of me she was thinking; it was a slip of the tongue, that plainly showed the fond yearning of the widowed heart.

When the dessert had been arranged on the table, she called to one of the servants, saying, "John, tell Muggins to bring the children." What could she mean? who was Muggins? and what children did she wish to be brought? *I* never *had* any children! Presently the door flew open, and in ran eight noisy, healthy, beautiful brats. The younger ones congregated round the hostess; but the two eldest, both fine boys, ran to Mr. Mitts, at the bottom of the table, and each took possession of a knee. They both strongly resembled Mitts; and what was my astonishment when he exclaimed, *addressing my widow,* "Mary, my love, may I give them some orange?"

What could he mean by "Mary, my love?"—a singular mode of addressing a deceased friend's relict! But the mystery was soon explained. Sir Marmaduke Mitts filled his glass, and after insisting that all the company should follow his example, he said to his son, "This is your birthday, Jack; here's your health, my boy, and may you and Mary long live happy together! Come, my friends, the health of Mr. and Mrs. Mitts."

So then, after all, I had come out on an exceedingly cold day to see my widow doing the honours as Mrs. Mitts!

"When is *your* birthday?" said Sir Marmaduke to his daughter-in-law.

"In June," she replied, "but I have not been in the habit of keeping birthdays till lately: poor Mr. Smith could not bear them to be kept."

"What's that about poor Smith?" said the successor to my house, my wife, and my other appurtenances. "Do you say Smith could not bear birthdays? Very silly of him, then; but poor Smith had his oddities."

"Oh!" said *my widow,* and *Mr. Mitts's wife,* "We cannot *always* command perfection; poor, dear Mr. Smith *meant* well, but every man cannot be *a Mitts.*" She smiled, and nodded down the table; Mr. Mitts looked, as well he might, particularly pleased; and then the ladies left the room.

"Talking of Smith," said Sir Marmaduke, "what wretched taste he had, poor man! This place was quite thrown away upon him; he had no idea of its capabilities."

"No," replied a gentleman to whom I had bequeathed a legacy—"with the best intentions in the world, Smith was really a very odd man."

"His house," added another, who used to dine with me three times a-week, "was never thoroughly agreeable;—it was not his *fault,* poor fellow!"

"No, no," said a *very* old friend of mine, at the same time taking snuff from a gold box which had been *my* gift, "he did every thing for the best; but, between ourselves, Smith *was* a bore."

"It is well," said Mr. Mitts, "that talking of *him* has not the effect which is attributed to talking of another invisible personage! Let him rest in peace: for if it were possible that he could be reanimated, his reappearance here to claim his goods and chattels, and above all, his wife, would be attended with rather awkward consequences."

So much for my posthumous curiosity! Vain mortal that I was, to suppose that after a dreamless sleep of ten long years, I could return to the land of the living, and find the place and the hearts that I once filled, still unoccupied! In the very handsome frame of my own picture, was now placed a portrait of John Mitts, Esq.; mine was thrown aside in an old lumber-room, where the sportive children of my widow had recently discovered it, and with their mimic swords had innocently poked out the eyes of what they were pleased to denominate "*the dirty picture of the ugly man.*" My presumption has been properly rewarded: let no one who is called to his last account, wish, like me, to be permitted to revisit earth. If such a visit were granted, and like me he returned invisibly, all that he would see and hear would wound

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his spirit: but were he permitted to reappear *visibly*, in *propriâ personâ*, mortifying indeed would be his welcome!

It is not my intention to bequeath to my reader a lecture, or a sermon, ere I return to my family vault: yet "THE POST MORTEM COGITATIONS OF THE LATE POPULAR MR. SMITH" are not without A MORAL.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

Manners and Customs.

THE JEWS' NEW YEAR.

THE following account of the Jews' new year, is given in *Purchas's Pilgrimage*, published in 1613:—"The Jews believe that God created the world in September, or Tisri—that at the revolution of the same time yearly, he sitteth in judgment, and taketh reckoning of every man's life, and pronounces sentence accordingly. The morning of the new year is proclaimed by the sound of trumpet of a ram's horn, to warn them that they may think of their sins. The day before, they rise sooner in the morning and pray. When they have done in the synagogue, they go to the graves, testifying that if God does not pardon them, they are like to the dead; and praying, that for the good works of the saints he will pity them; and there they give large sums in alms. After noon they shave, adorn, and bathe themselves, that they may be pure the next day, and in the water they make confession of their sins. The feast begins with a cup of wine and new year salutations; and on their tables there is a ram's head, in remembrance of 'that ram which was offered in Isaac's stead;' and for this cause are the trumpets of ram's horns. Fish they eat to signify the multiplication of their good works; they eat sweet fruits of all sorts, and make themselves merry, as assured of forgiveness of their sins; and after meat they resort to some bridge to hurl their sins into the water; as it is written: 'He shall cast all our sins into the bottom of the sea.' From this day to the tenth day is a time of penance or Lent." W. G. C.

CHINESE BEGGARS.

THE streets of Canton swarm with beggars, old and young, blind and lame. They do not remain in the streets, but enter the shops, and make a noise by ringing and striking cymbals or gongs, till they receive alms, when they retire. Custom will not allow of their being turned out violently, and they generally persevere till they receive the small copper coin of the Chinese, called by Europeans a cash. A new class of beggars, or spouters, has lately arisen: they commit to memory descriptive stories; and, on entering a shop, instead of singing, they recite their tales in a loud voice, with gesticulations, and slap the counter with a piece of flat wood, till they are relieved. W. D. L.

The Novelist.

NORA BOYLE.

(*Concluded from page* 191.)

MOUNT-MORTON HOUSE was built on the precipitous bank of a torrent that poured the collected waters of its course into the Shannon, sometimes in a tiny cascade that was hardly visible, trickling down the face of its steep channel, and sometimes, as on this occasion, in a thundering waterfall that shook the trees upon its sides, and drove the beaten flood in a tumultuous repulse far over its level banks beyond. The rear walls of the building rose almost from the verge of the rock; and any ledge that their regular foundation had left, was inaccessible except from below.

Morton descended the steep and wooded bank till he arrived at the water's edge, which was now risen so high, that in some places there was barely footing between it and the overhanging precipice. The jagged and confused masses of rock that usually obstructed the course of the howling brook were now covered by a deep river that poured its silent weight of waters from bank to bank, uninterrupted, save here and there where a sullen gurgle told that some overhanging branch or twisted root was struggling ineffectually with its swift oppressor.—Every stock and stone, from the spot where he stood to the window of Nora Boyle, was known—alas! too well known—to Richard Morton; yet he paused and shuddered when he looked at the drifting tempest and black precipice above him, and at the swelling inundation at his feet. Bound upon whatever errand of sin, he might have clambered up the ragged pathway before, yet his hand had never trembled as it grasped branch or tendril, and his knee had ever been firm above the narrowest footing; but whether it was the increased danger of the ascent on such a night, or the tremendous consciousness of what that perilous ascent was undertaken for, that now unmanned him, he stood in nerveless trepidation, his hand laid upon the first hold he had to take, and his foot placed in its first step up the sheer face of the crag, motionless, till suddenly a strong light flashed successively from the three loopholes of the hall, and after disappearing for a moment, streamed again with a strong and steady lustre from the well-known window of his paramour. He started from his trance, and flung himself to the next ledge at a bound; thence toiling upward, now swinging from branch to branch, now clambering from crag to crag, sometimes hanging from the one hand, sometimes from the other, panting and exhausted he at length gained the projection beneath Nora's window.

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He caught the sill, and raising himself slowly, looked into the apartment. A light burned on the high mantel-piece, and a low fire was gathering into flame below. On the floor knelt Nora Boyle, and before her, wrapped in blankets, lay the discoloured body of the frozen child.

"Nora," cried Morton, in a strong whisper, "what are you doing? You will ruin all! Put him in his cradle, and get to bed."

She raised her head with a strong shudder. "Villain, I defy you!" she cried, and bent down again—it was to chafe the little limbs with both hands.

"Villain! villain!" repeated Morton—"are you mad? do you know what you say? open the window, and I will show you what to do myself."

Her long hair, glistening with rain, had fallen down dishevelled over her hands; she threw back her head to part it on her brow, and bind up the wet locks behind; and, as with unconscious violence, she drew the dark and glossy bands till the water streamed from their hard knot, cast one glance of exulting abhorrence at the window, and cried again, "Villain, I defy you! *The baby is not dead!*"

"It is a lie!" cried Morton, furiously, but his heart misgave him as he uttered the words; and the chance of losing all by that unforeseen possibility, smote upon his soul with sickening suddenness. "No, no, Nora," he cried, "you are deceived. It cannot be. The body is as cold as a stone. You will be hanged for his murder if you go on.—Nora!" for she did not seem to hear him, bending with her face to the infant's, and constantly chafing with both her hands,—"Nora! give it up and save yourself. Put him in the cradle. I will marry you—I will, by all that is sacred, if you do! I will make you Lady Morton, by Heaven I will, before to-morrow morning if you give it up.—Nora! wretch! hear me, I will not be trifled with. Open the window or I will break it in," and he shook the stauncheons furiously, but she heard him not.

"Oh, blessed mother, if ever I prayed to you with a pure heart, make my hands warm now," she cried, for the livid purple was already changing upon the little limbs. "Baby, dear baby!" she sobbed with bursting tears of joy, "are you coming at last to save me? Oh, open your blue eyes! smile upon me:—bless me for ever with one breath! —Oh, gracious God, I bless thee! his eyes are opening!" and she fell by the re-animated infant's side, swooning again; but from the excess of feelings, oh, how different from those which had stricken her down, a conscious and despairing sinner at the foot of the cold stone on Dirramahon Moor!

Nora Boyle returned slowly and painfully to consciousness. The images of life's bright dawning in the eyes of the little one, and of the savage scowl that had glared upon her through the window, as the baffled villain saw his last dark hope dispelled, still floated before her confused senses, but she remembered nothing distinctly. Something was moving, twining, warm, among the long tresses on her neck.—Oh, blessed touch! it was the little hand with its soft busy fingers playing with her curls! She would have clasped the recovered treasure to her heart, but returning recollection of the wrong she had done him detered her, and she could only sit and gaze with an awful and reverential wonder upon the miracle of heaven's kindness that lay, moving and smiling in the now genial glow of the bright hearth before her.

She gazed till the fulness of her heart had almost overcome her once more, but tears at last came struggling up with the imprisoned passion, and poured it forth in long and relieving weeping. But her unburthened heart had hardly expanded again within her bosom, when the thoughts of her own injuries, degradation, and abandonment, and the dreadful reflection that all had been endured for the sake of such a man as Morton, came crowding on her soul, and choked the relieving tears at their source. She covered her face with her hands, as if to hide herself from the innocent being before her, and it was not till she had knelt in long and fervent prayer that she dared at length to look upon or touch him. At last she arose, and, giving him one timid caress, lifted her sweet burden again, and bore him with steps that seemed, unsteady as they were, to tread on air, to his own empty cradle by the bedside of the still sleeping nurse. She placed him softly in his little nest, and stole to the door,—returned—kissed him—he laughed, and stretching out his tiny arms, wound them round her neck. "Oh, blessed baby, let me away," she unconsciously whispered, as she strove gently to disengage herself, but he wreathed the playful embrace still closer and closer. She heard a door open suddenly, and a footstep on the lobby; then her own name called at the door of her chamber in a voice of fearful alarm—the voice of Lady Morton roused from her sick bed by some new calamity. Nora's first impulse was to go, to cast herself at her feet, to confess all, and to implore her pardon; but the shame of that confession seemed so dreadful that she stood trembling in irresolute confusion till her kinswoman entered. Lady Morton was ghastly pale, as well from recent illness as from agitation. "Oh, Nora, are you here? has the baby been unwell?—No, no, you need not lift him now, but call the servants, dear Nora, for I can go no farther," she said, as she sank exhausted on a seat. Nora gazed at her in wild confusion. "Leave the infant with me, Nora,"

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continued Lady Morton, "and go rouse the servants, for I am terrified almost to death. There is some one drowning in the river:" Nora uttered one piercing scream and rushed towards the window. "You cannot hear it here, Nora," said the lady, "the cry comes from under the black crag. Oh, God protect me from ever hearing such a sound again!"

Nora clasped her hands tight over her breast to suppress the agony of rising despair, and rushed from the room. Her cries soon raised the household; and in a short time servants were thronging from the front with ropes and lanterns, and scrambling down the steep bank to the water's edge. Nora was the first at the river's brink. All was the moaning of the wind, and the sullen rush of waters.—"Lights, lights!" she cried, "bring hither lights, for it is here that the pathway crosses the crag; but I cannot find it."

"Ah, miss," cried old Felix Daly, the butler, as he gained her side with the dull light of his lantern; "the pathway is six feet under water by this; the man is not in Ireland that dare attempt it."

Suddenly Lady Morton's voice was heard from her window above, and there was something wildly earnest in the tones as they swept over their heads upon the wind—"Hold out your lantern farther over the water. I see something in the bend of the river."

The old man bent over the torrent with his arm extended.

"Farther yet," was all they could hear of the lady's next cry.

"I cannot reach farther, my lady," said Daly.

"Give me the light," cried Nora. She took the lantern from his hand, and, as a mass of loose rubbish, long straws, grass, and briers, gathered in some upland eddy, came sailing down the river, she cast it with a firm hand on the rude raft it offered. The lantern sunk through the yielding brambles till the light was almost level with the water, but some stronger branch, or firmer texture of the sods and rushes, arrested its farther descent, and, flickering up from the very verge of the stream, it floated away, casting a pale, yellow light around, that showed the naked rocks with their waving crown of woods on either hand, and the brown twisted torrent between, like the back of a great serpent, writhing and rushing down the glen. It disappeared behind the black crag, and in breathless suspense they listened for the next cry from above. First came a scream sounding shrilly over all, and then they could distinguish the exclamations,—

"I see it now! alas! It is a man. He is caught upon a branch, and the water breaks over him. His hands and feet are swept out in the current. The light is sinking—it flickers on his face. Merciful Heaven! it is my cousin Richard!"

While Felix Daly listened to these words which came fitfully on his shuddering ears from above, he also heard a low voice by his side say, "God have mercy on my soul!" and at the same instant beheld Nora Boyle plunge forward into the stream. He seized her dress and shouted for assistance. The river struggled hard to hold its prey, and drew him after till he stood to his knees in the flood. Another step would have precipitated both into an irresistible weight of water beyond, for they stood upon an overhanging bank covered by the stream; but timely help arrived, and both were dragged from the reluctant torrent. They drew them out upon the bank, the old man weak as an infant, the wretched girl quite insensible. They bore her to the house; they laid her in warm blankets—they chafed, and at length revived her, even as she had revived the murdered infant an hour before; but when at length she opened her eyes, alas! there was no dawning of intelligence there. She raved all night in utter delirium. Lady Morton sat by her bedside, listening in horror and amazement to the revelations of her madness. First, she gathered that her child had been carried out, she could not find for what purpose; then she heard that he had been (as the miserable being expressed it) dead; and had she not held him even then breathing and moving in her own arms, she would have run to his cradle to satisfy herself that it was not a changeling. But her fear and amazement turned to horror almost insupportable, when at length, Nora's involuntary confession disclosed her seducer's motive in making that theft the condition of their promised marriage, and that horror was again lost in gratitude and wonder, when she heard the exclamations of wild delight with which Nora acted over again the scene of her child's resuscitation; and, finally, she left her bedside at daybreak, worn out with mingled emotions of joy and sorrow.

With the earliest light of dawn, the domestics were again by the river side. Its shrunken waters now yielded them a pathway to the spot where the body of Morton had been seen at night. Body there was none; but on the branch that had arrested it there still remained a ragged piece of cloth fluttering over the turbid stream, which now flowed many feet below that last and only remnant ever discovered of the miserable man. His horse was found dead, laired in a morass, near the pillar, girths and bridle broken. He had burst from his confinement, and foundered in the storm. Reason returned to Nora Boyle, but life was fast departing. Her kinswoman had given her her full forgiveness, and the last rites of her church had been administered. "Wilt thou too forgive me, dear child?" she said to the baby on his mother's breast. The boy stretched out his

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arms, she clasped him with a feeble embrace, and breathed her last in a blessing on his lips.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

The Gatherer.

Wax and Wafers.—When Lord Nelson gained the great victory at Copenhagen, he silenced the land-batteries by his broadsides; but he found out that one or more of his ships were in rather shallow water; it was, therefore, deemed expedient to send a letter to the Crown Prince of Denmark, to demand a cessation of hostilities, in order to spare further effusion of human blood. The letter being written and neatly folded, Lord Nelson sent for a stick of sealing wax. It so happened that he who was sent on this commission, had his head taken off by a cannon ball. This was reported to Nelson: "Send another messenger for the wax," said he. It was observed to him that there were wafers on the table; "Send for the sealing wax," he repeated. It was done, and the letter was sealed. Some one said, "May I take the liberty of asking why, under so hot a fire, and after such an accident, you have attached so much importance to a circumstance apparently trifling?" He replied, "If I had made use of a wafer, it would have been still wet when the letter was presented to the Crown Prince: he would have infered that the letter was sent off in a hurry, and that we had some very pressing occasion for it. The wax told no tales." FERNANDO.

Guilds.—In the eleventh century, Anglo-Saxon merchant ships traded from Britain to Rome, and such vessels sometimes went out together armed for their mutual protection. This was effected by associations called Guilds, which were instituted in some mercantile towns and sea-ports, for carrying on more successful commercial enterprises, having sometimes a guild-hall for assembling in. Generally speaking, however, the Anglo-Saxon guilds were established on the principle of the modern clubs and benefit societies; their name being derived from the word *guildan*, to pay. The subscription was one penny at Easter from every hearth or family, and one penny at every member's death. Their intention was to generate mutual good faith, to support the members under the numerous pecuniary penalties of the laws, and principally to provide for the burial and religious rites of the dead.

Aristippus.—One day Aristippus requested Dionysius the Tyrant (at whose court he was a great favourite) to give him a talent. "How is this," asked Dionysius, you once told me that wise men never wanted money." "Give me the talent first," replied Aristippus, "and we will discuss the matter afterwards." Dionysius accordingly gave him one. "Well," said Aristippus, "you see I do not want money."

Dionysius once made a present of money to Aristippus, and of books to Plato. Some of the bystanders wished, from this distinction, to draw an inference to the disadvantage of Aristippus. He replied, "I stand in need of money, and Plato stands in need of books."

A man brought his son to Aristippus to be instructed by him, and begged that he would take particular care of him. For this care Aristippus demanded 50 drachmas. "How," replied the father, "why, with that I could buy a slave." "Do so then," retorted Aristippus, "and you will have a pair."

Another time, seeing that his slave, who was following him, could not keep up with him on account of a load of money which he was carrying, "Throw some of it away," said Aristippus, "and only keep what you can carry with ease."

Use of the Toes.—It is remarkable to what excellent use the toes are applied in India. In England it is difficult to say whether they are of any use at all; but in India they are second fingers; and, in Bengalee, are indeed called the "feet fingers." In his own house a Hindoo makes use of them to fasten the clog to his feet; by means of a button, which he slips between the two middle toes. The tailor, if he does not thread his needle with his toes, twists the thread with them; the cook holds his knife with his toes, while he cuts fish, vegetables, &c.; the joiner, the weaver, and several other mechanics, all use them for a variety of purposes, for which an European would never think of employing them. FERNANDO.

An English Hint.—An Italian Prince, remarkable for pride and ill-humour, once walking on the balcony of his presence chamber with an English ambassador, who had greatly thwarted him in his violent outbreakings of temper, said to him, "Do you know, sir, that one of my ancestors forced a person of your description from this balcony into the street?" "It might be so," coolly replied the Englishman, "but perhaps it was not the fashion then as it is now to wear swords."

If the dull Antiquarian who is "employed in collecting curiosities for the British Museum," succeed no better in that "important business" than in ridiculing Miss Kemble's "boiling snow," he has little "quicksilver" in his composition. Is this his best mode of passing the *Museum* vacation?

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The Mirror

OF

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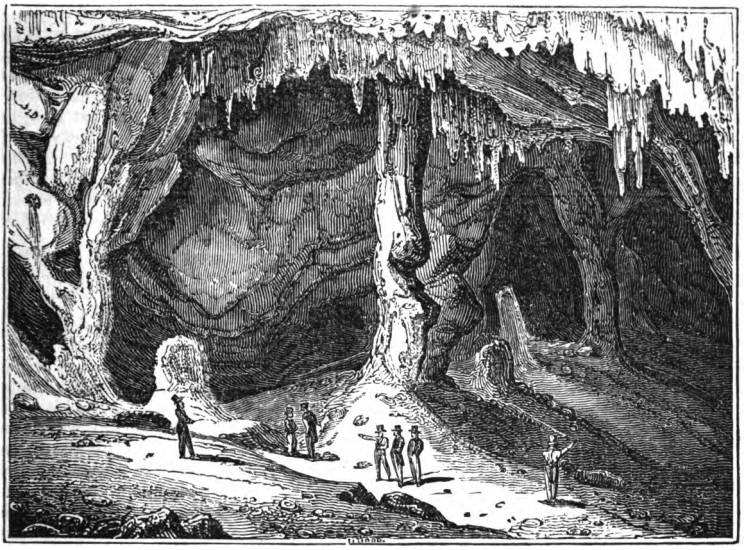

ST. MICHAEL'S GROTTO, GIBRALTAR.

NATURE and art have combined to render Gibraltar one of the most interesting places in the world. Its rocky promontory rises from 1,200 to 1,400 feet above the level of the sea; its form is oblong, extending from north to south about two miles and three quarters, and the average width may be stated at 1,600 yards, or nearly a mile. The mountain may be said to be divided into two distinct portions, by the narrow, serrated ridge of rock which marks its greatest elevation. The western face, towards the Bay of Gibraltar, is the broadest; the eastern face, fronting the Mediterranean, is narrower, and, like the northern front, is characterized by rugged, inaccessible, and in places, perpendicular, cliffs of bare limestone. The western, being the broader side, has a more gradual slope and is accessible in many places. Viewed from the isthmus, which connects it with the main land of Spain, the whole of the northern face is seen; and from the Mediterranean shore or sea, it stands alone, rising in awful grandeur, like a huge spectre, above the azure waves which nearly encircle it. "Around the whole of this extraordinary, rocky fortress, not a single point is left undefended. Nature has done much to make an approach difficult anywhere, but art has rendered it one of the wonders of the world. It bristles with cannon; even the solid rock has been burrowed, and long subterranean galleries hewn out, from whence, at a height of several hundred feet above the level of the isthmus, cannon are pointed against all directions of approach." These galleries terminate in two large halls, hewn out of the solid rock, and called St. George's Hall, and Cornwallis's Hall.

These are but a few of the excavations of art: those of nature, with which the rock abounds, are of great extent and beauty. The principal of them, called St. Michael's Grotto, is in the southern part of the mountain. Its entrance is 1,000 feet above the level of the sea, and is formed by a rapid slope of earth, which has fallen in at various periods: it leads to a spacious hall incrusted with spar, and apparently supported by a large stalactitical pillar. To this succeeds a long series of caves, of difficult access; the communicating passages of which are over precipices, which cannot be passed without the aid of ropes and scaling ladders. Several of these caves are 300 feet beneath the upper one. In these cavernous recesses, stalactites may be seen in every stage of formation; from the flimsy, quilt-like cone, suspended from the roof, to the robust trunk of a pillar, three feet in diameter, which rises from the

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floor, and seems intended by nature to support the roof from which it originated.

The variety of forms which this matter takes in its different situations and directions, renders this subterranean scenery strikingly grotesque, and, in some places, beautifully picturesque. The stalactites of the caves, when near the surface of the mountain, are of a brownish yellow colour; but, in descending towards the lower caves, they lose the darkness of their colour, which is, by degrees, shaded off to a pale yellow colour. Fragments are broken off, which, when polished, appear beautifully streaked and marbled.

Stalactitical caverns are common in limestone rocks. The stalactites are formed by water filtering through the upper part or roof of the cave, and carrying with it calcareous or chalky matter, till it reaches the atmosphere, when the water evaporates and leaves the concrete substance, or stalactites, hanging from the roof; these forms having attained as great length as they can preserve, the chalky liquid continuing to flow, drops on the floor of the cave, and forms accumulations which are called stalagmites; by this never-ending process stalactites meet stalagmites, and form natural pillars.

SONG.

My mother drives me from the door,
And shuts the casement-light,
Forbids me pass the threshold o'er,
Or show myself in sight.

My father chides me if I cry,
And bids me wipe my tears;
From morn to night, I can but sigh,
Where naught but gloom appears.

My hair hangs loosely o'er my brow,
Which late in ringlets fell;
The village maids, I need allow,
Have guess'd the cause too well.

My mother, one unlucky night,
I ever shall deplore,
Saw Colin through the casement-light,
Twice kiss me at the door.

J. KINDER.

STREET ARCHITECTURE.

THE architecture of private buildings in London, is a subject which, until very lately, appears to have been considered unworthy of attention; architects and builders, although they employed great talent and skill in the erection of our churches and public edifices, seem to have thought anything suitable for the residence of a private individual. The consequence is that the metropolis presents a very strange medley of streets; some, for instance, consisting of fine, lofty houses with either stone or stucco fronts; in others, they are built solely of brick, and of all heights; while some parts of the town (Lambeth for instance,) are disgraced by wooden hovels, that appear not only dangerous to live in, but even to pass by. So great has been the neglect evinced towards private habitations, that even the residences of our nobility and gentry, with very few exceptions, consist of plain brick edifices, with nothing to distinguish them but their size. Within the last few years, however, great improvement has been made in the appearance of private dwellings, by stuccoing the fronts of them, and in many instances adorning them with pilasters, &c. and making each row uniform in appearance with the opposite side of the street. But this (with the exception of widening the streets,) is all that has been done by way of improvement; for, we unfortunately find, that what London dwellings have gained in appearance, they have lost in stability, modern houses seldom standing more than one-third of the time that old ones did; and that although new houses are built four and five stories high, no attention whatever has been paid to the safety of the inmates in case of fire; the roofs of most of the houses being constructed in sloping form, and consequently the only means of escape is to leap out of the window, which is certainly a very dangerous one!

The improvements which I would suggest are, in the first place, to use less wood in the construction of houses, more particularly in those essential parts, the rafters and the stairs, the former of which might be constructed of iron, and the latter of stone. Houses built in this manner would, I know, cost nearly double the money in building; but, they would last treble the time that they do now.

Another improvement would be to pass an act of parliament, specifying the height that all new houses should be built, three or four different heights being specified in the act for the convenience of inhabitants. But every separate square of houses should be of the same height, with flat and terraced roofs; this would certainly prevent the very frequent loss of life which now occurs from fire, and would likewise be a great convenience to the inhabitants for drying their linen, &c. By raising the balustrades on the top of the house to a moderate height, and carrying the chimneys farther back, those unsightly appendages to our dwellings would be hidden; and if each house had some description of garden on its roof, the shrubs rising above the balustrade or parapet, would not only add greatly to the beauty of the town, but would relieve the fatigue which the eye experiences, when nothing is to be seen but rows of windows and dingy brick buildings.

FERNANDO.

THE CURFEW BELL.

(*To the Editor.*)

IN your entertaining work I find the remarks of one or two Correspondents respecting the "Curfew Bell."

In vol. xix. p. 253, *Reginald* observes, that

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few places retain this ancient custom; but I think, at every spot, town, or village, where once stood an abbey, monastery, or convent, (especially near the coast,) about the time, or before, or even a few centuries after, the Conqueror, this despotic law is continued, not as imperative, but by custom. *M. D.* at p. 275, and *P. Q.* at p. 307, of the same volume of *The Mirror*, state the continuance of the Curfew in certain places, named by them; and doubtless *G. C.* is right in his conjectures, respecting Sandwich being the town alluded to by *Reginald*. The bell is still rung at this place at St. Peter's the Apostle, every night at eight, for the space of six to ten minutes, excepting on the day of a funeral, when the 6th, 7th, or 8th bell is rung at seven o'clock in the morning, according to the circumstances or payment of the deceased. The tenor, or Curfew bell, weighs 15 cwt. 2 qs. 9 lbs. The steeple fell down Oct. 13, 1661; what was substituted for it I know not, for the new bells were not cast till 1779. A bell also rings here at four in the morning from Michaelmas to Christmas, which, I am informed, originated in its calling to work the weavers, who formerly dwelt here in great numbers. The following, from Boys's *History of Sandwich*, may afford some light on the subject:

"The sexton is appointed by the parishioners, and he has a salary from the parish of 40*s.* for tolling the tenor whenever service requires. He likewise rings the tenor bell every night at eight o'clock, unless there be a burial at the church, and again in the morning at four o'clock, from a fortnight after Michaelmas to a fortnight before Old Lady Day, except on Sundays and in the twelve days after Christmas: for which he has from the Corporation annually 3*l.* and an allowance of 6*s.* 8*d.* for candles and oil. Are not these a continuation of the ancient curfew and matin bell? The sexton formerly had an annual allowance of 4*s.* from the Corporation for ringing at this church 'Brandgose' bell at one, and the 'curfu' at eight o'clock.

"The sexton also rings the 4th bell at every common assembly, by way of notice to the freemen, that the mayor and jurats are proceeding to the hall. This custom originated probably in a decree made in 1534, that at a common assembly, when the mayor comes into the hall, a bell at St. Peter's called brandegoose bell shall begin to ring, and continue to be rung for half an hour: and if in that time the jurats, common councilmen, and commoners do not attend, then to be fined, a jurat 4*d.*, common councilman 2*d.*, and a commoner, 1*d.*: and if no excuse can be made for absence, then the fine to be 1*s.* 6*d.* and 4*d.* respectively. For this and ringing the bell on market day (nine o'clock morn) the sexton is allowed a salary of 4*s.*"

If I recollect right, the curfew rings in Yarmouth, at both church and chapel of ease; at St. Peter's, Norwich; St. Mary-at-the-tower, Ipswich; and several parishes in London; at St. Martin's-le-Grand, a short time since, and probably now. Perhaps some of your Correspondents will inform your readers what *Brandegoose* bell means. I think as it rings at Michaelmas, and *Brand* (which is Norman French) means grey or fair, that it commences at the season of grey goose feasting, a custom invariably attended to here and in Norfolk—to call home the workmen at one o'clock to dinner. W. W——E.

LIFE

Life, life, life,
O thou art to some
A lengthened day of woe and strife,
A scene of naught but gloom:
A day which dawns all drear,
And passes darkly by,
With scarce one transient moment clear,
From storms and cloudy sky;
And if perchance one rose should spring,
Upon the rugged way,
Or if the "Lark of Hope" should sing,
A song whose sound is gay;
A blast will come all blighting by,
And sweep each charm away.

Life, life, life,
O thou art to some
A sunny scene where pleasures, rife,
With joy and flowers, bloom;
A day which dawns all bright,
And glideth sweetly on,
'Mid smiles, and merry hearts as light,
As dew the flowers upon.
And if perchance one cloud should steal
Athwart the glowing sky,
Or if one pang the heart should feel,
Or tears profane the eye,
A beam of joy will break around,
And every shade will fly.

W. M. Tolkien.

THE CRUSADER'S FAREWELL.

Fitz-James was bound for Palestine,
In glittering armour drest;
He was among that gallant band,
The bravest and the best.

And 'gainst the infidel to war,
Fair Palestine to shield,
He left his castled home afar,
And sought the "tented field."

And now the curfew bell had rung,
Its echoes far and wide;
The warder had his bugle hung,
Over the portal wide.

The night-breeze curl'd the deep dark moat,
And swept the woods of green;
The nightingale attuned her note,
In a leafy bower unseen.

And he must on the early morn,
Away to Palestine;
He had his faith to Bertha sworn,
"Farewell, sweet lady mine!

Then think on me, when far away
Upon the Syrian coast,
And never, never, cease to pray,
For the crusading host.

And when beneath some palm-tree's bough,
My weary limbs I cast,
Memory will picture thee as now,
And bind thine image fast.

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And if beneath that fervid sky
My life-blood must be shed,
'Tis in a holy cause I die;—
And peace be with the dead!
Oh! I will wear in danger's hour
Thy 'broidered scarf of blue;
May all heav'n's blessings be thy dower,
Sweet lady mine, adieu!"

Kirton-Lindsey. ANNE R.

New Books.

DOMESTIC MANNERS AND SOCIAL CONDITION OF THE WEST INDIES.

[FEW books of the day appear to correspond so well with their titles as the work we are about to quote. It is from the pen of Mrs. Carmichael, five years a resident in St. Vincent and Trinidad: every page denotes the advantages of such residence, and, above all, the shrewdness and talent for close observation possessed by the writer. It is, throughout, a picture of every-day life in the West Indies, its white, coloured, and negro population; and minute as are many of the details of the habits of this commingled people, they are sketched so cleverly as never to become tedious. But, a few extracts will best illustrate the merits of this entertaining work.]

House Servants.

There is in every gentleman's family, a man who styles himself Mr. ——'s head servant; his duty is merely to see that the boys under him clean the plate, knives and forks, wash the dinner, breakfast, and tea service, &c. He sees them lay the cloth and arrange the table for the different meals of the family; and he stands in the room during dinner, with the air of an emperor, pointing occasionally to the boys what to do, and bestowing abundance of scolding upon them; nor will the repeated entreaties of his master or mistress, to have done teazing the others, and do his own duty, have any effect: scolding he considers his peculiar privilege, and forego this privilege he will not. He at times removes a dish or plate, and places it in the hand of one of the boys; but in general he is a mere cipher, as far as use is concerned, and yet were the boys left without him, you could not get on at all. I attempted this; but such a scene of confusion and anarchy ensued, that I found, from experience, that bad as despotism may be, it is a far less evil than a republic. This head man, or rather gentleman—for he would be highly incensed were he treated without the utmost deference to his rank, is also employed in some families to go to market,—an occupation which he likes; for he makes no small profit by it in various ways, which, however, it is not our business at present to treat of. This is the whole work of a head servant; however, I can assure my readers, that he does groan, nevertheless, under the oppression of so much exertion; and that nothing short of twelve hours' sleep, and twelve hours' lounging in the twenty-four, will ever make him contented. Some have coloured men as head servants; but whether negro, coloured, slave or free, there is not a perceptible shade of difference in the duty that is performed by them.

The cook is frequently a male, and is also a person of consequence; he has, if the family be large, either a boy or a woman to assist him; he cooks only soups, meat, fish, and vegetables, nor would he submit to the hardship of baking bread, or making pastry, or puddings. The wood used in cookery is cut, and put down for him, and all the water provided; and it is rarely that he will wash or scour the pans, or kitchen utensils,—some younger boy or girl being employed for that purpose.

A West Indian kitchen is so different from an English one, that some description of it may be necessary, to make those who have not seen one comprehend how much less a cook is exposed to the influence of the fire, than in an English one. The floor is either earth, brick, or stone; there are numerous windows, not glazed, but with wooden shutters to fasten down at night, with probably jalousies to exclude the sun and rain—in this way the air is necessarily freely admitted; the chimney is extremely wide, and there is most frequently no grate, but merely a piece of brick-work, about four feet long, and three feet broad, upon which the wood is placed; and they make more or less fire, according to the dinner they have to cook. The face is in this way not exposed to the blaze of the fire nearly so much as in an English kitchen. There is an oven in every kitchen, upon the same principle as a baker's oven;—the wood being put in and burnt down, so that when it is fully heated, it is swept out before the bread or meat is put in. There is no roasting-jack: many gentlemen have attempted to get the negroes to use a jack, but in vain; they must have their own way of it, which is simply accomplished by placing two strong logs of wood on each side the fire, and a strong nail in each log to support the spit, which they employ some of their assistants to turn,—and in this way they send up meat tolerably well roasted; but the oven is often also employed for that purpose. This is, I think, considered the whole duty of a cook, whether male or female.

In many families, a head female servant is employed, to assist the lady in dressing, work with the needle; or bake pastry, make puddings, &c. These are dishes which make their appearance rarely; and a waiting maid considers she does very well if she assists her mistress in dressing, and does about as much work with her needle in one day, as her mis-

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tress in one hour,—she has generally a young girl under her, who attends to the bed-chamber, and this is never thoroughly done; yet this is all that is required of them, and indeed it is all they will do. The other servants are employed in cleaning the house; and their number, and particular employments, are wholly dependent upon the family to which they belong; for of course where the family is large, there must be an increase of servants.

The office of a groom ought, one would imagine, to be precisely the same as in England, but that the negro groom makes it a very different office, is no less true. In fact, no horse is brushed or curried, far less, properly fed, unless the master stands by and sees it done: the oats sell well in the market; and besides, the groom can feed his own poultry with the oats; and it need not be said, that he prefers fattening his own fowls to feeding his master's horse.

The domestics who officiate as washer-women, have nothing else to do. With respect to the time which they require for the performance of their labour, I have had trials of many different washerwomen—some slaves and some free—but I never found that fourteen dozen of clothes, such as are commonly used in a family, could be washed and got up from Monday morning to Saturday evening by less than three able bodied women. They never used less, but generally more, than twice the quantity of soap, blue, and starch, required by washerwomen at home; and of all your troublesome establishment, the washerwomen are the most discontented, unmanageable, and idle. It is altogether out of the question ever to look for all the articles coming back that went out; and the destruction of clothes and linens, in consequence of their carelessness, is past belief. I have myself in one twelvemonth had six dozen of chamber towels, a bed-quilt, two pairs of sheets, stockings without number, pocket handkerchiefs and petticoats to a considerable amount, lost, or more probably stolen, in this way;—for I knew perfectly, that they were appropriated to their own use, as I not unfrequently detected the articles in their possession after they thought a sufficient length of time had elapsed for me to forget the loss of them. Every thing, as I have said, is ill washed in the West Indies; they smooth down frills and flounces along with the gown, making every article of a lady's dress as stiff as buckram. They insist, whether you will or not, upon rubbing the smoothing iron over with candle-grease, to make it pass, as they say, easily over the linen; and when I absolutely refused giving candle for this purpose, they stole it themselves, and used it in spite of me.

With respect to the number of domestics required in a family,—that necessarily depends upon the number of the family, the style in which they live, and the home they reside in; but a moderate family, who would live genteelly and comfortably in an English city with three maid servants and one man, and the washing put out, would require at least ten grown up servants, and from five to six young people, from ten to seventeen or eighteen years of age; and after all, the house, and general work, would be very indifferently done. This I consider a very fair average; but if the family exceeded five or six, such an establishment would be found insufficient.

St. Vincent.

The houses are built in various ways, some of stone, cemented by mud and white-washed; some are built of wood, while others are wove like basket work,—the interstices being filled up with clay and mud, which, when white-washed, look very nice. They thatch them neatly with migass. They have no chimneys, as they rarely work in doors. As to the size of their house, that is in some measure dependent upon the rank of the negro, and the number in family. Generally speaking, the area of negro houses varies from fifteen feet by twenty, to twenty feet by thirty. Some single men and single women have a house with only one sitting room, and a smaller chamber apart for their bed-room. But head negroes, or families, have always two good rooms, and some have three. They have windows according to the size and number of their rooms, with window shutters to let down at night. All the houses have locks to their doors, which are made of wood by the negroes, and fasten very securely; many, however, supply themselves with padlocks besides. The floor is generally earthern, but the best room is often boarded. Negroes of character and rank,—for I know not how better to express myself, being more civilized, have many articles of furniture. Among others they have bedsteads with mosquito curtains, their bedding being for the most part a bag filled with the dried plantain leaf. This I have myself slept upon, and used in my own family, and have found it a very comfortable bed indeed. They have a bolster and pillows of the same materials; blankets (one Witney blanket is given every year by the master), a good sheet, and very often a nice bed-quilt; the two latter articles are furnished by themselves. A little shelved corner cupboard, displaying many a showy coloured plate, cup, and saucer, is a common piece of furniture; a good table, one or two benches, and some chairs, with a high table to serve as a sideboard, upon which are displayed the tumblers and wine glasses, often a large shade for the candle,—these, with their box of clothes, form the general furniture of a good industrious negro's house, who is probably a head man; for a common field negro, although he can afford all this,

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has not in general reached that stage of civilization that engenders the desire of possessing such articles. The cooking utensils are very few and simple, consisting of two or three iron pots, in which the negro makes his soup, stews, &c. A strong wooden pestle and mortar is to be found in all their houses, for beating the boiled plantain down to a mash, a favourite dish they call "*tum-tum*." They cook in a little thatched shed close to their houses, but not attached to them. A hog-sty, and a place for their poultry, which they rear in great quantities, are also adjoining their house. Indeed, the best sort of negroes have their dwellings often extremely neat and clean; many a Scotch cottager might blush to see them.

As soon as a negro girl attains the age of sixteen or seventeen, she probably gets a husband; and the male children perhaps a year or two later, get wives, when of course they have houses of their own; negroes, therefore, never have many children living with them. On occasion of a marriage, it is often necessary to build a house, and there is then usually a merry making; the master or manager deals out rum and sugar to those who have helped to build it, and the new comer frequently gives a supper on the night he takes possession.

The houses of the common field negroes are built exactly of the same materials, and on the same plan with those described; but some few have not three rooms, though most of them have an additional chamber, and a small place where they keep their cooking utensils. In good weather, they all cook in the open air before their house door; and if it be rainy, they kindle a fire in the middle of the room, and the door is left open to make an outlet for the smoke. Many field people have bedsteads, and some have curtains. The plantain leaf bed is generel, and blankets are annually provided; some have sheets; but these are luxuries which many of them do not value, and would not use. You may guess almost to a certainty as to the character and degree of civilization of a negro, by the general appearance of his house. A table, chair, and bench, is to be found in every house; also a box, with the inmates' clothes; but those who are idle, lazy, savage, or of bad character (and there are few estates that can boast of having none of that description), are destitute of these comforts.

Fruits.

The West Indian islands differ as to their productiveness in fruit, but generally speaking, there is a great variety of fruits, according to their season; and upon every property the negroes make a considerable sum by the sale of the fruit. The mango is certainly the most abundant. This fruit hangs in such thick clusters, that the produce of one tree is immense. Of the mango there are many varieties, but the small ones are the best. Some very small, delicate kinds, of a yellow colour, are to be found in the botanic garden at St. Vincent: these are most delicious, though their turpentine flavour is disagreeable to those unused to it. The large kidney-shaped green mango is coarse and full of threads; and I know nothing so perfectly resembling it in taste, as a coarse field carrot, with the addition of a small portion of turpentine and sugar. Mangoes are said to produce leprosy; and I have observed that negroes who eat many of them, are very liable to cutaneous diseases. The alligator pear is a pleasant, wholesome fruit, larger than our largest English pears, with two seeds inside: when ripe it is soft and mellow, and the inside exactly resembles fine yellow butter. It is from this that it is often called subaltern's butter. It is generally eaten for breakfast, either with sugar and lime juice, or with salt and pepper. The negroes are very fond of the alligator pear, and generally call it the zabaca pear. They sell three large ones, when in season, for a penny. The sappadillo tree produces a fruit rather large, but in colour and flavour very like the English medlar. This fruit is not so abundant, and sells for tenpence per dozen, or thereabouts. There are several sorts of plum trees—the Jamaica, the hog plum, and varieties of the Java plum. These fruits are highly astringent; and eaten freely, must be dangerous. During the season they are to be had in abundance, for a mere trifle. The mountain-pear is one of the best, if not the very best fruit of the West Indies. The plant is a cactus, and the negroes have it in their grounds, and sell it often for a penny each. It is in size something similar to a ripe fig; of an olive green and red colour outside, and its inside resembles a mixture of salt and ground pepper, from its numerous small, black seeds. It is always cool, and may be eaten in almost any quantity, without danger. Melons are often raised in negro grounds: they grow without any attention, further than putting the seed in the ground. They are worth from fourpence to eightpence each, according to their size, which is often immense. Pines are every where found on the provision-grounds: they grow like a weed, and the poorer the soil, the better is the pine. I have bought them for a penny, and have also paid for a very large one, out of season, as much as a shilling sterling. Grapes are also found; but they are generally cultivated by the coloured or free negro population. They resemble the large Portugal grape as imported here from Portugal and Spain. They would be of the best quality, were they suffered to remain long enough upon the vine; but the depredation among them, and the injury they sustain from insects, are so great, that they cut the fruit prematurely, and

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the grapes consequently are seldom to be had so good as we find them raised in a hot-house at home. In point of beauty, however, there is no comparison; for the bunches are exceedingly fine, and the grapes of a very large size. About two shillings per pound is the common price. The white muscat of Alexandria, is the common grape; purple ones are very rare indeed.

THE CONVICT.

O WHAT would I not give to see
Those fields, where I in childhood play'd—
Beneath a spreading hawthorn-tree,
Sweet meditation's bower, I strayed.

Musing upon a silver stream
That gently glided by my side,
A mirror to each orient beam—
That darling spot was all my pride.

Then up the hill, or down the vale,
Or o'er the variegated plain,
Where nature's sweets perfum'd the gale,
I've listen'd to the wood-lark's strain.

When echoing from a distant grove,
Stole soft on my enraptur'd ear,
His melody, the voice of love—
I then like him was free from care.

Such charms, alas! from me are flown,
In fetters I am doom'd to pine;
Freedom, dear bird, is all thine own,
For I no more can call it mine.

Gay Spring to thee brings new delights;
But secret sighs will flow from me,
'Till man performs my funeral rites,
And I enjoy Eternity!

From a little volume of pleasing Poems, by James Hipkins.

THE BRIGHT EYES OF BEAUTY.

WHEN the bright eyes of beauty I see faintly beaming
Through the dim tear of sorrow the fountain of pain,
Like the sun's brilliant orb thro' the morning-mist gleaming,
When night's sable curtain withdraws from the plain,
From the fair face of Heaven the darkest shades vanish,
And gay spring-flowers smile, tho' chill winter has frown'd—
Can the breast fraught with anguish, all tears and sighs banish,
If the pure balm of Friendship be shed o'er the wound?
Ah, cold is the heart, let whoe'er may possess it,
That would not cheer the soul in affliction's dark reign,
And soothe the soft bosom that strives to suppress it,
And restore beauty's eyes to their lustre again.

Ibid.

Useful Arts.

THE SEVRES PORCELAIN MANUFACTORY.

PORCELAIN, the name first applied to the fine earthenwares of China, is of Portuguese origin—from the word *porcellana*, a cup; the Portuguese traders being the first who introduced the beautiful China ware into England. It has been attempted to prove a different origin for the name—attributing this to the resemblance of the glazing or varnish, and probably the colours, of porcelain to those of the shells used in some parts of the world instead of money, (cowries,) and which, from the similarity of their shape to that of the back of a little pig, were also called *porcella*.

The Chinese, who were in former times even more successful than they are at present, in keeping a secret, contrived to conceal all knowledge of the manufacture of porcelain from the other nations of the earth; till, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, a cunning Jesuit, who was residing as a missionary in China, succeeded in eluding the jealous vigilance so generally practised towards strangers in that country, and not only obtained specimens of the earths used in the composition of their porcelain, but also some knowledge of the processes employed in its manufacture. The practical instructions of the cunning father proved, however, of little use; but the earths transmitted by him to France were examined by Reaumur, the celebrated chemist, and he persevered in his investigations with the enthusiasm of a man of science, till he discovered the true nature of porcelain to be a semi-vitrified compound, in which one portion remains infusible at the greatest heat to which it can be exposed, while the other portion vitrifies at that heat, and enveloping the infusible part, produces that smooth, compact, and shining texture, as well as transparency, which are distinctive of true porcelain.* All that was then wanting for the perfect imitation of the admired production was the discovery of materials similar to those received from China, and the search for this object was speedily successful.

The first establishment for the manufacture of porcelain, according to the principles laid down by Reaumur, was formed in the Castle of Vincennes, by its governor, the Marquis de Faloy, in 1738; of whom it was purchased by the farmers-general, by whom it was transferred to Sèvres, a small village two leagues to the west of Paris. Here was erected the above spacious edifice, (represented on the next page,) upon the left side of the road from Paris to Versailles, and thither the manufacture was transferred in 1755.

* In his examination of the two porcelain earths received from China, which are called in that country pe-tun-tse and kao-lin, Reaumur made a small cake of each substance, separately, and exposed both to the heat of a porcelain furnace. One, the pe-tun-tse, was fused by this means, without any addition; while the other, kao-lin, gave no sign of fusion. He next intimately compounded the two earths, and found, when the mixture was baked, that it had acquired all the qualities of the finest Chinese ware.—*Cabinet Cyclopædia*, vol. 26, *Treatise on Porcelain and Glass*.—An incidental discovery of the means of manufacturing porcelain similar to that from China had been made by a German alchemist, and imitated in France, previous to Reaumur's success; the ingenious chemist did not avail himself of such means, but relied on his own researches.

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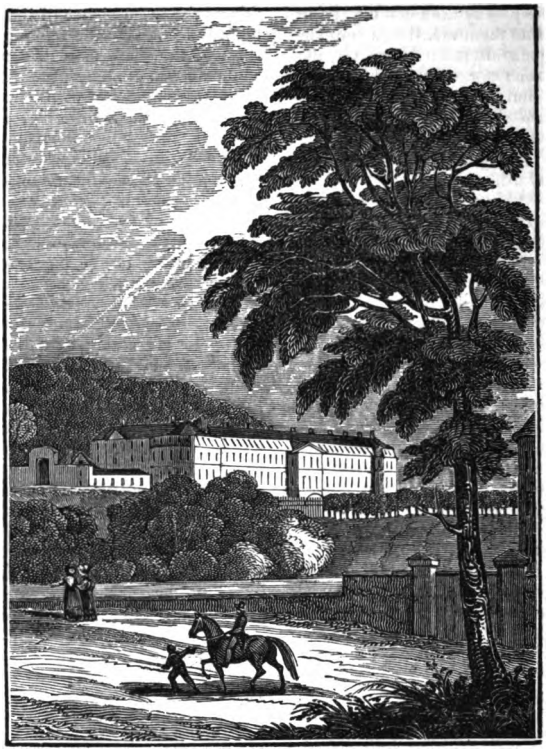

(*The Sèvres Porcelain Manufactory, near Paris.*)

In 1759, Louis XV., at the solicitation of Madame de Pompadour, purchased the manufactory, and, since that period, it has formed part of the domains of the French crown.* It is a handsome building, and contains a museum of a complete collection of foreign china, and the materials used in its fabrication; a collection of the china, earthenware, and pottery of France, and the earth of which they are composed; and an assemblage of models of all the ornamental vases, services, figures, statues, &c., that have been made in the manufactory since its first establishment. Altogether this manufactory is one of the finest of its kind in Europe; and its processes exhibit the union of the fine and useful arts in the most advantageous position. In the library attached, is an assemblage of illustrated works, and a considerable number of statues and busts from the antique, all which must aid the taste of the manufacturers. The painters of the establishment are of the first merit, and even the principal masters of the French school do not think it derogatory to their noble art to improve by their occasional suggestions and designs, the embellishment of a coffee-cup or a dinner-plate; neither ought the French artists to consider such assistance a misappropriation of their taste and talents, since Raffael even painted or gave designs for painting in enamel on glazed earthenware; and he, who has produced the most sublime triumphs of painting, deigned also to embellish a china dish! Mr. Brockedon saw a specimen of the latter description about two years since in one of his excursions amongst the Alps.

To the reader entirely unacquainted with the varieties of porcelain, it may be as well to mention that the porcelain of Sèvres is distinguished by its superb, deep blue edge. Mr. A. Aikin, in his ingenious paper on Pottery, in the last volume of the *Transactions of the Society of Arts*, observes, that the manufactory at Sèvres has been for several years in a gradually advancing state, "with regard to the whiteness, compactness, and infusibility of the body, the elegance of the

* The manufactory suffered considerably from the Revolution, and was several times about to be dissolved. At length, in 1800, it attracted the attention of the Government; in 1801, M. Brongniart, a distinguished geologist and mineralogist, was appointed director; and to his scientific knowledge the establishment is principally indebted for the celebrity it has acquired since the Revolution.

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forms, the brilliancy of the colours, the elaborateness of the drawing, and the superb enrichments of the gilding." These characteristics must be the result of the splendid combination of the fine and useful arts to which we have alluded.* From a glance at the ingenious processes of the manufactory, we learn that—

"The porcelain originally manufactured at Sèvres, called *porcelaine tendre*, was a composition of glass and earths, susceptible of combining by fusion. That now manufactured, called *porcelaine dure*, is formed of *kaolin*, from the quarries near Limoges, alkali, sand, saltpetre, and nitre, to which, when in a state of fusion, clay is added. It requires a great fire to be hardened. What is called *biscuit de Sèvres* is this substance not enamelled. The paintings are executed upon the porcelain after it is hardened, and it then requires only a slight degree of heat to fix the colours and enamel. M. Brongniart, director of the manufactory, has successfully applied the pyrometer to the firing of porcelain after it has been painted. The pyrometer is a kind of steel-yard with a needle placed at the extremity of a bar three feet in length. In the middle of this bar is a tube containing twenty-nine inches of porcelain and seven inches of silver. That end of the bar at which the silver is placed is introduced into the oven in which the porcelain is to be fired, and the heat, by dilating the silver sets the needle in motion by means of a wheel at the extremity of the bar, and this shows the degree of heat required. In firing of porcelain, wood alone is employed. An ingenious method has also been discovered of printing the patterns upon porcelain, by which the execution is more perfect, and it is effected in much less time. The beautiful blue known by the name of *bleu de Sèvres*, the manner of obtaining which was supposed to be entirely lost, has been re-discovered by M. Brongniart, who has likewise applied himself with the greatest care to find out the art by which the beautiful glass in ancient church windows was coloured. His exertions have in some degree been crowned with success. In one of the show-rooms may be seen a beautiful Sappho; and in the museum some other pieces, which, in colour, equal the ancient specimens; except the red, which he has not yet been able to rival.

"The number of workmen exceeds one hundred and fifty. The expenses amount to 220,000 or 250,000 fr. a year, but the receipts are equal. The former are paid by the Civil List, and the latter are paid into the Royal Treasury."

* In this country, the late Mr. Wedgwood accomplished similar improvements in our pottery, though in less costly materials. The forms of Wedgwood's ware, principally from the antique, will, however, for chaste elegance, bear comparison with those of any manufactory in Europe.

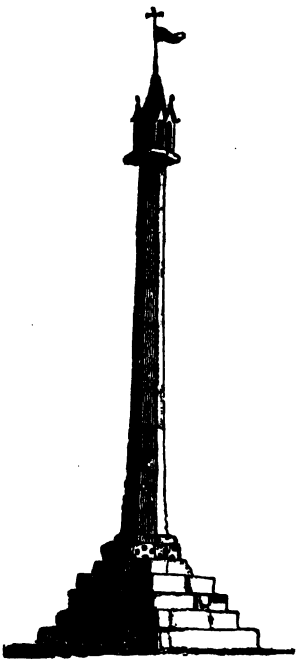
This being a royal establishment, all Sèvres porcelain has on its under surface a peculiar initial mark in blue, surmounted with the French crown.

The show-rooms at Sèvres contain an assemblage of costly articles. An exhibition of the finest productions is made annually at the Louvre, in Paris, when the king selects such objects as he thinks proper, for which the price fixed is paid. The inspection of the Sèvres manufactory is one of the *sights* of the environs of Paris, which the tourist may profitably include in his visit to St. Cloud, or Versailles.

The productions of Sèvres have declined in value and beauty since the Revolution; previous to which was manufactured a complete service made for Louis XVI., of which each plate cost 24*l*. In the palace of the Tuilleries there is, or was, a superb vase of Sèvres porcelain, which cost 1,000*l*.

Fine Arts.

CRICKLADE CROSS.



This monumental relic, (which can scarcely, with propriety, be denominated a cross,) stood a few years since at Cricklade, in Wiltshire. It was of stone, and its form has some pretensions to elegance, as its pyramidal shaft, with eight pointed niches supported by cor-

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bels; and its apex terminated with a small cross, &c. It presents, in the whole, a pleasing contrast with the rude outlines of some of the cruciform monuments which have, from time to time, ornamented our pages. Relics of this description are becoming rare in places where they were formerly unheeded.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S "LAST JUDGMENT."

THE history of this celebrated painting—perhaps the most wonderful specimen of the fresco art in the world—is extremely interesting. It occupies one end of the Sistine Chapel, in the Vatican, at Rome. M. Angelo had already embellished the walls of the chapel with his magic hand, when the Pope, Paul III. "was so anxious to have the benefit of his talents, and yet found him so difficult to be prevailed upon, that he went in person to his house with ten cardinals to beg him to execute a painting of the last judgment. The great master complied, was employed eight years upon the work, and opened it to the public in Christmas, 1542. This end of the chapel was before occupied by three paintings of Pietro Perugino. There is an original letter existing from M. Angelo to Pietro Aretino, the poet, from which we may ascertain the fact, that the design was entirely his own. He says, 'I was delighted and grieved by the receipt of your letter. I was delighted at its coming from you, whose merit is so remarkable; and I was also much grieved, because as I have finished great part of the story, I cannot execute your ideas, which are of such a cast, that if the day of judgment had taken place, and you had actually seen it, your words could not describe it better.' At the end he dissuades him from coming to Rome to see the progress of the painting.

The letter of Aretino is also preserved in the same collection: and the following is that part of it, which contains his ideas upon the subject, which M. Angelo was to represent. It is dated Venice, September 15, 1537. "In my opinion you ought to be satisfied with having surpassed every one else in your other works; but I perceive, that with the termination of the universe, which you are now employed in painting, you think to surpass the commencement of the world,* which you have already painted: that your works surpassed by themselves may give you a triumph over yourself. Who would not be dismayed in applying his pencil to such a terrific subject? I see Antichrist in the middle of the crowd with a semblance, which none but you could conceive. I see the terror in the countenances of the living: I see the symptoms of extinction in the sun, the moon, and the stars. I see fire, and air, and earth, and water, as it were, yielding up their spirit. I see Nature at a distance confounded, concentrating her barrenness in the decripitude of age: I see Time dried up and trembling, who being come to his utmost limit is seated on a withered trunk; and while I perceive the hearts in every breast agitated by the trumpets of the angels, I see Life and Death overwhelmed by the horrible confusion: for the former is labouring to resuscitate the dead, the latter is preparing to overthrow the living. I see Hope and Despair conducting the ranks of the good and the crowds of the wicked: I see the theatre of clouds coloured by the rays proceeding from the pure fires of heaven, upon which Christ is seated amongst his hosts, surrounded by splendour and by terrors. I see his face glitter; and darting out fiery sparks of a light delightful and terrible; he fills the righteous with joy, the wicked with alarm. Meanwhile I see the ministers of the abyss, who with horrid look, with the glory of saints and martyrs, make game of the Cæsars and the Alexanders, telling them how conquest over self differs from conquest of the world. I see Fame with her crowns and her palms under foot, tossed aside amidst the wheels of her chariots. Finally, I see the great sentence issuing from the mouth of the Son of God. I see it in the form of two rays, one of salvation, and the other of damnation; and as I trace them flying downward, I perceive their fury impinge upon the elemental frame, and with tremendous thunderings dissipate and dissolve it. I see the lights of Paradise, and the furnaces of the abyss, dividing the darkness, which has fallen upon the face of the air; so that the thought, which represents to my imagination the destruction of the last day, says to me, If we tremble and are afraid in contemplating the work of Buonarrotti, how shall we tremble and be afraid, when we shall behold ourselves judged by him, who ought to judge us!" The last judgment, impossible as it seems to be conceived by mortal thought, has at least met with two masters, who have placed it sensibly before us, and in some measure brought it down to the level of our imaginations.

After all, we see this sublime work in the most disadvantageous manner: it is now more than two centuries and a half since it was completed, and the action of damp united with the smoke from the incense and the candles has thrown a great obscurity over the whole. In the present age we may perhaps be allowed to regret, that the great masters painted so much in fresco. M. Angelo was accustomed to say, that painting in oils was an occupation for women: so convinced was he of the greater difficulty and merit of executing works in fresco. He confirmed this observation by his practice; and though he unquestionably amused himself occasionally with oils, it is asserted upon the best authority, that there is not one undisputed

* Alluding to the paintings on the ceiling, finished in 1512.

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oil-painting of his in existence. Many are exhibited, as laying claim to this honour, which perhaps were executed by his pupils, and may have received some touches from the master himself. Whatever may be the comparative merits of the two arts, we have evidently suffered by fresco painting being prefered: for while we have pictures in oils by Leonardo da Vinci, Raffael, and others contemporary with M. Angelo, the colours of which seem as fresh as when they were first laid on, (and perhaps more pleasing in the effect,) those which were painted upon the wall have in a great part perished, and the rest are daily becoming more indistinct; so that unless this new discovery of detaching frescos from the wall can preserve such works, our descendants will be enabled to judge of these great efforts only by copies and engravings. It might be thought, that the ancients mixed their colours for painting upon plaster better than the moderns, at least that were more durable. Pliny mentions some paintings still existing at Ardea, Cære, and Lanuvium, which were older than the foundation of Rome; and had received little or no injury, though in a ruined building, and exposed to the air. This would give them an antiquity of 800 years and upwards.

[We have abridged these impressive details from the Rev. Mr. Burton's *Description of the Antiquities and Curiosities of Rome*; a work replete with antiquarian and historical research, and artistical knowledge. As a compendium of the treasures of art preserved to this day, in the Eternal City, it is equal, if not preferable, to any other modern work with which we are acquainted.]

The Sketch-Book.

THE DEATH.

On the evening of the 1st of March, 1816, one of his Majesty's vessels employed in the British Channel for the suppression of smuggling, and of which I was then first-lieutenant, was lying safely moored in the snug and beautiful harbour of Dartmouth. We had just put in from a short cruise; and the work of the day being finished, when I received a letter from the captain, informing me that a smuggling vessel was expected on the coast, and directing me to send the second-lieutenant with the galley armed, to look out between Torbay and Dartmouth during the night. I volunteered to undertake his duty on the occasion,—the necessary orders were given. I prepared myself, with the assistance of a suit of "Flushing" over my usual dress of a round jacket and trousers, —no bad representative of the celebrated "Dirk Hatteraick."

The galley was shortly after hauled up alongside, and the arms, bittacle, and other necessary articles being deposited in her, six seamen, one marine, and myself, took our seats;—the painter was cast off,—and with muffled oars we commenced paddling her out of the harbour, so silently, that not even a ripple was heard under her bows to interrupt the mournful "All's well" of the sentry, as it swept along the glassy surface of the Dart. As the boat slowly increased her distance from the latter vessel, that lay like a seamew on the water,—her rigging, that resembled a spider's web spread between us and heaven, —gradually disappeared: the lights of the near and overhanging houses, for a few short minutes, shone brilliantly between her masts and yards, like winter stars through a leafless tree; but long before the battlements of the romantically-situated church of St. Petrox were distinguishable ahead, naught remained in view astern, save the lofty black land, and glittering lights of the elevated town;—for the poor, little "barkey" had vanished from our sight, never, alas! to be again beheld by the greater part of my ill-fated crew.

Pursuing our course down the harbour, we soon gained the "narrows," and passing almost within oar's length of the rocky point on which stands the hostile-looking church of "Saint Petrox," and the adjoining fortifications, we left the opposite shore, together with the remains of the humble tower, known by the imposing name of Kingsware Castle, on our larboard side, and shortly after reached the wild anchorage called Dartmouth Range. From thence we passed through the Sound that separates the stupendous rock named the Dartmouth Mewstone from the main, and rowing easily alongshore to the eastward, rounded the Berry Head, and entered the beautiful and spacious roadstead called Torbay. On arriving off Brixham, (the spot I considered most likely for the smuggler to attempt,) four of the oars were run across; and, while the major part of the crew dozed on their thwarts, the galley was kept in her position by the two remaining oars; the helmsman and rowers looking out brightly in every direction, and occasionally "laying on their oars" altogether, in order to catch the sound either of the flapping canvass or of the rippling of the water under the bows of the expected vessel, as the darkness of the night rendered it probable our ears might serve us better than our eyes on the occasion.

In this manner we continued some time; and in addition to the coldness of the night, suffered much from passing showers; but as smugglers generally choose dirty weather for their operations, this only increased the probability of a landing being attempted. And after the lapse of some hours, these hopes were for a few seconds elevated to the highest pitch.

We, in order to double the chance of falling in with the expected smuggler, pulled farther out; where, after lying some time, and having

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neither observed nor heard anything to excite suspicion, I determined on shaping my course homewards, intending to paddle quietly alongshore, and in the event of reaching Dartmouth Range before daylight, to remain there on the look-out during the remainder of the night: for, as my information did not specify the exact *spot* of the smuggler, my chance, for what I knew to the contrary, was as good at one place as the other. The weather, moreover, looked threatening, and I wished, in case it freshened, to be sufficiently near my vessel to insure my getting on board shortly after daylight. The galley was accordingly pulled towards Berry Head; on reaching which, my fears of a change of weather appeared about to be realized; for, although there was no wind to speak of at the time, yet a very heavy ground-swell seemed to announce that a gale was not far distant.

We had some difficulty in rounding the pitch of the Berry; for (as is almost always the case with headlands) there was rather a heavy sea off it, occasioned by the tide; and we shipped several green seas over the stem head, before we *unfortunately* accomplished our purpose. On our clearing it the sea ran fairer, and the breeze, that had blown in puffs round the head, as if in pity to warn us not to proceed, died away, and left us to our fate. Our situation was, however, melancholy in the extreme, for all was silent around, save the roar of the breakers inside of us. A solitary star only occasionally gleamed between the heavy clouds that sailed past it. The galley rose slowly and mournfully over the mountain-swell, under her muffled oars; and wet, cold, and weary as I was, it required but little stretch of the imagination to metamorphose the black profile of the flat-topped, elevated, and remarkably formed Berry,—edged beneath with a broad belt of foam,—into the white-bordered, sable pall of a gigantic coffin. Indeed, I know not now exactly whether the melancholy catastrophe that shortly after took place gave birth to the idea or not, but it has ever since appeared to me that there was something particularly marked and ominous in our rounding the head. Would to God, for the sake of the unfortunate men then under my command, the warning had been taken!

Following the "lay" of the coast, we continued pulling to the westward, with "death," as Jack would say, "on one side, and no mercy on the other;" for, on our larboard side we saw nothing but a dirty horizon, and in the opposite direction naught presented itself save breakers and an "iron-bound" shore; and even these were occasionally lost sight of, as the boat slowly sank in the deep hollow of the swell that rolled from the south-west.

At about half-past one,—for my watch had stopped at that time,—we reached the entrance of the sound, that separates the Mewstone from the main. We half threaded the passage; and the "Ay, ay, sir!" of the bowman, to my oft-repeated order of "Keep a good look-out forward!" was still sounding in my ears, when, to my great surprise, the boat struck on something forward, and the bowman at the same moment hastily called out, "There's a rock under the bows, sir!" "Back off all!"—"Jump out, bowman, and shove the boat astern!"—were the orders instantly given. Neither, however, could be obeyed; for the descending swell immediately left the boat suspended by the gripe; and she being of that class appropriately called "DEATHS!" instantly fell on her broadside. The next sea, instead of bearing her up, which would in all probability have been the case had she had any bearings, rushed over the starboard quarter, and with the last words of the order—"Throw the ballast-bags overboard!"—on my lips, she sank under me; while, for a second or two, the men forwards appeared high and dry out of the water. It was but for a second or two! She slipped off the rock—sank—and not a splinter of her was ever again seen, that I know of.

On first feeling the boat sink under me, I of course knew our case was a desperate one; and that (to make use of a sailor's expression,) "it was every man for himself, and God for us all." My first object was to avoid the grasp of my drowning crew; (more particularly that of the unfortunate marine, whom, but a few seconds before, I had observed comfortably nestled, and apparently fast asleep behind me;) therefore, while the poor fellow sprang and clang, instinctively, to that part of the boat that was still above water,—probably with an idea of finding footing on the rock,—I seized the strokesman's oar that lay on the water near me, and giving myself what little impetus my sinking footing would admit of, I struck out over the starboard quarter of the boat, in quite the opposite direction. After a few hasty strokes, I ventured to look behind me to see whether the poor dreaded marine was near me, when a scene presented itself, that may have been the unfortunate lot of many to behold, but that few have lived to describe. The *Death* was gone! The treacherous cause of our misfortune had never shown itself above the water! But, as I rode on the crest of a long, unbroken wave, the sparkling of the sea beneath me, and the wild shrieks that rose from the watery hollow, but too plainly pointed out the fatal spot, and announced that the poor fellows were sinking in each other's convulsive embrace. For a few seconds a sea rose between us and hid the spot from my view; but, on my again getting a glimpse of it, the sparkling of the water was scarcely discernible, and a faint murmur

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only crept along the surface of the leaden wave. Another sea followed! As it rose between me and heaven, I saw on its black outline a hand clutching at the clouds above it,—a faint gurgle followed, the sea rolled sullenly by,—and all was dark and silent around me!

I had just beheld within a few yards of me the dying struggle of—as I then thought—my whole crew; and everything seemed to announce that my own life was prolonged for only a few short minutes; for, allowing I succeeded in reaching the shore, the surf threatened my destruction on the rocks. And, should a miracle enable me to weather that danger, the precipitous coast promised only a more lingering death at a cliff's foot. Notwithstanding all this, however,—thanks to the Almighty!—my presence of mind never for a moment forsook me.

I have already stated, that at my leaving the vessel I had a suit of "Flushing" over my ordinary dress of a jacket and trousers, in addition to which, at the time the boat struck, I was enveloped in a large boat-cloak; the latter I had thrown off my shoulders the instant the danger was apparent; and now that I no longer feared being grappled, my first object was to get rid of the former. I accordingly, with the assistance of the oar, (that supported me while doing so,) stripped off my two jackets and waistcoat; and my two pairs of trousers would have followed also, had I not dreaded the probability of the heavy Flushing getting entangled round my ankles in the first place,—and in the second, considered that both them and my shoes would preserve me from being cut by the rocks, should I succeed in reaching them. Thus lightened, and with the oar held fore-and-aft-wise under my left arm, I struck out boldly for the shore; and after remaining—God only knows how long, in the water—for to me it appeared an age,—I got into the wash of the breakers; and after receiving several heavy blows, and experiencing the good effects of my *Flushing fenders*, I eventually secured a footing, and scrambled up above the break of the waves.

As I lay on the rock panting, breathless, and nearly insensible, the words—"Save me, save me, I'm sinking!" appeared to rise with the spray that flew over me. At first, stupified with exertion and fatigue as I was, I fancied that the wild shriek that had accompanied the sinking "death" still rang in my ears; till the repeated cry, with the addition of my own name, aroused me from my state of insensibility, and on glancing my eyes towards the surf, I beheld a man struggling hard to gain the shore. Never shall I forget the sensation of that moment! I can compare it to nothing but the effects of the most dreadful nightmare. I would have run any risk to endeavour to save the unfortunate man; but if the simple lifting of a finger could have gained me the Indies—the Indies would have been lost to me, so completely was I rivetted to the spot. At this moment, the oar that had saved my life fortunately floated into the exhausted man's hands; and after a hard struggle he appeared to gain a footing;—he lost it!—again he grasped the rock! The next moment saw him floating at some distance in the foam!—once more he approached, and clung to the shore! My anxiety was dreadful!—till rising slowly from the water, and scrambling towards me, the poor fellow's cold embrace informed me I was not the only survivor; while his faltering exclamation of—"The poor fellows are all drowned, sir!" too plainly assured me that we alone were saved!

After a time, we recovered sufficiently to gain the use of our legs; and then, what with stamping on the rock, and flapping our arms across our chests, we contrived to knock a little warmth into ourselves; and that point gained, we commenced our attempt to scale the face of the cliff that hung lowering over our heads. By mutual assistance, and with some difficulty, we succeeded in mounting between twenty or thirty feet; and I had just begun to solace myself with the idea, that the undertaking was not altogether so difficult as from appearances I had been led to suppose it was, when, on reaching out my arms, to catch a fresh hold of the rock before me, I found my eyes had deceived me as to its distance, and falling forwards, I with great difficulty saved myself from pitching headlong into a chasm that yawned beneath me, and through which the sea was dashing violently. In fact, the high land had deceived us. *We were only on a rock!!!*

(To be concluded in our next.)

Manners and Customs.

PUBLIC WALKS.

In Austria and France there is scarcely a single town without a commodious public walk, shaded by trees, and furnished with benches. Throughout Switzerland the same remark applies, and there the situation chosen is frequently very picturesque, and the promenade is kept with that neatness for which the Swiss are remarkable. The most beautiful are the Casinne, on the banks of the Arno, at Florence; the China Walk at Naples, possessing one of the most magnificent views in the world; the promenade below the Strada del Po, at Turin, (whence the Alps, clothed in snow, are seen rising in a vast semicircle to the north and west,) and the terrace commanding the lakes and mountains of Savoy; and Chablais, at Lausanne. But Zurich, Berne, Geneva, Basle, Milan, Parma, Modena, Lucca, Padua, and other Swiss and Italian towns, have each their

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public walks and gardens. Many of their walks have been formed and dedicated to the public by the munificence of individuals, and it seems extraordinary that our wealthy and generous nation, where popularity is of value, and leads to power, should be excelled in these respects even by those who care little for the people, and have no part or lot with them.—*Mr. Slaney, M. P.*

SPORTS OF THE ROMAN CIRCUS.

(*Abridged from the Rev. Mr. Burton's Antiquities and Curiosities of Rome.*)

The exhibition of wild beasts was one of the most popular amusements at Rome. When amphitheatres were introduced, the Circus was not so much used for this purpose as before: but still there were hunts in the Circus till a late period. The number of wild beasts killed upon these occasions is truly wonderful; and if the accounts were not well attested, we might be incredulous as to the possibility of so many being supplied. It was in the course of the second Punic war that wild beasts were first exhibited at all, as before that time there was a decree of the senate, prohibiting the importation of beasts from Africa. At first they were only shown to the people, and not hunted or killed. The earliest account we have of such an exhibition was U. C. 502, when one hundred and forty-two elephants were produced, which were taken in Sicily. Pliny, who gives us this information, tells us, that he could not ascertain whether they were put to death in the Circus, or merely exhibited there. But these animals had been seen in Rome twenty-three years before, in the triumph of M. C. Dentatus over Pyrrhus. The same author says, that lions first appeared in any number U. C. 652: but these probably were not turned loose. In the year 661, Sylla brought forward one hundred, when he was prætor. In the year 696, besides lions, elephants, bears, &c. one hundred and fifty panthers were shown for the first time. When Pompey dedicated his theatre, there was the greatest exhibition of beasts ever known. There were seventeen elephants, six hundred lions, which were killed in the course of five days; four hundred and ten panthers, &c. &c. A rhinoceros also appeared for the first time; a strange beast, called *chaus*, or *cepos*, and a *lupus cervarius* from Gaul. This was U. C. 701. The art of taming these beasts was carried to such perfection, that M. Antony actually yoked them to his carriage. Cæsar, in his third dictatorship, U. C. 708, showed a vast number of wild beasts, among which were four hundred lions and a cameleopard. The latter animal is thus described by Pliny: "The Ethiopians call it nabis; in the neck it resembles a horse, in the feet and legs an ox, a camel in the head, and in colour it is red with white spots." Dio is still more minute; "This animal resembles a camel, except that it has not the same proportion in its limbs: the hind parts are lower, and it rises gradually from the tail; the fore legs also serve to elevate the rest of the body, and its neck is peculiarly high. In colour it is spotted, like a leopard." A tiger was exhibited for the first time at the dedication of the Theatre of Marcellus, U. C. 743. It was kept in a cage. Claudius afterwards showed four together. Titus exhibited five thousand beasts of various kinds in one day. Adrian had one thousand beasts slaughtered on his birthday; and Commodus killed several thousands with his own hand. The emperor Gordian, besides showing one hundred African beasts, and one thousand bears, in one day, devised a spectacle of quite a new kind: he had a temporary wood planted in the Circus, and turned into it two hundred stags, (*cervi palmati*,) thirty wild horses, one hundred wild sheep, ten elks, one hundred Cyprian bulls, three hundred ostriches, thirty wild asses, one hundred and fifty wild boars, two hundred *ibices*, and two hundred deer. He allowed all the people to enter the wood, and take what they pleased. Probus imitated him in his idea of a wood. There were turned in one thousand ostriches, one thousand stags, one thousand boars, one thousand deer, one thousand *ibices*, wild sheep, and other grazing animals, as many as could be fed or found. The people were then let in, and took what they wished. Every reign would furnish us with incredible accounts. We find mention in Pliny of the boa constrictor: he gives it the name of *boa*, and tells us that Claudius had one killed in the Vatican Circus, in the inside of which a child was found entire. Suetonius mentions another, which measured fifty cubits in length: but this was exhibited in the Forum. Enough has been stated to show that the ancients had much greater acquaintance with the wild beasts of Asia and Africa than the moderns have. The beasts were made to fight either with one another, or with men. The latter were called *bestiarii*, and occasionally fought without any weapons. Pliny calls them *noxii*, culprits. Means were used to excite the fury of the wild animals by applying fire, and lashing them with whips. The elephants were intoxicated with wine and incense; but Ælian says, that it was not wine from the grape, but a liquor made from rice and reeds. Cloths were used to irritate the lions and bears; and wild boars had a particular objection to white cloths. Balls were also thrown at them to provoke them. Round three sides of the Circus was a stream of water, called Euripus, the principal object of which was to prevent the elephants and other beasts from coming to the people.

Besides the battles in which wild beasts

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were engaged, there were other sanguinary spectacles, in which gladiators either contended in single combat, or large bodies of horse and foot fought with each other. It appears from the chronicle of Cassiodorus, that athletic games were first exhibited in the year of Rome 567; and Livy tells us the same thing; but by the term *athletæ* we are not to understand simply gladiators, for the same author tells us, that they were introduced seventy-eight years before, U. C. 489. The emperor Gordian had sometimes five hundred pairs of gladiators exhibited in one day, and never less than one hundred and fifty. In Cæsar's games we find five hundred foot and three hundred horse engaged together; and twenty elephants were also introduced; upon which occasion the *metæ* were removed to give more room. From these two examples we may see in what number human victims were sacrificed, that some great man might be popular, and the Roman rabble amused. In the days of Nero or Elagabalus, a lion or an elephant was surely a much nobler animal than a Roman emperor; and it may be doubted whether a gladiator was not much fitter to govern a nation. Nero was not satisfied with having slaves as gladiators, but he made thirty knights destroy each other in that capacity; and at another time four hundred senators and six hundred knights engaged by his order. We read even of women fighting in the Circus.

The naval engagements were sometimes exhibited in the Circus Maximus, which could easily be filled with water. Some of the emperors erected buildings on purpose, which were called *Naumachiæ*. Two of the largest were built by Cæsar and Augustus. Suetonius, speaking of the former, says, "A lake was dug in the form of a shell, in which *Biremes*, *Triremes*, and *Quadriremes*, representing the Tyrian and Egyptian fleets, engaged, with a vast number of men on board." It was filled up after Cæsar's death. The *Naumachia* of Augustus was on the other side of the Tiber. Caligula constructed one, as did Domitian and others. That of Domitian was on the site of the present *Piazza di Spagna*. Elagabalus upon one occasion filled the Euripus with wine, and had naval exhibitions performed in it.

Stage-plays were but seldom represented in the Circus. That they were so occasionally, we learn from Suetonius, who says, that Augustus had them exhibited there.

Arnobius speaking of the general passion for these spectacles complains, that the Priests, the Pontifex Maximus, the Augurs, and even the Vestal Virgins, were in the habit of attending. The eagerness with which all parties flocked to the games, is almost incredible. The passage just quoted from Suetonius proves what it was in the time of Caligula; and Ammianus, who wrote in the fourth century, gives the following lively description of it in his days. "The people spend all their earnings in drinking and gaming, in spectacles, amusements, and shows. The Circus Maximus is their temple, their dwelling-house, their public meeting, and all their hopes. In the *fora*, the streets, and the squares, multitudes assemble together and dispute, some defending one thing and some another. The oldest take the privilege of their age, and cry out in the temples and *fora*, that the Republic must fall, if in the approaching games the person whom they support does not win the prize, and first pass the goal. When the wished-for day of the equestrian games arrives, before sun-rise all run headlong to the spot, passing in swiftness the chariots that are to run; upon the success of which their wishes are so divided, that many pass the night without sleep." Lactantius confirms this account, and says, that the people often quarrelled and fought from their great eagerness.

These descriptions would be applicable to the Roman people at any period, from the age of Julius Cæsar to the time in which they were written. Pliny makes the Circus Maximus capable of containing 260,000 persons, in which Sextus Rufus agrees with him. Publius Victor estimates the number at 385,000. When the different amusements of the Circus ceased, it would not be easy exactly to define. There is no mention of processions or naumachiæ after the time of Constantine. We know that he forbade the combats of gladiators: but the custom must have been afterwards revived, as Honorius found it necessary to prohibit the combats of gladiators by a special edict. This was about the beginning of the fifth century. The combats of men and beasts seem to have lasted till Justinian's days: but Procopius, speaking of a Circus near the Vatican, mentions it as a place then in disuse, in which he says, *formerly* single combats were exhibited. This was about the year 546. It is certain that such bloody spectacles existed in the time of Theodoric, about A.D. 500, for we have in Cassiodorus a letter from that king to the consul Maximus, in which he gives an interesting account of them, while he reprobates the custom extremely. It is probable, that the chariot and horse-races continued much longer: the Hippodrome at Constantinople was certainly employed for this purpose at the time the Venetians took it in 1204.

Anecdote Gallery.

GLUCK AND PICCINI.

THE first opera Gluck composed for the French theatre was the *Iphigenie en Aulide*.

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of Racine. He was a whole year in writing the music, studying, during that time, the French language with the utmost care, and endeavouring to build upon its flexible rhythm the melodies of Germany and Italy. In this he was completely successful; but he encountered great opposition from the French musicians and amateurs, who all rose up in arms against the attempt to adapt the strains of their celebrated poet to foreign music. The composer, however, was patronized by the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, who had been his pupil in Germany; and his opera, as well as several subsequent ones, were received with enthusiasm. The French were now in raptures with the man whom, a short time before, they would have gladly banished from the kingdom; they said he had discovered the ancient music of the Greeks; and that he was the only musician in Europe who knew how to express the real language of the passions. He was at the zenith of his fame when, in 1776, Piccini arrived. His style was essentially different from that of Gluck; his operas, though possessing many beauties, brilliant melodies, and passages of great elegance and pathos, were deficient in that unity which Gluck made his particular study. Many of the volatile French espoused the cause of the Neapolitan, and a musical war commenced, which lasted several years, being carried on with the usual artillery of pamphlets, epigrams, lampoons, &c. The young were chiefly for Piccini, the old for Gluck. And so zealously was the contest conducted, that no door was opened to a stranger without the question being put to him, "Are you a Piccinist or a Gluckist?" At length the public got tired of the dispute, and terminated it in the only way in which it ought to have been terminated, by dividing the palm between them. W. G. C.

REFRACTORY CANTATRICE.

Gabrielli, who was the idol of the Palermatins, one evening, on which a new opera was to be performed, sent word, just as the orchestra was about to begin, the house being crowded, and the viceroy and court present, that she had a headach, and could not perform. Every endeavour of the manager to induce her to fulfil her duty, only rendered her the more obstinate; and even the threat of a dungeon, from the viceroy, had no effect. At length, after exhausting every other method to restore her to reason, a guard seized and conducted her to prison. She told the captain of the guard, with the greatest *sang froid*, "Your viceroy may make me cry, but he shall not make me sing." After remaining two days in confinement, she was released. But while in prison, she feasted the prisoners sumptuously, and on her departure, distributed a large sum amongst the poorer class of them. W. G. C.

The Gatherer.

Admiral Benbow.—The following lines were cut with a diamond on a square of glass, by Admiral Benbow, in a window of one of the bed-rooms belonging to the house in which the gallant Admiral was born, at Cotton Hill, Shrewsbury:

"Then only breathe one prayer for me
That far away, where'er I go,
The heart that would have bled for thee
May feel through life no other woe.
I shall look back, when on the main
Back to my native isle;
And almost think I hear again
That voice, and view that smile."

Underneath has been added:

"Then go, and round that head, like banners in the air
Shall float full many a loving hope, and many a tender prayer.

Beauty.— Beauty is, after all, a mere matter of opinion; and the utility of the object to which the term is applied, often constitutes with the applicant, its propriety. Having always esteemed the landscape, visible from a favourite shrubbery walk, as really *beautiful*, I was one day, this summer, annoyed to find it hidden by some linen hung out to dry in the nearest intervening field, and which, internally, I determined was the *ugliest* object ever presented to human eyes; but I was ere long led to think differently, and to meditate on the different conceptions and standards of beauty, entertained by individuals, according to the various influences of birth, education, profession, and circumstances, by the simple incident of a maid servant entering the walk to deliver a message to me, and exclaiming—"How *beautiful* that linen looks! did you ever see, Miss, a finer sight?" "So then," I thought, "that has *beauty* to her, which is positively *ugly* to me; the application is general, and the inference obvious; wherefore, I will murmur no more." M. L. B.

The heavens themselves run continually round; the world is never still; the sun travels to the east and to the west; the moon is ever changing in its course; the stars and planets have their constant motions; the air we breathe is continually agitated by the wind, and the waters never cease to ebb and flow; doubtless for the purpose of their conservation, to teach us that we should ever be in action.—*Burton.*

The Kit-Cat Club.—The portraits of the members are now in the possession of William Baker, Esq. of Bayfordbury. J. W. M.

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The Mirror

OF

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Rammohun Roy

RAJAH RAMMOHUN ROY

The very recent death of this remarkable person—known by his good works, and distinguished by his labours of love—induces us to condense from accredited sources the following particulars of his well-regulated career. They are recommended to the reader's notice by the interesting circumstances of their subject having been the first Hindu, of any consequence, who not only became converted from Brahmanism to the Christian faith, but wrote in support of the religion of Jesus Christ.* Of importance, second only to these holy influences, were the noble exertions of Rammohun Roy in the sacred cause of civil liberty. His visit to England excited considerable interest; not only from his reli-

* Of the ready conversion of the Hindus to Christianity, Bishop Heber says: "many of the Brahmins themselves express admiration of the morality of the Gospel, and profess to entertain a better opinion of the English since they have found that they too have a religion and a Shaster."—*Narrative of a Journey in India*, vol. iii. p. 252.

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gious conversion, but from the patriotic interest which he took in the affairs of his native country. Previously to the commencement of the inquiries preparatory to the renewal of the East India Charter, the Rajah successfully advocated a more liberal intercourse with India; for, it is understood that, in the course of these inquiries, his advice on this subject was of extensive effect.

Rammohun Roy was a native of the province of Bengal, properly so called, and was born, (according to the preface to one of his tracts,) in Burdwan, the most fertile and populous district of all British India. As this district was ceded to the British Government so early as 1760, Rammohun was, of course, born a subject of that rule. In Lower Bengal there are two distinct classes of Brahmans—namely, those who trace their pedigree to the ancient priesthood of the country, and those who trace their descent from certain emigrants from the north-west of India, who planted themselves in Bengal shortly before the Mohammedan conquest of that country, or nine centuries back. The true Bengalee Brahman is little respected, being neither esteemed for learning nor for purity of blood; those of western descent are highly venerated, and of this order was Rammohun Roy. Considerable pains appear to have been taken with the early education of Rammohun, long before he had formed any acquaintance with Europeans; for, in his own district, he was instructed in all the learning usually bestowed upon a Brahman, and was afterwards sent to the celebrated seminary of Benares, where he remained several years, engaged in studying the Sanscrit language.

A brief sketch of the outline of the life of Rammohun Roy, previous to his visit to England, will, however, be read with greater interest than the preceding facts. It was furnished by Rammohun at the request of a friend, and one who was acquainted with the Rajah has described its simplicity to be truly characteristic of the man. This autobiographic sketch is as follows:

"My ancestors were Brahmans of a high order, and from time immemorial were devoted to the religious duties of their race, down to my fifth progenitor, who about 140 years ago gave up spiritual exercises for worldly pursuits and aggrandizement. His descendants ever since have followed his example, and, according to the usual fate of courtiers, with various success, sometimes rising to honour, and sometimes falling; sometimes rich and sometimes poor; sometimes exulting in success, sometimes miserable through disappointment. But my maternal ancestors being of the sacerdotal order by profession, as well as by birth, and of a family than which none holds a higher rank in that profession, have, up to the present day, uniformly adhered to a life of religious observances and devotion, prefering peace and tranquillity of mind to the excitements of ambition and all the allurements of worldly grandeur.

"In conformity with the usage of my paternal race, and the wish of my father, I studied the Persian and Arabic languages; these being accomplishments indispensable to those who attached themselves to the Courts of the Mohammedan Princes; and, agreeably to the usage of my maternal relations, I devoted myself to the study of Sanscrit, and the theological works written in it, which contain the body of Hindu literature, law, and religion.

"When about the age of sixteen, I composed a manuscript, calling in question the validity of the idolatrous system of the Hindus. This, together with my known sentiments on that subject, having produced a coolness between me and my immediate kindred, I proceeded on my travels, and passed through different countries, chiefly within, but some beyond, the bounds of Hindustan, with a feeling of great aversion to the establishment of the British power in India. When I had reached the age of twenty, my father recalled and restored me to his favour; after which, I first saw, and began to associate with Europeans, and soon after made myself tolerably acquainted with their laws and form of government. Finding them generally more intelligent, more steady, and moderate in their conduct, I gave up my prejudices against them, and became inclined in their favour; feeling persuaded that their rule, though a foreign yoke, would lead most speedily and surely to the amelioration of the native inhabitants. I enjoyed the confidence of several of them even in their public capacity. My continued controversies with the Brahmans on the subject of their idolatry and superstition, and my interference with their custom of burning widows, and other pernicious practices, revived and increased their animosity against me with renewed force; and, through their influence with my family, my father was again obliged to withdraw his countenance openly, though his limited pecuniary support was still continued to me.

"After my father's death I opposed the advocates of idolatry with still greater boldness; availing myself of the art of printing, now established in India, I published various works and pamphlets against their errors in the native and foreign languages. This raised such a feeling against me that I was at last deserted by every person, except two or three Scotch friends, to whom, and the nation to which they belong, I always feel grateful. The ground which I took in all my controversies was not that of opposition to Brahmanism, but to a perversion of it; and I endeavoured to show that the idolatry of the Brahmans was contrary to the practice of their ancestors, and the principles of the an-

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cient books and authorities, which they profess to revere and obey. Notwithstanding the violence of the opposition and resistance to my opinions, several highly respectable persons, both among my own relations and others, began to adopt the same sentiments.

"I now felt a strong wish to visit Europe, and obtain by personal observation a more thorough insight into its manners, customs, religion, and political institutions. I refrained, however, from carrying this intention into effect until my friends, who coincided in my sentiments, should be increased in number and strength. My expectations having at length been realized, in November, 1830, I embarked for England, as the discussion of the East India Company's Charter was expected to come on, by which the treatment of the natives of India and its future government would be determined for many years to come; and an appeal to the King in Council against the abolition of the practice of burning Hindu widows, was to be heard before the Privy Council; and his Majesty the Emperor of Delhi had likewise commissioned me to bring before the authorities in England certain encroachments on his rights by the East India Company. I accordingly arrived in England in April, 1831.

"RAMMOHUN ROY."

In early life, Rammohun, by untiring industry, laid the basis of his fortune. He had many and formidable obstacles to encounter: the renunciation of the religion of his native country caused him to be disinherited by his family, and his prospects of employment under the British Government were, by no means, cheering. He, however, entered their service, and attained the highest rank any native could possibly hold in the branch to which he was attached. He was dewan, or head native revenue officer of the district of Rungpoor, one of the most easterly portions of Bengal; "and, to the practical experience and knowledge of business, he acquired in that office, the public are indebted for most of the valuable information he has afforded the British Government. It led also to the formation of a friendship between him and Mr. Digby, (a gentleman in the East India Company's Civil Service, who was in the revenue department in that quarter,) which had an important influence on his future life."* They studied Oriental and European languages together, and it is stated that to Mr. Digby, Rammohun was indebted for his earliest acquaintance with the English language.

In his office of dewan, Rammohun acquired the small fortune which enabled him to become a zemindar or proprietor, with an income of 1000*l.* a-year. The death of relatives next enabled him to retire from public life, to settle at Calcutta, and devote himself to the cultivation of literature. Mr. Arnot, who knew Rammohun Roy in India, relates that "Sanscrit and Arabic learning, Rammohun had studied deeply in his youth; Persian, the court language of the East, he knew as his mother tongue; he had read and tasted the beauties of its poets, and often recited with enthusiasm the mystic strains of Hafiz, and the fine moral maxims of Sadi." In India, he published a weekly journal in Persian, which he carried on for some years, until discouraged by the laws made against the press in 1823; a measure against which he took a more decided part than, perhaps, he ever took in political affairs.

His vigorous mind was, however, chiefly directed to religion. "Having rejected the corrupt systems of the Brahmans," observes Mr. Arnot, "and exposed the pretended revelations of Mohammed," he evinced great talent in illustrating the doctrines of the Hindu Scriptures. He next studied the Christian Scriptures in the original; the Old Testament, with a Jewish rabbi, and the New, with Christian divines. These investigations led him to adopt, (though in degree,) the principles of the Unitarians; and thenceforward, according to Mr. Arnot, the Rajah gave his whole support to the views of this sect. "He compiled and printed an abstract of the moral principles of the gospel, apart from its miracles and doctrines, which he published under the title of *The Precepts of Jesus, a Guide to Peace and Happiness*:" this work led the author into controversies, to which he replied in forcible and luminous argument.

The principal object of Rammohun Roy in visiting England is stated to have been of a political nature. Here he shunned rather than courted religious controversy. His first respect being shown to the Unitarians, he is said to have exclusively attached himself to that sect: but such was not the case.† Mr. Arnot says, "he occasionally joined the congregations of persons of every persuasion, from the Roman Catholic to the Free-thinking Christian, listening to all with the same reverence, or appearance of external respect. He was a most regular attendant, however, on the ministration of the Rev. D. A. H. Kenney, of St. Olave's, Southwark, which he called 'his church.'" Other persons who have contributed particulars of Rammohun to the newspapers, state that he regularly attended the Unitarian chapels at Hackney, in Moorfields, in Essex-street, or Regent-

* Communicated to the *Athenæum*, by Mr. Sandford Arnot, private secretary to Rammohun Roy.

† A note in the *Literary Gazette* review of one of Rammohun Roy's works, explains the distinction of his opinions from Unitarianism as follows: "the Unitarians in England hold the proper humanity of Christ as one of their fundamental tenets; Rammohun Roy, on the contrary, maintains his pre-existence and super-angelic rank and dignity." — *Lit. Gaz.* No. 750.

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street; and a short time previous to his death, he attended Dr. Lant Carpenter's Unitarian chapel, at Lewin's-mead, Bristol.

"In politics, Rammohun Roy was a republican. At Calcutta he seldom or ever visited the Government-house. Among Europeans he associated chiefly with the ultra-liberal party. In 1823, he wrote and printed a petition to his Majesty in Council against the Government measure against the Press at Calcutta. In 1820, on the breaking out of the Spanish, Neapolitan, and Sardinian Revolutions, Rammohun gave a public entertainment in honour of them. In England, his politics were less obtruded than in India, but still he never allowed an opportunity to pass of expressing his hearty approbation of all liberal institutions. The progress of the Reform Question kept him in a perfect fever of anxiety."*

Rammohun Roy was charged with a mission from the King of Delhi to enforce a claim against the East India Company, to the extent of half a million of money. He succeeded in the negotiation, and a few weeks previous to his death, the matter was brought to a termination by a compromise. As the arrangement now stands, 30,000*l.* a-year are added to the stipend of the fallen King of Delhi; and, as the reward of his services, Rammohun was to receive from the King, an annual sum of from 3,000*l.* to 4,000*l.* sterling, to be continued to his heirs for ever. Among other objects of his visit, were certain improvements in the internal administration of the government of India, particularly the introduction of juries in the judicial courts of Hindustan; an improved system of collecting the revenue; the abolition of the salt monopoly; and an internal trade with the East India Company and the natives.—Upon all these subjects, he either published or prepared for the press various able papers or essays; but his most valuable political work is his *Remarks on the Judicial and Revenue Systems of India*, in the form of queries and replies, contained among the minutes of evidence laid before Parliament on the India Question.

Mr. Arnot may be referred to in regard to the literary attainments of Rammohun: "he was acquainted, more or less, with ten languages—Sanscrit, Arabic, Persian, Hindustani, Bengali, English, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and French. The two first he knew critically, as a scholar; the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth, he spoke and wrote fluently; in the eighth, perhaps, his studies or reading did not extend much beyond the originals of the Christian Scriptures; and in the latter two his knowledge was apparently more limited. He has published works in Sanscrit, Arabic, Persian, Bengali, and English: his most useful labour, in regard to the first is his translation of the Veds; and his vernacular tongue, the Bengali, owes to him a well-written Grammar, in the English language." He also spoke and wrote the English language with considerable facility, correctness, and elegance.

In private life, Rammohun Roy was distinguished by social endearments of the most interesting character. Mr. Arnot describes him to have been "affable in his manners, cheerful and instructive in conversation, and scrupulously attentive to the rules of society." He was a quick and keen observer of character, and in the ordinary intercourse of life discreet and prudent; and about his whole demeanour there is stated to have been a charm of modesty and reverence that produced the most agreeable effect on all who saw or conversed with him. He lived in genteel style, and kept a carriage; but he never altered his simple regimen. Since his arrival in England he had been, as it were, overwhelmed with those fashionable hospitalities by which the reception of an enlightened foreigner in England is usually characterized. He studied the "sweet small courtesies" almost fastidiously: invitations pressed on him from all quarters, and Mr. Arnot says, "he often sacrificed to etiquette both utility and personal comfort."

Of Rammohun's reception in the best society, we find the following records in the *Literary Gazette* of last week:

"Among the persons in this country with whom he was most intimate, was Sir Alexander Johnston; whose great general intelligence was not the less acceptable to him from being accompanied by a comprehensive and minute knowledge of India, and the having spent many valuable years in endeavouring to ameliorate and improve that vast dominion. From that gentleman we have obtained some interesting particulars relative to the subject of this memoir. At his suggestion, the Rajah, had he lived, had determined to translate two English works into Sanscrit, Arabic, and Persian, for the use of his countrymen in India; the one is the Introductory Discourse to the Library of Useful Knowledge, written by the present Lord Chancellor; the other, the work upon the Elements of Logic, written by the present Archbishop of Dublin. The circumstances connected with his determination to translate these works are strikingly indicative of his habits and way of thinking:—Sir Alexander, shortly after his arrival in London, took him one morning, with his lordship's permission, to breakfast with the Chancellor. Rammohun was so much pleased with this interview, that he immediately after asked Sir A. Johnstone if his lordship had written any work? Upon which Sir A. J. gave him his Introductory Discourse, which he immediately offered to translate, and to illustrate the translation with such drawings as would facilitate

* Correspondent of the *Times*.

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the understanding of its contents to the natives of India. With respect to the other work, Sir Alexander having, in the course of his inquiries in the Asiatic Society into the state of education amongst the Hindus, took into consideration, with Rammohun Roy, the nature and the contents of all the elementary works upon different subjects, which are in use in their schools, stated to Rammohun, that from his experience of the Hindus derived from his observation of them while discharging the duty of jurymen, he thought it would be of great advantage to teach them, by some short and clear work upon logic, the mode of analyzing and classifying their ideas, and thereby strengthening their understanding. As Rammohun entered perfectly into this opinion, and knew that Sir Alexander intended, had he remained in India, to have had a work of this class prepared for the use of the Hindus, it was agreed between them, after considering all the different works upon logic in English, that the Archbishop of Dublin's was the best to be translated; and Rammohun undertook to execute the task in a dialogue, taking the form of Cicero's Tusculan Questions for his model. He determined to give it the title of a dialogue between a Brahman, who had come to England in search of knowledge, and an English archbishop, who had invented the surest mode of obtaining knowledge; and being very much delighted with the situation of Sir Alexander's house at Twickenham, called York House, had fixed upon the walks in the grounds belonging to that house as the locale where the dialogue is supposed to have taken place, there being a tradition that some of the essays of Lord Clarendon, to whom it belonged in the days of Charles II., had been composed in those walks. Another circumstance that made this locale a place of great interest to him, was its neighbourhood to the burying-place of Pope—the beauty of whose Essays upon Man was a frequent theme of praise by Rammohun, who had derived great pleasure from his perusal of these essays in verse, as he had done from the essays of Clarendon in prose. When Rammohun was about to go to France, he expressed to Sir Alexander Johnston a great desire to become acquainted with the king;* and Sir Alexander accordingly wrote to Baron Atalan, his majesty's aid-de-camp, upon the subject. The Baron, though too ill himself to go out at the period Rammohun reached Paris, lost no time in informing his majesty of his arrival, and of the letter of introduction which he had brought to him. The king immediately, with the greatest kindness and condescension, invited him to dine with him on the day some of his ministers and many persons of distinction were present; and when Rammohun was leaving the palace, made him fix a day for dining alone with the royal family. Such attentions from such a quarter made a great impression upon the mind of Rammohun; and he never mentioned the name of the King of France without expressing the highest respect for his talents and his domestic virtues."

From his first arrival in England, the health of Rammohun began to decline, from some accident during his passage from India. He was, however, in part, in good health in 1831 and 1832; but since his return from France, in January of the present year, "both body and mind seemed losing their tone and vigour." A short time since he went on a visit to Stapylton Grove, near Bristol, where "he was first confined to his bed on the 17th ultimo, and never rose again from that to the 26th, when he died. For the last two or three days he appeared to have lost almost all consciousness and power of speech, and only expressed thanks for the services rendered to him." Among those who attended him in his last moments were his Indian servants, one of whom, a Brahman, was distantly related to him. He has left two sons in India, one thirty and the other fifteen years of age. Of his female relations, according to the custom in the East, no cognizance is taken, and nothing is positively known.

The person of Rammohun Roy may be in the recollection of many of our readers. He is well described in the *Times*, to have been "about six feet high, and large in proportion, but his person, though not wanting in apparent symmetry, was unwieldy and without activity. His features were large, manly, and fine, and such as are more frequently to be found in the paintings of the Italian masters than in the real condition of any nation." His countenance was dark, with the sallow tinge of ill health; but the eye was full of Asiatic fire. His portrait and fac simile prefixed to this somewhat hasty outline of his life, have been copied from No. 750 of the *Literary Gazette*, the editor of which journal numbers himself among the acquaintance of the Rajah.

It may be added that the name Rammohun, or Ram Mohun Roy, is in Sanscrit literally "the beloved of Rama, royally descended." His title of Rajah was formally bestowed by the King of Delhi, shortly before he entered upon his mission; and by the universal admission of all India, the Mogul is the only power that can bestow such a title. This is a matter of no great moment, for the title of Rajah is now more common in India than Baron in Germany, or Count in Old France.

Rammohun Roy is said to have often expressed a wish that the following maxim from Sadi should be inscribed on his tomb:—

"The true way of serving God is to do good to man:"

—a truth which influenced his wisdom-tempered life.

* His grand desire was to see a monarch whose early life had been passed like that of a common man.

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BREVITIES.

There is this wide difference between love and friendship: the one is blind to a fault, the other points out an error and corrects it.

In exposing the vice of others, many think by the attraction to conceal their own deformity.

It is better to acknowledge the timely assistance of humanity, than to sink beneath an intensity of obligation by being more proud than we are grateful.

It is more advisable to imitate perfection than originate a subordinate duty.

There is always an indefinite charm attached to an object, the attainment of which we consider indispensable to complete our felicity. Obtain it, and the illusion vanishes.

Vanity is the result and only comfort of a weak mind.—There is something soothing in every condition, however degenerated.

Those who make fortunes seldom spend them.

It is useless to look forward to future prosperity, if the present be not occupied towards laying the foundation of it. Many cling to a distant hope and reject a progressive certainty.

The greatest gluttons are those who feed upon slander.

When society begins to profit by a man's misfortunes, his difficulties rarely terminate.

Fear is the universal offspring of uncertainty.

That man who has passed through life without enemies could not have had a character worth depreciating.

Wycombe. W. H.

THE ODES OF HAFIZ.

Hafiz is to Persia what Anacreon was to Greece, Burns is to Scotland, or Tom Moore to Ireland. Allusions to the odes of Hafiz, form such frequent topics of conversation in society in Persia, that a want of acquaintance with such an author would reflect quite as much discredit upon a Persian gentleman, as ignorance of Shakspeare or Pope, would upon a person of corresponding rank in England. An idolatrous Mussulman asserts, that the poesy of Hafiz derived its innate grace from having been bathed in the waters of life; and that it equalled the virgins of Paradise in beauty. The series of gazels, or odes, of which the one appended is a free translation, (in which the spirit and mysticism of the Persian original has been as well preserved, as its English garb would permit,) are thrown into an artful arrangement, showing the progressive operation of love, the passion chiefly described, with which this one, relating to the vernal season, may be supposed to have some collateral connexion; from the influence of climate, and the festivities so prevalent throughout the East, at the period of Nahuz.

These odes bear a strong allusion to the metaphysical theology of the Mussulmans. "Hafiz," said Khan Taib, "has the singular good fortune of being praised alike by saints and sinners. His odes are sung by the young and joyous, who by taking him in the literal sense find nothing but an excitement to pass the spring of life in the enjoyment of the world's luxuries; while the contemplative sage, considering the poet as a religious enthusiast, attaches a mystical meaning to every line, and repeats his odes as he would an orison." By wine, which is sung of in the following gazel, they give forth that Hafiz means devotion; and the breeze, an illapse of grace, whilst the perfume, typifies the hope of divine grace; and so on they construct the mystical vocabulary of their favourite poet.

Hafiz, they record, to substantiate this, gave public lectures on Mohammedan theology. The truth is, the orthodox Mussulman attaches this meaning, as the poet's praise of wine is too special for the peculiar tenets of the followers of the prophet;—wine being strictly prohibited to be used by the Koran. It is recorded that a dispute arose as to whether the character of his works did not exclude the poet of Shiraz from religious burial. The volume of odes was produced, and it was opened by a person whose eyes were bound; seven pages were counted back, when the heaven-directed finger pointed to one of his inspired stanzas:

Withdraw not your steps from the obsequies of Hafiz,
Though immersed in sin he will rise into Paradise.

The admirers of the poet shouted with delight, and those who had doubted, joined in carrying his remains to a shrine near Theraz, where from that day to this, his tomb is visited by pilgrims of all classes and all ages; and where a splendid copy of his works is chained to his tomb.

The "Anacreon" of Iran lived at Shiraz also; it is the capital of the province of Persia Proper, and called *Darool Ilm*, or seat of learning; its inhabitants are distinguished by their learning, and the fragrance and abundance of its roses are only equalled by the beauty of its women, and the melodious chants of its nightingales. The following epitaph is on his tomb:—

In the year seven hundred and ninety-one
A world of excellence and genius departed to the residence of mercy.
The incomparable second Sadi, Mohammed Hafiz,
Quitted this perishable region, and went to the garden of Paradise;
Khojeh Kafiz was the lamp of the learned;
A luminary was he of a brilliant lustre,
As Mosella was his chosen residence,
Search in Mosella for the time of his decease.

He is called, in all countries, the divine Hafiz; and there is assuredly an outpouring

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in his strains, like the flow of inspiration, fervent and devout. His is the very idolatry of love; take for example a portion of one of his odes, where he offers as an unworthy oblation, the capitals of Ghengis and Taimur, in exchange for the mole on the cheek of his mistress:—

Fair maid of Shiraz! wouldst thou take
My heart, and love it for my sake:
For that dark mole my thoughts now trace,
On that sweet cheek, of that dear face;
I would Bokharra, as I live,
And Samarcand too, freely give!

GAZEL 1.

Rendered by H. E. Innes, Esq. Lecturer on Poetry and Belles Lettres.

See! see! the laughing morn advances;
O'er the jocund mead,
His careering steed—
Wreathed and pressing the rose bed prances;
Oh! the morning wine,
Divine, oh! divine,—
Friends of my soul, the wine fill up,
Till red as life's blood is the stream in your cup.

The trickling dew on that tulip's cheek,
The tears of the morn,
For the young day born,—
Wept at its birth by its mother meek,
We'll mingle with wine
All divine, divine!
Fetch in, and the rosy wine fill up,
Till the foam of its pride drowns the red, red cup.

A current of Paradise fans the soul,
On the pinions borne,
Of the dancing morn;
Let a current of Shiraz quickly roll,
It will cool the lip,
Soul and sense will sip
Of a stream of joy,—then the wine fill up,
That the sense may rejoice in the soul of the cup.

Like a queen on her emerald throne,
The rose in the bower
At this bright morning hour,
Like a virgin looks, blushing alone.
Wake, keeper, awake!
Fill the cup for its sake:—
And let the rich bloom of its beauty resign,
Its deep tint, to the glow of the bright ruby wine.

From thy slumber, oh, keeper, awake!
The morning is up,
And dry is the cup,
While the spring presses green in the brake;
Arise then, arise!
'Tis time to be wise—
And to press to the worship of all that's divine,
Wake! and hail the green spring, the glad morning, and wine!

Thou willow-bound brow look not sad now,
'Tis the season of love,
Enjoined from above,—
Fill the cup to the brim and look glad now;
Nor thus coldly sip—
But drink from her lip,
'Tis a joy-giving streamlet more precious in price,
Than which laves the fair daughters of bright Paradise.

The above, it will be observed, is a *very free* translation. In the cold, linguist-like versification of Sir William Jones, all the fire and mystical beauty of the poet is lost. Comparison will illustrate this:—take the first stanza or two;—

1. The dawn advances, veiled with roses;
Bring the morning draught, my friends, the morning draught.

2. The dew drop trickles over the cheek of the tulip;
Bring the wine, my dear companions, bring the wine.

But this is getting critical; we will shortly present another of these "orient gems," which like many other works of genius are more talked about than known.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ADMIRAL BYNG, AND LORD CHATHAM.

BY A NONAGENARIAN.

(To the Editor.)

During a recent visit at the village of Hayes, near Bromley, in Kent, I was introduced to an old man of the name of John Mumford, who is living at the advanced age of ninety-one, in a small cottage, which he has occupied for the last fifty-seven years on Hayes Common.

The particulars of Mumford's life are worthy of notice. In 1756, when quite a youth, being in the employ of Mr. Brough, Marshal of the Admiralty, he accompanied him to Greenwich, where Admiral Byng was then confined on the charge of a defect of duty. Mumford having much leisure time, devoted it to the service of the admiral, whose valet taking advantage of his master's confinement, attended more to his own pleasures than to his services. Mumford became a great favourite of the admiral, and was constantly with him till his execution, which took place at Portsmouth, in 1757. He used to carry him his dressing-gown and slippers every morning; and whenever Byng wanted anything, he always called for the "Marshal's boy." He well remembers the excited state of the country at that time against the admiral, and repeated over to me some of the ballads and doggerel rhymes, composed in ridicule and censure of Byng. He was present during the whole of the trial, and when sentence of death was pronounced, Mumford says he looked up into the admiral's face, and did not perceive in it the slightest change of countenance or colour. He was in the train at the execution; and what is perhaps the most singular incident in his life, he laid down the cushion for the admiral to kneel on, when shot. John mentions the circumstance of Byng's not wishing to have his eyes blindfolded, and says he came forward "as bold as a lion:" this agrees with the account given by historians, and shows anything but cowardice on the part of Byng. "After the murder (for so John terms it,) I went," said he, "among others and stroked down the body; and it required the efforts of the steward and cook to stop my blubbering, for I was mortation sorry for him, poor man!" Mumford retains a strong remembrance of the admiral's person; he describes him as a fine, tall, hale man, rather inclined to corpulence, and much troubled with the gout. He

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wore a large, grey wig, and was full of urbanity and good humour. Mumford says he left him six-and-thirty shillings, wrapped up in paper, as a reward for his trouble. If I were to mention all the trifling, though amusing, anecdotes which he related to me concerning Admiral Byng, I fear I should encroach too much on your pages; I will, therefore, relate as concisely as possible, the remaining circumstances of Mumford's life.

When John arrived at manhood, he lived as coachman to the great Lord Chatham: he says, that his lordship was very partial to riding about the country near his seat (Pitt Place,) on a little pony, and taking up and replanting trees; he was a tall, gouty man, and generally wore a great coat; he had a particular dislike to be gazed at, and when he saw any person approach, would often turn down the first lane, or by-way, which presented itself. I asked John if he remembered William Pitt, the great statesman; he replied, "as well as if I had only seen him yesterday;" and that when he, and the present Lord Chatham, and another brother, (who died when young,) were lads, they were very fond of frequenting the stables, while he was at work, and entering into conversation with him concerning horses.

Mumford retains all his faculties, and sees, hears, and talks wonderfully, for a man of his advanced years; he says, "he can't think what it is, but he has felt rather weakish about the legs of late"—however, this does not prevent him from walking on the common regularly every day, and cutting furze and turf for his fire. He has had nine children, all of whom he has survived except one; his wife lived to the age of ninety. He is remarkably sensible for an uneducated man, and possesses a fund of entertaining conversation; and his sentiments are replete with simplicity and unaffected goodness. He is supplied with a hot dinner every day by a charitable lady in the neighbourhood, for which he expresses himself extremely grateful; this, together with the little money he has saved, serves to render the remainder of a life of hard labour and industry, comfortable and happy. When I called to see him in his cottage, he was seated in an easy chair, talking to a favourite cat, and I was so much pleased with his venerable appearance, that I made a sketch of him as he sat, with the resemblance of which he was highly delighted. Mumford was born at Hayes, in 1742: since my first introduction to him, I have made him a present of a print of Admiral Byng.

E. M. W.

MILTON'S SONNET ON THE VAUDOIS, (WALDENSES).

In 1655, the Duke of Savoy determined to compel his reformed subjects in the valleys of Piednont to embrace popery, or quit their country. All who remained and refused to be converted, with their wives and children, suffered a most barbarous massacre. Those who escaped, fled into the mountains, from whence they sent agents into England to Cromwell for relief. He instantly commanded a general fast for his unoffending people, to show this monster the horror in which he held his conduct, and promoted a national contribution, in which near forty thousand pounds were soon collected. As might be expected, the prosecution was suspended, the duke recalled his army, and the surviving inhabitants of the Piedmontese valleys were reinstated in their cottages, and the peaceable exercise of their religion.

Sir William Moreland, Cromwell's agent for the valleys of Piedmont, at Geneva, published a minute account of this unparalleled scene of religious butchery, under the title of the "History of the Valleys of Piedmont, Lond. 1658," with numerous *cuts*, in folio—a most judicious measure. We shall add a very few explanatory notes to the sublime sonnet of our indignant bard, himself Cromwell's Latin secretary at this period.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEMONT.

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes saw
O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doeth sway
The tripl tyrant; that from these may now
A hundred fold, who having learn'd thy way,
Daily may fly the Babylonian woe."

3. Milton states that exact fact; they have manuscripts against both antichrist and purgatory as early as 1120.

7, 8. This horrible picture is thus related by Sir W. Moreland, in his book:—"A mother was hurled down a mighty rock, with a little infant in her arms; and three days after was found dead with the little child *alive*, but fast clasped between the arms of the dead mother which were cold and stiff, insomuch that those who found them had much ado to get the young out."—p. 263. C. S.

The Topographer.

IPSWICH.

Ipswich, the capital of the county of Suffolk, derives its name from its situation, at the confluence of the rivers Gipping and the Orwell. It appears to have been a town of some consequence during the Anglo-Saxon dynasty, as it was strongly fortified against the Danes, who twice broke down the works, and, according to their merciless custom, pillaged the place. The fortifications were repaired in the reign of King John, and their

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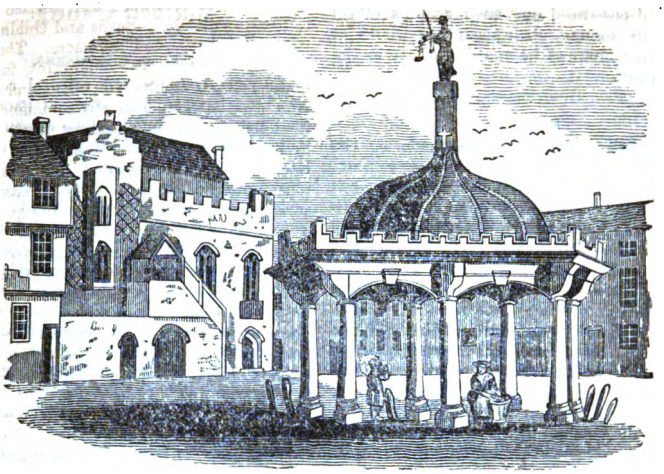

(*The Market Cross and Town-Hall, Ipswich.*)

subsequent decadence has been effected by the slow but sure effects of devastating time. The town had formerly four gates, called from their situation, after the four points of the compass, and from them were named the four leets, or wards, into which the place was divided. A fifth gate also stood on the banks of the Orwell, at the spot where once was a ford across the river. Not a vestige of these gates remains, and the rampart is nearly level with the ground; nor is there a fragment of the castle, (common to all fortified towns,) to prove its site or define its character; all that is known concerning it is, that it was destroyed by Henry II., about the year 1176.

The privileges of the Corporation, (which, at this moment, it may be interesting to enumerate,) are very extensive, and were granted in charters by succeeding monarchs. The town has sent two members to parliament since 25 Henry VI.; who are elected by the burgesses at large. The principal officers in the corporation at present are, two bailiffs, a high steward, and a recorder; twelve portmen, of whom four are justices of the peace; a town clerk; twenty-four chief constables, two of whom are coroners, and the twelve seniors are headboroughs; a treasurer; and two chamberlains to collect the revenues of the town. The corporation has also ten livery servants, viz. four sergeants-at-mace, two beadles, a common crier, a water-bailiff, a gaoler, and a bridewell-keeper.

Time, and the injudicious hand of modern innovation, have spared but few relics of ancient Ipswich. All that remain are, the Town-hall and the gateway of the college, built by Wolsey, as a nursery for his great college at Oxford, and a splendid bequest to his native town, Ipswich;* a small part of the church of the Grey Friars' Monastery may also be included in the vestiges of the old town.

The beautiful structure represented in the above Cut was one of the most interesting ornaments of Ipswich; but it was removed, on what plea we know not, early in the year 1812. Its appropriation as a *market cross* is denoted by the figure of Justice, which surmounts the cupola roof. It was an octagon, 27 feet in diameter, and about 50 feet in height, to the top of the figure. The annexed view shows the east side of the cross, and to the left, the north front of the Town-hall. At what time these structures were erected is uncertain. The latter, before it was used as a guildhall, was the parochial church of St. Mildred; and it appears to have continued so for nearly 200 years. In 1199, it was appropriated to the priory of St. Peter's. Under the building are three rooms, which are now let as warehouses; adjoining the hall is a spacious council-chamber, and beneath it are the appropriate appendages of spacious kitchens.

The reader may probably think the irregularity of the Town-hall redeemed by its antiquity. Some years since a piece of the plaster-work in the middle of the front, near the top, fell down, and discovered a stone, on which could be discerned the arms of England and France quartered. A board has been placed over this representation, with a *fac simile* of the arms painted upon it, at the private expense of Henry Seekamp, Esq., one of the portmen. Had Ipswich, from time to

* For an Engraving of this Gate, see an early volume of the Mirror.

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time, but possessed one such zealous officer as this gentleman, its appearance would at the present moment be more attractive to the antiquarian.

POMPEII.

At Pompeii a discovery was made on the 10th of October, 1831, of a picture in mosaic, of greater value and interest than any that had preceded it. It was found in the Triclinium of the house said to belong to Faunus; it is about eighteen feet high, by nine feet in width, and of exquisite workmanship. The subject is the battle of Sarpedon, from the Iliad, the figures being half the natural size. Time has injured some parts of this precious relic, which, however, is still the *chef d'œuvre* of Pompeii, as to the expression of the figures, the perfection of the drawing, and, what is more rare in a marble picture, the finish of the execution. Since the discovery of this mosaic, four rooms and a kitchen have been opened, where a considerable number of bronze vases and iron utensils were found. These are very interesting, as they tend to acquaint us with the domestic customs of the ancients. One of the chambers was filled with amphoræ, some of which are of a new and hitherto unknown form; they in general bear a Greek and Latin inscription, written in black. Several contained dried wine, which, liquefied with water, still retains its flavour. W. G. C.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY AT LOCHLEVEN.

In August, 1831, were discovered in the bed of Lochleven, on the south side of the castle, and about two hundred yards from the tower, a number of balls of freestone, varying slightly in size, but averaging about twenty-four inches in circumference, and fifteen pounds weight. From their peculiar shape and appearance, together with the circumstance that nothing of a similar description can be found in that quarter, it has been infered, with a considerable degree of probability, that they must be the identical balls that were discharged upon the memorable occasion when the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, effected her escape. There are sixteen of them, and the direction in which they lay is precisely the spot where they would have been lodged, had the alarm been instantly given, and the firing taken place as soon as the sentries on the top of the tower could have commanded a view of the boat; supposing (as, indeed, there can be little doubt), that Mary, having found egress through a south window, which overlooks the lake, and not as has been most commonly maintanied through the castle gate; the course which her youthful pilot had taken, lay to the south of the island, and between the latter and the small islet called the Reed Bower. Fernando.

Anecdote Gallery.

MUSICAL COMPOSERS.

Gretry, the celebrated musical composer, who died a few years since at Paris, gives the following account in some memoirs which he has left of himself, of his first and last interview with Rousseau: "I was at the representation of the *Fausse Magie*, when some one said to me, 'there comes Rousseau!' I flew to meet him. 'How glad I am to see you,' said he, 'it is long since I imagined my heart to be inaccessible to the tender impressions which your music revives in it. I wish to become acquainted with you; or rather, I know you sufficiently by your works, and I am desirous of being your friend!' 'O, sir, my fairest reward is that of pleasing you by my talents.' 'Are you married?' 'Yes.' 'Is your wife, as I have been told, a woman of genius?' 'No.' 'I thought not.' 'She is the daughter of an artist, who never speaks but as she feels: nature is her guide.' 'I thought as much; I am fond of artists; they are the children of nature. I should like to become acquainted with your wife. I shall call to see her very often.' We continued together the whole of the performance, during which he pressed my hand twice or thrice, and we went out together. Little did I think that it was the last as well as the first time I should see him. In the Rue Francaise, the pavement was broken up, and the stones thrown up into a heap. Rousseau seemed not to perceive them. I laid hold of his arm and said, 'Take care, M. Rousseau.' He drew back furiously with the words, 'Let me use my own faculties!' I was thunderstruck. The coaches parted us; he took his way, and I mine, and we never afterwards spoke to one another."

Handel, though of a very robust and uncouth external appearance, yet had such a remarkable irritability of nerves, that he could not bear to hear the tuning of instruments, and therefore this was always done before Handel arrived.—A musical wag who knew how to extract some mirth from his irascibility of temper, stole into the orchestra one night when the Prince of Wales was to be present at the performance of a new oratorio, and untuned all the instruments, some half a note, others a whole note, lower than the organ. As soon as the prince arrived, Handel gave the signal of beginning con spirito; but such was the horrible discord, that the enraged musician started up from his seat, and having overturned a double bass which stood in his way, he seized a kettle-drum, which he threw with such violence at the head of the leader of the band, that he lost his full-bottomed wig by the

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effort; without waiting to replace it, he advanced, bare-headed, to the front of the orchestra, breathing vengeance, but so much choked with passion, that utterance was denied him. In this ridiculous attitude he stood staring and stamping for some minutes, amidst a convulsion of laughter; nor could he be prevailed on to resume his seat, till the prince went personally to appease his wrath, which he with great difficulty accomplished. W. G. C.

The Public Journals.

JACOB FAITHFUL

(*Continued from page 172.*)

It was broad daylight when I awoke from my state of bodily and mental imbecility. For some time I could not recall to my mind all that had happened; the weight which pressed upon my feelings told me that it was something dreadful. At length, the cabin hatch still open, caught my eye; I recalled all the horrors of the preceding evening, and recollected that I was left alone in the lighter. I got up and stood upon my feet in mute despair. I looked around me—the mist of the morning was hanging over the river, and the objects on shore were with difficulty to be distinguished. I was chilled from lying all night in the heavy dew, and perhaps still more from previous and extraordinary excitement. Venture to go down into the cabin I dare not. I had an indescribable awe, a degree of horror at what I had seen, that made it impossible; still I was unsatisfied, and would have given worlds, if I had had them, to explain the mystery. I turned my eyes from the cabin hatch to the water, thought of my father, and then for more than half an hour watched the tide as it ran up, my mind in a state of vacancy. As the sun rose, the mist gradually cleared away; trees, houses, and green fields, other barges coming up with the tide, boats passing and repassing, the barking of dogs, the smoke issuing from the various chimneys, all broke upon me by degrees; and I was recalled to the sense that I was in a busy world, and had my own task to perform. The last words of my father—and his injunctions had ever been a law to me—were, "Mind, Jacob, we must be up at the wharf early to-morrow morning." I prepared to obey him. Purchase the anchor I could not; I therefore slipped the cable, lashing a broken sweep to the end of it, as a buoy rope, and once more the lighter was at the mercy of the stream, guided by a boy of eleven years old. In about two hours I was within a hundred yards of the wharf, and well in-shore. I hailed for assistance, and two men who were on board of the lighters moored at the wharf, pushed off in a skiff to know what it was that I wanted. I told them that I was alone in the lighter, without anchor or a cable, and requested them to secure her. They came on board, and in a few minutes the lighter was secured alongside of the others. As soon as the lashings were passed, they interrogated me as to what had happened, but although the fulfilling of my father's last injunctions had borne up my spirits, now that they were obeyed, a re-action took place. I could not answer them; I threw myself down on the deck in a paroxysm of grief, and cried as if my heart would break.

The men, who were astonished not only at my conduct, but at finding me alone in the lighter, went on shore to the clerk, and stated the circumstances. He returned with them, and would have interrogated me, but my paroxysm was not yet over, and my replies, broken by my sobs, were unintelligible. The clerk and the two men went down into the cabin, returned hastily, and quitted the lighter. In about a quarter of an hour I was sent for, and conducted to the house of the proprietor—the first time in my life that I had ever put my foot on *terra firma*. I was led into the parlour, where I found the proprietor at breakfast with his wife and his daughter, a little girl nine years old. By this time I had recovered myself, and on being interrogated, told my story clearly and succinctly, while the big tears coursed each other down my dirty face.

"How strange and how horrible!" said the lady to her husband, "I cannot understand it even now."

"Nor can I; but still it is true, from what Johnson, the clerk, has witnessed."

In the meantime my eyes were directed to every part of the room, which appeared to my ignorance as a golconda of wealth and luxury. There were few things which I had seen before, but I had an innate idea that they were of value. The silver tea-pot, the hissing urn, the spoons, the pictures in their frames, every article of furniture, caught my wondering eye, and for a short time I had forgotten my father and my mother; but I was recalled from my musing speculations by the proprietor inquiring how far I had brought the lighter without assistance.

"Have you any friends, my poor boy?" inquired the lady.

"No."

"What! no relations on shore?"

"I never was on shore before in my life."

"Do you know that you are a destitute orphan?"

"What's that?"

"That you have no father or mother," said the little girl.

"Well," replied I, in my father's words, having no answer more appropriate, "it's no use crying; what's done can't be helped."

"But what do you intend to do now?"

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inquired the proprietor, looking hard at me after my previous answer.

"Don't know, I'm sure. Take it coolly," replied I, whimpering.

"What a very odd child," observed the lady. "Is he aware of the extent of his misfortunes?"

"Better luck next time, missus," replied I, wiping my eyes with the back of my hand.

"What strange answers from a child who has shown so much feeling," observed the proprietor to his wife. "What is your name?"

"Jacob Faithful."

"Can you write or read?"

"No," replied I, again using my father's words. "No, I can't, I wish I could."

"Very well, my poor boy, we'll see what's to be done," said the proprietor.

"I know what's to be done," rejoined I, "you must send a couple of hands to get the anchor and cable afore they cut the buoy adrift."

"You are right, my lad, that must be done immediately," said the proprietor; "but now you had better go down with Sarah into the kitchen, cook will take care of you. Sarah, my love, take him down to cook."

The little girl beckoned me to follow her. I was astonished at the length and variety of the *companion ladders*, for such I considered the stairs, and was at last landed below, when little Sarah, giving cook the injunction to take care of me, again tripped lightly up to her mother.

I found the signification of "take care of any one," very different on shore from what it was on the river, where taking care of you means getting out of your way, and giving you a wide berth, and I found the shore-reading much more agreeable. Cook did take care of me: she was a kind-hearted, fat woman, who melted at a tale of woe, although the fire made no impression on her. I not only beheld, but I devoured such things as never before entered into my mouth or my imagination. Grief had not taken away my appetite. I stopped occasionally to cry a little, wiped my eyes, and sat down again. It was more than two hours before I laid down my knife, and not until strong symptoms of suffocation played round the regions of my trachea, did I cry out, "hold, enough." Somebody has made an epigram about the vast ideas which a miser's horse must have had of corn. I doubt, if such ideas were existent, whether they were at all equal to my astonishment at a leg of mutton. I had never seen such a piece of meat before, and wondered if it were fresh or otherwise. After such reflections I naturally felt inclined to sleep; in a few minutes I was snoring upon two chairs, cook having covered me up with her apron to keep away the flies. Thus was I fairly embarked upon an element new to me, my mother earth; and it may be just as well to examine now into the capital I possessed for my novel enterprise. In person I was well looking, I was well made, strong, and active. Of my habiliments the less said the better; I had a pair of trousers with no seat to them, but this defect when I stood up was hid by my jacket, composed of an old waistcoat of my father's, which reached down as low as the morning frocks worn in those days. A shirt of coarse duck, and a fur cap, which was as rough and ragged as if it had been the hide of a cat pulled to pieces by dogs, completed my attire. Shoes and stockings I had none; these supernumerary appendages had never confined the action of my feet. My mental acquisitions were not much more valuable—they consisted of a tolerable knowledge of the depth of water, names of points and reaches, in the river Thames, all of which was not very available on dry land, of a few hieroglyphics of my father's, which, as the crier says, sometimes winding up his oration, were of "no use to nobody but the owner." Add to the above, the three favourite maxims of my taciturn father, which were indelibly imprinted upon my memory, and you have the whole inventory of my stock in trade. These three maxims were, I may say, incorporated into my very system, so continually had they been quoted to me during my life; and before I went to sleep that night, they were again conned over. "What's done, can't be helped," consoled me for the mishaps of my life; "Better luck next time," made me look forward with hope; and, "Take it coolly," was a subject of deep reflection, until I fell into a deep sleep, for I had sufficient penetration to observe, that my father had lost his life by not adhering to his own principles; and this perception only rendered my belief in the infallibility of these maxims to be even more stedfast. How they acted upon my future life, will eventually be shown to the reader.

I have stated what was my father's legacy, and the reader will suppose that from the maternal side, the acquisition was *nil*. Directly such was the case, but indirectly she proved a very good mother to me, and that was by the very extraordinary way in which she had quitted the world. Had she met with a common death, she would have been worth nothing. Burke himself would not have been able to dispose of her, but dying as she did, her ashes were the source of wealth. The bed, with her remains lying in the centre, even the curtains of the bed, were all brought on shore, and locked up in an outhouse. The coroner came down in a postchaise and four, charged to the county; the jury was empanelled, my evidence was taken, surgeons and apothecaries attended from far and near to give their opinions, and after much exami-

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nation, much arguing, and much disagreement, the verdict was brought in that she died by the "Visitation of God." As this, in other phraseology, implies, that "God only knows how she died," it was agreed to *nem. con.*, and gave universal satisfaction. But the extraordinary circumstance was spread every where, with all due amplifications, and thousands flocked to the wharfinger's yard to witness the effects of spontaneous combustion. The proprietor immediately perceived that he could avail himself of the public curiosity to my advantage. A plate, with some silver and gold, was placed at the foot of my poor mother's flock mattrass, with, "For the benefit of the orphan," in capital text, placarded above it; and many were the shillings, half-crowns, and even larger sums which were dropped into it by the spectators, who shuddered as they turned away from this awful specimen of the effects of habitual intoxication. For many days did the exhibition continue, during which time I was domiciliated with cook, who employed me in scouring her saucepans, and any other employment in which my slender services might be useful, little thinking at the time that my poor mother was holding her levee for my advantage. On the eleventh day the exhibition was closed, and I was summoned up stairs by the proprietor, whom I found in company with a little gentleman in black. This was a surgeon, who had offered a sum of money for my mother's remains, bed and curtains, in a lot. The proprietor was willing to get rid of them in so advantageous a manner, but did not conceive that he was justified in taking this step, although for my benefit, without first consulting me, as heir-at-law.

"Jacob," said he, "this gentleman offers 20*l.*, which is a great deal of money, for the ashes of your poor mother. Have you any objection to let him have them?"

"What do you want 'em for?" inquired I.

"I wish to keep them, and take great care of them," answered he.

"Well," replied I, after a little consideration, "if you'll take care of the old woman, you may have her"—and the bargain was concluded. Singular that the first bargain ever made in my life should be that of selling my own mother. The proceeds of the exhibition and sale amounted to 47*l.*, odd, which the worthy proprietor of the lighter, after deducting for a suit of clothes, laid up for my use. Thus ends the history of my mother's remains, which proved more valuable to me than ever she did when living. In her career she somewhat reversed the case of Semele, who was first visited in a shower of gold, and eventually perished in the fiery embraces of the god; whereas my poor mother perished first by the same element, and the shower of gold descended to her only son. But this is easily explained. Semele was very lovely and did not drink gin—my mother was her complete antithesis.

Metropolitan.

THE WRECKED CONVICT SHIP.

She drives—she drives—loud the vex'd waters roar,
And leap in foam tow'rds the rock-bound shore,
Seeming with loud and mocking mirth to urge,
Amid the madness of the boiling surge,
The gallant ship, which bears a freight of crime
To turn to virtue, in a distant clime.
She drives—she drives—another long, wild sea!
She strikes the sands!—A shriek of agony,
Frightful and shrill, and *feminine*, is borne
Along the blast, as from the deep upturn!
France heard that stifled cry; and some there were
Among her sons, who bade the wreck'd despair;
Base, form-cramp'd souls. But, brave Henin, thou
Dash'dst the salt spray from thine heroic brow,
As, with thy sturdy arms, through that fierce wave
Thou swamst, unaided and alone, to save
Those, who *would not*, and those who *might not*, be
Pluck'd from the wrath of that insatiate sea.
His warning voice was heard; yet folly, pride,
Or fear prevail'd; and, as he left the side
Of the doom'd ship, the cry of children, pent
In her dark hold, his manly bosom rent;
Once more he turn'd; the wav'ring chief once more
His aid refus'd;—he wept, and made for shore.
Joy to thee, Henin! honour to thy name!
Should peace unite, or war's wild rage inflame,
Our gallant nations; hear our sacred vow,
"To every Briton thou'rt a brother now."
Turn we to where grim Death, his altar plac'd
On the wreck'd ship amid the wat'ry waste,
Stands by exulting. A whole hecatomb
Of victims wait him, and the priests who doom
Alike are doom'd. Alike to him must fall
The bound and free; he grins, assur'd of all!
Though safety beckons from th' adjacent shore,
And shouts of welcome rise, no more—no more
Shall those light feet imprint the verdant sod—
Never those beauteous forms kneel to their God
On Australasia's hearths, or life renew
With sweet repentance, and with bliss in view.
Mistaken duty lifts his voice on high,
There bids those shuddering forms despair and die!
The convict maid of that devoted ship,
Fear on her heart, and pray'r upon her lip,
Thinks a whole life, in one vast throb of pain,
In anguish falls, nor strives to rise again.
There, as upon the wave-swept deck she lies,
Recalls her rural home—her native skies,
And shrieking from her sepulchre, the deep,
Moans for the grave where all her kindred sleep.
Mark now that beauteous female. Youth and grace,
Unquell'd by dread, still triumph in her face;
Great was the tempting, and her crime but small,
And those who love might deem it none at all:
She lov'd indeed—still fondly loves—e'en now
The waves around her—death upon her brow—
She sees *his* shadow o'er the waters rise,
For *him* she liv'd—for *him* she sinn'd—and dies!
Like a snar'd lion th' angry ocean roars,
Lashing himself to fury. Fierce, he pours
His waves, like battling squadrons, on the wreck,
That heaves and groans. The bulwarks fail; the deck
Sinks with the weight; the stubborn timbers yield—
They part—the breach is made, and from the field
Of furious waters rushes the mad surge,
And with crash tumultuous seems to urge
The onset dire with threat, and shouted ban
And all the hate, as when man wars with man.
But hark! that rending shriek, prolong'd and drear!
That gurgling yell! That awful cry of fear!
—'Tis finished all—alone, the storm's dread roar
Rides on the wave, and bellows on the shore.
Where's now that gallant ship? Alas! too well
Along the sands, the broken timbers tell.

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Where now these forms of beauty? Corses strewn
Along the beach where winds funereal moan,
A dirge-like answer yield. How many died
Through one man's weakness, and one woman's pride!

Metropolitan.

Notes of a Reader.

LONDON LOCALITIES.

Morland, the painter, resided at Kensall-green, on the Harrow-road, in a neat cottage.—Cowley, the poet, was a king's scholar in Westminster, whence, in 1636, he was elected to Trinity College, Cambridge.—Great Coram-street is named after Dr. Coram, who was the main founder of that useful charity, the Foundling Hospital, in its neighbourhood, in the beginning of the last century: he is buried in the vault under the chapel of the hospital.—Child's Coffee-house was the resort, in 1716, of Dr. Mead, the celebrated physician of his day, and other professional men of eminence.—About 1760, the magistrates of Westminster had no other court-house but a place at the bottom of the stairs leading to the House of Commons to keep their sessions in; this place was called "Hell."—In 1724, the principal coffee-houses at the west end were White's, the Cocoa Tree, the Smyrna, and the British; in the city, Garraway's, Robin's, and Jonathan's. There were at this time in the city two good French eating-houses, the Pontack and Cavcais, both near the Royal Exchange, and much frequented.—Don Saltero, in 1723, published a curious rhyming advertisement relative to his collection of curiosities at his coffee-house, Cheyné Walk, Chelsea; it is dated "Chelsea Knackatory," and in the lines he calls it "My Museum Coffee-house."—Orator Henley preached his eccentric sermons in the French Chapel, in Newport-market.—Jack Shepherd, the celebrated robber, was apprenticed to one Owen Wood, a carpenter, in Drury-lane.—In 1703, a new play-house was opened in Goodman's-fields, in the passage by the Ship tavern, between Prescot and Chambers-streets.—The new Tunbridge Wells, at Islington, was a fashionable resort in 1733, the Princess Amelia drinking the water there for the restoration of her health.—The celebrated Marylebone Gardens were near the north end of Harley-street, where so late as 1808 a few trees remained, indicating the exact site.—There are some lodgings appendant to Westminster Abbey, in Dean's-yard, of so early a date as 1380.—The Minced Pie-house at Greenwich was built by Vanbrugh; the ludicrous title was a witticism upon the architect.—The globular oil lamp was first exhibited by its inventer, Michael Cole, at the door of the St. James' Coffee-house, in 1709; in the patent he obtained, it is mentioned as "a new kind of light."—St. John's Chapel in the White Tower is one of the most genuine specimens remaining of the true Saxon style of building.—Dr. Radcliffe, for some time after his first coming to London, settled in Bow-street, Covent-garden.—Dr. Mead, another equally eminent physician, resided in Great Ormond-street, Queen-square, where he had a gallery of pictures and antiquities. It was here he collected his library, which, at his death, contained upwards of 10,000 volumes.—Wilberforce, everything associated with whose name has now become matter of history, resided, in 1809, in Dover-street.—Edmund Burke lived in Gerrard-street, Soho. Michael Kelly for a long time resided at 35, Black Lion-street.—The Chevalier d'Eon, in July, 1804, lived at a Mr. Giles's, in Charlotte-street, Blackfriars-road.—The Devil's Tavern, near Temple Bar, was the resort of Ben Jonson, Shakspeare, and the wits of that day, and here the Apollo Club assembled; until very lately there was preserved here a copy of some regulations of this club, said to be in the handwriting of "rare Ben."—The Literary Club, of which Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, and others of that day were members, held its sittings at the Turk's Head, in Gerrard-street, Soho.—Matthew Prior, the poet, was for many years tapster at his uncle's tavern, the Rummer, at Charing Cross, and used to bring out the pots of porter, &c.—Lord Rochester, to be revenged of Dryden, on one occasion hired a parcel of bravoes, and had the poet cudgelled in Rose-alley.—Milton lived in Jewin-street, in Artillery-row, Bunhill-fields, and in Bartholomew-close, West Smithfield.—Dr. Johnson lived in the court since named after him in Fleet-street; he died in Bolt-court, near; he also lived in Castle-street, Cavendish-square; he frequented a tavern in Bolt-court, where they show his seat and pipe; and he occasionally dropped into the Mitre, in Mitre-court.—Garrick's principal town residences were in Southampton-street, Bloomsbury, and on the Terrace, Adelphi, where he died.—Marble-hall, Vauxhall, is supposed to have been the spot at which the Gunpowder Plot was hatched, as it was the residence of Guy Fawkes.—On the Cheyné-walk, near the site of the ancient Episcopal Palace of Winchester, dwelt Nell Gwynne and the Duchess of Mazarine.—Edward Gibbon, the historian, Cromwell (the first), Earl of Essex, and Nicholas West, Bishop of Ely, were all born at Putney.—Granville Sharpe died at Stourton-house, near Fulham in 1813.—Bishop Bonner had his residence, for a long time, at the Golden Lion Inn, Fulham.—Thomson wrote part of his *Winter* in the Dane Coffee-house, which he habitually frequented, between the Upper and Lower Malls, Hammersmith.—Voltaire, when in London, in 1728, lodged in the house of Mr. Cavalier, in Billiter-square.—Oldham, the poet, was for some years usher of the charity school at Croydon.—Lock resided at

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Thanet-house, Aldersgate-street. — Newton dates a letter to Locke, "at the Bull, Shoreditch, London, September 16, 1693:" a curious letter it is, containing an apology for having wished Locke dead.—De Fee, the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, lived in Freeman's-yard, Cornhill.—Goldsmith used to frequent the Chapter Coffee-house, in St. Paul's, where he always occupied one spot, which for many years after was the seat of literary honour there.—Otway, the author of *Venice Preserved*, died at the Bull Tavern, on Tower-hill, it is thought from voraciousness after starvation, April 14, 1685.—Chatterton, "the boy who perished in his pride," was buried by the parish officers of St. Andrew's, Holborn, in the parochial burial-ground in Shoe-lane.—Cowley resided at Barn Elms before he went to Chertsey.—Bolingbroke was born at and died (1751) in the old Manor-house at Battersea, where the air-mill stands at present; one of the parlours left standing fronting the Thames in Mr. Hodgson's house was much frequented by Pope.—Cromwell resided in Hale-house, sometimes called Cromwell-house, in Brompton.—Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, dwelt at Bruce-castle, Tottenham.—Queen Anne, when Princess of Denmark, resided five years at Camden-house, Kensington; and her son, the Duke of Gloucester, formed a regiment of boys there.—Sir Robert Walpole lived in a house in the Stable-yard, Chelsea.—In Little Chelsea, Lord Shaftesbury, the author of the *Characteristics*, had a house, where he resided during the sittings of Parliament; it is at present used as a workhouse.—Joe Miller (the "Joe"), who was a comedian, acted in Charles II.'s time in the theatre in Portugal-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, now a china warehouse; he is buried on the other side of the street, in the open grave-yard.—Nell Gwynne was born in the Coal-yard, part of a passage leading out of Drury-lane into Holborn.—At the Half-moon Tavern, Aldersgate-street, Wycherley, D'Avenant, Congreve, and all the wits of the day resorted.—Sergeant Fleet, Recorder of London in the reign of Elizabeth, lived in Noble-street, near the churchyard of St. Olave, Southwark.—In 1748, Johnson established a club at a coffee and chop-house in Ivy-lane, where the members met every Tuesday evening.—The first night Queen Elizabeth slept in London, after her accession, was at the Charterhouse, being accompanied thither by the Lord Mayor and citizens.—Wild's coffee-house was opposite the Admiralty.—Grose, the antiquary, was in the habit of going to the King's Arms Tavern, Holborn, opposite Newton-street, and here Jack Emery, the comedian, was a frequent visiter till his death.—Taylor, the water poet, kept a public-house in Phœnix-alley, near Long-acre; his sign was a mourning crown, he being a royalist; he afterwards put up his own head.—Mrs. Pope, the actress, lived and died in Half-moon-street, Piccadilly.—Powell, Holland, and Parsons, the comedians, used to assemble to spout together at the Bird-cage, in Wood-street, Cheapside, and at the Horn Tavern, Doctors'-commons.—*Abridged from the Globe.*

The Gatherer.

A Synonyme.—A courtier in France in the reign of Louis XIII., playing at picquet in an open gallery, observed the president (whose name was Gaussaut,) talking very freely of his method of playing, and having purposely made some trifling mistake to draw him still farther, he exclaimed, "What stupid play, I protest I am a mere Gaussaut!" "You are a mere fool," replied Gaussaut. "True," replied the other, "that was what I meant."

"Do not be inactive," says the Arab poet, El Wardi, "for water soon becomes putrid by stagnation, and the moon, by changing, becomes bright and perfect."

Poetical Barber.—The following *morceau* adorns the shop of a barber at Beccles:

"Shavin Depott.

To all who has air, or beards to cross,
I recommends my Shavin Shop;
Cheep and luxyourious I trim
The ruffest beard of any chin;
I cuts the air, on the newest plan,
And charges littler than any man." G. R. L.

Norfolk degrees of Comparison.—The following will be familiar to most of our Norfolk friends; and they rank with those provincialisms for which natives of that county are frequently quizzed:

Positive.	*Comparative.*	*Superlative.*
Little	Less	Least
	Lesser	Lessest
	Lesserer	Lesserest
	Lesserer still	Lessest of all
	Littler	Littlest
Tiny	Tinier	Tiniest
Titty	Tittier	Tittiest

However, the *Tit*-mouse and *Tit*-wren, of even the natural history books, show that the latter corruption of *little* is not peculiar to Norfolk. G. R. L.

Single-pen Warner.—Dr. Warner was in the shop of an eminent stationer in the Strand, when some one came in and purchased a hundred quills, for which he paid six shillings. When he was gone, the Doctor exclaimed, "Oh, the luxury of the age! six shillings for a hundred quills! why it never cost me sixpence for quills in my life." "That is very surprising, Doctor," observed the gentleman of the shop, "for your works are very voluminous." "I assure you," said the Doctor, "that I wrote my *Ecclesiastical History*, two volumes folio, and my *Dissertation on the Common Prayer*, a large folio, both the first and corrected copies, with one single pen: it was an old one before I began,

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and it is not worn out now that I have finished." This circumstance was spread about, and the merits of this pen were esteemed so highly, that a celebrated countess begged the Doctor to make her a present of it; he did so, and her ladyship had a gold case made, with a short history of the pen engraved upon it, and these were placed in her cabinet of curiosities. T. GILL.

Sterne's Tombstone.—Sterne lies in the St. George's burial-ground, on the Uxbridge Road, where the following inscription can, with difficulty, be traced. W. G.

Near to this Place
Lyes the Body of
the Reverend Laurence Sterne, A. M.
Dyed September 16, 1768.
Aged 63 years.

If a sound head, warm heart, and breast humane
Unsully'd worth, and soul without a stain,
If mental powers could ever justly claim
The well won tribute of immortal fame,
STERNE was THE MAN who with gigantic stride
Mow'd down luxuriant follies far and wide.
Yet what the keenest knowledge of mankind
Unseal'd to him the springs that move the mind;
What did it boot him, ridicul'd, abus'd,
By fools insulted, and by prudes accus'd;
In *his*, mild reader, view thy future fate,
Like him despise what 'twere a sin to hate.

This monumental stone was erected to the memory of the deceased by two Brother Masons, for although he did not live to be a member of their society, yet all his incomparable performances evidently prove him to have acted by Rule and Square. They rejoice in this opportunity of perpetuating his high and irreproachable character to after ages.

Fox.—Lady Holland happening one day, in Fox's presence, to make a remark on Roman history, which Fox knew to be erroneous, he asked her, with great contempt, what she knew about the Romans; and, with more knowledge and force of argument, than filial reverence, proceeded to demonstrate her error.—*Georgian Era.*

Lucky Omen.—Tamerlane was very attentive to lucky and unlucky days; and he seldom put his army in motion, and never engaged in battle, till the astrologers had fixed the fortunate hour: an idiot having thrown a breast of mutton at him, while he was planning the conquest of Kharezme, (sometimes called the breast of the world,) he interpreted it before all his army as an infallible omen of his success. (There are many in England, who would think it a very lucky omen to have a breast of mutton thrown at them.) P. T. W.

Leicester Burnt.—In the 20th of the King's reign (Henry II.) the city of Leicester was burnt, by the King's command, the walls and castle razed, and the inhabitants dispersed into other cities, for their disobedience to the King. T. GILL.

Umbrellas.—There is at present a lady residing in Taunton, who recollects the time when there were but *two* umbrellas in that town. One belonged to a gentleman named Noble, and the other was the property of a clergyman, who, on proceeding to his duties on Sunday, hung it up in the church porch, where it attracted the gaze, admiration, and wonder of the whole congregation.—T. GILL.

Natural Law.—Among the ancients, there was a law, whereby children were obliged to furnish necessaries to their aged parents. Some authors have called this the *lex ciconia*, or the stork's law; that bird being famous for the care it takes of its parents when they grow old. P. T. W.

John Wesley,—in disposition was kind placable, and affectionate. He practised a strict economy, not with any sordid motives but for the purpose of administering extensively to the wants of the poor. His integrity was unimpeachable; and money would have been of no value in his estimation, but, that it afforded him the means of increasing his utility. He passed six months in Georgia without possessing a single shilling; and when, as it has been surmised, from his own account of a young man at Oxford, his income was 30*l.* per annum, he gave away two; "next year, receiving sixty, he still lived on twenty-eight, and gave away thirty-two; the third year he received ninety, and gave away sixty-two; the fourth year he received one hundred and twenty; still he lived as before, on twenty-eight, and gave away ninety-two."

Rival Ministers.—Walpole and Townshend were favourite ministers of George I. Though of congenial opinions they often quarrelled, when in office together. On one of these occasions, Walpole, in the presence of several public men, said, in answer to some remark of Townshend's, to which he pledged his honour, "My lord, for once, there is no man whose sincerity I doubt so much as your lordship's; and I never doubt it so much as when you are pleased to make such strong professions." Townshend retired from office in disgust. When pressed, several years afterwards, by an intimate friend, to reveal the reason why they had differed, after several attempts to evade the question, he at length said, "It is difficult to trace the causes of a dispute between statesmen; but I will give you the history in a few words:—as long as the firm of the house was Townshend and Walpole, the utmost harmony prevailed; but it no sooner became Walpole and Townshend, than things went wrong, and a separation ensued."

*** Owing to the space occupied by the first Engraving and its accompanying particulars in the present sheet, the conclusion of the sketch, entitled "The Death," is defered till our next Number.

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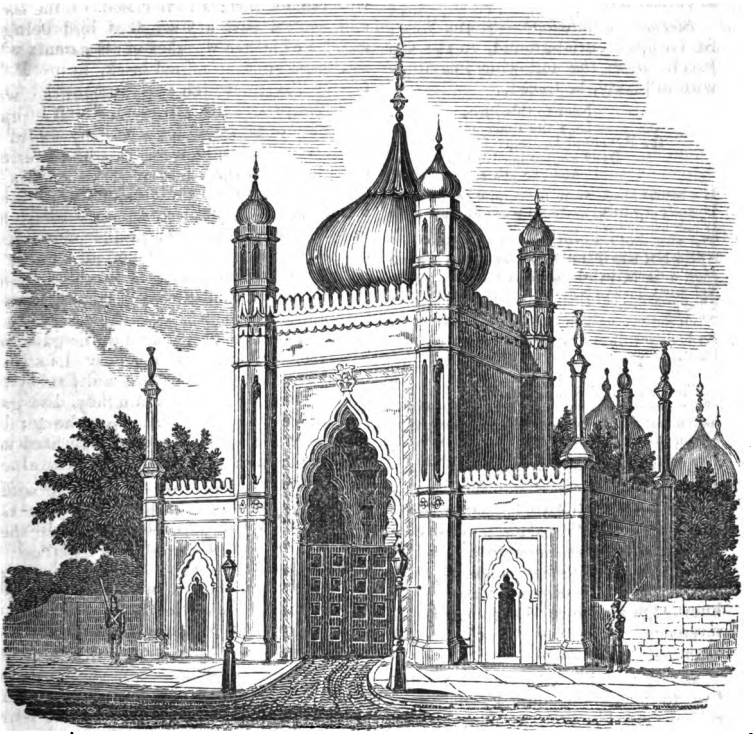
The Mirror

OF

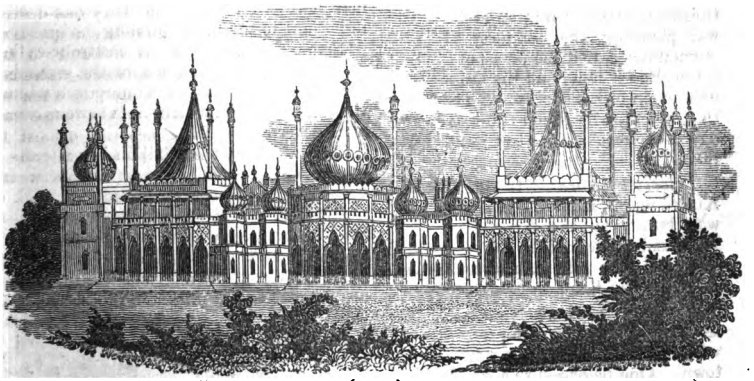
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 628.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1833. [PRICE 2*d*.

THE ROYAL PAVILION, BRIGHTON.



NEW (NORTH) ENTRANCE.



GARDEN (EAST) FRONT.

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THE ROYAL PAVILION, BRIGHTON.

It is now about half a century since George the Fourth, then Prince of Wales, purchased a villa on the north western side of the Steine, and nearly in the centre of Brighton; which was transformed into a "Marine Pavilion," under the superintendence of Henry Holland, Esq., the architect of Carlton House. It consisted of a circular temple-like edifice, with a dome roof: attached to it were two wings, of two stories each, with verandas; the south wing having been the villa purchased by the Prince. The centre, as well as the building adjoining the north wing was surrounded by an Ionic colonnade and entablature, supporting statues. Since the above period, however, the Pavilion has progressively undergone an entire change: the altered structure has given place to the buildings which now form the Royal Palace; and which have been erected from the designs of John Nash, Esq. With the exception of the minarets, nearly the whole of the edifice is of brick, stuccoed.

In its external architecture, the Pavilion *assumes* the characteristics of the Oriental style, and domes, and cones, and minarets, spring from its roofs to a considerable height. Its pretensions to Orientalism are, however, set aside by Mr. Daniell, a very competent authority, who observes that "if the architect aimed at an imitation of Oriental architecture, it is to be lamented that he trusted so implicitly to conjecture, for there is not a feature, great or small, which at all accords with the purity, grandeur, and magnificence, that characterize the genuine Oriental style."*

The principal front of the Pavilion is to the east, but the main entrance is westward. The former, usually termed the garden-front, and facing the Steine, is represented in the annexed page. It consists, in effect, of three pavilions, connected by two ranges of building. The central part projects semicircularly, and is surmounted by a vast dome, presenting the appearance of an inverted balloon partially filled, and tapering upwards into a high pinnacle; its extreme height being 130 feet: on each side is a lofty minaret. This part incloses the rotunda, or saloon, the longest diameter of which is about 55 feet. On the north and south, the saloon opens into apartments measuring about 50 feet in length, and 20 feet in breadth; their exterior projecting in two bows on each side, crowned by domes of similar shape, but smaller dimensions, to that in the centre. These unite with the wings, which are of a square form, and are each surmounted by a lofty cone, rising between four minarets, which are of Bath stone, as are also the central pinnacles, which are still more elevated than the former. The south wing contains the banqueting room; and the north wing is the music room. Adjoining the latter is a smaller building of a square form, surmounted by a dome and minarets, similar to those described. All the domes have vertical divisions, and are otherwise ornamented; and the fronts of the wings and central part are screened by projecting arcades of lattice work. Near the south wing is a large building of red brick, formerly the Castle Tavern, which was purchased by the late King; and the ball room, which forms a rectangle of 80 by 40 feet, with recesses, has been converted into a chapel, as an appendage to the palace.

The opposite or western front of the Pavilion, is nearly similar to the garden-front; but has a centre projecting rather more, with a neat square portico, supported by pillars. This side contains the vestibule, hall, Chinese gallery, and various drawing, reading, breakfast, and other rooms.

The entrance gates are north and south. The southern entrance was erected in 1831, and opens into Castle-square and East-street. It is divided by minarets into three divisions, the centre being a handsome archway; but the flanks are sadly frittered in appearance.

The northern entrance, finished in 1832, and represented in the annexed page, is, comparatively, of faultless proportions. It is crowned with a dome in the style of the central one of the Pavilion, and rises from a tower having at each angle a substantial turret crowned with a smaller dome: the wings are finished with light fluted minarets. The form of the arch, with the lion and regal crown at its point, is graceful and pleasing, and throughout the structure the embellishments in a chaste style. We have not seen this entrance since its completion; but, from our recollection of the dwarfish character of the Pavilion front, we fear the new northern entrance is disproportionately important to the main building.

Before the erection of these entrances, there were mere park-like gates to the grounds of the Pavilion. The late King projected more suitable entrances, which, from various causes, were never executed.

The interior of the Pavilion is a succession of almost indescribable magnificence; but, by aid of the elaborate illustrative work on the subject by Mr. Nash, the architect, we may, at some early opportunity, introduce the reader to this region of splendour. Meanwhile we cheerfully acknowledge our present obligation for the originals of the subjoined views to the handsome volume descriptive of the Coast of Sussex, recently published by J. D. Parry, M. A., and "dedicated, by permission, to the King and Queen."

* Picturesque Voyage round Great Britain, vol. vii. p. 50. We quote Mr. Daniell as a competent authority, since he has resided twelve years in the East; and his taste and judgment in Oriental scenery and architecture have been displayed in a work of considerable extent and splendour. He has likewise just illustrated an *Oriental Annual*, which is to grace the lists of the ensuing year.

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ADELA.

A DELICATE and snow-white rose,
Whose first, pale, tender leaves inclose
With morning's dew bestrown—
A star upon the dark blue sky,
Ere twilight dies, when night is nigh,
Pale, tranquil, and alone.

These are most beautiful, and yet
They kindle sad, and soft regret
Within the gazer's heart;
Regret, that things so pure, and fair,
Should aught akin to sadness wear,
Less beautiful apart.

Like these fair things, sweet maiden, thou
Hast on thy placid cheek, and brow,
A tranquil sadness thrown!
And thy pure downcast eyes appear,
To bear full oft the pitying tear,
For evils not thine own.

Thy form of grace, thy pensive eye,
Thy smiles, most sweet serenity,
Would love, and reverence win,
Did not surpassing loveliness
Of life, in word, and deed express
How pure thy heart within.

No passion e'er in frowns has wrought
Thy brow, nor on thy cheek a thought,
Ere called the blush of shame;
Nor has the sting of fell remorse
Thrust in thy gentle heart its force
Of bitter, maddening blame!

Go, pure and happy, on thy way,
A star, with mild, benignant ray
Of bright unclouded worth:
The richest gifts of heaven are thine;
Thy mental graces calmly shine
Too good, too pure, for earth!

Beyond the star-bespangled skies,
Whose glow so oft attracts thine eyes
In even's tranquil time,
Soon, soon thy heritage must be,
Where kindred angels watch for thee
To share their joys sublime.

N.

BREVITIES.

PRUDERY is often the mantle chosen to conceal triumphant vice. Where inward remorse prevails, there will always be a corresponding absurdity in affecting genuine virtue.

Many look rather to outward appearance than domestic quietude: we often demolish the substance by too scrupulously polishing the exterior.

Never pronounce a man to be a wilful niggard until you have seen the contents of his purse. The distribution should be in accordance with the receipts.

Artifice will for a time conceal the most glaring errors. Superficial adornments are rarely tangible.

If industry will banish poverty, no man should complain of adverse circumstances.

Gratitude is the most dignified return you can lavish on your benefactors.

If mankind are unhappy, it is of little consequence what occasions the disquietude. *Real* and *imaginary* evils are synonymous.

True zeal will always inculcate moderation without diminishing a conspicuous intrepidity.

When a man begins to love money for money's sake, and not for what it will procure, it is no longer a desire for independence, but the provision of avarice.

It is impossible to ascertain how far virtue will predominate until opposed by temptation.

The infliction of an undeserved punishment is not more distressing, than to escape the pain and brave the rancour of conscious guilt.

We never feel so conscious of our virtue as when we are suffering under a false accusation.

Such is the prejudice of taste, that the affections are often devoted even before we see the favoured object, when the intimacy is frequently insufficient to lay aside an undefinable antipathy.

None are more apparently valiant than the coward when freed from danger. What is lost in reality finds a supply in assumption.

A man to be happy must be friends with himself.

Such is the superstructure of vanity that turret after turret is added to adorn the stupendous fabric, till at last the foundation totters beneath its gaudy superfluities.

Nothing increases the love of life so much as living *well*.

Cruelty will never inculcate a *voluntary* subservience.

To laugh at roguery makes the action doubly dishonest.

To determine on a point is half a conquest.

Wycombe. W. H.

Spirit of Discovery.

NEW PATENT PROCESS FOR GENERATING HEAT.

[OUR thanks are due to "A Constant Reader," who has forwarded to us an outline of Mr. J. O. N. Rutter's New Process for Generating Heat. He states that he has seen the patent in operation, and nothing can be more beautiful in its effects. From a stream of tar and of water, each hardly thicker than a common packthread, an intense heat is produced, quite sufficient for the making of gas, or for the working of a steam-engine; and during a fortnight that our Correspondent saw it at work, there was no appearance of smoke from the chimney, although the works were in full operation.]

It was during the winter of 1832-3, whilst occupied in the management of the gas-works at Lymington in Hampshire, recently erected there by Messrs. John Barlow and Co., that the patentee had an opportunity of making daily observations on the process of heating thus briefly described. As is the practice in

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most of the coal gas-works in the kingdom, the tar made on the station, for which a ready sale could not be found, was consumed, in conjunction with coal or coke, as fuel. Experience taught him that, whilst on the one hand it was a measure of economy thus to get rid of an article, the accumulation of which might prove both offensive and dangerous, yet, on the other, its employment as fuel, by the means hitherto adopted, was a most wasteful process; since two-thirds, and in many cases three-fourths, of the tar sent into the furnace, was evidently not consumed. Reasoning on the results of various experiments, and assured by them that the imperfect combustion of so inflammable a body as coal tar was entirely due to an excess of carbon, it occurred to him, that since water by its decomposition, yields hydrogen and oxygen, that fluid, if decomposed in contact with the tar, would render its combustion complete.

The first experiment was successful. By delivering into a furnace in which was a clear fire made with coal or coke, coal tar in a very fine stream, accompanied by an equal quantity of water, it was found that the whole of the tar might be decomposed.

From the experiments and observations of the patentee, and from the communications made to him by others on whose testimony he can rely, he believes that, under the old system of burning tar as fuel, from forty to fifty gallons may be assumed as a minimum supply for one furnace during twenty-four hours. In some cases the consumption, or rather the waste, has been at the rate of seventy gallons during the same time. By a series of comparative experiments, it has been demonstrated that from eight to twelve gallons of tar, in conjunction with water, (varying in their respective proportions according to circumstances,) are sufficient for twenty-four hours; the latter quantity enabling the retorts to be worked at four-hours' charges.

At Lymington the patentee has made, during successive weeks, with one twenty-two inch York D retort, 3,800 cubic feet of gas from eight bushels of Newcastle coal (eighty pounds per bushel,) in twenty hours; which is at the rate of 13,300 feet per ton, and 17,100 feet per chaldron. A greater quantity of gas obtained from a given quantity of coal, as compared with the usual products in gas establishments, is not the only advantage consequent on these workings. The gas made under these circumstances is of superior density. In many instances its specific gravity has averaged ·550. At Salisbury nearly similar results have been obtained. With three twelve-inch D retorts, 7,800 feet of gas have been made from eighteen bushels of Newcastle coal in twenty-four hours; averaging 12,124 feet per ton, and 15,600 feet per chaldron.

The heat generated by the combustion of tar and water, although much more intense than that arising from ordinary fuel, may nevertheless be regulated at pleasure. It is, moreover, uniform in its effects,—a point which can only be appreciated by the practical gas-maker.

Let it not be infered that the exalted temperature exhibited in this process depends simply on the entire combustion of the tar. Water, by its decomposition, affording materials whose heating properties are inconceivably more energetic than the ordinary kinds of fuel, and its elements combining readily with carbon, it is easy to comprehend how these materials mutually aid each other. The quantity or intensity of heat generated by a comparatively small quantity of fuel, is due, therefore, to the presence of water.

Another condition of the process should not be overlooked. It has already been hinted that oxygen constitutes only one-fifth of the air admitted to a furnace, the remaining four-fifths taking no part in the ignition of the fuel. In the process here described, oxygen, instead of being admitted in any great quantity from *without*, is generated *within* the furnace; and instead of its being accompanied by azote, which retards combustion and extinguishes flame, it is accompanied by hydrogen, one of the most inflammable of the gases.

The importance of this process in gas operations has been first mentioned, because to that department of science it owes its origin, and, up to the present time, the greater part of the proofs illustrative of its utility. There is, perhaps, no purpose for which heat is required in an inclosed furnace to which this process is not applicable. Steam-engines, whether stationary or locomotive, breweries, distilleries, glass-houses, the caboose of the merchant-ship, and the galley of the man-of-war, are favourable situations for its employment. The absence of smoke, also, gives to it additional importance in cases where the ordinary process is considered a nuisance.

Time and experience will doubtless unfold many valuable suggestions. All the patentee's experiments have been conducted in furnaces of the ordinary description. In the construction of furnaces much yet remains to be done. In the place of such a widely-extended stratum of fuel as is now required under steam-boilers, &c., a surface just sufficient to effect the decomposition of the materials will answer every purpose.

A condition peculiar to a furnace for heating gas-retorts is the great extent of heated surface to which the fuel is exposed. Under such circumstances, it is found that tar, both mineral and vegetable, will take considerably more than its bulk of water in its combustion. In a furnace over which is set a boiler, the only decomposing surface is that formed by

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the sides of the furnace and the fuel on the grate-bars. The relative proportions of the inflammable body, and of water, necessary in such cases, vary materially. In three experiments on board the "Glasgow" steam-packet, it was found that about equal quantities of tar and water were consumed. The sides of the furnaces in that vessel form a part of the boiler, consequently their temperature never exceeds that of the contained water.

To estimate with accuracy the relative heating properties of the materials applicable to this process,—which comprise bituminous, oleaginous, resinous, waxy, and fatty substances, in a fluid state,—as compared with coal and coke of various kinds, and other fuel, will require an extensive series of experiments. It is earnestly desired that practical men will make known to the patentee, from time to time, the results of their observations. That kind of information will enhance the value of the process by rendering its conditions better understood. With every desire to be on the safe side, he does not hesitate to affirm that, if the process be properly conducted, fifteen pounds of coal tar (weighing about eleven pounds per gallon), or the same quantity of Stockholm tar, with rather more than an equal bulk of water and twenty-five pounds of Newcastle coke, will be found equal to 120 pounds of Newcastle coal.

The cost of the process, as compared with that ordinarily employed, must necessarily depend on the relative cost of materials. In situations where coal, or other solid fuel, is plentiful and cheap, it is but reasonable to expect that the old system will be perpetuated. Not so where fuel is scarce or dear.

There are situations in which the relative cost of materials does not constitute the *only* consideration. For steam navigation, and especially in long voyages, fuel is not simply a question of cost, but of stowage. The period seems now fast approaching, when communications by steam may be established with every part of the globe.

New Books.

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME.

[Somewhat more than two years have elapsed since we first noticed this celebrated romance of Victor Hugo, then in the fifth edition, and just in the zenith of popularity in Paris. During the above period, its merits have been weighed in nearly every critical balance in this country, yet, not until within these few months has any publisher thought the translation of the *Hunchback* a safe card. Now, as if to make up for lost time, we have two translations, of which that before us, included in the *Standard Novels*, is published at one-fourth of the price of its compeer.

This work is universally allowed, by the French critics, to be the best of Victor Hugo's works, and in England, it has been ranked with the most successful romances by the author of Waverley. This is praise to "the top of the tree," but it is scarcely characteristic of the merits of *The Hunchback:* it does not bespeak the highly wrought and poetic vigour of the descriptive scenes, the author's familiarity with the time of which he writes, or the graphic *vraisemblance* of the scenes of action. The idea is taken from the *Gitanilla* of Cervantes, and aims at showing the omnipotence of love. The heroine, La Esmeralda, a Bohemian gipsey, by turns ensnares the truckling priest; bewitches the poor poet with a fine frenzy; soothes the savage Quasimodo—the dumb, one-eyed bell-ringer of Notre Dame; while La Esmeralda is herself hopelessly attached to a hair-brained captain of the guard, whose only love is self-love. The scenes of these amours are in fifty-four flittering chapters, all of which are not, however, occupied by action. Some of them are, perhaps, the finest specimens of *novel* scene-painting ever read. They have the freshness of yesterday, but portray realities three centuries and a half since, and are so many slides in the magic lantern of Paris in 1482, or in the time of Louis XI. Of this portion of the work we will endeavour to afford the reader some glance by a few flying extracts. The first scene is a notorious resort, whither Gringoire, an unsuccessful poet, has been driven by three begging impostors. This extraordinary place is named]

The Cour des Miracles.

"Where am I?" cried the affrighted poet.

"In the Cour des Miracles," replied a fourth spectre, who had joined them.

"Miracles, upon my soul!" rejoined Grin-goire, "for here are blind who see, and lame who run."

A sinister laugh was their only answer.

The poor poet cast his eyes around him. He was actually in that dreaded Cour des Miracles, into which no honest man had ever penetrated at such an hour, a magic circle, in which the officers of the Châtelet and the sergeants of the provost, who ventured within it, were disposed of in a trice; the haunt of thieves; a hideous wen on the face of Paris; a sewer disgorging every morning and receiving every night that fetid torrent of vice, mendicity, and roguery, which always overflows the streets of great capitals; a monstrous hive, to which all the drones of the social order retired at night with their booty; the hospital of imposture, where the gipsy, the unfrocked monk, the ruined scholar, the blackguards of all nations, Spaniards, Italians, Germans, of all religions, Jews, Christians, Mahometans, idolaters, covered with painted wounds, beggars by day, transmogrified themselves into banditti at night;

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mmense robing-room, in short, whither all the actors of that eternal comedy which theft, prostitution, and murder are performing in the streets of Paris, resorted at that period to dress and to undress.

It was a spacious area, irregular, and ill-paved, like all the open places of Paris in those days. Fires, around which swarmed strange-looking groups, were blazing here and there. All was bustle, confusion, uproar. Coarse laughter, the crying of children, the voices of women, were intermingled. The hands and heads of this multitude, black upon a luminous ground, were making a thousand antic gestures. A dog which looked like a man, or a man who looked like a dog, might be seen from time to time passing over the place on which trembled the reflection of the fires, interspersed with broad, ill-defined shadows. The limits between races and species seemed to be done away with in this city, as in a pandemonium. Men, women, brutes, age, sex, health, disease, all seemed to be in common among these people. They were jumbled, huddled together, laid upon one another; each there partook of everything.

The faint and flickering light of the fires enabled Gringoire to distinguish, in spite of his agitation, all round the immense place a hideous circumference of old houses, the decayed, worm-eaten, ruinous fronts of which, each perforated by one or two small lighted windows, appeared to him in the dark like enormous heads of old hags ranged in a circle, watching the witches' sabbath rites and winking their eyes. It was like a new world, unknown, unheard of, deformed, creeping, crawling, fantastic.

Gringoire—more and more terrified; held by the three mendicants as by three vices; deafened by a crowd of other faces bleating and barking around him—the unlucky Gringoire strove to rally his presence of mind, and to recollect whether it was Saturday or not. But his efforts were vain: the thread of his memory and of his thoughts was broken, and, doubting everything, floating between what he saw and what he felt, he asked himself this puzzling question:—"If I am, can this be? if this is, can I be?"

At this moment a distinct shout arose from amidst the buzzing crowd by which he was surrounded:—"Lead him to the king! lead him to the king!"

"Holy Virgin!" muttered Gringoire—"the king of this place!—why, he can be nothing but a goat."

"To the king! to the king!" repeated every voice.

He was hurried away. The rabble rushed to lay hands on him, but the three mendicants held him fast in their gripe, tearing him away from the others, and bawling, "He is ours!" The poet's doublet, previously in wretched plight, was utterly ruined in this struggle.

While crossing the horrible place, the vertigo which had confused his senses was dispelled. He had taken but a few steps before a conviction of the reality flashed upon him. He began to become used to the atmosphere of the place. At the first moment there had risen from his poetic brain, and, perhaps, to speak quite simply and prosaically, from his empty stomach, a fume, a vapour, which, spreading itself between objects and him, had permitted him to catch a glimpse of them only in the distorting haze of the nightmare, in that darkness of dreams, which shows all outlines as shaking, all forms as grinning, all objects as heaped together in preposterous groups, dilating things into chimeras, and men into phantoms. By degrees this hallucination gave place to views less wild and less exaggerating. Reality burst upon him, paining his eyes, treading upon his toes, and demolishing piecemeal the whole frightful poesy by which he had at first fancied himself to be surrounded. He could not help perceiving that he was not walking in the Styx, but in the mud; that he was not elbowed by demons, but by robbers; that his soul was not in danger, but merely his life, because he lacked that excellent mediator between the ruffian and the honest man—the purse. In short, upon examining the scene more closely and more coolly he fell from the witches' sabbath down to the tavern. The Cour des Miracles was in fact nothing but a tavern, but a tavern for ruffians, quite as much stained with blood as with wine.

The sight which presented itself when his ragged escort had at length brought him to the place of his destination, was not calculated to carry him back to poetry, were it even the poetry of hell. It was more than ever the prosaic and brutal reality of the tavern. If our history did not pertain to the fifteenth century, we should say that Gringoire had descended from Michael Angelo to Callot.

Around a great fire which burned upon a large circular hearth, and the flames of which rose among the red-hot bars of a trevet unoccupied at the moment, sundry crazy tables were placed here and there at random; for the waiter had not deigned to study geometrical symmetry in their arrangement, or to take care at least that they should not intersect each other at too unusual angles. On these tables shone pots flowing with wine and beer, and round these pots were grouped a great many jolly faces, empurpled by the fire and by drink. Here a man, with huge paunch and jovial phiz, was whistling the while he took off the bandages from a false wound, and removed the wrappers from a sound and vigorous knee, which had been

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swathed ever since morning in a dozen ligatures. At the back of him was a shrivelled wretch, preparing with suet and bullock's blood his black pudding for the ensuing day. Two tables off, a sharper, in the complete dress of a pilgrim, was twanging a stave of a religious hymn. In another place a young rogue was taking a lesson in epilepsy from an old cadger, who was also teaching him the art of foaming at the mouth by chewing a bit of soap. By the side of these a dropsical man was riddling himself of his protuberance, while four or five canters of the other sex were quarrelling about a child they had stolen in the course of the evening. Circumstances these, which, two centuries later, "appeared so ridiculous to the court," as Sauval tells us, "that they furnished pastime for the king, and were introduced into a royal ballet, called 'Night,' divided into four parts, and performed upon the stage of the Petit-Bourbon."—"Never," adds a spectator of this performance, "were the sudden metamorphoses of the Cour des Miracles more successfully represented."

From every quarter burst forth the coarse laugh and the obscene song. Each did just as he pleased, swearing and descanting, without listening to his neighbour. The pots jingled, quarrels arose, and broken mugs occasioned a destruction of rags.

A large dog was seated on his rump, looking at the fire. Young children were present at these orgies. The stolen boy was crying bitterly. Another, a stout fellow about four years old, was sitting on a high bench, dangling his legs at the table, which reached up to his chin, and saying not a word. A third was gravely spreading with his finger the melted tallow which ran from a candle upon the table. The last, a little urchin, crouching in the dirt, was almost lost in a kettle, which he was scraping with a tile, and from which he was extracting sounds that would have thrown Stradivarius into a swoon.

Near the fire stood a hogshead, and upon this hoghead was seated a mendicant. This was the king upon his throne. The three vagabonds who held Gringoire led him before the hogshead, and for a moment the whole motley assemblage was silent, excepting the kettle inhabited by the boy. Gringoire durst not breathe or raise his eyes.

[The poet narrowly escapes hanging, and by the interference of La Esmeralda, is adjudged by the king to be her husband for four years. His first transports are thus exquisitely described.]

Whether this young female was a human being, or a fairy, or an angel, Gringoire, sceptical philosopher and satirical poet as he was, could not at the first moment decide, so completely was he fascinated by the dazzling vision. She was not tall, though she appeared to be so from the slenderness and elegance of her shape. Her complexion was dark, but it was easy to divine that by daylight her skin must have the beautiful golden tint of the Roman and Andalusian women. Her small foot too was Andalusian. She danced, whirled, turned round, on an old Persian carpet, carelessly spread on the pavement; and every time her radiant face passed before you as she turned, her large black eyes flashed lightning.

Gringoire ventured upon a delicate question. "Then you will not have me for your husband?" said he.

"The damsel looked at him intently for a moment, and replied "No."

"For your lover?" asked Gringoire.

She pouted her lip, and again replied "No."

"For your friend?" continued Gringoire.

She again fixed her eyes stedfastly upon him. "Perhaps," said she, after a moment's reflection.

This *perhaps*, so dear to philosophers, emboldened Gringoire. "Do you know what friendship is?" he inquired.

"Yes," replied the Egyptian; "it is to be as brother and sister, two souls which touch each other without uniting, like two fingers of the same hand."

"And love?" proceeded Gringoire.

"Oh! love!" said she, and her voice trembled, and her eye sparkled. "It is to be two and yet but one—it is a man and a woman blending into an angel—it is heaven itself."

The street-dancer, as she uttered these words, appeared invested with a beauty which powerfully struck Gringoire, and seemed in perfect unison with the almost oriental exaggeration of her language. A faint smile played upon her pure and rosy lips; her bright and serene brow was now and then clouded for a moment, according to the turn of her thoughts, as a mirror is by the breath; and from her long, dark, downcast eyelashes emanated a sort of ineffable light, which imparted to her profile that ideal suavity which Raphael subsequently found at the mystic point of intersection of virginity, maternity, and divinity.

Gringoire nevertheless proceeded. "And what should one be," said he, "to please you?"

"A man."

"What am I, then?"

"A man has a helmet on his head, a sword in his fist, and gold spurs at his heels."

"So then," rejoined Gringoire, "without a horse one cannot be a man. Do you love any one?"

She remained pensive for a moment, and then said with a peculiar kind of expression: "I shall soon know that."

"Why not to-night?" replied the poet tenderly. "Why not me?"

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She eyed him with a serious look. "Never can I love any man but one who is able to protect me."

Gringoire blushed, and made sure that this stroke was aimed at him. It was evident that the girl was alluding to the little assistance he had afforded her in the critical situation in which she had found herself two hours before. At the recollection of this circumstance, which his own subsequent adventures had banished from his mind, he struck his forehead.

* * * * *

(To be continued.)

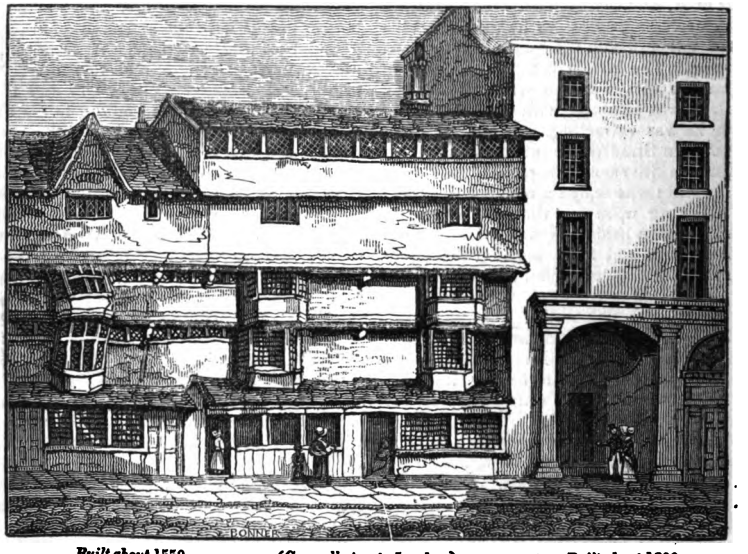
The Topographer.

ANCIENT AND MODERN LONDON.

HISTORICAL facts tend to prove, that our cities, and even London, originally consisted of wooden or wood-framed houses plastered; and this fashion of building continued long after the Romans had introduced into Britain the use of stone, "such cement as we cannot now equal," and the use of bricks. The uncertain tenure of all property in times anterior to the Norman Conquest probably discouraged the citizens from erecting substantial mansions; though, after London increased, and property became secure, the houses were certainly slight and combustible; and hence the devastating fires which are recorded between the time of William the Conqueror and the year 1666. Stone, it may be presumed, was almost exclusively used for palaces and the mansions of the richest citizens. Long after bricks were made, the mass of the people did not use them in building. Malcolm says: "the affluent used them both in London and in the country; but the unhappy public, fascinated with their wood and plaster, at last saw one fatal flame destroy all their frail tenements at one blow. The year 1666 expelled wooden buildings from our metropolis"; and from that year brick reigned with undiminished sway, has crept beyond all reasonable limits, and even aspired to compose churches and chapels."

The Great Fire spared but, comparatively, few of these wood and plaster fronted houses. Yet some remained till the present century. The most celebrated of these relics is probably the house, once the residence of Sir Paul Pindar, in Bishopsgate-street, which preserves to this day a few of its original florid enrichments. Within a few houses of Sir Paul's dwelling, we remember a mansion with a very extensive frontage of bay windows, the lower portion being covered with fanciful plaster-work, and the upper filled with small diamond-shaped casements; all which have been displaced by a modern stuccoed front. The old White Hart Tavern, figured in the fifteenth volume of our Miscellany, has disappeared within these four years, from the same vicinity; but Crosby Hall, of the same period as was the White Hart, has a nobler claim to the veneration of the present age, and is now in course of restoration. Another interesting specimen of olden domestic architecture was lately removed from High-street, Southwark, and has been represented in vol. xvii. of our Journal.

Malcolm, by way of an illustrative contrast,



Built about 1550. *(Goswell-street, London.)* *Built about* 1800.

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has etched in his *Anecdotes of the Manners and Customs of London*, the subjoined view of two old houses, which had been erected in or before the reign of Elizabeth, and were standing in Goswell-street in the year 1807. Next adjoining was a dwelling-house, built in the year 1800, and this juxtaposition shows the difference in London architecture in about 250 years; or, as Malcolm quaintly calls it, "ancient inconvenience contrasted with modern convenience." The common character of the Elizabethan houses, we may observe, was *projecting*, or one story hanging over another; small casemented windows, or holes in the wall; and, in some instances, as in the cut, these crazy, old buildings assumed an anti-perpendicularity which would stagger the prim propriety of architecture in our times. In the engraving too, the three stories of the new house are but equal in height to the four stories of the old dwellings: the rooms in the latter must have been inconveniently low, and remind us of a passage in Sir William Davenant's picture of ancient London, wherein he says: "the roofs (ceilings) of your houses are so low, that I presume your ancestors were very mannerly, and stood bare to their wives, for I cannot discern how they could wear their high-crowned hats."

Malcolm's conclusion to the letter-press accompanying his print is: "Heaven be praised, old London *was burnt*. Good reader, turn to the views, in order to see what it has been; observe those hovels convulsed; imagine the chambers within them, and wonder why the plague, the leprosy, and the sweating sickness raged. Turn then to the print (also) illustrative of our present dwellings, and be happy."

The Naturalist.

INSTINCT OF BEES.

In the middle of the last century there was an Englishman, named Wildman, who excited great curiosity by the possession of a secret, through the means of which he enticed bees to follow him, and to settle on his person without stinging him. (He also wrote a curious treatise on them.) A similar circumstance is related in Francis Brue's voyage to Africa in 1698; in which mention is made of a man who was constantly surrounded by a swarm of these insects, and who had thence obtained the title of "King of the bees."

J. R. S.

SEA MONSTER.—MAD WOLVES.

A RECENT letter from Burgos, inserted in the *Madrid Gazette*, states that near Laredo a marine monster had been cast on shore. It had the appearance of a sea-hog, with a tail and legs in the shape of fins. It was four yards in length, extremely corpulent, and without scales. The back resembled the keel of a boat. It weighed 35 arrobas, or 875 lbs., and was sold, to make oil, for 140 rials. The same letter states that in the neighbourhood of Regnosa a number of mad wolves had made their appearance, which had bitten persons as well as cattle. In consequence of the bite of one of these animals, a youth, aged 26, had been attacked with hydrophobia, and of the same disorder a number of horned cattle had died.

POTATOES.

THE following simple method of preserving potatoes has recently been discovered by accident:—A person at Annaberg had a quantity of charcoal in his cellar, which he removed for the purpose of depositing a large heap of potatoes in its place, but omitted to sweep up the dust at the bottom. At the end of the spring, when they generally begin to sprout, he found that not one of these potatoes had germinated, and that being dressed, they had retained all their original flavour.

LONGEVITY OF THE SWAN.

A MALE swan, concluded to have been 200 years old, died lately at Rosemount. He was brought to Dunn when the late John Erskine, Esq., was in infancy, and was then said to be 100 years old. About two years ago he was purchased by the late David Duncan, Esq. of Rosemount; and within that period his mate brought forth four young ones, which he destroyed as soon as they took the water. Mr. Molleson, Bridge-street, (in whose museum the bird is now to be seen,) thinks he might have lived much longer but for a lump or excrescence at the top of the windpipe, which, on dissecting him, he found to be composed of grass and tow. This is the same bird known and recognised, in the early years of octogenarians in this and the neighbouring parishes, by the name of "the old swan of Dunn."—*Montrose Review*.

LEAPING FISH.

CAPTAIN OWEN relates that "the bonita has the power of throwing itself out of the water to an almost incredible distance, when in pursuit of its prey, the flying fish; and the day previous to our arrival at Mozambique one of these fish rose close under our bow, passed over the vessel's side, and struck with such force against the poop, that had any one received the blow, in all probability it would have been fatal. Stunned by the violence of the contact, it fell motionless at the helmsman's feet; but, soon recovering, its struggles were so furious that it became necessary to inflict several blows with an axe before it could be approached with safety. The greatest elevation it attained above the surface of the water was eighteen feet, and the length of the leap, had no opposition occurred, would have exceeded 180."

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AGED ASH-TREE.

THE Maiden of Midstrath, the oldest inhabitant of the parish of Birse, perished in the late gales. There is no authentic record of the Maiden's birth; but tradition refers it to the end of the 16th century. The following are the dimensions of this venerable ash-tree, probably one of the most remarkable in the north of Scotland:—Girth of the trunk, at the root, 21 feet; ditto ditto, 9 feet from the ground, 18 feet. Here it divided into four branches. Girth of the largest, 10 feet; second, 8 feet 10 inches; third, 7 feet; fourth, 6 feet; containing 500 cubic feet at the lowest estimate.—*Edinburgh Advertiser.*

DOG NOURISHED BY A CAT.

A SHORT time ago a cat, at Tatworth, brought forth several kittens, which it was found necessary to destroy. About the same time a bitch, living near, whelped a litter of young. The cat robbed of her offspring, walked forth on the scent, and having found the puppies, in the absence of their mother, stole one of them away, with which, a fortnight afterwards, she was found in an empty hogshead, where she had suckled it during that time.—*Sherborne Journal.*

POULTRY AND BEES.

A HEN, and fourteen ducklings she had hatched, having been put into a garden near Rossdroit, where there were three beehives, were attacked and killed by the swarms. The bees settled on the hen first, and subsequently on the ducks.—*Wexford Paper.*

RECENT VEGETABLE WONDERS.

AT Stanhope Castle was lately cut a scarlet Brazilian pine, weighing 5lb. 4oz. the first of that variety fruited in the north of England.—*Newcastle Chronicle.*

There has been lately cut in a field at Coleshill, a stalk of barley, having on it seven ears of corn. The smallest contained ten grains, the largest twenty-four.—*Birmingham Journal.*

Near Chesterfield, an apple-tree has produced forty-eight pecks of apples.

SUBTERRANEAN FIRE.

A LARGE body of fire was lately discovered in one of the ruble hills, on Rock Farm, Southmolton. It is of a mineral and particularly sulphureous nature, and strongly impregnates the air to a considerable distance.—*Western Times.*

TEA.

TEA of various descriptions grows over a large portion of China; but that which suits the English market, grows chiefly in the four eastern provinces, between the latitudes of 25° and 35°; the black in Folkien; the green in Che Kiang, Kiang-nang, and Kiang-si, some of which districts are 1,000 miles from Canton.

The Sketch-Book.

THE DEATH.

(*Concluded from page* 221.)

I REMAINED in this miserable state only a short time before I discovered that a six years' drilling between the tropics (for I had only recently returned from abroad) had rendered me a very unfit person to remain drying on a rock half a winter's night, near the "Chops of the Channel;" for my shirt clung with icy coldness to my body, and, notwithstanding we huddled together as close as possible, my shivering frame plainly told me I was rapidly losing the little warmth I had acquired through my late exertion,—in fact, I felt assured that, if I remained where I was, daylight would find me a corpse. What, therefore, was to be done? To remain was certain death!—Death appeared equally certain should I attempt to leave the rock! still, however, by adopting the latter course, there was a chance in my favour; and drowning I knew from experience on one or two occasions (for when a man has lost his senses I presume he has known the worst) could not be worse than dying by inches where I was.

I therefore resolved to gain the main, or sink in the attempt; but on making my determination known to my fellow-sufferer, and on asking him whether he would accompany me, the poor fellow appeared so thunderstruck at the proposal, so earnestly pointed out the danger of the attempt and his own weakness, and, clinging to me, so pathetically entreated that I would remain where I was, that we might at least have the consolation of dying together, that I not only ceased from urging him, but appeared to give up the idea of leaving the rock myself. This, however, was only done to elude his grasp; for a few minutes after, under the pretence of looking for a more sheltered place, I left him, and descending the rock, reached the edge of the channel that separated me from the main.

There a scene presented itself that plainly pointed out the desperation of the undertaking. The distance across, indeed was not very great; but the whole channel was one sheet of yeasty foam, along the edges of which appeared the long, black tangle that adhered to the rocks, except when a heavy black sea, rolling through the passage, drove the one before it, and flowed over the other; an apparently perpendicular cliff hung lowering over the whole. It was an awful sight! For a moment my heart failed me. There was, however, no alternative; for my own fate and the fate of the poor man above me

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depended on my reaching the opposite side; so, watching a "smooth," and commending my spirit to the Almighty, should it part company with my body on the passage, I sprang forward, and found myself nearly in the middle of the channel. A few strokes brought me to the cliff's foot; but neither holding nor footing could I gain, except what the tangle afforded. Again, and again, did I seize the pendant slippery weeds, and as often did the drawback of the sea and my own weight drag me with a giant's force from my hold, and rolling down the face of the rock, I sank several feet under water.

Bruised, battered, and nearly exhausted, with the sea whizzing in my ears and rattling in my throat, I thought my last moment had at length arrived. Once more I rose to the surface, and digging my nails into the rock, I seized the sea-weed with my teeth, and clung in the agonies of death. The sea left me, and my death-grasp kept me suspended above it. Another sea rose, it was a tremendous one, and as it violently rushed over me, I was forced to quit my hold, and I rose on its surface along the face of the rock. It reached its greatest height; and in the act of descending, I caught a projecting point above the weeds, and at the same instant my left leg was thrown over another. The sea again left me, and, gasping for life, I now hung over the sparkling abyss once more. Successive seas followed, but only lashed the rock beneath me, as if enraged at having lost their prey. I once more breathed free; hope revived; the dread of being again torn away stimulated me to make an almost superhuman effort. I gained a footing; and, climbing upwards, in a short time even the spray fell short of me. God be praised! I was safe.

Having ascended about thirty or forty feet, I ventured to stop and rest. There I remained a short time, and between the roar of the breakers, occasionally distinctly heard the shrill shrieks of the poor isolated wretch beneath me; and the frantic, and oft-repeated exclamation of "Mr. ———, for the love of God, don't leave me!" I endeavoured to console him, by telling him, that if I succeeded in getting up the cliff, I would procure him immediate assistance; but, as the cries still continued as shrill and frantic as before, I presume I was neither seen nor heard, and again commenced my ascent. Panting, and almost breathless—sometimes with tolerable ease, and at others clinging to the perpendicular face of the cliff, and hanging over the pitch-black, and apparently fire-bound ocean, I continued ascending, till not only the cries of the man were lost, but even the roar of the sea was only faintly heard, and at length reached the summit of the cliff. At that critical moment exhausted nature sank under the fatigues of the night! On suddenly seeing the heavens all around me, I appeared for an instant air-borne—my heart sickened—my brain whirled—and my eyesight failed me! The idea of my dreadful elevation flashed across my mind, and I made a convulsive effort to throw myself forwards;—my legs sank under me, and I fell rapidly, head foremost, I knew not where!—I believe I shrieked.—My senses left me!

* * * * *

How long I lay insensible, I, of course, know not; suffice it to say, that on opening my eyes I was agreeably surprised to find myself in the centre of a furze-bush; and, at the same time, so overcome with sleep, that, on being assured of my situation, I immediately closed them again, with the intention of taking a nap. Fortunately, however, I had but very recently read an account of the Russian campaign written by a French officer; and to that beautiful work I may say I am indebted for my life;—for his description of the drowsiness that seized the soldiers, and which, if indulged, was always followed by death, immediately recured to me; and I saw, as if in a dream, poor Napoleon's pride lying frozen around me; and, at the same time, if I ever heard anything in my life, a small silvery sounding voice whispered in my ear,—"*If you sleep, you wake no more!*" This aroused me from my lethargy, and awoke me to a sense of my real situation: but the spirit alone was awake—my body was almost as lifeless as if in the grave! The ground beneath me fortunately had a rapid descent from the sea (which had occasioned my heavy fall, and led me to believe I was falling down the cliff,) and with some struggling, I worked myself out of the furze-bush, and rolled downwards some distance. This, in some degree, broke the spell that appeared to bind me to the spot—and taking the precaution to keep my head in-shore, I kept tumbling about till the blood began to circulate; and shortly after, I began to feel that acute pain, that none but persons who have been frost-bitten can form any idea of. At length, I also felt the prickles of the furze-bush, with which I was covered all over like a porcupine; and, I can with truth say, that that moment was about one of the happiest of my life!

Directing my course inland, I went, sometimes on my feet, and sometimes on my knees, through two or three fields, and got as many heavy falls over the gates that separated them. At length, I caught sight of a barn before me, and shortly after found myself close to a good warm dunghill; while the smell of cows assured me a cowhouse was not far distant. The sight of a *gallooner* could not have given me greater pleasure!—and the warmth and the warm smell were delightful! For a moment I stood doubtful which of the two snug berths I should occupy; but the thoughts of the unfortunate fellow

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behind me again spured me forward, and I shortly found myself at the foot of a wall in the rear of a house. There I called lustily some short time, but getting no answer I scrambled round to the front, where I found a high wooden gate, railed on the upper part, which separated me from a very respectable-looking house, a few yards distant, and finding the gate secured, I clung to the rails, and again commenced calling for assistance as loud as I was able. "My stars!" thought I, "*how people on shore do sleep!*"

I called till I could hardly call any longer; and I was just thinking of taking a berth till daylight on the dunghill, or in the cowhouse, if I could get into it, when one of the upper lattices slowly opened, and I heard the gruff interrogatories—"Who the devil's that?—what the devil do you want?" Aware that the duty I had been employed on was not very popular alongshore, and not knowing my man, I thought it might not be exactly prudent to answer the first of the two; so merely said in reply, in as doleful a strain as possible—(and, indeed, there was little occasion to sham,) "That I was a poor cast-away seaman, and wanted shelter for the night." "Cast away, eh! where were you wrecked?" said he, in a milder tone. "Under the cliffs, in the direction of the barn." "Did you get up there?" "Yes." "Ha, ha, young fellow, that story won't do,—a cat could not get up there! Get out of that, or I'll soon settle you;" and here my interrogator chuckled at the ingenious manner in which he thought he had caught me tripping. In short, to top all my misfortunes, I was now taken for a thief!!!

I remained for some time, anxiously expecting to be warmed with a dose of small shot; till the lattice—that appeared hinged on my heart—grated on its hinges in the act of being closed; when, with chattering teeth, I again struck up on a mighty low key:—"I assure you, sir, I am not a thief; indeed, indeed, I'm not a thief! but if you won't let me in, will you have the goodness to tell me where I can procure shelter?" "Go to Kingsware." "How far off is it?" "A mile and a half." He might as well have said—go to New South Wales!—"I cannot walk twenty yards farther; so if you wont give me shelter, you will find my corpse at your gate in the morning!" This pathetic wind-up had no sooner escaped my lips, than I heard a feminine voice say—"My dear, do go down and see who it is!" Never before or since did lovely woman's voice sound sweeter to my ears!

This humane expression was immediately followed by—"Well! I will come down, and see who you are." The lattice then closed. I think Dr. Herschel never watched the growth of a cauliflower in the moon with greater solicitude, through his great, long telescope, than I watched the lately closed lattice through the rails of the gate. In a short time, repeated flashes, accompanied by as many click-clicks, told me there was a desperate squabble between the flint and steel; and I sympathized with the tinder, for every spark appeared to warm me. Presently, I saw a pale, flickering light for a few seconds, and again all was darkness: the blower appeared flurried or asthmatic,—I wished him in better wind with all my heart! Again, and again, did I observe the same phenomenon!—"Confound the match!" said I to myself—"there's no brimstone on it;" and I blew involuntarily, as if the tinder-box had been under my nose. Shortly after, however, a bright, steady light assured me all was right;—it vanished—again appeared through a lower lattice—bolts grated—the door opened—and I saw, to my great delight, a respectable-looking, middle-aged gentlemen, in his shirt and "inexpressibles." Holding the light above him, to prevent its glare from dazzling his eyes, he at first cautiously poked his head out, and at the same time looked warily around; when, observing nothing to excite suspicion, he advanced slowly towards the gate, and thrusting his arm through the rails, felt my wet shirt, and at the same time looked me anxiously in the face. Now, whether, my pretty, honest countenance, as aforesaid, or my wet shirt worked the charm, I know not; but certain I am that suspicion thawed in an instant, and a look of the warmest benevolence beamed in its place, while, with the exclamation, "Well, dang it, poore vellow, you are in a bad way sure enough!" the gate flew open. This movement, however, nearly upset everything for a second or two—at any rate it nearly upset me, who had been hanging on it for support—for the good gentleman, seeing me, as he thought, spring forward, and thinking, I suppose, that I wished to make a *grab* at him, very naturally sprang back in the opposite direction, and appeared very much inclined to try the weight of the candlestick on my *braincase*. Seeing, therefore, on my recovering myself, that he was again rather *dubersome* (as Jack would say) of his visiter, I assured him the accident proceeded from weakness alone, and begged him not to be alarmed; and he, perceiving the truth of the assertion, with "Oh, dang it! I bean't at all afraid of you, young vellow," kindly gave me his arm, and we toddled up to the house as cozily together, as if we had sailed round the world in company, and I shortly found myself on the *right side* of the threshold.

Having effected a "lodgment," (as I believe our friends in the army call it,) my first thoughts were about the poor fellow on the rock. I accordingly immediately made known who I was, and related everything

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that had taken place, and requested that men might be sent to remain on the cliffs with lights during the remainder of the night; for, although I was well aware that they could render him no assistance, yet I thought the bare sight of the lights, and the noise of their shouts, would cheer up his spirits, and enable him to hold out till daylight. My request was instantly complied with; and from the kind attention of all around me, I found I had lost nothing by the communication, for everything the house afforded was eagerly pressed on me.

The good lady, who I may say was the first cause of my admittance, immediately proceeded to brew her hyson and gunpowder, while the plump, kind-hearted maid piled such a heap of faggots on the fire, that in a few minutes the house was in a blaze, and a looker-on would have been led to believe it was insured above its value, and that she wished to make a bonfire of it for the amusement of the underwriters. The kind owner of the mansion was as busy as the rest, for he shortly appeared with dry clothes and the brandy bottle; the latter received strong proofs of affection, and I also shipped a dry shirt and a shooting-jacket, after I had disposed to my satisfaction of some of the bristles with which I had been accommodated by the furze-bush; but, as my worthy friend had nothing but *inexpressibles*, an article of rigging which I had never sported in my life, and which I feared would disable me from reaching the vessel after daylight, I prefered drying my trousers by the fire, before which I consequently sat, smoking like a lime-kiln.

As soon as I had sufficiently recovered the use of my fingers to enable me to write, I dispatched a note to the commanding-officer of the vessel, acquainting him with the accident, and directing him to hoist the cutter out, and send her alongshore for the relief of the man; and having done all in my power, I then, and not till then, (baring the brandy, however,) quietly enjoyed all the good things before me, to the infinite delight of my kind host and hostess. May they meet their reward, and be living to read this!

The people sent to the cliffs continued shouting and showing lights during the remainder of the night; but, owing to the height and steepness of the land, they were neither seen nor heard, as we afterwards discovered. At daylight, however, they saw a boat pulling to the westward, which, on being waved into an adjoining cove, proved to be one we had spoken in Torbay during the night. The crew, being informed of what had taken place, continued pulling as close to the land as prudence would admit, and at the same time narrowly watched the foot of the cliff: but had not proceeded far before they discovered something on a rock that looked like a bundle, and which, on nearing, they found to be my unfortunate late companion. He was almost lifeless, and the sea was too heavy to allow of their landing. They had no alternative, therefore, but to throw him a rope, with a long bowline knot at the end of it, which he had barely sufficient strength to put under his arms, and he was then hauled into the sea, and afterwards into the boat. On being taken on board he was confined to his hammock many days, and it was three weeks before he resumed duty. Had I remained with him, neither of us, in all human probability, would have been found alive.

I have already said that not a splinter of the boat was ever picked up that I know of; some of the gear, however, was; for a day or two after, the crew of a Torbay boat were rather surprised at seeing a spar floating *an end* in the water near them. On sending their punt to pick it up, it was discovered to be a boat's mast, with a corpse hanging to the end of it by one hand firmly clenched round the tie! The body was buried in Brixham churchyard.

Another remarkable circumstance was, that of the other five hands who were drowned, two were Maltese, who swam like fishes; to which I may add that report said the poor marine had been upset but a little time before, and had been the only survivor of *eleven* hands! Surely he was our Jonah!

Having thus feebly related the way in which, in the short space of less than three hours, I escaped drowning twice, breaking my neck twice, being frozen to death once—(I'll say nothing about guns or candlesticks)—I have only to add, that the rascally rock that caused our misfortune (and which, as if ashamed to show its ugly face, only shoved its peak above the surface at dead low water, and was consequently almost unknown, *even to the fishermen*,) has since been called ——'s rock, as I was informed some years after, when I went into Dartmouth harbour in a "copper-bottomed *sarpent*" that I then commanded. I was also informed, at the same time, that pic nic parties visited the cliff in summer, and that the part I scaled went by the name of ——'s pass; and both it and the rock will, in all probability, continue to bear the same when the melancholy accident that occasioned their being so called shall have been forgotten, and when the writer of this lies low in the grave.—*Abridged from the United Service Journal.*

Notes of a Reader.

OUT-DOOR CONCERTS.

ABOUNDING as Paris has always been in amusements, accessible at a cheap rate, a fresh one has been devised this summer, and has taken exceedingly. Musard, whose name is familiar to all quadrille dancers, has, with

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some of his *confréres*, got up a concert in the open air in the Champs Elysées, every evening from seven till ten o'clock, on the easy terms of twenty sous for each gentleman, which gives him the liberty of introducing a lady, so that in fact the admission is only ten sous a-head. The *enceint* is inclosed by a pallisade, and protected, as every French entertainment is, by the municipal guard. The orchestra is very strong, and the music well selected, so that probably two or three thousand persons have been present during the fine evenings.—*Metropolitan.*

VERSAILLES.

It appears the Chateau of Versailles has at length drawn the attention of the government, and, if sanctioned by the Chambers as regards expense, it will, in a great measure, become a "Musée de Tableaux Nationaux." The portraits of the naval and military heroes of France are to be arranged in one gallery, and a series of battles, ancient and modern, where the arms of France have triumphed, will ornament other suites of rooms.—*Ibid.*

JACOB FAITHFUL.—A CHARITY BOY.

Having some interest with the governors of a charity school near Brentford, Mr. Drummond lost no time in procuring me admission; and before I had quite spoiled my new clothes, having worn them nearly three weeks, I was suited afresh in a formal attire—a long coat of pepper and salt, yellow leather breeches tied at the knees, a worsted cap with a tuft on the top of it, stockings and shoes to match, and a large pewter plate upon my breast marked with No. 63, which, as I was the last entered boy, indicated the sum total of the school. I was conducted to the school by Mr. Drummond, and before we arrived met them all out walking. I was put in the ranks, received a little good advice from my worthy patron, who then walked away one way, while we walked another, looking like a regiment of yellow-thighed fieldfares straightened into human perpendiculars. Behold, then, the last scion of the Faithfuls, peppered, salted, and plated, that all the world might know that he was a charity-boy, and that there was charity in this world.—*Ibid.*

THE DRUM.

Reader, did you ever witness the magic effects of a drum in a small village, when the recruiting party, with many-coloured ribbons, rouse it up with the spirit-stirring tattoo? Matrons leave their domestic cares and run to the cottage door; peeping over their shoulders, the maidens admire and fear. The shuffling clowns raise up their heads gradually, until they stand erect and proud; the slouch in the back is taken out, their heavy walk is changed to a firm, yet elastic tread; every muscle appears more braced, every nerve by degrees new strung; the blood circulates rapidly; pulses quicken, hearts throb, eyes brighten; and, as the martial sound pervades their rustic frames, the Cimons of the plough are converted, as if by magic, into incipient heroes for the field;—and all this is produced by beating the skin of the most gentle, most harmless animal of creation.—*Ibid.*

HUMANITY OF THE ENGLISH.

The superficial jest against our partiality to a newspaper tale of murder, or our passion for the *spectacle* of the gibbet, proves exactly the reverse of what it asserts. It is the tender who are the most susceptible to the excitation of terror. It is the women who hang with the deepest interest over a tale or a play of gloomy and tragic interest. Robespierre liked only stories of love. Nero was partial to the mildest airs of music. Ali Pacha abhorred all accounts of atrocity. The treacherous and bloody tribes of the South Sea islands prefer the calm strains of descriptive poetry, even to those of victory and war. If you observe a ballad-vender hawking his wares, it is the bloodiest murders that the women purchase. It is exactly from our unacquaintance with crime, viz. from the restless and mysterious curiosity it excites that we feel a dread pleasure in marvelling at its details. This principle will suffice to prove that the avidity with which we purchase accounts of atrocity, is the reverse of a proof of our own cruelty of disposition, and retorts upon the heads of our shallow assailants. What is true in books is true in sights. What is true on the mimic stage is true on the real; and, if that which I have just said be a legitimate vindication of our love for narratives of terror, it is also a vindication of our tendency to crowd round an execution. But as regards the last, I believe that the vulgar of all nations would be equally disposed to gaze at that dread solemnization of death, ever an event so fraught with dark interest to the race that is born to die, if among all nations the gloomy ceremonial were as public as it is with us, and the criminal were rendered as notorious by the comments of journals, and the minute details of the session-court and the prison-house.—*Bulwer.*

A RESPECTABLE MAN.

Who is this elderly gentleman, with a portly figure? Hush! it is Mr. Warm, "*a most respectable man.*" His most intimate friend failed in trade, and went to prison. Mr. Warm forswore his acquaintance; *it was not respectable.* Mr. Warm, in early life, seduced a young lady; she lived with him three years; he married, and turned her off without a shilling — the connexion, for a married man, *was not respectable.* Mr. Warm is a most respectable man; he pays his bills

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regularly—he subscribes to six public charities, he goes to church with all his family on a Sunday—he is in bed at twelve o'clock. Well, well, all that's very proper; but is Mr. Warm a good father, a good friend, an active citizen? or is he not avaricious, does he not love scandal, *is not his heart cold*, is he not vindictive, is he not unjust, is he not unfeeling? Lord, sir, I believe he *may* be all that? but what then? *every body allows Mr. Warm is a most respectable man.*—*Bulwer.*

SEASONABLE DITTIES.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

The Month of October is Bad!

The month of October is bad
As the mouth of September can be;
"Oh, there's not in the wide world a beau to be had;"
Some are shooting, and some are at sea!
A lonely life woman endures,
Deserted for pointers or yachts;
With some at their moorings, and some at the moors,
Mad for cruises or gunpowder plots!

Sir Charles leaves his mate *Hymeneal*,
To sail with the mate of his yawl!
Of an *amateur* sailor the true *beau ideal*,
Blue shirt, jacket, *backy*, and all!
Of quicksands hid under the tide
He dreams as he lies in his berth;
Once he thought of no *quicksands* save those wont to glide
Through Time's glass in a season of mirth!

His *cab* for a *cabin* neglected—
(The *gig* that he has *is a boat!*)
The nobleman seaman would blush if detected
In wearing a gentleman's coat!
His books, lest his lingo should fail, are
The maritime novels alone;
Chamier's clever "Life of a Sailor,"
Or Marriott's matchless "King's Own."

For no prima donna he cares,
He gives up his box and his stall;
And all recollection of Malibran's airs
Is very soon *lost in a squall!*
"Oh, her form is divine!" he may cry,
But the form that he means *is a ship's!*
And o'er Taglioni unnoticed trips by,
Superseded by *nautical trips!*

When snug in Cowes' harbour he's brave,
And he sings as he paces the deck,
And feeling a mere Lilliputian wave,
He recklessly laughs at a wreck.
But at Cherbourg, when tempests assail,
He wishes he never had sail'd;
And if he should happen to weather the gale,
He'll take care he is never *re-galed*.

New Monthly Magazine.

AMBER.

[In the Narrative of a Voyage, published at New York, we find the following interesting account of amber, written by the wife of the Voyager, at New Guinea.]

While here, my husband purchased several pieces of *ambergris* of the natives. I examined this wonderful substance very attentively. Its colour is a darkish yellow, resembling very closely a mass of bees' wax. It had insects and beaks of birds in it, and burned very clear, as much so as bees' wax. When rubbed, it emits a perfume generally much admired. It was taken from the water, on which it was floating, about one-third of it above the surface. Numerous accounts have been given of its nature and origin. It has been said that it grows in the intestines of the spermaceti whale. It is true, that it is often found in the whale, but generally in those that are poor and unhealthy. The whalers, I find, have a general impression that it originates there from the feeding of the whale on certain fish, called squids. The Orientals, however, had no such idea of its origin; they considered it as a sea mushroom, which, growing on the bottom of the sea, was by time or accident rooted up, and, coming to the surface, grew harder by partial exposure to the sun. Others say that it grows on the rocks, and is washed off in storms and driven near the islands, where it is picked up by the natives. Some suppose it is wax, or a honeycomb, which, by dropping into the sea, undergoes a chemical change; while some contend that it is a bituminous matter, that comes from the bottom of the sea. There are not a few who think that it is the excrement of certain fish; but the poets of the East say, that it is a gum from the tears of certain consecrated sea-birds.

"Around thee shall glisten the loveliest *amber*
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird hath wept,
And many a shell in whose hollow-wreathed chamber
We Peris of ocean by moonlight have slept."

Whatever may be its origin or creation, it certainly has for many centuries been held in high estimation as a perfume and for ornaments, and its use has generally been confined to the rich and powerful. Large pieces of it have lately been found, and when we consider the purposes for which it has been used—particularly as a perfume—the price of it is astonishing. My husband, who has been much in these seas, and often made it a matter of traffic, is of opinion that the natives of these islands have a correct idea of the substance; viz. that it is made by an insect at the bottom of the sea, and accumulates for years; and that sea-birds devour it when within their reach, which accounts for their bills being found in it. The birds, being attracted by its glutinous qualities, strike their beaks too deep to extricate themselves, and their bodies decay, while the bony parts of their beaks remain. The sperm-whale is a ravenous animal, and he may root it up and swallow it; and this, perhaps, is one mode by which the God of nature intended that the leviathan of the ocean should be destroyed. That it is formed in the whale, seems unnatural in many respects; the places, too, where it is found in the most abundance, do not abound in sperm-whales, and I have never read that it was found in any other kind of whales.

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CAPTAIN ROSS.

By a noticeable coincidence, intelligence has appeared in the same journal, (the *Herald* of Thursday,) of the return of Captain Ross, and of the Expedition in search of that enterprising navigator, by Captain Back.

The substance of the intelligence of Captain Ross is in a note from the master of the whaler, Clarendon, of Leith, which arrived off Peterhead, from Davis's Straits, on October 12. It states that "Captain Ross and his crew are on board of the Isabella; they are all well, excepting three seamen who died. Had a boat's crew of men on board on the 18th September."

A subsequent letter from Leith, dated October 14th, states the arrival of the Clarendon in the Leith Roads, and that the arrival of Captain Ross and his party may be looked for daily; adding:

"Captain Lyle, of the Clarendon, has not been on shore yet, but we learn that Captain Ross had got to the wreck of the Fury, and had fitted up her boats, in which he had proceeded in search of the whale ships, and had fortunately fallen in with the Isabella." We understand that the Discovery was imbedded eleven months in the ice.

The intelligence of the expedition in search of Captain Ross is in a letter from Captain Back, being the first since he left Montreal, where he may be said to have commenced his undertaking. We do not quote the letter entire, but its substance. It is dated Norway-house, Jack River, June 19, 1833, and reports the Captain's progress from Montreal to have been unimpeded by accident.

"On arriving at the Sault St. Marie (says Captain Back,) which we effected ten days earlier than the light canoe of the last season, we were informed that there was such a deficiency of provisions in the Indian country, that it would be necessary to take a supply at once as far as Lake Winnipeg. This obliged me to purchase another canoe, to get across Lake Superior, and from that establishment I received the two north canoes prepared for the expedition by the Company.

"We arrived at Fort Alexander on the 6th of June, which, for heavy canoes is considered as being remarkably quick. The letters that I saw at the Hudson's Bay House in December last, together with others of mine to Governor Simpson, were in that canoe, and consequently but a short time before me. I had thus to apprehend that the arrangements relating to the expedition could not have been completed from the want of the necessary information; and therefore the importance of seeing the Governor myself was evident, and on the 10th of June I had that pleasure at Fort Alexander. I then heard that the supplies were nearly all at Cumberland House; but as we could not by any exertion procure the men required for the expedition at Montreal, it was necessary for me to come to this post to complete their number. We are obliged to pay very high wages; besides which, I have lost full 300 miles by this delay.

"It is the opinion of the senior gentlemen here, then, that the only method we can adopt to get my two large heavy boats to a wintering ground is for me to go in a light canoe myself, and find out the exact situation and the best route to the Thloo-ee-cho, which I hope to do by the time the boats arrive at the Athabasca, where there shall be a guide to conduct them to me. Now, though I must do this to insure my operations next year, yet it will swell our expenses to more than I contemplated, and you cannot conceive how feverish I am at the thought of getting beyond the 7,000*l.*, for it is certain this sum will scarcely carry us to the three years, whereas an additional 1,000*l.* would be amply sufficient." "GEORGE BACK."

The Gatherer.

A Saw-mill was erected near London in the year 1633, but afterwards demolished, that it might not deprive the labouring poor of employment.

Turkish Confidence.—The Grand Seignior never suffers any of his officers to enter the apartments where his money is kept, with clothes that have pockets in them.

English black and French white.—The headland on the French coast near Calais, called by English seamen Blackness, is in France called Blanc Nez, or the white headland.

A delicate Poet.—Charles Faucon de Vey, Lord of Charléval, was a celebrated poet, born in the year 1613, and, notwithstanding the feebleness of a peculiarly delicate constitution, lived to the advanced age of eighty years. Of his conversation and writings, it is said, they were characterized by sweetness and refinement; and Scarron said of him, that "the Muses fed him only with blancmange and chicken-water."

"*Nobody knows what*," or "*Somebody knows what*."—Captain Cook discovered Dusky Bay, on the coast of New Zealand, the extremity of which he called "*Nobody knows what*." Captain Vancouver, who examined it and found two inlets, or at least a large branch, divided by a ridge of land through its whole length, called it "*Somebody knows what*."

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The Mirror

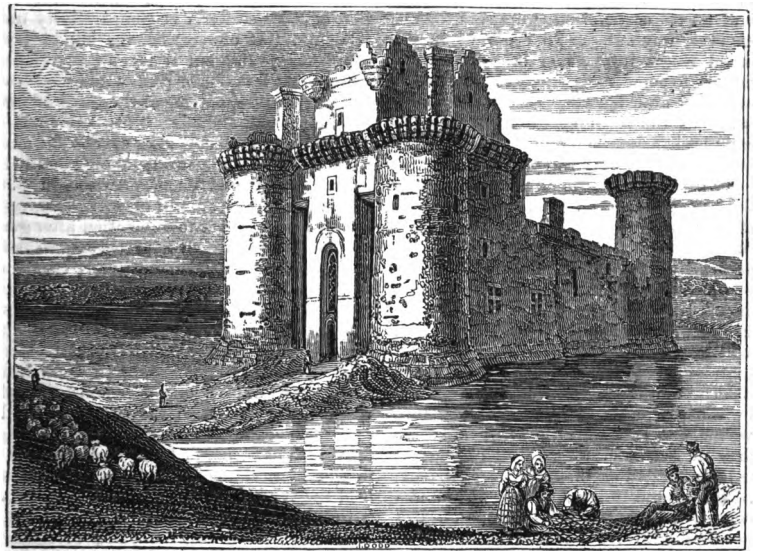
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 629.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1833. [Price 2*d*.

Illustrations of Scott:

MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER.



CAERLAVEROC CASTLE.

"Frae proud Caerlaveroc's towers."

This picturesque Castle is situated on a level plain on the east side of the debouche of the river Nith, about eight miles from Dumfries, the capital of the south-western Province of Scotland. It is considered the finest specimen of castellated architecture to be found in that country; and though in ruins, it is, in parts, wonderfully entire. Mr. Macdiarmid tells us that "it formed the favourite residence of the lords of the marches, and the key to the whole vale of Nith, excepting when the enemy, at the risk of rousing the warders of meaner towers, deviated far from the beaten tract, and swept round the base of the Tinwald Hills, where a forest covered the sunniest slopes in the district, (now waving to their tops with the staff of life,) and the whole antlered tribe cropped the sward around oaks that during a century and more had tempered the summer's heat and the winter's cold."

The form of Caerlaveroc is triangular; the outer front wall is massive; the inner court rising to three stories of 120 feet on each side, containing a suite of apartments, sculptured by no unskilful hand, where warrior wassailers lingered of yore, and the highest of the land heard the trumpet sounded in war, and the dulcimer in peace; behind stood the great banqueting-hall, flanked by two superb towers, extending 90 feet along the base of the triangle. Around, fosse after fosse, stretched their lines of circumvallation, fed by a marsh, itself a protection in times of danger; the Wardlaw Hill, at no great distance, overlooked alike the land and the sea, keeping the garrison on the alert, and the apparatus of death in constant view.

The situation is beautiful, and commands a varied and extensive prospect. Opposite is the coast of merry England, bulwarked by the lofty Cumberland mountains, which may be numbered and named when the sky is clear; to the left stretches a broad and fertile vale, watered by the Solway to within a short distance of the walls of Carlisle; to the right, the shores of Galloway, including New Abbey and Criffel; and beyond, a lengthened section of iron-bound coast, which, as Mr. Skene remarks, "presents a succession of rugged

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cliffs, rising at times to a fearful height, and again sinking into small, sandy bays, or narrow creeks, through which some brook makes its way to the shore; while from the sea may be seen the dark throats of caverns, by which the rocks are perforated, and of which some only are accessible to man, either from above or below."

In a wood, at the distance of a few hundred yards, Mr. Macdiarmid has traced the site of an old castle, a structure said to have been every way inferior to the ruin in the annexed Engraving. The original Castle, according to some authorities, was known in the reign of Malcolm Canmore, and founded so early as the sixth century. It was frequently besieged, taken, and as often repaired, until the edifice in the Cut was built, at a heavy expense, sometime in the beginning of the fifteenth century. All authorities agree in stating that its situation and importance as a stronghold exposed it to many a formidable attack, until finally reduced by Oliver Cromwell—the last and greatest achievement of the kind he effected. About two years ago, a farmer discovered a ball, weighing 4lbs., that had been unearthed by the plough, near a clump of trees; this remained for a considerable time in Mr. Macdiarmid's possession, and was given to Mr. Monteath of Closeburn, by whom it was presented to the Antiquarian Society of Scotland. This ball appears to have been formed of malleable iron—before, Mr. Macdiarmid presumes, cast metal was known—and to preserve its rotundity, had been cased with lead, to the thickness of more than half an inch. Probability favours the idea that it formed part of the imperfect ordnance wielded by Oliver Cromwell, while the uneven and jagged surface leaves little doubt as to the use of the lead. The Castle, on this occasion, was gallantly defended by its loyal proprietor, the Earl of Nithisdale, (to whose descendants, by the female side, it still belongs,) and was at last reluctantly surrendered in compliance with the commands of Charles I. Of the "plenishing" of the building, a curious inventory is preserved in Grose's *Antiquities*. Eighty-six beds in all are enumerated; five of them were so sumptuous, that they were valued at 110*l.* sterling each, with forty carpets and a library of books, estimated as worth more than 200*l.* sterling.

The most formidable siege the old castle of Caerlaveroc ever sustained, was that conducted under the personal inspection of Edward I. of England. The particulars are preserved in a metrical romance in the French language, to which Grose repeatedly refers, and which, Mr. Skene informs us, was lately edited by a learned English antiquary. "A most formidable enumeration is given of the whole warlike array, not only of England, but of the French dominions then dependent on the English Crown, as mustered under the walls of Caerlaveroc,—which, nevertheless, for two days, sustained and repelled incessant attacks with the aid of battering machines, of successive divisions of that army, which relieved each other in the fatigues and dangers of the assault; and, when finally forced to surrender, the Castle, to the surprise of the assailants, was found to contain not more than sixty defendants."

The modern history of Caerlaveroc, (like that of most castles,) is comparatively uninteresting. At one period, the building was completely open; but it is now inclosed by an iron gate, and preserved with great care. Ivy growing from stems of the girth of trees, which have perforated walls of amazing thickness, covers one side of the building, rooks inhabit the turrets above; and the fosse, which is still deep and wide, in place of reflecting the armour of mailed warriors, affords a safe retreat to generation after generation of geese, which have become so familiar from usage, that they scarcely cackle on the appearance of strangers. In the year 1827, when the present proprietor, William Constable Maxwell, Esq., attained majority, the tenant of Caerlaveroc, and other friends, with the Rev. Dr. M'Morine at their head, dined in the ancient hall, overcanopied by the clear, blue sky, and tastefully fitted up for the occasion. Many impressive speeches were delivered, pointing to "the dark postern of things long elapsed;" and no one who beheld the venerable chairman, and reflected on the cause—the bond of love, not the tocsin of war—that had drawn, in place of serfs, so many independent yeomen together, could avoid contrasting past with present times, and rejoicing in the diffusion of feelings, sentiments, and principles, which have brought every mind, like every acre, under cultivation, enabling the meanest peasant to sit under the shadow of his own roof-tree, none daring to make him afraid; and rendering a sheeling, ramparted by law and morality alone, more impregnable than the Castle of Caerlaveroc.

We have abridged these graphic details from *A Picture of Dumfries and its Environs*, published during the last year, from the very competent pen of John Macdiarmid, Esq., author of *Sketches of Nature*.

The original of the annexed Engraving is one of Mr. Turner's splendid illustrations of the handsome edition of the poetical works of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. which is now in course of publication, uniformly with the economical edition of the Waverley Novels, issued in monthly volumes. The volume to which the engraving is prefixed, is the fourth of the *Poetical Works*, containing the third part of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, and the ballad illustrated by the view of the Castle is "The Murder of Caerlaveroc. Never before published. By Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq." The Engraving

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can, therefore, scarcely with propriety, be termed an illustration of *Scott's* poetry, though we must remember that Sir Walter not only collected the ballads of the Border Minstrelsy, from recitation and otherwise, but wrote also the prose introductions to most of the pieces. In one of these, the story of "the Murder of Caerlaverock" is thus told:—

The tragical event which preceded, or perhaps gave rise to, the successful insurrection of Robert Bruce against the tyranny of Edward I., is well known. In the year 1304, Bruce abruptly left the court of England, and held an interview, in the Dominical Church of Dumfries, with John, surnamed, from the colour of his hair, the Red Cuming, a powerful chieftain, who had formerly held the regency of Scotland. A dispute ensued, which soon waxed high betwixt two fierce and independent barons. At length, standing before the high altar of the church, Cuming gave Bruce the lie, and Bruce retaliated by a stroke of his poniard. Full of confusion and remorse for a homicide committed in a sanctuary, the future monarch of Scotland rushed out of the church, with the bloody poniard in his hand. Kirkpatrick and Lindsay, two barons who faithfully adhered to him, were waiting at the gate. To their earnest and anxious inquiries into the cause of his emotion, Bruce answered, "I doubt I have slain the Red Cuming."—"Doubtest thou?" exclaimed Kirkpatrick; "I make sure!"* Accordingly, with Lindsay and a few followers, he rushed into the church, and despatched the wounded Cuming.

Accordingly, Bowmaker informs us, that the body of the slaughtered baron was watched, during the night, by the Dominicans, with the usual rites of the church. But, at midnight, the whole assistants fell into a dead sleep, with the exception of one aged father, who heard, with terror and surprise, a voice, like that of a wailing infant, exclaim, "How long, O Lord, shall vengeance be deferred?" It was answered in an awful tone, "Endure with patience, until the anniversary of this day shall return for the fifty-second time." In the year 1357, fifty-two years after Cuming's death, James of Lindsay was hospitably feasted in the castle of Caerlaverock, in Dumfries-shire, belonging to Roger Kirkpatrick. They were the sons of the murderers of the Regent. In the dead of the night, for some unknown cause, Lindsay arose, and poniarded in his bed his unsuspecting host. He then mounted his horse to fly; but guilt and fear had so bewildered his senses, that, after riding all night, he was taken, at break of day, not three miles from the castle, and was afterwards executed by order of King David II.

SONG OF THE WANDERING ITALIAN.

"My heart shall be poured forth over thee; and break! DANTE.

I LOVE thy ruin'd fountains,
I love thy fertile vales:
Where o'er thy snow-capp'd mountains,
The eagle proudly sails.
Though tyrant hordes oppress thee
I turn in heart to thee;
In ev'ry sorrow bless thee,
My own bright Italy!

I view thine ancient story
Deep in the front of Time;
When Fame had spread thy glory
O'er every land and clime.
Yet in thy desolations
Thou'rt dearer far to me,
Than when thou led'st the nations,
My own lov'd Italy!

For Genius hovers o'er thee,
Her sceptre awes the proud;
And spirits bow before thee,
As once the nations bow'd.
Of all thy lost dominion,
This yet remains to thee;
Thou of the eagle-pinion,
Thou once proud Italy!

The ploughshare hath gone through thee!
The children of thy soil,
Or with their tears bedew thee
Or court a tyrant's smile.—
Or absent they deplore thee,
And from afar—like me;
Pour forth their spirits o'er thee,
My own lov'd Italy!

Can I forget thee? Never!
Land of my earliest days,
When virtue pleas'd, and ever
Its best reward was praise.
Or her whose vows were plighted
Beneath the myrtle tree;
When eve thy skies had lighted
My own bright Italy!

And still amidst thine ashes
Lie hid the slumb'ring fires;
As breaking forth in flashes,
They emulate our sires.
Love shall again restore thee!
Again thou shalt be free!
And we with joy adore thee
My own lov'd Italy! J. G. B. P.

* Hence the crest of Kirkpatrick is a hand, grasping a dagger, distilling gouts of blood, proper; motto, "I mack sicker."

AN EXCURSION ROUND AMSTERDAM.

(To the Editor.)

SINCE you inserted my few remarks, suggested by your general account of Rotterdam, I am induced also to offer a sort of appendix to the similar article on Amsterdam, in No. 623 of *The Mirror*, descriptive of some objects in the neighbourhood of the latter city, as seen during an afternoon's excursion.

We were a party of three at luncheon in one of the hotels, discussing with a guide, who offered his services to show the lions, the best plan of seeing as much as possible of the city, and of visiting Brock and Saardam besides, during the remainder of the same day. The said guide (a Frenchman, I believe, by birth, who once had money which he spent like a gentleman.) was of a different species from the usual mercenary characters a traveller is apt to meet with, and entered into the spirit of our views with such enthusiasm, that, on a doubt being expressed as to the practicability of a proposed plan, he struck the table with his hand, exclaiming in the few words of English he knew, "You *shall* see all that, by ——!" This vehemence of gesture and speech was so contrasted with his ordinary unobtrusive mildness, that farther hesitation was out of the question, and we could only hope that here was another case for Sterne's recording angel—"as he wrote down the oath, to drop a tear upon the word, and blot it out for ever!"

Before entering upon the immediate object of this communication, I may briefly allude to a few of the prominent curiosities in the

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city itself. And first, the Museum, containing an extraordinarily interesting collection of Dutch and Flemish pictures, without indulging in any detail of which, I may just observe that one of the rooms will rivet to the spot the true admirer of Rembrandt:—only let such a one imagine a painting in that artist's best manner, with his mysterious atmospheric effects and gorgeous light and shade, covering the whole end of a large apartment! It is called the *Garde de nuit*, and represents the breaking up of the city guard after a rejoicing—the figures of the size of life standing from the canvass, with vigorous, strongly-marked countenances and picturesque costumes. It is, to my taste, much more wonderful than the picture of corresponding dimensions, occupying the opposite wall, and usually termed "the miracle of the Dutch school." The subject is a banquet given by a party of officers to some royal guests; and its merit consists in the combination of minute finishing with bold general effect—not a fruit upon the table but would bear the criticism of an epicure, and might have been an individual portrait, like the human figures: it is painted by Vanderhelst. Next, the old Stadthouse, or palace, as it has been called, since it was the residence of Louis Buonaparte, which possesses many fine paintings and ornamented apartments, besides the grand audience chamber, magnificent, both in its dimensions and its richly sculptured white marble walls. From the tower of this building we had a prospect over the whole city, with clusters of windmills beyond to the very horizon, the boundless expanse of the Zuyder Zee on one side; the river Y, with lines of shipping, and the opposite land stretching on the other side to Saardam, the diagonal passage to which is called eight miles. A steamer had just started to cross over, and though we had previously resolved not to avail ourselves of the opportunity, as we should have found no conveyance at Saardam to take us to Brock, yet we were reminded by it that it was past three o'clock. We hastily visited the Exchange, and the two principal churches, the old and the new, of which the latter is the largest. The interior is vast and lofty, with an organ much exceeding in size that at Rotterdam; a remarkable pulpit; and a splendid monument to Admiral De Ruyter.

Entering a boat, we now soon passed through the wood-work barrier in front of the vessels at anchor, and were ferried directly across the Y, a distance of about two miles, to Buyksloot, which presented no character of neighbourhood to a great city, as it consisted of little more than a public house, though it may have increased since the opening of the new grand canal from the Helder. Here a single carriage was kept for hire, and fortunately it was disengaged. In Holland, however, nothing is done in a hurry, so that while it was getting ready we took a little refreshment, and gained the landlord's heart by noticing his paintings and prints, upon the value of which he expatiated like a connoisseur.

Brock is, perhaps, six miles inland from hence, and the approach from the opposite side of a smooth lake, round which it is extended in a semi-circular form—its fresh-painted villas, mostly white, yellow, and green, surrounded by trim gardens, with snug fantastic summer-houses of all colours reflected in the surface of the water—is so singularly pretty that the rhapsodical phraseology of the note* can scarcely be deemed an exaggeration. In sober seriousness, it is a most extraordinary place, where the quintessence of Dutch peculiarities has been so carefully preserved, that it is visited as a curiosity, not only by strangers, but by the Dutch themselves. Innovation, however, has made some progress even here, for we were told that formerly no visiter was permitted to enter in his shoes, clean slippers being kept at the end of the town for the purpose; but now no objection is made on a clean day, though still, no wheeled carriage of any description is allowed to soil the brightness, or disturb the quiet, of the streets, in which, except the persons who did the honours to us, I do not know that we saw a single creature out of doors, so that it looked like a spectre-town, or the scene of a play. In wandering through the interior, we found everything in accordance with the neatness of its exterior, each house being worthy of notice for some fancy in style, or ornaments, or garden, or entrance; and all bright and showy, as if dirt were a nonentity. Even the flowers were subjected to such discipline as to appear artificially coloured, and the very sticks that propped them up were carefully painted and gilt; while statues abounded in the gardens, classical, pastoral, and humorous; in short, it would be endless to enumerate the various displays of capricious taste here.

Each dwelling has a back, or side, entrance for ordinary use, the front door (upon which the richest architectural embellishment is often lavished,) never being opened more than once a year, or upon the peculiar occa-

* But what shall I say of Brock? the pretty, neat, clean, singular, unique, picturesque, quiet, artificial, fanciful, rural, elegant, polished, unchangeable, indescribable, village of Brock? It is a toy; a make-believe of living: a fair-weather holiday retreat that the winds of heaven may not visit too roughly; a place of repose from life's elsewhere stormy career; a village in Sunday clothes; a Midsummer night's (or day's) dream; a Dutch elysium, where spring should ever reign, where the night should only draw a thin veil over the day, where sorrow should never come, but where the inscription I saw upon one of its exquisite, fantastic dwellings, should literally apply to the place itself, "Peace be with you on entering."

From the Tatler, edited by Mr. Leigh Hunt.

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sion of a marriage or death; and at such times only is there any use made of the principal room, appropriately called the *Chambre de parade*, which is generally kept close with curtains and shutters, and only entered to be scrubbed! Some of these state-apartments are said to be sumptuously furnished, as we readily believed from the style of such other rooms as we got a glimpse of. A birth does not appear to be considered of sufficient importance for throwing open the splendours of the sanctum; but there is a custom, not limited to Brock, of hanging outside the door an ornamental piece of needlework, not unlike a large toilet pincushion, to intimate an addition to the family, and the neighbours know by its shape the sex of the little stranger.

We went through a show dairy farm, where Gouda cheeses are manufactured with a laudable attention to regularity and neatness. There seemed to be nobody at home but the children, who explained the process; until, on looking round a neat parlour, we observed in a closet bed, a sick old man, their grandfather; he was not disconcerted, for everything had been arranged *fit to be seen*, and he was, no doubt, aware we should leave something to compensate for our intrusion.

Returning for some distance by the same road, we afterwards struck off to the right till we reached a fine, level bank, on the top of the high dyke which protects the land from the overflowing of the Y, and where consummate skill and industry are still used in making fresh conquests from the water; large and valuable tracks in this neighbourhood having been but recent acquisitions. The view from the dyke is really superb, and I mention this particularly, because there seems to be an impression in England that the scenery of Holland can present little to gratify the eye. On the opposite side of the fine sheet of water, Amsterdam presents a noble aspect to the left, with its towers and steeples, and fringed by clustering masts and rigging of ships in the port, besides other vessels scattered around; and the country can be traced to the right until the extreme distance is intersected by the nearer ground on our side of the river, where Saardam appears in sight; a picturesque feature being given to the whole by a profusion of windmills, of which about two thousand, at various distances, are visible from this spot!

If our raised expectations were gratified at Brock, we were even more surprised with Saardam, as we were unprepared to find it either so pretty or so extensive; and we considered our visit to it as one of the most agreeable *bits* in our journey. It is like Brock, consisting in great measure of snug *rus in urbe* retreats; but unlike it, in being partly a place of bustle, and still considerably engaged in ship-building. The side of the town we first came to is open and cheerful, with a few good shops, in one of which, by the way, we bought some substantial looking cakes, which, on being applied to the mouth, unexpectedly dissolved, mocking the appetite, like the fabled viands of Tantalus. We then crossed the river Zaan, from which the town takes its name (being usually written Zaandam in Holland,) and which is here a respectable stream running into the broader Y, the latter indeed being a branch of the Zuyder Zee rather than a river. In the ferry-boat were nearly a dozen passengers, some of them venerable ladies in full dress of the picturesque Friesland costume; and the mellowed evening glow gave a Cuyp-like appearance to the scene, while our fancy was farther thrown back upon old times by our being in search of the residence of Peter the Great! This is a wooden hut, in the same state as when occupied by its illustrious inmate, only that it is cased round for protection by an open brick building. It possesses only a front and back room, the latter containing the identical table and chair the Czar made use of, as he sat at the window, contemplating the busy scene which the view must then have afforded, and revolving in his lofty mind the means of making his own country similarly prosperous. The result of his self-restraint in working as a common shipwright has now been developed; and when the late emperor, Alexander, made a pilgrimage to this spot, he must have felt how much he owed to the genius of his ancestor in being himself enabled to act as arbiter in the affairs of civilized Europe. The dockyard in which Peter was actually employed still exists near his house, which is shown by an intelligent labouring man, who appears to have obtained this privilege as a reward for good behaviour; and his wife, an Englishwoman, delighted with the opportunity of talking her own language, exhibited to us her ten children with feelings of pride.

What we had hitherto seen was, no doubt, part of Saardam, but by no means Saardam itself. We were surprised at afterwards coming to a street, if street it can be called, of about two miles in length, consisting of neat houses, in the Dutch ornamental style, separated from one another, each with its own drawbridge across the ditch straight along in front, and surrounded by a garden—a smaller ditch turning off perpendicularly between each, or nearly so; the intervals affording vistas, on one side into the country, and on the other to the river, which flowed at some distance in a parallel direction. An opening, or square, occurs near the middle, at the bottom of which stands the church, which is, as usual, large, and with an elegant open spire. A couple of storks had their wooden nest, in shape an inverted pyramid, on the roof, and stood, according to custom,

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on one leg, looking betwixt us and the clear sky like sculptured ornaments. These birds possess almost a sacred character in Holland, the people preparing habitations for them on their chimney-tops; and they may be seen in some of the fishing-towns stalking about to collect the offal, conscious of being unmolested, in the midst of the crowd. Recrossing the river at another ferry considerably higher up, we walked along a line of road corresponding to that on the opposite side, but with houses on a less showy scale; and through the openings between them the summer-houses on the other bank of the river, in the gardens of the larger residences already mentioned, had a pretty effect.

At the inn where we had left our vehicle, a large dish of cutlets tempted us to sup, and we then rode back to Buyksloot in the moonlight, which shed a mild lustre on the distant capital and the smooth water between. It was so late that we had to pay double fare to get rowed across the Y, and double toll to obtain admittance into the harbour.

We went to one of those establishments for music and dancing, where females are subjected to a species of legalized slavery, the proprietors having them in their power as long as a claim exists for board, lodging, and clothing, which can easily be made to exceed the means of repayment. It is said that decent children are occasionally taken to these places by their parents, with the view of deterring them from any deviation from strict virtue, on the same principle as the young Spartans were taught to be disgusted with intoxication by an exhibition of its effects upon their Helots; but surely none but an unimaginative Dutchman could anticipate a favourable tendency, as in public everything is *couleur de rose!* It was too late to see much company, and we merely stopped to taste some excellent arrack punch.

We did not reach our hotel till after midnight, and we were obliged to rise early in the morning, having to walk about a couple of miles before six o'clock, to join the *Trakschuit* (travelling-barge, or water-coach). But we found our poor guide before us, waiting with anxious countenance to beg we would relieve him from a charge against him of having been the cause of our not dining, &c. for the good of the house on the previous day. The landlord, who was also stirring, received our intercession with politeness, though all the time he made bitter by-speeches to the culprit, leaving it doubtful whether he was to be forgiven; but I trust his interests did not ultimately suffer through the guide's zeal for our gratification. To show his gratitude for our attempt in his favour, he insisted on accompanying us in a torrent of rain to point out everything he thought interesting on the way, and to assist in our embarkation. He seemed altogether a good-natured creature of impulse, who would not hurt a fly. W. G.

HAWTHORNDEN.

(*To the Editor.*)

Your No. 620, contains an interesting account of Hawthornden, the birthplace of the poet, Drummond. As *addenda* to that account, the following inscriptions (copied during my visits to that attractive spot) may not prove unacceptable. The first is a caution to visiters, couched in a somewhat uncourteous and warlike style, and painted on a board which is placed in an outhouse.

"The gard'ner at a hole looks out:
(And holes are plenty hereabout;)
A pair of pistols by his lug.
One load with ball, the other slug.
A blunderbush of cannou shape,
Just ready to discharge with grape,
His traps of steel, and tempered metal,
He sets in places sly and kittle.
Whoe'er shall touch his flowers or fruit,
He's sure to either catch or shoot.
Let midnight thief or robber, stand
And pause, ere he put forth his hand;
While such as come in open day
May look,—but carry naught away!"

The other is taken from the album, in which are inscribed the names of visiters.

"At Hawthornden is to be seen
What architecture once has been.
On Gorton's banks the bonnie view
Will show what art and nature do.
At Roslin Chapel you will find
That masonry is sair declined.
Mark well these scenes! The poet says
They're only seen on lawfu' days."

The chapel at Roslin, here spoken of, is in excellent preservation; and everywhere presents specimens of elaborate sculpture. One of the pillars differs from all the rest, and is called the 'Prentice Pillar, from a tradition of its having been finished by the mason's apprentice, during the absence of his master; who, on his return, from chagrin at being surpassed, put him to death.

At the castle, which is 700 years old, the visiter is conducted through two ranges of apartments, with very high windows, and loopholes beneath. These apartments were formerly appropriated to the soldiers of the garrison. The old bake-house and kitchen are pointed out; the latter is furnished with an immensely large fireplace. Below are the dungeons, cut out of the solid rock. Two other stories are still in tolerable preservation; and rooms in them are occupied by the village school-mistress.

In the description of Hawthornden, a notice of its caves should not be omitted. They are said to have been the retreat of Robert Bruce. One of the apartments is styled his bed-room, and another his library. The rocky sides of the latter are chiseled into square compartments, for the purpose, as is avered, of holding books.

N. Rogers, M. D.

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Antiquariana.

TRADESMEN'S TOKENS.

DURING the latter part of the seventeenth century there was a great scarcity of copper coin in England, particularly in the north; to remedy this, many respectable tradesmen in different towns coined brass tokens of different nominal value, all below the intrinsic. Kendal had several, various specimens of which are in the museum there. About three years ago there was found at Appleby, on removing an old building, a brass coin rather smaller than a shilling of the coinage of George III., inscribed "Christopher Birkbeck, in Appleby, his penny, 1668;" and lately another very small brass coin was found, on repairing the bridge there, inscribed on one side "Edward Guy, in Appleby, 1666," and on the reverse the initials $\frac{G}{EM}$ and "I serve for change;" supposed to have been a farthing. Christopher Birkbeck and Edward Guy were mayors of Appleby about this time; and it might be curious for those who have the opportunity to trace whether the unfortunate man who was executed at Appleby, for coining base money at Tebay, a few years after that date, may not have been brought into the neighbourhood to assist in the coinage of this provincial money.—*Carlisle Journal.*

OTHER CURIOUS COINS.

IN the churchyard of St. Mary's, New Ross, was lately dug up a copper coin, bearing on one side the words *Quiescat Plebs;* the other side was illegible. It is supposed to have been coined in the reign of Charles I. during his struggles with the Parliament, and is described in Simon's *Essay on Irish Coins*, as representing on one side St. Patrick driving the noxious creatures before him, with *Quiescat Plebs*, while the other side represents the king playing on the harp; the crown is inlaid with brass; the motto upon this side is *Floreat Rex.—Waterford Mirror.*

At Hurkledale, in the parish of Cummertrees, were lately dug up 200 bright silver coins, within a circle not more than a yard in diameter. There were ten or twelve varieties; of these, four very fine specimens are as follow: they vary a little in size, the largest being about as broad as, though thinner than, a sixpence. On each side of all are two concentric circles, composed of little dots, and between are the inscriptions. On one side there is invariably a king's head with the crown on it; and on the other, with some exceptions, a cross dividing four stars from one another, or twelve balls placed in the four right angles by threes, in a triangular manner. The three balls were the emblem, or crest, of the Lombard merchants, who at one time monopolized almost the entire trade of England. All belong to the thirteenth century, and appear coins of Alexander III. of Scotland, or Edward I. of England.—*Dumfries Journal.*

ANCIENT SHIP AT MOUNT'S BAY.

THE discovery of the hull of a vessel imbedded in the beach near Newlyn, Mount's Bay, has excited much curiosity. She was about 50 tons, flat-bottomed, clincher-built, of oak, 30 feet long. Her ribs were only four inches apart, and sufficiently strong for a vessel double her size. There were marks of nails, but not a bit of iron was found, from which it would seem that wood, when shut up from the air, is the most durable. The vessel appears to have been in ballast when lost; two ancient coins were found on board, one of which is in perfect preservation, and bears the inscription "Ave Maria," but it is without date. It resembles the coins of the fourteenth century, and is supposed of Anglo-Norman origin.

TESSELATED PAVEMENT.

AN excavation was lately made in front of the supposed site of the high altar, among the ruins of Neath Abbey. The pavement of painted tiles was discovered at the depth of about a yard, covered by a mass of earth and rubbish. The materials were Pyle, Sutton, and Bath stone. The pavement was perfect, and consisted of three rows of tiles, the eastern containing the arms of England, the centre those of Turbervill, and the western those of Robert Fitzhamon, branded by a border of quatrefoils. A step of a few inches in depth led to the lower portion of the pavement, which was formed of a representation of a human figure on horseback, blowing a horn, accompanied by a dog in pursuit of a stag — probably St. Hubert; ornamental cinquefoils formed the remainder of the pattern. A tile, with the arms of de Braos, and another with the shield of Berkeroles, were found, and portions of a wide-mouthed jar and an ancient keg. A smaller pavement was also discovered in part of the conventual buildings south of the church, which may have been the muniment room.—*Cambrian.*

URN BURIAL.

Two urns, illustrative of this interesting custom, have recently been dug up in a gravel pit, near Cullen House, in Banffshire. They contained decayed bones, and were found about five feet below the surface, covered with a large, flat stone. The colour of the composition is red, very much resembling a modern tile or brick, with some streaks of a black material running through it on the side. The urns are about thirteen inches deep, tapering or bulging out gradually from

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the mouth and bottom towards the middle, where the diameter is about ten inches. One urn has an embossed ring round its bulge and on the ring are rude carvings in straight lines crossing each other obliquely. Before being put in, the bones seem to have been burned, and several pieces of charcoal were found among them. They were much calcined, but one of them retained much of its original form, and was evidently a jaw bone. These curious relics are now in the Banff Museum. The pit, before being broken up, was part of a small, round eminence, covered with heath and trees. Directly over the first found urn there stood a large fir tree. The undoubted fact of a battle having been fought in the 10th century, either on this spot or its immediate vicinity, between an army of invading Danes, who landed at the burn mouth of Cullen, and a Scot's army headed by King Indulfus, authorizes the conclusion that these urns contained the remains of some Scottish warriors who fell in the action.

STONE COFFINS AT MELROSE.

About ten inches under ground, close to the foundation of the cloisters of Melrose Abbey, has lately been found a line of stone coffins, on which are several swords and crosses engraved, but two more remarkable than the rest—a husband and wife lying from east to west; on the husband's coffin, on the right, are the hilt and guard of a sword elegantly sculptured, but the blade went under the foundation of the abbey. On the wife's is a small cross, denoting a Christian of the early ages, and the following inscription:—"† Beatrix, spouse of Robert Fraser." The rest of the inscription was hid under the foundation. Melrose Abbey was originally erected of wood at Old Melrose, (Meul Ross, a bare promontory,) not a vestige of which remains, save the foundation, on which the present house belonging to Lockhart Elliot, Esq. stands; it was a second time erected at Red Abbey Stead, near Newstead, from which the village takes its name; and lastly, it was constructed where the present magnificent ruin is still to be seen at Little Forddell (or the *dell* of the *ford*)—it is probable that these stone coffins have been removed from the abbey yard at Red Abbey Stead, and placed under the foundation of the new Abbey. If this be the case, the coffins must be of very great antiquity, as that abbey was founded by David I. in 1136, and the mark of the small cross before Beatrix, on one of the coffins, denotes an early Christian. That the other coffins must have held persons of high rank, is denoted by swords and crosses on their lids, on one of which we found *hic jacet* inscribed; but this coffin was lying from south to north, and the rest of the inscription was hid under the foundation of the abbey. This side of the cloister runs from south to north.—*Kelso Chronicle.*

BOCCACCIO.

A lady of Certaldo has purchased the house formerly occupied by Boccaccio, which she has restored with the utmost care. In the room he principally occupied she has placed his portrait at full length. An old woman who formerly occupied this chamber, having accidentally thrown down a part of the paneling, found a great number of manuscripts, which, in the fervour of superstition, she immediately committed to the flames. It is not known what has become of fourteen manuscripts on vellum, discovered some years ago, on opening the tomb of Boccaccio, in the church of Certaldo.

THE FLEET DITCH, LONDON.

In the year 1732, the Fleet Ditch, on which so much expenditure had been exhausted to no purpose, and which had in former periods been esteemed a key of commerce in the city, was deemed a burden and a nuisance, requiring more money to maintain it than was originally intended, and being besides of great danger to the lives of passengers. These concurrent disadvantages induced the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council, to petition the parliament, on the 26th of Feb. 1732, praying, "That a bill might be brought in to empower the petitioners to fill up that part of the said ditch lying between Holborn Bridge and Fleet Bridge, and to convert the ground to such uses as they should think fit and convenient;" and, in pursuance of their petition, a bill was brought in and passed: by virtue of which the premises were arched over, and the site converted into Fleet Market. By that act, the fee simple of the ground and ditch is vested in the Mayor, Commonalty, and citizens of London for ever; with a proviso that sufficient drains shall be made in and through the said channel or ditch, and that no house shall be erected thereon, exceeding fifteen feet in height. H. B.

LONDON IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Howell has furnished us, in his letters, with a humorous specimen of the manners of London in 1646. Writing to a friend at Paris, he says: "the world is here turned upside down, and it hath been long a going so; you know a good while since, we have had leather caps and bever shooes, but now the arms are come to the leggs, for bishop's lawn-sleeves are worn for boot-hose tops; the waist is come to the knee, for the points that were used to be about the middle are now dangling there; boots and shooes are so long snouted that one can hardly kneel in God's house, where all genuflection and postures of devotion and decency are quite out of use:

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the devil may walk freely up and down the streets of London now, for there is not a cross to fright him any where, and it seems he was never so busie in any country upon earth, for there have been more witches arraign'd and executed here lately, than ever were in this Island since the creation."

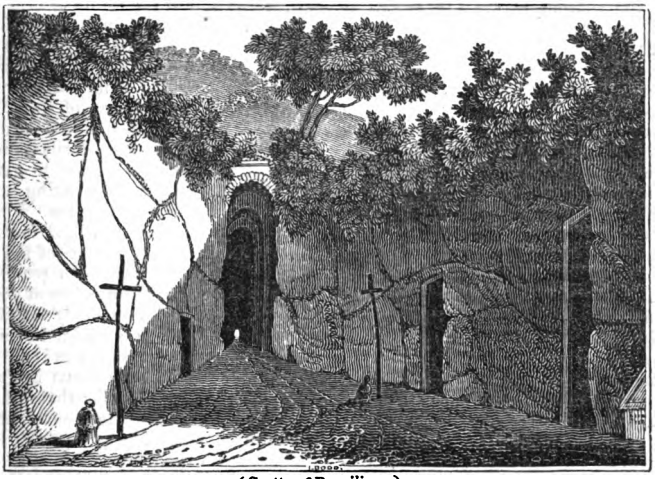
In another place, speaking of the air of London, comparatively with the cities of the East; where, when the wind is southward, it is impregnated with Arabian spices, and as sweet as a perfumed Spanish grove, he says, "the air of this city is not so, especially in the heart of the city, in and about Paul's Church, where horse-dung is a yard deep; insomuch, that to cleanse it would be as hard a task as it was for Hercules to cleanse the Augean-stable, by drawing a great river through it, which was accounted one of his twelve labours; but it was a bitter taunt of the Italian, who passing by Paul's Church, and seeing it full of horses, 'now I perceive,' said he, 'that in England, men and beasts serve God alike.'" H. B.

The Naturalist.

NATURO-ARTIFICIAL GROTTOES.

In the vicinity of Naples are many natural and artificial grottoes, which have for centuries excited the curiosity of travellers. Two of the most remarkable of these subterranean wonders are the grottoes of Pausilippo, and the Dog, or "del Cane."

Pausilippo is a considerable hill, or mountain, through which is cut the grotto, or a straight passage from Naples to Puzzuoli, 80 or 90 feet high, from 20 to 30 feet wide, and about 1,000 paces long. It is inaccessible to the sun, and through the deep night of this grotto passes the daily traffic of a very populous district. A powerful echo from the



(*Grotto of Pausilippo.*)

(*Grotta del Cane.*)

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roof increases the rumbling noise of the passage, and adds to the gloomy effect of the scene. We must not, therefore, be surprised at this cavern having its superstitious terrors; and many fabulous stories were related of it even in the time of Strabo. It is thought to have been hewn out before the time of the Romans, at first only a quarry, but afterwards continued through the hill. It was subsequently made broader and higher, paved, and provided with air-holes. The whole rock is firm, and has never been shaken by earthquake. In the centre is a chapel of the Virgin Mary; and over the grotto are the remains of an aqueduct and of Virgil's tomb, represented and described at page 433, vol. xiv. of *The Mirror*. Since 1822, the Austrian troops have constructed a road over the mountain of Pausilippo to Puzzuoli, by which the passage through the grotto is avoided. In the course of this work, a grotto was discovered at the summit of the hill, which is probably the *crypta Pausilippona* of the ancients, the name which is now given to what Seneca called the *crypta Neapolitana*. The character of the mountain scenery of Pausilippo contrasts agreeably with the sombre grotto; for, Eustace describes the former as extremely beautiful and picturesque. Its name he attributes to a villa of Vedius Pollio, erected in the time of Augustus, and called *Pausilypum*, from the effect which its beauty was supposed to produce in suspending sorrow and anxiety; and it is justly honoured with its appellation, for no scene is better calculated to banish melancholy and exhilarate the mind.*

The Grotta del Cane, or Dog's Cave, is situated at the verge of a valley beyond Pausilippo, and is of greater celebrity than its neighbour. It is a cavern, from some parts of which, to a certain height, rises carbonic acid gas, which produces death from suffocation; but, as the gas from its greater specific gravity, does not rise above five or six inches from the floor, a man may with impunity stand amidst the gas, and test its pernicious influence by holding down a small animal, and a dog being generally selected for the experiment, explains the name of the cave. There are many descriptions of this singular place; but none of more recent date than the following from the last received number of Professor Silliman's *American Journal of Science and Arts*:

"A guide was quickly selected from a set of ragged urchins, who offered themselves along the road. Thus escorted, I soon reached the house of the Custode, or showman, and a rapid knock and short dialogue having settled the preliminaries, I pushed on towards the Grotto, leaving him to hunt up his dog and follow at his leisure. The road, which had hitherto obliquely crossed the valley noticed above, now approached its edge, and led us among rough, abrupt hills, until suddenly turning to the right, and entering a deep, natural chasm, it brought us in a few minutes to the edge of the Lago d'Agnaro. This lake is about four miles in circuit, and evidently occupies the crater of an extinct volcano. My little cicerone led me along the border of the lake, for about a hundred yards, when pointing to a small door against the side of the crater, a short distance above us, he told me that there was the object of my search. The name *Grotto* had misled me, and my disappointment was great, when, on the door being unlocked and thrown open, an excavation, of not more than twelve feet in length, and seven or eight in height, made its appearance. To the right, it was the rudest thing possible. The bottom, sides, and top, were of the bare earth, very uneven, and, as the cave was shaped much like an egg, it was only at the centre or near it, that a person could stand upright. The floor, and sides to a well-defined horizontal line eight or nine inches above it, appeared moist, and on stepping in, I immediately became sensible of a small degree of warmth up to the same height, although the atmosphere down to the ground was perfectly transparent. The custode first directed me to get on my hands and knees, and to bring my face within the influence of the gas. I took the posture desired, and as I had lowered my head to within a short distance of the ground, and found myself breathing a pure air, was beginning to think the wonders of the grotto far overrated, when I suddenly found myself bolt upright, and on my feet, having been brought there by a sensation as if a thousand needles had been at once thrust into my nostrils. The feeling was like that often experienced after drinking strong soda water, only to an almost overpowering degree.

"The next experiment was a cruel one, but I hope pardonable, inasmuch as the cruelty was far from being of a wanton kind. The man looked for a dog which he had brought with him, and tied to some bushes near the door, and taking the struggling animal in his arms laid him down in the deepest part of the cave. The dog laid quiet for a moment, and then, with a sudden start, nearly escaped from the custode's hands, but was brought back, and once more held down within the full power of the gas. His struggles were violent, and his eyes, turned upward toward his master, showed a high degree of suffering; but presently, his muscles began to relax, and his struggles ceased, his open and beseeching eye only showing life. His master now took him up, and laid him in the pure air, outside the cave. Here he remained motionless for nearly two minutes, when he was seized with violent spasms, gasped for breath, at length got on his feet, staggered

* Classical Tour, vol. ii. p. 378, 8vo.

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about, and then recovering himself fully, darted away into the bushes. A whistle brought him back, and he came up, wagging his tail, to receive the customary crust of bread. The man now lighted a couple of torches, and placing one in my hand, allowed me to amuse myself with such experiments as are frequently practised in our laboratories with this gas, and others of a similar character. The flame began to separate from the torch as soon as it was lowered to the line noticed above, showing a smooth uniform surface to the gas. When moved along the sill of the door, it burnt with undiminished brightness, except where a small channel was made by an inequality in the wood; when it sunk into this, the light was immediately extinguished. In the same manner, I could discern the gas flowing down the hollows leading from this to the lake. When I had satisfied myself with these experiments, the custode took both the torches, and rubbing them against the sides of the cave, filled the bottom of it with smoke; the hitherto invisible spirit of the cave took form and substance; and I was warned by a gentle hint, for half a dollar, that the exhibition was at an end."

THE LATE WINTER.

Dr. Hedenborg, the Swedish savant, states in the *St. Petersburg Journal*, that in all the East, Egypt, Asia Minor, Syria, the Archipelago, Turkey in Europe, &c. the late winter was more severe than ever known before in these countries. At Tiflis and Georgia, where cold weather is scarcely known, the thermometer of Reaumur had been 30° below the freezing point. At Smyrna there was skating on the river Males; and at Alexandria, snow and hail storms occurred at the end of February. On the coast of Egypt the rainy season lasted between five and six months, and the weather was severe in May.

LARGE TROUT.

There was lately killed with the rod, in the Don, a common river trout, which weighed eleven pounds, and measured in girth seventeen inches—the largest trout probably ever caught in that river.—*Aberdeen Herald.*

New Books.

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME.

(*Continued from page 248.*)

[We conclude the poet's interview with the heroine.]

"Why are you called La Esmeralda?" inquired the poet.

"I can't tell."

"No, sure!"

She drew from her bosom a small, oblong bag, attached to a necklace of small red seeds, and emiting a very strong scent of camphor. The outside was green silk, and in the middle of it there was a large bead of green glass in imitation of emerald.

"Perhaps it is on account of this," said she.

Gringoire extended his hand to lay hold of the bag, but she started back. "Don't touch it," said she; "'tis an amulet. You might do an injury to the charm, or the charm to you."

The curiosity of the poet was more and more excited. "Who gave you that?" he asked.

She laid her finger upon her lips, and replaced the amulet in her bosom. He ventured upon further questions, but could scarcely obtain answers to them.

"What is the meaning of La Esmeralda?"

"I know not," said she.

"To what language does the word belong?"

"It is Egyptian, I believe."

"I thought so," said Gringoire. "You are not a native of France?"

"I don't know."

"Are your parents living?"

She began singing to the tune of an old song:—

My father's a bird,
And my mother's his mate
I pass the broad waters
Without boat or bait.

"How old were you when you came to France?"

"I was quite a child."

"And to Paris?"

"Last year. At the moment we were entering the papal gate, I saw the yellow-hammers flying in a line over our heads. It was then the end of August, and I said: 'We shall have a sharp winter.'"

"And so we have," said Gringoire, delighted with this commencement of conversation; "I have done nothing but blow my fingers since it set in. Why, then, you possess the gift of prophecy?"

"No," replied she, relapsing into her laconic manner.

"The man whom you call the duke of Egypt is the chief of your tribe, I presume?"

"Yes."

"And yet it was he who married us," timidly observed the poet.

Her lip exhibited the accustomed pout. "I don't even know your name," said she.

"My name, if you wish to know it, is Pierre Gringoire."

"I know a much finer," said she.

"How unkind!" replied the poet. "Never mind; you shall not make me angry. You will, perhaps, love me when you are better acquainted with me; and you have related your history to me with such candour that I cannot withhold mine from you.

"You must know then that my name is

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Pierre Gringoire, and that my father held the situation of notary at Gonesse. He was hanged by the Burgundians, and my mother was murdered by the Picards, at the siege of Paris twenty years ago: so, at six years old, I was left an orphan with no other sole to my foot but the pavement of Paris. I know not how I passed the interval between six and sixteen. Here, a fruitwoman gave me an apple or a plum; there, a baker tossed me a crust of bread; at night I threw myself in the way of the watch, who picked me up and put me in prison, where I found at least a bundle of straw. In spite of this kind of life I grew tall and slim, as you see. In winter I warmed myself in the sunshine, under the porch of the hotel of Sens, and I thought it very absurd that the bonfires of St. John should be defered nearly to the dog-days. At sixteen, I began to think of adopting a profession, and successively tried my hand at everything. I turned soldier but was not brave enough; I became a monk but was not devout enough, and, besides, I could not drink hard enough. In despair I apprenticed myself to a carpenter, but was not strong enough. I had a much greater fancy to be a schoolmaster; true, I had not learned to read, but what of that? After some time I discovered that, owing to some deficiency or other, I was fit for nothing, and therefore set up for a poet. This is a profession to which a man who is a vagabond may always betake himself, and it is better than to thieve, as some young rogues of my acquaintance advised me to do. One day, as good luck would have it, I met with Dom Claude Frollo, the reverend archdeacon of Nôtre-Dame, who took a liking to me, and to him I owe it that I am this day a learned man, not unpractised either in scholastics, poetics, or rhythmics, nor even in hermetics, that sophia of all sophias. I am the author of the mystery that was performed to-day before a prodigious concourse of people, with immense applause, in the great hall of the Palace of Justice. I have also written a book of six hundred pages on the prodigious comet of 1465, which turned a man's brain, and have distinguished myself in other ways. Being somewhat of an artillery carpenter, I assisted in making that great bombard which, you know, burst at the bridge of Charenton, on the day that it was tried, and killed twenty-four of the spectators. So you see I am no bad match. I know a great many very curious tricks, which I will teach your goat, for instance, to mimic the bishop of Paris, that cursed Pharisee, whose mills splash the passengers all along the Pont aux Meuniers. And then my mystery will bring me in a good deal of hard cash, if I can get paid for it. In short I am wholly at your service, damsel, my body and soul, my science and my learning, ready to live with you in any way you please, chastely or jovially, as husband and wife, if you think proper, as brother and sister, if you like it better."

Gringoire paused, waiting the effect of his address on his hearer. Her eyes were fixed on the ground.

"Phœbus," said she in an under-tone, and then turning to the poet—"Phœbus, what does that mean?"

Gringoire, though unable to discover what connexion there could be between the subject of his speech and this question, was not displeased to have an opportunity of displaying his erudition. "It is a Latin word," said he, and means the sun."

"The sun!" she exclaimed.

"It is the name of a certain handsome archer, who was a god," added Gringoire.

"A god!" repeated the Egyptian, and there was in her tone something pensive and impassioned.

At this moment one of her bracelets, having accidentally become loose, fell to the ground. Gringoire instantly stooped to pick it up; when he raised himself the damsel and the goat were gone. He heard the sound of a bolt, upon a door communicating no doubt with an adjoining cell, which fastened on the inside.

"No matter, so she has left me a bed!" said our philosopher. He explored the cell. It contained not any piece of furniture fit to lie down upon, excepting a long coffer, and the lid of this was carved in such a manner as to communicate to Gringoire, when he stretched himself upon it, a sensation similar to that experienced by Micromegas when he lay at his full length upon the Alps.

"Well," said he, accommodating himself to this uncomfortable couch as well as he could, "'tis of no use to grumble. But at any rate this is a strange wedding-night!"

DISHONESTY OF NEGROES.

(*From Mrs. Carmichael's Domestic Manners of the West Indies.*)

NEGRO methods of theft defy the most watchful eye. I never went to my store room that I did not miss some article or other, yet it was not once in twenty cases that I could discover the thief. I was certain as to missing bottles of Madeira at different times; and though I watched as minutely as I could, yet I never saw one of them removed. The cellar had a double door, with a very strong lock on each door; the windows were secured across with wooden rails, none of these were ever broken or displaced, and as they were old, had they been removed and put in again, it could not have escaped notice. I tried to put a bottle of wine through these bars, but could not succeed; yet it so happened, that returning quickly to the cellar one day after I had left it, I found a bottle of wine, with the

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neck of it sticking through the bars, and B—— hastily retreating from the spot when he saw me. When I pointed it out to him: he said, "Misses, that be very strange, it must be Jumbee do so." At that time I could not comprehend, or discover how B. or anybody else had got the bottle to the window,—or how, if got there, it could be taken away,—yet I knew that many had disappeared; and it was not till I had left St. Vincent, and resided in Trinidad, that I learnt the ingenuity of the thief. I was then told by B.'s fellow servant, that he had a way of putting a string round the bottle when in the cellar without my seeing, and he put the end of the string through the window-bars; and when I was gone, he drew it to the bars, and placing the neck through the bars, he drew the cork, poured out the wine, and then breaking the bottle, carried away the fragments.

B. could pack pretty well, and I employed him the day before I left St. Vincent in packing a case of liquor, and so very clever was he in his mode of deceit, that although I stood by the whole time till the box was packed and the lid nailed on,—after which it was deposited where he had no access to it,—yet when this case was opened, the bottles were found all empty, and they were not the bottles I had given him to put in; for those I gave were French bottles, and the ones he put in were English: now he must have contrived while wrapping the straw round each bottle, to place an empty English bottle instead of a French full one.

Negroes will steal, cheat, and deceive in every possible way, and that with a degree of adroitness that baffles the eye and the understanding of any European; and what is worse, they invariably get into a passion if you refuse to let them take the book, and swear to the truth of what you know to be false. They have not the slightest sense of shame; and it not unfrequently happens that if you threaten them, they will, after the most solemn asseverations of their not having touched the article in question, actually bring it and lay it down before you. I found it almost impossible to keep poultry for the use of my family; for so soon as I bought them, the negroes sold them again in the market-place. All my servants kept poultry; and strange to tell, my hens during the short time I was able to keep them, never were known to lay an egg, but the negroes had always plenty to sell to me from their own fowls. The cow sometimes would give no milk for several successive days; but I found that it was milked over night, and the bottle of milk sold in the market, which brought thirteen pence to the thief. The elder negroes teach theft to their children as the most necessary of all accomplishments; and to steal cleverly, is as much esteemed by them as it was by the Spartans of old. I have had such incontrovertible proofs of this, that it was the knowledge of it that induced me to recommend separating the children from their parents, at the age when they are taught stealing as an important lesson.

The Public Journals.

LIFE.

It seemeth but the other day—
The other day that I was born—
And childhood came—life's ruddy morn
Soon pass'd away.

It seemeth but the other day,
Came schoolboy cares, of verb and noun,—
And idle sport, stern master's frown—
They pass'd away.

It seemeth but a day, an hour,
Since youth was mine, all fresh and young,
With nerve, and heart, and forward tongue—
Full pert the flower.

It seemeth but a day, since I,
Scarce tamed before, to beauty knelt,
And sigh'd, and swore, and madly felt
Love's agony.

It seemeth scarce a day, e'en now,
With firmer step I walk'd, the man,
And proudly spoke; and thought, and plan
Shook from my brow.

How like a thief of night, to-day
Upon that yesterday stole in—
On that again Life's shades begin
In twilight grey.

To-morrow—is it in our grasp?—
This night may death shut up our age,
And close our book of pilgrimage
With iron clasp.

Life is but the soul's infant state,
Where ripens its eternal seed
For bitter dole, or heavenly meed
Regenerate.

Death—Death is conquered, and the grave
The summoned dead to Life shall yield—
When angels reap thy harvest field,
Lord, who shall save?

Redeemer, thou; thine was the strife,
The victory—with thy Grace renew
The inner man—set in my view
Eternal Life.

That infant child, and youth, and man,
Baptized, and cleansed from stain of Sin,
By Faith in Thee, I come within
Thy Mercy's plan.

Blackwood's Magazine.

CHAMPAGNE CURES THE GOUT.

(*From My Travelling Acquaintance. By the author of "Highways and Byeways."*

"You walk lame," said I, as my hero hobbled across the room for a cork-screw, Rose having left it on a side-table, as she glided away in search of some biscuits.

"Yes, *Sabre de bois!* but I wonder what the devil it is that ails me. Our stupid doctor calls it gout; but that it can't be; I take too much exercise, and my father never had it."

"But perhaps *his* father had."

"Ah! that I don't know, *Pistolet de paille!* my knowledge goes no farther back than the last generation, and *Sabre de bois!*

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he is a wise man, as Solomon says, who can swear to that. Yet that booby bolus-maker at Genappe would persuade me that it is the gout. I was obliged to send for him a month ago. I had a swelling just here on my great toe joint, as red as a turkey-cock's gills, and pins and needles shooting all through it, so that I roared with pain. 'Now, you know, doctor,' says I, as he put his assassinating face in at the door, 'you know I have a great contempt for your skill, and hate your physic, *Sabre de bois!*—that's my way—so what do you think ails me?' 'The gout,' says he, 'It's not true,' says I. 'It's the gout,' says he. 'You lie,' says I. 'It's the gout, the gout, my friend,' says he again, quite coolly. 'I am not your friend, says I, nor you mine, to tell me such bad news as that,' says I, 'and I do not believe you; I won't believe you; it's not, it shan't be the gout. But, *Sabre de bois!* it's something, so what must I do for it?' 'Get rid of that bottle of Burgundy,' says he, 'and clap on ten leeches.' 'Here goes,' says I, (as soon as his back was turned,) 'for the first part of the prescription;' so I emptied the rest of the bottle, which was about three parts full, into this goblet: this way, d'ye see"—He here did as much by a flask of champagne that stood beside him—"and I swallowed it off at a draught, *Sabre de bois!* d'ye see—so, that's my way—*Pistolet de paille!*" He now filled a huge beer goblet that stood on the table, and as the effervescent dose of champagne, frothed down his throat, he grew crimson in the face, his eyes became bloodshot; I was terrified. I thought the gout had suddenly flown up to his head, not stoping to kill him on its way through his stomach. "For God's sake!" says I, imploringly, and catching hold of his arm. "*Sabre de bois!*" exclaimed he, smacking down his glass against the table, so forcibly as to break it into shivers, "*Sabre de bois!* and *Pistolet de paille!*—that's my way, d'ye see; that's my way of getting rid of a bottle. Here, Rose! champagne, d'ye see—bring a couple of bottles—one in each hand. *Sabre de bois!* my brave Englishman, that's the way we go it at *Château Turc!* Well, as I was saying, 'Clap on ten leeches,' says he. 'That I will,' says I; so I sent to the apothecary's in the village for twenty. They kept sucking all night, *Pistolet de paille!* and I was near fainting before Rose and the old woman could stop the blood. 'Well,' says the doctor, in the morning, 'how do you feel now?' 'Worse,' says I. 'That's odd,' says he; 'did you put on the leeches?' 'I did,' says I. 'And what did you do with the wine?' 'I drank it,' says I. 'I thought so,' says he; 'you must put on eighteen more leeches, and drink nothing to-day but water, or I don't answer for the consequence.'—'Drink nothing but water!' says I,—'no *Sabre de bois!* I'll not consent to that; but let me have my fair share of wine, and I'll put on six-and-thirty leeches, instead of eighteen.' 'Nonsense!' says he, walking out of the house. 'Good sense,' says I, uncorking a bottle of *clos vougeaux*;—so I filled my glass, and sent for a fresh flask of champagne and another phial full of leeches. There were about forty altogether; so I stuck them on all over my foot; and as fast as they sucked, *Sabre de bois!* so fast did I keep filling, and luckily for me too. For, *Pistolet de paille!* d'ye see, I had most certainly been a dead man but for the wine, which replenished the blood. But, *Sabre de bois!* it was the leeches that died, and not me. The doctor found fifteen of them at the last gasp, and as many more reeling drunk, on his next visit; and as for myself, I have never had a clear notion since of what passed;—it is a curious thing how bleeding takes away a man's memory, and makes his head turn. But never mind, I got over the thing;—that is to say, over that fit, but I've been weak on this leg ever since, and can't bear to put it to the ground. It is an odd affair altogether, but I'll never acknowledge it to be the gout. No, no, that was never in the family."—*New Monthly Magazine.*

INDIAN LAMENT.

Day's last of breath and sunlight floats on beach and woody height,
Bathing them o'er with bloodlike gleams; while the cool gale of night
Wakes on the rugged forest-tops the many-whispering leaves,
And, o'er the darkly-crisping stream, in low sad murmur grieves.

There are a few young stars in heaven, and, wheeling proudly high,
The queenly vulture tracks a path into the purple sky,
Darker the copper sunset streams on wave and autumn leaf,
And on this spot,—the burial-place of many an Indian Chief.

The spot those forest-hunters lov'd and scour'd at rise of day,
To track the roe-buck, or to snare the young moose on his way;
Where once a hundred wigwams glow'd, and oft the sunset drew
Its shadow o'er those fearful scenes the forest only knew.

But now there lingers only one,—one of the thousand forms
Whose orgies fill'd the woods with sound deeper than summer storms.
"Art thou the last of all that band;—the droopless, the unshed,
When every other leaf is flung to perish with the dead?

"Or do thy tribes yet haunt the shade where not a star looks through?
Or rouse the council fire beyond yon hills of heaven-like blue?
And draw the battle-bow, and still within the dance's ring
Hail the torn wretch that scorns to flinch beneath their torturing?"—

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"Stranger, my warriors hear no more the conch or
war-whoop's sound,
Their ancient blood has long since dried upon the
battle-ground;
Long o'er my tribe the mountain gale has wav'd the
forest bloom,
And no mocassin's tread save mine has press'd their
sunless tomb.
"No tread save mine;—they are no more. The
fiercely rushing breeze
Ruffles the waters into voice, and wakes the slumber-
ing trees;
The stars on the eternal sky shed their unfading
light,
The ranging wolf by cave and glen howls through
the savage night;—
"But we,—not o'er a thousand ills we once could
call our own,
May e'er uplift the voice again; or tread the covert
lone;—
The winds, the savage of the wood, are free as at
their birth;
But we have felt the chain that kills,—earth is no
more *our* earth.
"Go to our homes, the Sumach still blends its rich
shadow there;
But moss o'erspreads each vacant hearth; the red
fox shelters near;—
Naught veils the white uncoffin'd bones that crum-
bling lie around,
Naught but the wither'd leaf the storm has scatter'd
o'er the ground.
"The bow is bent, the shaft is sped that draws this
latest breath;
The Mohawk may be known no more, save in the
hall of death;
No more the night may rouse our hosts to scour the
naked plain,
Or vengeance print upon the turf her warm, red
battle-stain:—
"And years shall pass, and not a trace shall here
remain to tell
Where, haughty still in his despair, the Indian
warrior fell.
The matted woods shall fling their gloom upon a
fairer brow,
While, where the lone dark huntsman rests, the
harvest sheaf shall glow,
"And, but the name, the memory that lifts its
starry eye,
Amid the solemn shadowyness of Time's deed-written
sky,
Shall wake a thought of what we were,—the mighty
and the free,
Before yon pale ones cross'd the storms, the fierce
storms of the sea."

Blackwood's Magazine.

DEATH OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

This great captain, it will be recollected, came to an untimely end on the eve of the battle of Lutzen, which was fought on the 16th November, 1632; but the circumstances of his death have been to this day involved in mystery. Some writers have ascribed it to the machinations of Cardinal Richelieu; others have affirmed that he fell by the hands of the Duke of Saxe-Lunenburg, one of his own commanders; or that a page or groom in his service shot him; and not a few, that he was shot in a sudden discharge of musketry from the Austrian advanced posts. A document exists, however, amongst the royal archives of Sweden, which seems decisive of this long-contested question. This is a letter from Andreas Goeding, provost of Werio, a town in Gothland, to the then secretary of the archives of state. The writer's narrative is as follows:

"When I was in Saxony, in the year 1687, a fortunate accident enabled me to discover the circumstances accompanying the melancholy end of Gustavus Adolphus. This great monarch had rode out for the simple purpose of reconnoitring the enemy, attended by a single servant. A dense fog prevented him from observing a detachment of Austrian troops, who fired upon and wounded him, but not mortally. The servant, who assisted in bringing him back to the camp, consummated his end by a pistol shot, and possessed himself of a pair of spectacles, which the king had in daily use in consequence of the shortness of his sight. I bought the spectacles from the deacon of Naumburg; and it so happened that, during my stay there, the murderer, who had become very advanced in years, felt his last hour approaching. The goadings of his conscience, a natural consequence of the atrocious murder which he had perpetrated, did not allow him a moment's rest. He requested my friend, the deacon to whom I have just alluded, to come to him, and he then confessed his guilt. My information is derived from the lips of the deacon himself, the party from whom I purchased the spectacles, and I have deposited them in the Swedish archives."

There is no reason whatever to question the genuineness of the letter; but still it would be desirable to know, whether the Swedish government took any steps, upon its receipt, to institute further inquiries on the spot where the murderer died, and whether they ever ascertained from the deacon of Naumberg himself that the circumstances which the provost relates were in every respect conformable with the wretch's confession.—*United Service Journal.*

The Gatherer.

The Dictionary.—A German lady, whose education had been much neglected, and who had arrived at a very mature age without perceiving any inconvenience from this circumstance, obtained a place at the Court of Brunswick. She had not been long there, when she perceived that the conversation in the apartments of the Duchess frequently turned on subjects of which she was entirely ignorant, and that those ladies had most of her Royal Highness' favour who were best acquainted with books. She now regretted for the first time the neglect of her own education, and although she had hitherto considered that kind of knowledge which is derived from books as unbecoming a woman of quality, yet, as it was fashionable at court,

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she resolved to study hard, that she might get to the top of the fashion as soon as possible. She accordingly mentioned this resolution to the Duchess, requesting at the same time that she would lend her a book to begin with. The Duchess applauded her design, and sent her a German and French dictionary, as one of the most useful books. Some days after, her Highness inquired how she relished it: "Infinitely," replied the studious lady, "it is the most delightful book I ever saw. The sentences are all short, and easily understood, and the letters so charmingly arranged in ranks, like soldiers on the parade; whereas, in some books which I have seen, they are mingled together in a confused manner, like a mere mob, so that it is no pleasure to look at them, and very difficult to know what they mean. But I am no longer surprised," added she, "at the satisfaction your Royal Highness takes in study."

FERNANDO.

Men without Noses.—Khirtipoor is a town of Nepaul, the reduction of which cost the conqueror so much trouble, that, in resentment of the resistance made by the inhabitants, he cut off all the men's noses. Colonel Kirkpatrick, at the distance of 23 years, was reminded of this act of barbarity by observing that a great proportion of the people appointed to transport his baggage across the hills were deprived of their noses. To perpetuate this exploit, the sovereign ordered the name of the place to be changed to Naskatapoor, which signifies "the town of men without noses." P. T. W.

Preservation of the Dead. — The vault under the tower of St. Michael, in the cathedral at Bordeaux, possesses the singular property of presenting the human corpse almost entire; six bodies are placed, standing or sitting, against the wall — a horrible and ghastly sight. Some of them are three hundred years old; the skin has the appearance of leather, and many have their garments still remaining. The person who shows them, an old woman, professes to designate their various situations in life; such as a monk, a seigneur, or a mechanic, and even to indicate the disease of which each died.

T. GILL.

Chesterfield.—In 1751, Lord Chesterfield delivered a speech in parliament in favour of the proposed alteration of the style, which procured him considerable applause. On this occasion he stated, that every one complimented him, and said, that he had made the whole matter very clear to them; "when God knows," continued he, "I had not even attempted it. I could as soon have talked Celtic or Sclavonian to them, as astronomy, and they would have understood me fully as well. Lord Macclesfield, who is one of the greatest mathematicians and astronomers in Europe, spoke afterwards, with infinite knowledge, and all the clearness that so intricate a matter would admit of; but as his words, his periods, and his utterance, were not near so good as mine, the preference was most unanimously, though most unjustly, given to me."—*Georgian Era.*

Making a Queen.—Sir Charles Sedley, whose daughter was made Countess of Dorchester by King James II., having been met by a friend, as he came out of the House of Commons, on the day the Prince and Princess of Orange were voted King and Queen of these realms, was asked what he had been about in the convention; he replied—"That he had just been doing an act of gratitude." "What's that?" said his friend. "Why," replied Sir Charles, "King James made my daughter a countess, and I have been making his a queen." T. GILL.

Strange Worldly Advice.—Erasmus, in a letter to his friend Andrew Ammonius, gives him the following advice, as the most effectual method of advancing his fortune, designed to satirize the usual methods that are adopted for this purpose; viz: "In the first place, throw off all sense of shame; thrust yourself into every one's business, and elbow out whomsoever you can; neither love nor hate any one; measure everything by your own advantage; let this be the scope and drift of all your actions. Give nothing but what is to be returned with usury, and be complaisant to every body. Have always two strings to your bow. Feign that you are solicited by many from abroad, and get everything ready for your departure. Show letters inviting you elsewhere, and with great promises." P. T. W.

Epitaph on Thomas Jackson, the Actor.—This actor belonged to the Norwich company, and lies buried in the churchyard of Gillingham, in Norfolk, with the following eccentric epitaph inscribed on his tombstone:

"Sacred to the memory of Thomas Jackson, comedian, who was *engaged*, Dec. 21, 1741, *to play a comic cast of characters* in this *great theatre*, the world, for many of which he was *prompted* by nature to excel. The *season* being ended, his *benefit* over, the *charges* all paid, and his *account* closed, he made his *exit* in the *tragedy* of "Death," on the 17th of March, 1798, in full assurance of being *called* once more to *rehearsal;* when he hopes to find his *forfeits* all cleared, his *cast of parts* bettered, and his *situation* made agreeable by Him who paid the great *stock* debt for the love he bore to *performers* in general." J. E. J.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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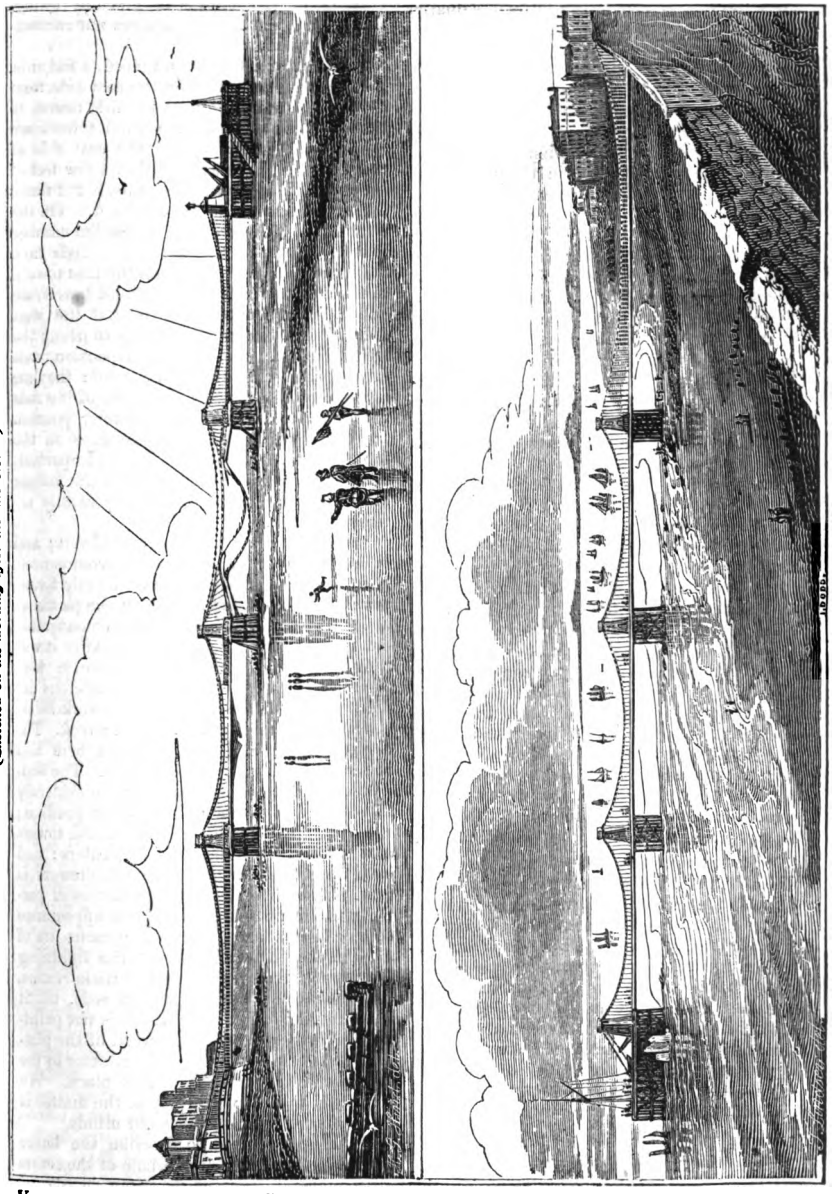

THE BRIGHTON CHAIN PIER.
(*Sketched on the morning after the late Storm.*)

(*The Pier in* 1830.)

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THE BRIGHTON CHAIN PIER.

In the sixth volume of our Miscellany, the reader will find a page (115) devoted to a description of this elegant wonder of science, and a just tribute to the ingenuity of its inventor, Captain Samuel Brown, R. N. It may, therefore, be sufficient for our present purpose to state the length of the Pier, which is 1,130 feet, exactly six-sevenths of a quarter of a mile; its width 13 feet; and the total expense, including the Esplanade, 30,000*l.* It was completed in October, 1823; and, if we remember rightly, the security of its construction was as fully admitted by scientific persons, as the beauty of its appearance was admired by every class of visiters. Its stability was severely tested in the year subsequent to its completion; for, during a tremendous storm, on November 23, 1824, the waves often obscured the Pier from sight: "they broke down the wooden railing at its head, washed up some of the planks, and occasionally raised the platform several feet between the towers; but, from its elasticity, it speedily recovered its proper place, and no part of the chains or piles was broken." * The Pier also withstood many other shocks of wind and wave unharmed, till, on the 15th of October last, or ten years from its completion, the beautiful fabric was struck, and received considerable injury.

It is stated, that about half-past seven o'clock on the above evening, a tremendous gale from the west came on, with heavy rain and vivid lightning. At this hour the Pier was struck, in all probability, by the lightning, and part of it fell. The wind blew with such fury, that the Pier-master, who resides within a few yards of the entrance to the Pier, did not hear the crash; but it was heard and seen by a few passengers on the adjoining cliff, who describe the lightning to have played among the chains; they also state that, at one moment, there was a blaze of light at a particular spot. Crowds of persons were on the cliff immediately after the accident; but, of course, the extent of the damage could not be ascertained till the next morning, when it was found to be as follows:

"On the entrance of the first bridge from the esplanade, the first suspension rod and cap on the east side have evidently been moved by some great violence: the cap is partially unshipped, and all the caps on the bridge appear, judging from the state of the paint, to have been moved, but not in a great degree. This bridge on the east side is also sunk below the level line several inches. The seventeenth cap and rod on the east were more violently affected than any other on this bridge—so much so, that some of the iron ornament on the railing was knocked off. The whole of the bridge, independently of the sinking on the east side, is considerably sunk below the level line, owing to the counteraction of the farther bridges being reduced.

"The main-chains are here nearly as perfect as ever in appearance, nor are the two first towers in any way affected, so far as the judgment of the eye can be relied on: the sinking of the bridge is probably owing, therefore, to some circumstances not connected with the chains.

"The second bridge is, indeed, a sad ruin. All the suspension rods on the east side, from the tenth, reckoning from the first towers to within twelve rods of the second towers, are broken and gone; so that the east side of this bridge dips down to within a few feet of the water. The flooring remains, but it forms a steep inclination to the eastward. On the west of this, (the *second*) bridge, the damage is less. Many of the suspension rods from the nineteenth, counting from the first towers, to the eighteenth from the second towers, are gone; but a few are left, so that the west side of this bridge is kept up to nearly the level line. None of the suspension rods destroyed on this bridge are bent: they are snapped quite asunder; but some of the rods that remain in nearly their former position are considerably bent, and the caps on the top of them are removed. This is important, since it will throw some light on the nature of the occurrence, as we shall presently attempt to show.

"We now come to the second towers; and here the work of destruction commences. That on the east has been so violently forced towards the north, as to tear up the planking at its base; and it is now very considerably out of the perpendicular line. After it was thus forced up, a re-action of course took place, and it must have been ponderous indeed. Much of the wooden framework below gave way, and this part is now a wreck. The opposite tower suffered less; but here also the wood work is torn to splinters. The saddles on the top of both towers were evidently lifted up, and removed from their position; the wood work round the top of the towers and about the saddles, is in splinters; and even the wooden arch between the towers is rent. The sheet lead on the towers is partially rolled up; but there is no appearance of any fusion, although some persons are of opinion that it was here that the lightning first struck, then ran along the main-chains, and descended the suspension rods, till it came to that part of them which is not painted, (being covered with the wood of the platform;) and here, finding no conductor to the earth or water, the shock took place. We confess that this explanation of the matter is by no means satisfactory to our minds.

"We now proceed to describe the havoc on the *third* bridge. The whole of the centre

* Parry's Southern Coast.

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of this bridge is gone—not a vestige remains. There is no communication whatever left, except by climbing along the main-chains. The whole of the wood work, the platform, the iron railings, the suspension rods, caps and all, in the centre, for a distance of thirty or forty feet, have totally disappeared: forty-four suspension rods, in a distance of about 200 feet, are lost on the *east* side; and thirty suspension rods on the *west*. The platform drops down, a complete wreck, on each side of the chasm in the centre,—the planks, nearly up to the towers, being stripped up. Some of the remaining suspension rods are bent like willows over the side of that portion of the bridge which is still standing; others are broken asunder, and the caps of most are gone; but it is singular that one or two rods still retain their caps, as they hang over the sea or lie across the planking.

"Those who have seen the Pier will remember that there are four main-chains on each side. We now wish to direct the attention of our readers to those on the east. One pair of these chains was suspended about twelve inches over the other pair, which hung exactly beneath the former. When the concussion took place, the upper pair of chains were by some means separated; and, wonderful as it may appear, one of them was twisted beneath the lower pair, passed over them again, and now remains stretched by the side, but in the centre, considerably higher, of its companion. This, however, in order to be clearly understood, must be seen; and it is certainly one of the most extraordinary things connected with this most lamentable accident.

"The third pair of towers are also in a dangerous state, having been partially forced out of the perpendicular; and the fourth bridge is greatly distressed, and bellies down 18 in. or perhaps more, towards the sea; but the outer head, the stone work, the piles, &c., are not affected at all."

We have quoted these particulars from the *Brighton Gazette*, the editor of which journal is more inclined to attribute the shock of the Pier to the wind than to the lightning: he thinks that a tremendous blast came suddenly under the platform, and lifted up the third bridge, in all probability, several feet; and that the suspension rods, being fixed to the bridge, were driven upwards between the chains, gliding between the bolts, and carrying the caps on their tops. "Then came the fall, when, instead of the caps falling in their places over the bolts, they fell on one side, and hence nothing but a crash could result. By the shock the lower or the upper part, as the case might be, of the suspension rods would be snapped in two, and the bridge would give way. This violent concussion on the third bridge would give a jerk to the second, as well as to the first bridges; hence we see the suspension rods of the second bridge not bent, but snapped asunder, and the caps on the first bridge, where the shock would be less, partially removed." This opinion has, however, been opposed by an intelligent correspondent of the *Brighton Herald*, Mr. C. A. Busby, the architect, who expresses his "decided conviction that the lightning alone may be considered as the primary cause of the injury." Among Mr. Busby's most conclusive reasons is the following: "that if the accident had arisen from the mechanical force of the wind, in lifting the platform and letting it down again suddenly, the fracture would have taken place not in the perpendicular rods, upon which the pull is direct, but in the main-chains, where it is oblique, and which, from the nature of their curvature, are subject to a strain exceeding about five times the actual gravity, or supposed descending impulse, of the platform hanging to them; add to which, the *actual* united strength of the upright rods, each one inch and one twelfth in diameter, and forty-nine in number on each side of every arch, *vastly exceeds* that of the four main-chains, each of which is very little more than two inches in diameter—and, lastly, the almost perfect regularity of the fracture of the upright rods at the level of the centre of the cast iron balustrades by which the platform was inclosed on each side, indicates that it was produced by something very different from that alluded to, it being so *extremely improbable*, if not altogether impossible, that the weakest parts of these rods should be so exactly in one horizontal line."

Mr. Busby has inspected the Pier, and his report is as follows:

"From a careful examination of the fractured rods, I can state decidedly that they consist of excellent, tough metal, and that they are perfectly unimpaired by oxidation; it is also well known that the entire foundations of the towers have recently been put in substantial repair, under the efficient direction of Mr. Hazlett, the superintendant, and the accident itself has proved the perfect soundness of the main-chains; it appeared, therefore, to me, that the unlucky event could only be attributed to lightning—and, on examining James Vincent, the watchman, who had been at the Pier-head about an hour before, I learned that he was on the esplanade, about 100 yards from the western end, at seven o'clock in the evening of Tuesday, walking towards the Pier, the whole atmosphere being enveloped in complete darkness, when suddenly the third bridge (as he calls it) appeared in a blaze, and he could see the chains, rods, platform, and towers, as in broad day; the light vanished as suddenly as it had appeared, and the instant after the platform fell, giving out an electrical light in the salt water, similar to that produced by a large

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vessel under way at night. I also understood that a servant of Mr. Attwood was on the platform of the first arch at the time, and saw the lightning run along the floor; but, feeling his footing giving way, he made off, with his companion, as hastily as he could.

"Now, if we suppose the lightning to have been attracted by the main-chains, by the iron girder which ran beneath the flooring, by the cast iron pallisades, and by the rods, which, in the centre of each arch, are all very close together, we can readily conceive that the girder and pallisades may have drawn the searching fluid in a horizontal direction; and the upright suspension rods, though strongest in a mechanical point of view, being from their smaller substance more susceptible of electric influence than the chains, yielded to the shock—the platform fell—the main-chains, suddenly relieved of their burden, flew upwards from the preponderating influence of the adjoining arches, and a long train of dislocations became the inevitable consequence."

The subjoined Engravings represent views of the chain Pier at low water. The first view was taken from the road of the East Cliff, about three years since, by Mr. T. Lindsay, of London. The second view was sketched from the sands, west of the Pier, on the morning after the storm of the 15th of October, by Mr. Henry Hine, a promising young artist, of Brighton. It will convey some idea of the extent of the injury which the Pier has received, aided as it is by the minute details already quoted from the Brighton journals. The cause of the catastrophe is, however, much disputed, although, according to the *Brighton Guardian*, "many scientific gentlemen," who enjoy the highest reputation in the metropolis, "agree in attributing the primary cause of destruction to the lightning." Professor Faraday visited the pier a few days since; "and, after a long and minute inspection, gave it as his opinion that the primary cause of the accident was lightning; for the electric fluid having shattered several of the suspension rods, the effect of the weight and the wind combined, extended the damage." We perceive also that a scientific survey of the whole is promised in the *Brighton Guardian*.* Meanwhile, we rejoice to hear that measures are in active progress for the restoration of the chain Pier: for so useful an appendage, as this elegant structure originally presented, can but ill be spared from this embellished coast: its airy beauty well accorded with the tasteful display of architectural splendour on the adjoining cliffs, where everything impresses you at the same moment, with ideas of luxurious and recreative enjoyment.

* We should consider one of the most competent persons for such a survey, to be Mr. John Murray, author of *A Treatise on Atmospheric Electricity*, and other works on chemistry and natural science. The few extracts from a pamphlet recently published by Mr. Murray, and quoted at pages 278 and 279 of the present sheet, will be read with peculiar interest in connexion with the fate of the Brighton chain pier.

"LOVE NEVER SLEEPS."

Swedenborg's "Arcana Cœlestia."

"Love never sleeps!"—The mother's eye
Bends o'er her dying infant's bed:
And as she marks the moments fly,
While death creeps on with noiseless tread,
Faint and distress'd, she sits and weeps,
With beating heart!—"*Love never sleeps!*"

Yet, e'en that sad and fragile form
Forgets the tumult of her breast;
Despite the horrors of the storm,
O'erburthen'd nature sinks to rest:
But o'er them both *another* keeps
His midnight watch—"*Love never sleeps!*"

Around—above—the angel bands
Stoop o'er the care-worn sons of men;—
With pitying eyes, and eager hands,
They raise the soul to hope again:
Free as the air, their pity sweeps
The storms of time!—"*Love never sleeps!*"

And round—beneath—and over all
O'er men and angels, earth and heaven,
A higher bends! The slightest call
Is answered; and relief is giv'n:
In hours of woe, when sorrow steeps
The heart in pain—"*He never sleeps!*"

Oh! God of Love! our eyes to thee,
Tir'd of the world's false radiance, turn!
And as we view thy purity
We feel our hearts within us burn:
Convinc'd, that in the lowest deeps
Of human ill—"*Love never sleeps!*"—J. G. B. P.

TAXATION OF EUROPE.

M. Von Malchus, a statistical writer of Wirtemberg, published in 1829, the following as a correct view of the relative taxation of the principal European states:

	Per Head. £.	s.	d.
England	3	0	5
France	1	6	8
The Netherlands	1	2	6
Sweden		16	3
Hesse Darmstadt		12	2½
Prussia		12	1
Hesse Cassel		12	0
Saxony		11	3
Sardinia		11	2
Denmark		10	4
Baden		10	
Brunswick		10	
Spain		9	
Hanover		8	9
Tuscany		8	8
Naples		8	8
Bavaria		8	7½
Wirtemberg		8	1½
Austria		6	7½
Norway		6	6
Poland		4	8
Russia		4	7
Roman States		4	4
Mecklenburgh Schwerin		3	5

W. G. C.

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CURIOUS FACTS.

(*From our own Note Book.*)

The Pharoahs.—At the foot of Mount Atlas are magnificent and massive ruins; the country for miles around is covered with broken columns of white marble. The architecture is in the heavy Egyptian style. Two porticoes are still standing, the pillars of which are 30 feet high and 12 wide, with the impost formed of one single stone. Pots of gold and silver are frequently exhumed in these ruins. The Africans believe these edifices to have been erected by one of the Pharoahs; and they are called "Kasser Farawan," or the ruins of Pharoah.—*Jackson's Timbuctoo.*

Bread.—In the Fez territory, the same kind of bread and cakes are kneaded as in the Patriarchal ages—(Genesis, xviii., v. 1. and 8.); and the same cake is peculiar to Scotland.—We were presented, (says Jackson,) with honey and butter, thin shavings of the latter being let fall into a bowl of honey for breakfast. This bowl was served up with flat cakes, kneaded without leaven, and baked on hot stones. They are converted from corn into food in less than half an hour, and resemble, in shape, our crumpets or pancakes.

Love of Life.—Louis XI. died 1483; and at 63 years of age drank warm blood, to prolong his existence.

Holy Well.—I have somewhere seen an account of a Welsh superstition, where invalids were carried to the side of a spring, and there left a certain number of hours, in order to regain their health—(so the Hindoos carry the dying man, and lay him half smothered in the holy mud of the Ganges.) They also leave them a whole night in a church—(such was also a Phœnician custom, with regard to the powers of Hercules.)

Lady Jane Grey's Prayer Book, which she gave on the scaffold to the lieutenant of the Tower, is preserved in the Museum, Harl. MSS., No. 2,342; and contains a short and elegant exhortation in her own writing; which is engraved by Mr. Smith, in his *Autographs of Illustrious Persons.*

The Mystic Three.—3 forks to Jupiter's thunderbolt; 3 prongs to Neptune's Trident; 3 heads to Cerberus; 3 legs to the tripod, or stool, on which the Pythian Priestess vaticinated; 3 names to the sun—Sol, Apollo, Liberi; 3 also to the moon—Hecate, Diana, and Luna; 3 ablutions at sacrifices; 3 bows in approaching royalty; once, twice, thrice, and away, say the boys; and 3 balls are the ominous emblem of pawnbrokers.

Wives and Husbands without Jealousy.—The Agathyrsi were a Scythian nation, who, like the early Britons, had their wives in common. Like the Britons, they painted their bodies—"*pictiq Agathyrsi.*"—*Virgil, Æn.* iv. p. 146.

Carving.—In the luxurious days of Rome, carving was taught as an art, and performed to the sound of music.

Patronage.—A bishop, on his elevation, was pestered by all his country relations for places; and among the many suitors was a cousin, who wished to be a parson, although actually a blacksmith. "No," said the bishop, "I cannot give you a good living in my diocese, but you shall have the best forge in the county."

The King of the Sandwich Islands.—Some pious ladies at Sherbourne sent to the King of the Sandwich Islands, by means of a missionary who had lately returned, and was then on a visit to Dr. Gray's housekeeper, a splendid dress, in the form of a night-gown, made of gaudily printed bed-curtain stuff, ornamented with a large silver button, by way of a star, on the left breast: it was faced with scarlet, and lined with purple. The motive in sending it was to induce the king to abandon idolatry; but the ladies were dreadfully perplexed when they received in due time a letter containing his majesty's thanks; but as he considered himself unworthy of so elegant and magnificent a dress, he had consecrated the noble gift, and hung this splendid night-gown on his chief idol, as a robe of state and splendour!

Riches.—Let every man remember that *riches* are the surplus of *requisite* expenses.

A Cunning Legend.—The Armenians, who believe hell and limbo to be the same place, say that Judas, after having betrayed our Lord, resolved to hang himself, because he knew Christ was to go to limbo, and deliver all the souls which he might find there out purgatory; and he therefore expected forgiveness, by being there before him. But the devil, who was more cunning than he, knowing his intention, held him over limbo till the Lord had passed through, and then let him fall plump into hell.

JAMES SILVESTER.

The Naturalist.

THE THUNDER-STORM.

[OUR attention has been drawn to a pamphlet of about sixty pages, describing a new lightning conductor, and containing illustrative observations on the phenomena of the thunder-storm. It is from the active pen of Mr. John Murray, distinguished for his researches on the very interesting subject of atmospheric electricity, to which branch of science, we believe, Mr. Murray has contributed many new and important facts. The following extracts will, we are persuaded, be read with considerable interest and advantage.]

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Lightning and Electricity.

Of the identity of electricity, artificially excited, and that of the thunder-storm, there can be no rational doubt. The only difference between the two consists in the vast accumulation of the latter, but almost all the phenomena and effects of lightning may be imitated by electrical experiments: and such as cannot be so exemplified, may depend on the want of apparatus sufficiently powerful to elicit the requisite supply, or to treasure it up. It was not, however, until Dr. Franklin had raised his kite, and the experiments were made in the garden at Marly, that the identity of the two was established on a basis that the most subtile scepticism could never move. Before this epocha in its history, our conclusions, deduced from strong and striking analogies, as to their identity, could be received only as suppositions. On the 8th of October, 1830, a thunder-storm broke over Mount Atlas. The entire horizon seemed on fire, and the thunder continued to roll without any sensible intermission. A strong, white light was seen to gleam on the summits of the poles of the pavilions in Algiers; the phenomenon continued for half an hour. The officers who paraded the ramparts felt their hair bristle up, and stand on end, and in some cases stars of electric light studded the extremity of each hair: when their hands were held up, similar lights appeared on the ends of their fingers. Those exposed to this influence were nervous, and experienced a sensation of great lassitude. A great part of the experiments I am in the habit of making by means of the electrical machine, I have successfully repeated with the electrical kite; nor was I ever disappointed in my expectations in any season or period of the day, when the weather was sufficiently dry. Indeed, whenever there appeared indications of a thunder-storm, I laid aside my experiments, being instructed from some daring attempts, that under such circumstances, there is considerable danger. On one occasion, I charged, by means of the electric kite, in a few seconds, what communicated, by means of a Leyden jar, a powerful shock to nearly 100 persons. Any argument to prove that these are one and the same, is altogether uncalled for, and as the electrical machine simply collects electricity, certainly does not create it, it must not be forgotten that in our common experiments, by means of electrical apparatus, the phenomena are neither more nor less than those of lightning—on a miniature scale it is, true, but the fact is not the less certain, that in these very experiments, lightning is our plaything; this being the case, the study of the laws of electricity enable us to account for the phenomena of lightning on its more magnificent scale in nature; and by the imposition of those laws we gain all the advantage secured by a subjugation of its power, and are enabled to direct its influence into the channel of good. The individual not conversant with electricity, is apt to fancy that some mysterious agency is connected with the glass cylinder or plate, or the paraphernalia of silk, cushions and amalgam, or the auxiliaries of brass rods and balls, and glass jars lined with tinfoil; but the practical electrician knows better, and is aware that they only afford him facilities for the accumulation of electricity, and its direction and application. The intervention of glass is not necessary; other means may be substituted with as powerful an effect. Not to specify the numerous and diversified media for this end, I may merely state, that I have seen some remarkable and powerful electrical phenomena in the manufactory of the clothier. When the cloth passed rapidly between the heated cylinders, the flashes of electricity ramified into luminous branches, and on the approach of the hand, darted to it from a distance of twelve inches, and rivalled the largest and most powerful plate machine with which I ever made experiments. Sir Frederick Henniker mentions the fact of a common white linen sheet being shaken on the surface of the desert having emitted flashes of electric fire.

Danger from Lightning.

That called in common parlance, *lightning*, is presented to us under diversified aspects, and in its effects is more or less intense. What is usually called *silent*, or sheet lightning, is altogether harmless, and appears to be discharged from one cloud to another. The phenomena as seen on the verge of the distant horizon, peculiarly characterize this description of lightning: the effect of those curious flashes among the snows and glaciers, and rocky pinnacles of the Alps, is at once beautiful and sublime.

It is of course only such lightning as darts from the sky on terrestrial objects that is the proper subject of fear or alarm, and this seems to be presented under three more immediately distinct forms;—a sudden flash and general illumination, extremely vivid and overpowering. In this there is no distinct form or definite appearance; sometimes the entire atmosphere seems wrapped in a pale bluish and dilute light, and objects put on the same aspect as when illuminated by the burning of sulphur in oxygen; sometimes the flashes appear to be almost continuous, and kept up by an incessant support of the source of their production. The flashes are generally sudden, bright, and dazzling; and are succeeded by a peal of thunder at intervals, more or less prolonged, and violent rain usually falls. Sometimes the lightning is purplish, and at other times reddish; the colours being either dependant on the comparative density of the atmosphere, or extraneous matter with which

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the electric power may be charged; just as the electricity produced by the electrical machine varies its colour and intensity in condensed or rarified air—hydrogen or carbonic acid gas; or, when the electric spark passes through the vapour of ether, ramifies over silver paper; or the electric explosion is passed through links of steel, or over balls of ivory, boxwood, or charcoal. The colour, therefore, of the lightning, supplies us with a test to determine its comparative destructive power.

The next feature of lightning is that of a zig-zag or arrowy form, when it quivers in the dark back ground, on the sable thunder-cloud in the distant perspective. In heathen mythology, this phenomenon formed the symbol of Jupiter, and the eagle grasping the thunderbolt prefigured its power and vengeance. Here the lightning is presented under a distinct and geometric form, with angles more or less acute as it darts from heaven to earth. This presupposes a considerable accumulation of electric power, necessary to overcome the resistance interposed by the atmosphere, which resistance is demonstrated by the arrowy line. This defined line of light proves a concentration of energy, as in the preceding variety of lightning, it evinced a diffusion and consequent attenuation. Sometimes this may be seen to strike a terrestrial object in the distance, and is always formidable.

Fire Balls.

There is still another and more destructive variety of these electric phenomena, and by far the most alarming of them all; this is when it assumes the appearance of *fire-balls*.* The motion of these is easily perceptible, and wherever they fall, they explode, and do much damage: sometimes they *run along the ground*, or rest momentarily on something which arrests their progress, and then burst like a shell. Sometimes, also, the separated fragments of the explosion individually burst, and extend the mischief. It is especially worthy of remark that the Hebrew legislator, whose veracity as a historian is only equalled by the singular accuracy with which he describes scientific phenomena, expressly names a phenomenon of this kind as characteristic of one of the plagues entailed on the land of the Pharaohs: "The Lord sent thunder and hail, and *the fire ran along upon the ground;* and the Lord rained hail upon the land of Egypt; so there was hail, and fire mingled with hail."† On Friday afternoon, July 30, 1830, a fire-ball during a thunder-storm, darted into the river Foss, at York, opposite the ground occupied by Mr. P——, in Walmgate, with such tremendous force as to raise the water considerably above its level, and it continued to bubble up, as if boiling, for nearly twenty minutes.

Last year, also, a small, luminous, electric ball of a similar kind, fell on the rusty iron conductor attached to one of the church spires of Wakefield. My informant tells me it occupied nearly three minutes in completing its descent,—a phenomenon in perfect conformity with these extraordinary electric configurations. In the circular flash of lightning the sound from every point, arriving at the ear almost simultaneously, will produce a stunning noise or crash,—sometimes a triple explosion is heard. In the rectilinear flash which may pervade a space, say of four miles in length, the sound proceeding from the nearest point will be the loudest, declining in intensity as the points recede in the distance, occupying altogether a period of twenty seconds. If the flash be zig-zag, or composed of broken lines (the most common appearance it assumes), or if the principal trunk ramifies into branches and each becomes a separate source of thunder, we have all the varieties of that fearful and solemn sound accounted for.

The various modifications of the clouds depend, there can be no doubt whatever, on electrical principles, and their rise and fall in the atmosphere are determined by the attractive influence of the earth; and though the unseen mercurial threads of Linus are sufficiently fanciful and hypothetical, this invisible communication between the earth and the heavens may be said to be the tackling by which the clouds are depressed or raised to lower or higher stations in the atmosphere.

(To be concluded in our next.)

* In Abercromby Place, Edinburgh, a fire-ball last season seems to have descended a chimney and produced a considerable explosion, though providentially without doing injury to any one. This is the *second* visitation of the same kind, in the *same* place: proof sufficient of the liability of those spots which have been once struck, and should impart an impressive hint to provide for their future security.

† Exodus, chap. ix. v. 23.

Fine Arts.

ANCIENT CARVING.

Comparatively few relics of old English wood-carving are met with in the present day. Gibbons was undoubtedly the greatest master that ever practised this art in England: of him Walpole says—"there is no instance of a man before Gibbons who gave to wood the loose and airy lightness of flowers, and chained together the various productions of the elements with a free disorder natural to each species." His best works are at Chatsworth, and in Windsor Castle; where we hope they have been respected, amidst the re-embellishments of the artists of our times. We fear they will produce little worthy of association with Gibbons's work; though we believe that exquisite specimens of wood-carving are occa-

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sionally imported into this country from the continent.

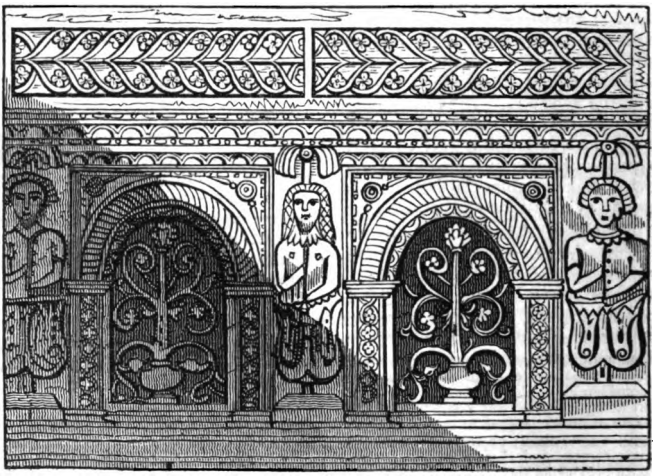
The specimen in the Cut is probably of some centuries anterior to the time in which

(*Ancient Carved Figure at Coventry.*)

Gibbons flourished. This figure originally ornamented the door of a house in Coventry, apparently of the age of Henry VI., situate in Cross Cheaping. It is said to be a figure of St. George, and is of oak, about two feet in length, including the basement on which it stands: though great pains appear to have been taken in its execution, it is a very indifferent specimen of art. Adjoining the house from which it was taken are two other tenements of the same date, ornamented with a variety of heads, carved in a part of the frame-work.

Coventry abounds with remains of very ancient domestic architecture. It was a place of considerable trade as early as the year 1436, at which time the manufacture consisted chiefly of cloth. The traders, in consequence of their successful concerns, were enabled to expend great sums upon the decoration of their houses, many of which, to this day, exhibit curious and highly-wrought specimens of carving.

The household furniture of our ancestors was frequently enriched with elaborate carving, and few articles were more sumptuously decorated than the bedstead. That of Richard III., engraved in our fifth volume is thus curiously dight with ornament; the most embellished portions being the front posts and the head board, and the part above the head-board, which, in our times, is filled up with handsome fluted or draped hangings. The annexed Cut represents the head-board of an oak bedstead of somewhat later date, which, in 1813, was in good preservation at Oldaport Farm, near Modbury, in Devonshire: and being a fixture to the farm-house, belonged to the landlord, then Lord Ashburton. The posts and canopy of this bedstead are stated to have been little inferior in ornament to the specimen below. In this, the figures, which are the most interesting portion, are carved in alto-relievo: the centre represents the two-thirds figure of a female, and that at each



(*Head-board of a Bedstead, temp. Henry VIII.*)

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end is a male: all wear feathers, longwise across the forehead, in the style Holbein has painted Henry VIII. Indeed, the left figure, is thought to represent that sovereign, in whose reign the bedstead is concluded to have been made: the right hand figure somewhat resembles Henry VII.; but the identity of this and the other male figure is merely conjectural. The arches forming the screen or filling-up between the figures are in, what is termed, the Saxon style, and above them is a beautiful and very singular guilloch running in a horizontal position, and winding round quatrefoil roses; within the arches are two pots, containing plants, bearing flowers somewhat resembling tulips; on which are birds perched, of rather inelegant workmanship, when compared with the other parts of the carved work. In *The Antiquarian and Topographical Cabinet*, whence this cut has been copied, a correspondent observes: "there were many bedsteads of this kind made in the reign of Henry VIII., but the corroding hand of time is now every day diminishing their number, consequently, this beautifully proportioned relic is worth rescuing from oblivion."

The elaborate care formerly bestowed in carving the bedstead may perhaps be explained by the circumstance of its being, in places, made hollow, for the reception of coin, or other valuables. Thus, the bedstead of Richard III. had a double bottom, which its fortunate possessor found filled with broad-pieces of gold, which are supposed to have been secreted there by Richard before he went to Bosworth.

Spirit of Discovery.

CAPTAIN ROSS, OUTLINE OF HIS RECENT EXPEDITION.

(In a letter addressed by Captain Ross to the Secretary to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.

On board the Isabella, of Hull,
Baffin's Bay, Sept., 1833.

Sir,—Knowing how deeply my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty are interested in the advancement of nautical knowledge, and particularly in the improvement of geography, I have to acquaint you, for the information of their lordships, that the expedition, the main object of which is to solve, if possible, the question of a north-west passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, particularly by Prince Regent's Inlet, and which sailed from England in May, 1829, notwithstanding the loss of the foremast and other untoward circumstances, which obliged the vessel to refit in Greenland, reached the beach on which His Majesty's late ship Fury's stores were landed on the 13th of August.

We found the boats, provisions, &c., in excellent condition, but no vestige of the wreck. After completing in fuel and other necessaries, we sailed on the 14th, and on the following morning rounded Cape Garry, where our new discoveries commenced, and, keeping the western shore close on board, ran down the coast in a S.W. and W. course, in from ten to twenty fathoms, until we had passed the latitude of 72° north, in longitude 94° west; here we found a considerable inlet leading to the westward, the examination of which occupied two days; at this place we were first seriously obstructed by ice, which was now seen to extend from the south cape of the inlet, in a solid mass, round by S. and E. to E.N.E.: owing to this circumstance, the shallowness of the water, the rapidity of the tides, the tempestuous weather, the irregularity of the coast, and the numerous inlets and rocks for which it is remarkable, our progress was no less dangerous than tedious, yet we succeeded in penetrating below the latitude of 70° north in longitude 92° west, where the land, after having carried us as far east as 90°, took a decided westerly direction, while land at the distance of forty miles to southward was seen extending east and west. At this extreme point our progress was arrested on the 1st of October by an impenetrable barrier of ice. We, however, found an excellent wintering port, which we named Felix Harbour.

Early in January, 1830, we had the good fortune to establish a friendly intercourse with a most interesting consociation of natives, who being insulated by nature, had never before communicated with strangers; from them we gradually obtained the important information that we had already seen the continent of America, that about forty miles to the S.W. there were two great seas, one to the west, which was divided from that to the east by a narrow strait or neck of land. The verification of this intelligence either way, on which our future operations so materially depended, devolved on Commander Ross, who volunteered this service early in April, and, accompanied by one of the mates, and guided by two of the natives, proceeded to the spot, and found that the north land was connected to the south by two ridges of high land, fifteen miles in breadth, but, taking into account a chain of fresh-water lakes, which occupied the valleys between, the dry land which actually separates the two oceans is only five miles. This extraordinary isthmus was subsequently visited by myself, when Commander Ross proceeded minutely to survey the sea coast to the southward of the isthmus leading to the westward, which he succeeded in tracing to the 99th degree, or to 150 miles of Cape Turnagain of Franklin, to which point the land, after leading him into the 70th degree of north latitude, trended directly: during the same journey he also surveyed thirty miles of the adjacent coast, or that to the north of the isthmus,

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which, by also taking a westerly direction, formed the termination of the western sea into a gulf. The rest of this season was employed in tracing the sea-coast south of the isthmus leading to the eastward, which was done so as to leave no doubt that it joined, as the natives had previously informed us, to Ockullee, and the land forming Repulse Bay. It was also determined that there was no passage to the westward for thirty miles to the northward of our position.

This summer, like that of 1818, was beautifully fine, but extremely unfavourable for navigation, and our object being now to try a more northern latitude, we waited with anxiety for the disruption of the ice, but in vain, and our utmost endeavours did not succeed in retracing our steps more than four miles, and it was not until the middle of November that we succeeded in cutting the vessel into a place of security, which we named Sheriffs' Harbour. I may here mention that we named the newly-discovered continent, to the southward, Boothia, as also the isthmus, the peninsula to the north, and the eastern sea after my worthy friend Felix Booth, Esq. the truly patriotic citizen of London, who, in the most disinterested manner, enabled me to equip this expedition in a superior style.

The last winter was in temperature nearly equal to the means of what had been experienced on the four preceding voyages, but the winters of 1830 and 1831 set in with a degree of violence hitherto beyond record, the thermometer sunk to 92° below the freezing point, and the average of the year was 10° below the preceding; but, notwithstanding the severity of the summer, we travelled across the country to the west sea by a chain of lakes, thirty miles north of the isthmus, when Commander Ross succeeded in surveying fifty miles more of the coast leading to the N.W., and, by tracing the shore to the northward of our position, it was also fully proved that there could be no passage below the 71st degree.

This autumn we succeeded in getting the vessel only fourteen miles to the northward, and as we had not doubled the Eastern Cape, all hope of saving the ship was at an end, and put quite beyond possibility by another very severe winter; and having only provisions to last us to the 1st of June, 1833, dispositions were accordingly made to leave the ship in her present port, which (after her) was named Victory Harbour. Provisions and fuel being carried forward in the spring, we left the ship on the 29th of May, 1832, for Fury Beach, being the only chance left of saving our lives: owing to the very rugged nature of the ice, we were obliged to keep either upon or close to the land, making the circuit of every bay, thus increasing our distance of 200 miles by nearly one-half; and it was not until the 1st of July that we reached the beach, completely exhausted by hunger and fatigue.

A hut was speedily constructed, and the boats, three of which had been washed off the beach, but providentially driven on shore again, were repaired during this month; but the unusual heavy appearance of the ice afforded us no cheering prospect until the 1st of August, when in three boats we reached the ill-fated spot where the Fury was first driven on shore, and it was not until the 1st of September we reached Leopold South Island, now established to be the N.E. point of America, in latitude 73° 56′, and longitude 90° west. From the summit of the lofty mountain on the promontory we could see Prince Regent's Inlet, Barrow's Strait, and Lancaster Sound, which presented one impenetrable mass of ice, just as I had seen it in 1818. Here we remained in a state of anxiety and suspense which may be easier imagined than described. All our attempts to push through were vain; at length, being forced by want of provisions and the approach of a very severe winter to return to Fury Beach, where alone there remained wherewith to sustain life, there we arrived on the 7th of October, after a most fatiguing and laborious march, having been obliged to leave our boats at Batty Bay. Our habitation, which consisted of a frame of spars, 32 feet by 16 feet, covered with canvass, was during the month of November inclosed, and the roof covered with snow, from four feet to seven feet thick, which being saturated with water when the temperature was 15° below zero, immediately took the consistency of ice, and thus we actually became the inhabitants of an iceberg during one of the most severe winters hitherto recorded; our sufferings, aggravated by want of bedding, clothing, and animal food, need not be dwelt upon. Mr. C. Thomas, the carpenter, was the only man who perished at this beach, but three others, besides one who had lost his foot, were reduced to the last stage of debility, and only thirteen of our number were able to carry provisions in seven journeys, of sixty-two miles each, to Batty Bay.

We left Fury Beach on the 8th of July, carrying with us three sick men, who were unable to walk, and in six days we reached the boats, where the sick daily recovered. Although the spring was mild, it was not until the 15th of August that we had any cheering prospect. A gale from the westward having suddenly opened a lane of water along shore, in two days we reached our former position, and from the mountain we had the satisfaction of seeing clear water almost directly across Prince Regent's Inlet, which we crossed on the 17th, and took shelter from a storm twelve miles to the eastward of Cape York. The next day, when the gale abated, we crossed Admiralty Inlet, and were detain-

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ed six days on the coast by a strong north-east wind. On the 25th we crossed Navy Board Inlet, and on the following morning, to our inexpressible joy, we descried a ship in the offing, becalmed, which proved to be the Isabella, of Hull, the same ship which I commanded in 1818. At noon we reached her, when her enterprising commander, who had in vain searched for us in Prince Regent's Inlet, after giving us three cheers, received us with every demonstration of kindness and hospitality which humanity could dictate. I ought to mention also that Mr. Humphreys, by landing me at Possession Bay, and subsequently on the west coast of Baffin's Bay, afforded me an excellent opportunity of concluding my survey, and of verifying my former chart of that coast.

I now have the pleasing duty of calling the attention of their Lordships to the merits of Commander Ross, who was second in the direction of this expedition. The labours of this officer, who had the departments of astronomy, natural history, and surveying, will speak for themselves in language beyond the ability of my pen; but they will be duly appreciated by their Lordships, and the learned bodies of which he is a member, and who are already well acquainted with his acquirements.

My steady and faithful friend, Mr. William Thom, of the Royal Navy, who was formerly with me in the Isabella, besides his duty as third in command, took charge of the meteorological journal, the distribution and economy of provisions, and to his judicious plans and suggestions must be attributed the uncommon degree of health which our crew enjoyed; and as two out of the three who died the four years and a half, were cut off early in the voyage, by diseases not peculiar to the climate, only one man can be said to have perished. Mr. M'Diarmid, the surgeon, who had been several voyages to these regions, did justice to the high recommendation I received of him: he was successful in every amputation and operation which he performed, and wonderfully so in his treatment of the sick; and I have no hesitation in adding, that he would be an ornament to His Majesty's service.

Commander Ross, Mr. Thom, and myself, have, indeed, been serving without pay; but, in common with the crew, have lost our all, which I regret the more, because it puts it totally out of my power adequately to remunerate my fellow-sufferers, whose case I cannot but recommend for their Lordships' consideration. We have, however, the consolation, that the results of this expedition have been conclusive, and to science highly important, and may be briefly comprehended in the following words:—The discovery of the Gulf of Boothia, the continent and isthmus of Boothia Felix, and a vast number of islands, rivers, and lakes; the undeniable establishment that the north-east point of America extends to the 74th degree of north latitude; valuable observations of every kind, but particularly on the magnet; and, to crown all, have had the honour of placing the illustrious name of our most gracious sovereign William IV. on the true position of the magnetic pole.

I cannot conclude this letter, sir, without acknowledging the important advantages we obtained from the valuable publications of Sir Edward Parry and Sir John Franklin, and the communications kindly made to us by these distinguished officers before our departure from England. But the glory of this enterprise is entirely due to Him whose divine favour has been most especially manifested towards us, who guided and directed all our steps; who mercifully provided, in what we had deemed a calamity, His effectual means of our preservation; and who, even after the devices and inventions of man had utterly failed, crowned our humble endeavours with complete success. I have, &c.,

JOHN ROSS, Captain R. N.

To Captain the Hon. George Elliot, &c.
Secretary, Admiralty.

GRAHAM ISLAND.

THE reader may recollect the disappearance of this volcanic island, in the course of last year. By a recent survey, it has left in its place a dangerous shoal of an oval figure, about three-fifths of a mile in extent, having its longest diameter from S.S.E. to N.N.W., and being somewhat less in size than the base of the island itself when visible. The upper surface is composed principally of black stones, and some of a darkish yellow, exactly like those observed round the crater of the volcano, with an occasional sprinkling of sand. In the centre is a black rock twenty-six fathoms in diameter, over which there are eleven feet of water, with the exception of two points in the line from N.E. to S.W. which have a depth of only nine feet. At the distance of sixty fathoms from the central mass, there are from two and a half to six fathoms of water, the depth of which increases with the distance. At seventy-five fathoms from the S.W. of the central rock, there is a small detached rock, with fifteen feet water over it. In every direction around this danger, the depth is great. Neither the barrel placed there by Captain Swinburne, in 1832, and which could scarcely make any resistance, nor the discoloured water observed by him, are any longer to be seen. By means of a tolerably correct survey, made with an exact azimuth compass, the vessel being in the direction of the shoal, (upon which a boat was stationed,) and the highest part of the island of Pantellaria, these two points were seen bearing N. 54° E. and S. 54° W. The

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latitude of the point upon which the boat was moored, was found to be 37° 10′ N.; and, with the assistance of a chronometer, whose daily progression was precisely known, the longitude was fixed at 12° 44′ 59″ E. of Greenwich. The latitude of the volcano, taken by Commander W. Smith, of the English brig-of-war, Philomel, when in a state of eruption, was 37° 11′ N. and the longitude 12° 44′ E.—An engraving of the island, in eruption, will be found in *The Mirror*, vol. xviii. p. 241.

The Public Journals.

INHABITANTS OF A COUNTRY TOWN.

By Miss Mitford.

A Great Man in Retirement.

THE greatest man in these parts, (I use the word in the sense of Louis le Gros, not Louis le Grand,) the greatest man hereabouts, by at least a stone, is our worthy neighbour Stephen Lane, the grazier—ex-butcher of B——. Nothing so big hath been seen since Lambert the gaoler, or the Durham ox.

When he walks he over-fills the pavement, and is more difficult to pass than a link of full-dressed misses, or a chain of becloaked dandies. Indeed, a malicious attorney, in drawing up a paving bill for the ancient borough of B——, once inserted a clause confining Mr. Lane to the middle of the road, together with wagons, vans, stage-coaches, and other heavy articles. Chairs crack under him — couches rock, bolsters groan, and floors tremble. He hath been stuck in a staircase and jammed in a doorway, and has only escaped being ejected from an omnibus by its being morally and physically impossible that he should get in. His passing the window has something such an effect as an eclipse, or as turning outward the opaque side of that ingenious engine of mischief, a dark lantern. He puts out the light like Othello. A small wit of our town, by calling a supervisor, who dabbles in riddles, and cuts no inconsiderable figure in the Poet's Corner of the county newspaper, once perpetrated a conundrum on his person, which, as relating to so eminent and well-known an individual, (for almost every reader of the "H——shire Herald" hath, at some time or other, been a customer of our butcher's,) had the honour of puzzling more people at the Sunday morning breakfast-table, and of engaging more general attention than had ever before happened to that respectable journal. A very horrible murder, (and there was that week one of the very first water,) two shipwrecks, an enlèvement, and an execution, were all passed over as trifles compared with the interest excitedly by this literary squib and cracker. A trifling quirk it was to keep Mr. Stacy, the surveyor, a rival bard, fuming over his coffee, until the said coffee grew cold; or to hold Miss Anna Maria Watkins, the mantua-maker, in pleasant though painful efforts at divination, until the bell rang for church, and she had hardly time to undo her curl-papers and arrange her ringlets; a flimsy quirk it was of a surety, an inconsiderable quiddity. I insert it, for their edification, together with the answer, which was not published in the "Herald" until the H——shire public had remained an entire week in suspense:—"*Query*—Why is Mr. Stephen Lane like Rembrandt?" *Answer*—"Because he is famous for the breadth of his shadow."

The length of his shadow, although by no means in proportion to the width—for that would have recalled the days when giants walked the land, and Jack, the famous Jack, who borrowed his surname from his occupation, slew them—was yet of pretty fair dimensions. He stood six feet two inches without his shoes, and would have been accounted a tall man if his intolerable fatness had not swallowed up all minor distinctions. That magnificent *beau ideal* of a human mountain, "the fat woman of Brentford," for whom Sir John Falstaff passed not only undetected, but unsuspected, never crossed my mind's eye but as the feminine of Mr. Stephen Lane. Tailors, although he was a liberal and punctual paymaster, dreaded his custom. They could not, charge how they might, contrive to extract any profit from his "huge rotundity." It was not only the quantity of material that he took, and yet that cloth universally called broad, was not broad enough for him—it was not only the stuff, but the work—the sewing, stitching, plaiting, and button-holing without end. The very shears grew weary of their labours: two fashionable suits might have been constructed in the time, and from the materials consumed in the fabrication of one for Mr. Stephen Lane. Two, did I say? Ay, three or four, with a sufficient allowance of cabbage—a perquisite never to be extracted from his coats or waistcoats, no not enough to cover a penwiper. Let the cutter cut his cloth ever so largely, it was always found to be too little. All their measures put together would not go round him; and as to guessing at his proportions by the eye, a tailor might as well attempt to calculate the dimensions of a seventy-four-gun ship — as soon try to fit a three-decker. Gloves and stockings were made for his especial use. Extras and double extras failed utterly in his case;—as the dapper shopman spied at the first glance of his huge paw, a fist which might have felled an ox, and somewhat resembled the dead ox-flesh, commonly called beef, in texture and colour.

To say the truth, his face was pretty much

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of the same complexion; and yet it was no uncomely visage either; on the contrary, it was a bold, bluff, massive, English countenance, such as Holbein would have liked to paint, in which great manliness and determination were blended with much good humour, and a little humour of another kind; so that even when the features were in seeming repose, you could foresee how the face would look when a broad smile, and a sly wink, and a knowing nod, and a demure smoothing down of his straight, shining hair on his broad forehead, gave his wonted cast of drollery to the blunt but merry tradesman, to whom might have been fitly applied the Chinese compliment — "Prosperity is painted on your countenance." * * * *

Prosperous, most prosperous, has Stephen Lane been through life; but by far the best part of his good fortune, (setting pecuniary advantages quite out of the question,) was his gaining the heart and hand of such a woman as Margaret Jackson. In her youth she was splendidly beautiful—of the luxuriant and gorgeous beauty in which Giorgione revelled—and now, in the autumn of her days, amplified, not like her husband, but so as to suit her matronly character, she seems to me almost as delightful to look upon as she could have been in her earliest spring. I do not know a prettier picture than to see her sitting at her own door, on a summer afternoon, surrounded by her children and her grandchildren—all of them handsome, gay, and cheerful, with her knitting on her knee, and her sweet face beaming with benevolence and affection, smiling on all around, and seeming as if it were her sole desire to make every one about her as good and as happy as herself. One cause of the long endurance of her beauty is undoubtedly its delightful expression. The sunshine and harmony of mind depicted in her countenance would have made plain features pleasing; and there was an intelligence, an enlargement of intellect, in the bright eyes and the fair, expanded forehead, which mingled well with the sweetness that dimpled round her lips. Butcher's wife and butcher's daughter though she were, yet was she a graceful and gracious woman—one of nature's gentlewomen in look and in thought. All her words were candid—all her actions liberal—all her pleasures unselfish; though, in her great pleasure of giving, I am not quite sure that she was so—she took such extreme delight in it. All the poor of the parish and of the town came to her as a matter of course: *that* is always the case with the eminently charitable; but children also applied to her for their little indulgences, as if by instinct. All the boys in the street used to come to her to supply their several desires—to lend them knives, and give them string for kites, or pencils for drawing, or balls for cricket, as the matter might be. Those huge pockets of hers were a perfect toy-shop, and so the urchins knew. And the little damsels, their sisters, came to her also for materials for dolls' dresses, or odd bits of ribbon for pincushions, or coloured silks to embroider their needle-cases, or any of the thousand-and-one nick-knacks which young girls fancy they want. However out of the way the demand might seem, there was the article in Mrs. Lane's great pocket. She knew the tastes of her clients, and was never unprovided. And in the same ample receptacle, mixed with knives, and balls, and pencils for the boys, and doll's dresses, and sometimes even a doll itself, for the girls, might be found sugar-plums, and cakes, and apples, and gingerbread-nuts for the "toddling wee things" for whom even dolls have no charms. There was no limit to Mrs. Lane's bounty, or to the good-humoured alacrity with which she would interrupt a serious occupation to satisfy the claims of the small people. Oh! how they all loved Mrs. Lane!

Another and a very different class also loved the kind and generous inhabitant of the Butter-market—the class who, having seen better days, are usually averse to accepting obligations from those whom they have been accustomed to regard as their inferiors. With them Mrs. Lane's delicacy was remarkable. Mrs. Lucas, the curate's widow, often found some unbespoken luxury, a sweetbread, or so forth, added to her slender order; and Mr. Hughes, the consumptive young artist, could never manage to get his bill. Our good friend the butcher had his full share in the benevolence of these acts, but the manner of them belonged wholly to his wife.

Her delicacy, however, did not, fortunately for herself and for her husband, extend to her domestic habits. She was well content to live in the coarse plenty in which her father lived, and in which Stephen revelled; and by this assimilation of taste, she not only insured her own comfort, but preserved, unimpaired, her influence over his coarser, but kindly and excellent disposition. It was, probably, to this influence that her children owed an education which, without raising them in the slightest degree above their station or their home, yet followed the spirit of the age, and added considerable cultivation and plain but useful knowledge, to the strong manly sense of their father, and her own sweet and sunny temperament. They are just what the children of such parents ought to be. The daughters, happily married in their own rank of life; the sons, each in his different line, following the footsteps of their father, and amassing large fortunes—not by paltry savings, or daring speculations, but by well-grounded and judicious calculation—by sound and liberal views—by sterling sense and downright honesty.

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His retirement from business and from B—— occasioned a general astonishment and consternation. He did not move very far. Just over the border line which divides the parish of St. Stephen, in the loyal and independent borough of B——, from the adjoining hamlet of Sunham—that is to say, exactly half a mile from the great shop in the Butter-market, did Mr. Lane take up his abode, calling his suburban habitation, which was actually joined to the town by two rows of two-story houses, one of them fronted with poplars, and called "Marvell Terrace," in compliment to the patriot of that name in Charles's days—calling this *rus in urbe* of his "the country," after the fashion of the inhabitants of Kensington and Hackney, and the other suburban villages which surround London proper: as if people who live in the midst of brick houses could have a right to the same rustic title with those who live amongst green fields. Compared to the Butter-market, however, Mr. Lane's new residence was almost rural; and the country he called it accordingly.

Retaining, however, his old town predilections, his large, square, commodious, and very ugly red house, with very white mouldings and window-frames, red, so to say, picked out with white, and embellished by a bright green door and a resplendent brass knocker—was placed close to the road-side—as close as possible; and the road happening to be that which led from the town of B—— to the little place called London, he had the happiness of counting above sixty stage-coaches which passed his door in the twenty-four hours, with vans, wagons, carts, and other vehicles in proportion; and of enjoying, not only from his commodious mansion, but also from the window of a smoking-room at the end of a long, brick wall, which parted his garden from the road, all the clatter, dust, and din of these several equipages—the noise being duly enhanced by there being, just opposite his smoking-room window, a public-house of great resort, where most of the coaches stopped to take up parcels and passengers, and were singing, drinking, and four-corners were going on all the day long.

One of his greatest pleasures in this retirement seems to be to bring all around him—wife, children, and grandchildren—to the level of his own size, or that of his prize ox—the expressions are nearly synonimous. The servant-lads have a chubby breadth of feature, like the stone heads, with wings under them, (*soi-disant* cherubim,) which one sees perched round old monuments; and the maids have a broad Dutch look, full and florid, like the women in Teniers' pictures. The very animals seem bursting with overfatness: the great horse who draws his substantial equipage labours under the double weight of his master's flesh and his own; his cows look like stalled oxen; and the leash of large, red greyhounds, on whose prowess and pedigree he prides himself, and whom he boasts, and vaunts, and brags of, and offers to bet upon, in the very spirit of the inimitable dialogue between Page and Shallow, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," could no more run a course in their present condition than they could fly;—the hares would stand and laugh at them.—*Abridged from the New Monthly Magazine.*

Notes of a Reader.

THE RANZ DES VACHES.

It is generally and erroneously believed that there is a particular air which is known throughout Switzerland by this name, whereas in truth nearly every canton has its own song of the mountains, each varying from the others in the notes, as well as in the words, and we might almost add in the language. The Ranz des Vaches of Vaud is in the patois of the country, a dialect that is composed of words of Greek and Latin origin, mingled on a foundation of Celtic. Like our own familiar tune, which was first bestowed in derision, and which a glorious history has enabled us to continue in pride, the words are far too numerous to be repeated. We shall, however, give the reader a single verse of a song which Swiss feeling has rendered so celebrated, and which is said often to induce the mountaineer in foreign service to desert the mercenary standard and the tame scenes of towns, to return to the magnificent nature that haunts his waking imagination and embellishes his dreams. It will at once be perceived that the power of this song is chiefly to be found in the recollections to which it gives birth, by recalling the simple charms of rural life, and by reviving the indelible impressions that are made by nature wherever she has laid her hand on the face of the earth with the same majesty as in Switzerland.

Lé zarmaflli dé Colombetté
Dé bon matin, sé sau léha.—

REFRAIN.

Ha, ah! ha, ah!
Liauba! Liauba! por aria.
Venidé toté,
Bllantz' et naire,
Rodz et motaile,
Dzjouvan' et étro
Dezó ou tzehano,
Io vo z' ario
Dezo ou triemblio,
Io ie triudzo,
Liauba! Liauba! por aria.

The cowherds of the Alps
Arise at an early hour.

CHORUS.

Ha, ah! ha, ah!
Liauba! Liauba! in order to milk.
Come all of you,
Black and white,

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Red and mottled,
Young and old!
Beneath this oak
I am about to milk you,
Beneath this poplar,
I am about to press,
Lianba! Lianba! in order to milk.

The music of the mountains is peculiar and wild, having most probably received its inspiration from the grandeur of the natural objects. Most of the sounds partake of the character of echoes, being high-keyed but false notes; such as the rocks send back to the valleys, when the voice is raised above its natural key in order to reach the caverns and savage recesses of inaccessible precipices. Strains like these readily recall the glens and the magnificence amid which they were first heard, and hence, by an irresistible impulse, the mind is led to indulge in the strongest of all its sympathies, those which are mixed with the unalloyed and unsophisticated delights of buoyant childhood.—*The Headsman, by Cooper.*

TURKEY.

Turkey is a country having three thousand miles of coast still remaining, and a territory of five hundred thousand square miles, under the happiest climate, possessed of the richest soil, raising every variety of produce, having unrivalled facilities of transport, abounding in forests and mines, opening innumerable communications with countries further to the east, with all which our traffic is carried on in English bottoms, where labour is cheap, where industry is unshackled, and commerce is free, where our goods command every market, where government and consumers alike desire their introduction. But all the advantages that may accrue to us from so favourable a state of things, is contingent on her internal tranquillity and political reorganization.—*Urquhart's Turkey and its Resources.*

INDIAN CONJURORS.

(*From Wafer's Description of the Isthmus of Darien.*)

Mr. Wafer having reached an Indian village, near the sea, says: "We inquired of the Indians, when they expected any ships. They told us they would inquire, and therefore sent for one of their conjurors; who immediately went to work to raise the devil to inquire of *him*. We were in the house with them; and they first began to work by making a partition with hammocks, that the *Pawawers* might be by themselves. They continued some time at their exercise; and we could hear them make most hideous yells and shrieks; imitating the voices of birds and beasts. With their *own* noise they joined that of several stones struck together, of conch shells, and of a sort of drum, made of hollow bamboo, which they beat upon; making a jarring noise also, with strings fastened to the bones of beasts. Every now and then, they would make a dreadful exclamation; and chattering all of a sudden, would as suddenly make a profound silence. But, after a considerable time, finding no answer was returned, they concluded it was because *we* were in the house; so turning us out, they went to work again. Still, however, receiving no answer, they made a new search, and finding some of our clothes in a basket, threw them out of the house in great disdain. They then fell once more to work: and after a short time came out with their answer, but covered with perspiration. They delivered their oracle to this effect: that on the morning of the tenth day, there would arrive two ships. That we should hear first one gun, and then another. That one of us should die soon after; and that we should lose one of our guns.

"All this fell out precisely as they foretold: for on the tenth morning we *did* hear, first one gun, and then another; one of our guns was lost in going on board; and the canoe in which Mr. Gopson was, being overset, it was with difficulty we saved him; and though he was brought on board alive, yet he died in three days: thus completely verifying the Pawawer's prediction."

ARABIAN DEVOTION.

Those of a sanguine complexion are greatly troubled with the cough, because in the spring time they sit too much upon the ground; and upon Fridays I have had no small sport and recreation to go and see them; for upon this day the people flock to church in great numbers, to hear the Mahometan sermons. Now, if any one in sermon-time falleth a coughing, all the whole multitude will cough with him for company, and so they make such a noise, that they never leave off till the sermon be quite done; so that a man shall reap but little knowledge by any of their sermons.—*Purchas, his Pilgrimages.*

THE VALUE OF WATER IN THE DESERT.

In the desert which they call Azaoad, there are as yet extant two monuments, built of marble: upon which marble is an epitaph engraven, signifying that one of the said monuments represented a most rich merchant, and the other a carrier, or transporter of wares;—which wealthful merchant bought of the carrier a cup of water for *ten thousand ducats;* and yet this precious water could suffice neither of them, for both were consumed of thirst.—*Ibid.*

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The Gatherer.

A gentleman in Suffolk built a wing to his house, consisting of a cellar, a library, on the ground floor, and a bed room above. He asked the opinion of a friend, who replied, "My dear fellow, I am sorry to see you have lost your senses." "How?" exclaimed the other. "Why, a *bon vivant* and a literary man, as you are, to read over your wine, and to sleep over your books!"

Delicate Satire.—Lady Jane C—— once gave a masquerade but no supper. A wag dressed himself as a miserable half starved object, and stood in a corner of the room: on being questioned by the characters, his only reply was "I am Lady Jane's supper."

Epitaph.

Dust from dust at first was taken,
Dust from dust is here forsaken;
Dust with dust will here remain,
Till dust from dust shall rise again.

Marshal Junot, when on his return from Egypt, happening to pass through Montbard, where he spent his days of boyhood, took especial pains to discover his old school-fellows and playmates, with whom he chatted gaily on the theme of his youthful pranks. His next step was to visit the respective localities in company with his quondam associates in mischief. In the public square, Junot observed a grave-looking, old gentleman, walking majestically along, an ivory-headed cane supporting his steps. Without further ceremony, the general ran up to him, threw himself upon his neck, and embraced him with a vehemence of cordiality nearly sufficient to stifle him. The professor, disengaging himself with difficulty from the close hug, and ignorant of the motive of such warmth, contemplated the general with every symptom of stupefaction.—"What!" cried the latter, "do you not know me?" "Citizen General, pray excuse me, but I have no recollection." "Zounds! Doctor, have you forgotten the most idle, good-for-nothing, untractable dog that ever tired the patience of a pedagogue?" "I beg a thousand pardons, but have I the honour of addressing M. Junot?" "You have," said the general, renewing his overwhelming endearments, and bursting into a loud laugh, (in which his friends joined,) at the singular signs and tokens by which the man of learning had so easily recognised his graceless pupil.

While Junot was one day reconnoitring near the lines at Torres Vedras, he was accidentally wounded by a sentry, when Lord Wellington, knowing that the French army were at that time destitute of everything in the shape of comfort, sent to request his acceptance of anything which Lisbon afforded, that could be of service to him; but the French general was too much of a politician to acknowledge the want of anything.

W. G. C.

Genuine.—(Found pinned on a clothes basket.) "Horred Madam, I hanchif omited Sending oing to Being Smuged."

Epitaph in Crowland Abbey Church.

Man's life is like unto a winter's day,
Some break their fast, and then depart away;
Others stay dinner, then depart full fed,
The longest age but sups and goes to bed.

Satisfaction.—Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning, it may be remembered, fought a duel in 1809. The parties fired once without effect; but, at the second exchange of shots, Lord Castlereagh's ball passed through his adversary's thigh. Canning still remained erect, and a third discharge would have taken place, had not the seconds perceived that he was severely wounded; they immediately interfered, and left the ground with their respective principals, without having effected an amicable arrangement. Sheridan observed of Lord Castlereagh, in allusion to this affair: "He is a perfect Irishman, even in his quarrels, for he does not appear to be a whit more satisfied now that he has received satisfaction, than he was before."

Fox's Childhood.—One night, while his father, then secretary of state, was occupied in the preparation of some important papers, Charles James walked into the study, and, with great coolness, perused, criticized, and burnt a despatch which had just been set apart for sealing. Lord Holland did not even reprimand the boy for his impertinence, but, without being in the least ruffled, prepared a second copy of the document from his official draught.—*Georgian Era.*

Sleeping in Office.—While Lord North was at the head of public affairs, Burke, during a conversation relative to the Scotch anti-popish mob, thought proper to censure the supineness of government with great severity: in the midst of his speech, he suddenly perceived that the premier had fallen into a profound nap; and directing the attention of the house to the circumstance, he observed, "Government it is to be hoped, is not defunct, but drowsy. Brother Lazarus," continued he, pointing to Lord North, "is not dead, he only sleepeth!"

The Marquess of Bute, when in office evinced a most extravagant partiality for his fellow-countrymen. A disappointed wit, who had long danced attendance at his levees to little purpose, once said to him, "If your lordship would but make me a Scotchman, you would ensure my gratitude for ever!"

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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PALACE OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

Fontainebleau is a moderately-sized town of France, in the department of the Seine and Marne, and about 36 English miles S.S.E. from Paris. It is situated 1½ post on the route from Paris to Geneva, and that usually taken by persons who, on leaving the French capital, wish to see the Military Road, made by order of Napoleon, over the Jura Alps and the Simplon, to Milan. This road, which is paved and well kept, for several miles, is like the other country round Paris, flat and uninteresting; but the scenery improves as you advance to Fontainebleau. "The Seine, which continues to accompany you, here meanders in graceful and noble windings, while some fine chateaux, built on eminences above the river, look on lawns besprinkled with shrubs and evergreens, which slope down to its banks."* As you approach Fontainebleau, the character of the country alters. A singular line of rock, composed of detached, globular masses, interspersed with juniper bushes, extends for a considerable distance in an amphitheatrical form, and marks out the forest of Fontainebleau, containing about 34,000 acres; than which nothing can be more picturesque, nor, in some parts, more gloomily magnificent. On each side of the road are lofty, grey rocks, clothed, even to their summits, with beeches and other deciduous trees; and the richness of their foliage, contrasted with the rude and barren appearance of the huge and shapeless masses of stone in which they vegetate, exhibits one of the most extraordinary scenes in wild and luxuriant nature. We can imagine the effect of so refreshing a contrast upon tourists whose senses have been feasted with the glitter and glare of the bewitcheries of Paris, and how delightfully the rude simplicity of such scenes must succeed to the triumphs of overstrained art.

About the centre of this singular forest stands the town of Fontainebleau, consisting of a principal street, with several smaller ones. It is chiefly celebrated for its royal palace, which is built at the south end of the town. It was, several centuries since, a hunting seat of the French kings: Louis VII. is

* Tour in France, &c. By Marianne Colston. 1833. This observant tourist notes a custom on her road to Fontainebleau, which reminds one of Merry England. "A procession of persons, walking in pairs, now fixed our attention; on inquiry, we found it was a wedding. A man playing on a violin preceded the band; then came the bride and bridegroom, with wreaths of flowers round their heads, followed by several couples of men and women, each holding a nosegay of flowers.

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supposed to have been its founder; and there are letters of St. Louis (IX.), dated "from my deserts in Fontainebleau." From a mere lodge it rose to a palace, and the town clustered about the royal resort,—as was the case at Versailles, where a small hunting box formed the nucleus of the most magnificent palace in Europe. How many towns have been formed similarly to Fontainebleau and Versailles, by the gilded train of royalty drawing about it crowds of idlers, whose good fortune feeds the industrious classes—"the salt of earth:" thus, how wisely is it ordained, that no class of mankind can live *per se*, but that all belonging to a system of mutual dependence.

The palace of Fontainebleau is entered by a vast square. It is, in its external appearance, ugly and irregular, having been erected at different periods. It consists of four distinct chateaux, each of which has a garden; and it contains no fewer than 900 apartments, most of which are superbly fitted up. It owes much of this splendour to Francis I., who sent for celebrated artists from Italy to embellish its walls. Henry IV., Louis XIV., and Louis XV. enlarged the palace; and Montespan and Du Barry lavished millions on its decoration. Of its various galleries, that of Francis I. alone is preserved. A few years since, it contained twenty-six busts of eminent men upon marble pillars. Among these were Alexander the Great, Demosthenes, Cicero, Gustavus Adolphus, Duke of Marlborough, Washington, Francis I., Sully, Colbert, and Dessaix; and a bust of Henri IV., said to be the best likeness extant of that great prince. Here also are the fresco paintings of Primaticcio and Rossi, still fresh, after the lapse of three centuries. The gallery itself is curious, as a monument of the history of the arts, and as a model of a style of building now discontinued. It is a singular mixture of paintings and stucco ornaments, composed of flowers, fruit, children, men, and animals, executed by Paul Pouci. Several of the other apartments are beautifully painted in arabesque, and contain superb furniture, fine specimens of Sèvres porcelain, and a few good easel pictures—among which are the Blessed Virgin and Infant Saviour, St. John, and Elizabeth, by Raphael. The chapel attached to the palace is ornamented with paintings and gilding, and paved with various coloured marble. The theatre, which is remarkably elegant, is decorated with blue and gold.

Fontainebleau was, as we have explained, a royal residence, as early as the twelfth century. It is, to this day, one of the most interesting show-houses in France. Here the *cicerone* points out the apartments of St. Louis. Philippe le Bel was born and died in this chateau. It was here that Christina, Queen of Sweden, caused her chamberlain, Count Monaldeschi, to be put to death, it is said, in her presence. The palace also figures in modern diplomatic history; for here the preliminaries of peace between France, England, Spain, and Portugal, were signed Nov. 5, 1762.

Fontainebleau was also a favourite palace of Napoleon, who expended vast sums in improving the building, and furnishing the apartments. Charles IV. of Spain resided here for some time after his abdication; and in the suite of apartments occupied by him, Napoleon afterwards detained Pope Pius for the space of two years. The palace was likewise one of the closing scenes of Napoleon's imperial career; for, in one of its apartments, the emperor signed his first abdication, April 11, 1814, upon a small, mahogany table, which is shown to the visiter, and bears the marks of Napoleon's penknife, which it was his custom, while thinking deeply, to strike into the desk, or table, he wrote upon. The bed-room in which Napoleon slept the night before he set off for Elba is likewise shown.

The grounds are ornamented with several fine pieces of water, and in the middle of one of them, facing the palace, stands the pavilion of Louis XIV. This front, which is opposite to the town, is inclosed with a lofty iron railing, each rail resembling a spear with a gilt top, a form which Napoleon adopted at all his palaces.

The adjoining forest abounds with game, and furnishes sport to the sovereign. Charles X. was much attached to hunting here; and the reader may recollect that in the 13th volume of *The Mirror*, we described Charles and his Court firing at a few helpless animals shut up within *chevaux de frize:* such was his regal pastime somewhat more than four years since.*

The gardens of the palace of Fontainebleau have long been celebrated for their grapes, which ripen early, and are of excellent quality. Here Francis I. is said to have introduced some traits of the gardening of Italy, when he enlarged the palace.

CURIOUS FACTS.

(*From our own Note Book.*)

Instinct.—On the banks of the Nerbudda is a prodigious banyan tree, having 350 large trunks, and 3,000 smaller columns, which is inhabited by a colony of monkeys, who are much annoyed by having snakes for their neighbours; and being perfectly aware, not only of the danger to be apprehended, but of the very place where it lies, they patiently watch the snakes till they perceive them asleep: then creeping towards them, they seize them fast by the neck, haul them to the nearest

* See a Day at Fontainebleau, *Mirror*, vol. xiii. p. 69

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flat stone, and then begin to grind down the dreaded head by dint of violent friction, now and then stopping to breathe, and to have a proper and scientific grin at their operation. They then fling the writhing body to the young pugs for a plaything, who scold and chatter as they send the dismembered reptile from one to the other.

Roman Money, compared with present currency:—

	£.	s.	d.
A sestertius is said to have been worth about	0	0	3¾
A quinarius	0	0	3¾/14
A denarius	0	0	7½
The aureus	0	16	1½
A sestertium	8	1	5½
10 sestertia, or 10,000 sestertii,	80	14	7
100 sestertia, or 100,000 sestertii	8,072	8	4
Centies, or 1,000,000 sestertii	80,729	3	4

English Oysters.—The Romans were very fond of shell-fish; and oysters were conveyed to the Roman market from Richborough, in Kent.

Pious Names.—The Puritans, in the period of the Commonwealth, dropped their Christian names, such as Edward, William, John, &c., and adopted words of holier import. The following is the list of a Sussex jury; and their descendants are still living in the county:—

Approved—Frewen of Northiam.
Be-thankful—Maynard of Brightling.
Be-courteous—Cole of Pevensy.
Safety-on-high—Snat of Uckfield.
Search-the-Scripture—Moreton of Salehurst.
More-fruit—Fowler of Heathfleye.
Free-gift—Mabbs of Chiddingly.
Increase—Weeks of Cuckfield.
Restore—Weeks of ditto,
Kill-sin—Pemble of Westham.
Elected—Mitchell of Heathfield.
Faint-not—Hurst of ditto.
Renewed—Wisberry of Hailsham.
Return—Mulward of Hellingly.
Fly-debate—Smart of Waldrom.
Fly-fornication—Richardson of ditto.
Seek-wisdom—Wood of ditto.
Much-mercy—Cryer of ditto.
Fight-the-good-fight-of-Faith—White of Ewhurst.
Small-hope—Biggs of Rye.
Earth—Adams of Warbleton.
Repentance—Avis of Shoreham.

Original Letter of Charles II.—"I received by this bearer one hundred pounds, for wch I heartily thank you, and had sent sooner to you, but consideracion of your safety caused me to forbear till this opportunity.—I am very sensible of your former sufferings, and ere long I hope in God to lett you see how mindful I am of what you have done for

"Yr assured, faithfull friend,

"St. Germans, Aug. 30, 1649." "CHARLES R.

Ancient Wealth.—David and Solomon extracted 800,000,000*l.* from Africa, in order to enrich the temples of Jerusalem: a sum sufficient to discharge the national debt.—*See Commercial Magazine for May*, 1819, *pages* 6 *and* 44.

Tiberius left, at his death, 21,796,875*l.* sterling; which Caligula lavished in twelve months.

Apicius, who wasted a sum equal to 484,375*l.* sterling in luxurious living, was obliged at last to examine the state of his affairs; and finding that he had only 80,729*l.* remaining, he ended his days by poison, being fearful of starvation.

Antiquarian Society.—The first man who filled the post of Sir Nicholas Carlisle—namely, Senior Secretary to the Antiquarian Society—was Mr. Ames, a patten-maker in Wapping, who, though he could not spell, was deemed worthy of the post, because he was a collector of old prints and books; and as it was requisite to have an assistant, a clergyman of Ireland, a Mr. Norris, was appointed to the post now held by Sir Henry Ellis—namely, Assistant Secretary to that very learned and supine body. A long note concerning Mr. Ames, who died September 7, 1759, is in *Cole's Add. Cat.* 5831, p. 174.

Ancient Navy.—The city of the Veneti, at the mouth of the Loire, had by far the greatest maritime power: they traded to Britain, and excelled all nations in science and nautical skill. Cæsar was so astonished at the size of their ships, that he describes the thickness of their timbers and size of their bolts. They bore down and routed his fleet like a wherry among a quantity of walnut-shells. When Cæsar meditated an attack on them, he remarks that they could command auxiliaries from Britain.—Refer more fully, *Cæsar*, lib. iii. c. viii.; and concerning the construction of the vessels, *vide* lib. iii. c. xiii.

Sandwich Island Superstitions.—The Sandwich Islanders have a legend that a poor fisherman, following his avocation, chanced to pull up at the end of his line, a little, decrepit, old fellow, who flew into a violent passion when the hook was taken out of his cheek. He was the Spirit of the Waters; and, in revenge for the insult offered to his dignity, he deluged the earth, but allowed the poor, terrified fisherman and his wife to escape to the summit of a high mountain in Owyhee, from whence they subsequently descended, and re-peopled the islands.

They believe in a bad demon, who is supposed to make his appearance under the form of a white dog. It is worthy of note, that the Greek priests were typically called dogs. The Egyptians worshipped the dogs; and in the Bardic Remains priests are called the "Holy White Dogs."

The Sandwich Islanders worshipped lizards. (Query—a substitute for the crocodile.)

The night of the full moon is kept with rejoicings, and large crowds assemble in adoration. (This was also a Druidical rite, and

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it still remains among our country people. Many superstitious customs are still observed at that period: such as turning your money or wishing; some love-sick girls sit straddle upon a gate, and invoke the moon relative to their swains; and it is deemed the most favourable period for gathering herbs, or practising necromancy.) The relatives chant funeral dirges in remembrance of the deceased—(so at Irish funerals.)

They have a singular custom of sometimes cutting a body into pieces, and then burying it under the house of the deceased. This ceremony is performed with much mystery. Sometimes a small shed is erected with white poles, upwards of twenty feet in length, piled round in the form of a pyramid, to mark the site of interment.—*Mathison's Narrative*, p. 475. JAMES SILVESTER.

THE FAREWELL OF AUTUMN.

FAREWELL! farewell! on the lovely earth,
The Winter's breath has wander'd forth;
The sered leaves hang on the blighted spray
Fringed with frost in the morning's grey;
They are falling fast, and forests mourn
Their splendour lost, their beauty torn.

The rose has scatter'd its silken leaves;
The field is robb'd of its golden sheaves;
The beauty of hills and vales is o'er,
They are bright with a thousand hues no more;
And chilly winds through the evening sky
Their low and mournful dirges sigh.

I came when Summer had shed its glow
Of beauty, o'er all fair things below;
Some flowers were lost, but a thousand more
Came with their glow, and fragrant store;
With beauty the smiling skies were rife,
The woods had music, the fields had life.

'Twas left for me the fair fruits to streak
With a blush, like that on the maiden's cheek;
To grace the fields with a golden shine,
And kindle the blood in the purple vine;
The valleys and joyous hills to bless
With their last bright hues of loveliness.

'Tis done: I have seen the ripe harvest stand,
Then bow at the stroke of the reaper band;
I heard, to their song and joyous cry,
Sweet echo, from hills and woods reply;
The sun looked down with a golden smile,
And the azure heavens seem'd glad the while.

The peasant gazed on his vine-wreath'd door,
And smiled as he viewed its ripening store;
And the happy voice of his joyous child,
Rung through the depths of the woodland wild,
When he saw the purple berries glow,
Or cull'd the brown nuts from the hazel bough.

'Mid the northern hills rose a sound of mirth,
O'er the harvest, lodged near the household hearth;
In the southern vales, there was joy from morn
Till eve, o'er the olive, the wine, and corn;
And from heaven's high arch the pale moon shone,
Ere the music cease'd, or the dance was done.

The still, soft calm of my cloudless days
Came o'er the earth with a brilliant blaze;
The deep woods shone with unnumber'd dyes,
And match'd with their beauty the smiling skies;
And from out their depths, from the hills and vales,
Rose music and mirth on a thousand gales.

The glory has vanish'd! the lamp has fled!
The beauties of earth lie cold and dead!
Nor one of the thousand songsters now
Pours its sweet strain from the taper bough,
Save the lonely robin, that trills a lay
In the dim still air at close of day.

Children of beauty! whose joyous eyes
Inherit the lustre of paradise!
Think on the visions of beauty past—
Think on the fairy scenes o'ercast—
For, even as fades the passing year,
Will your eyes grow dim, and your beauty sere.

Many that smiled on my parting glow,
Ere I came again, lay cold and low;
They have past to homes in a distant sky,
To bloom, and live immortally;
And never shall blight of woe or pain
Come o'er their joyous hearts again.

To these I go: for my boundless store
Of blessings is shed on ev'ry shore;
And the mighty voice that sent me forth,
Calls me again from the lowly earth;
And now all His high behests are done,
I fly to our Maker's glorious throne.

Would ye trace my path? behold! behold!
I follow the sun in his track of gold,
When the last fair day is closing, dim,
And dies in the woods the vocal hymn:
Till Summer earth's beauty and bloom renew,
Adieu, ye children of earth, adieu! G. J. NEW.

PSALMODY.

(To the Editor.)

SOME time since (see *Mirror*, vol. xiv. p. 114, and p. 370) I troubled you with a few short essays on the subject of psalmody; and in further allusion to that subject, so important among us Christians, I have considered the opinion of Dr. Isaac Watts on that part of the practice of singing hymns and psalms, in which the doctor objects to the clerk or minister giving out the verses by two lines at a time.

The Doctor's chief objections were occasioned by his imagining that the attention is improperly suspended; the supposition that every hearer has a book; and that every one can read.

The suspension of sound is often an advantage. The supposition that each one has a book, is contrary to experience. That objection to giving out the psalm, or hymn, by two lines at a time, might have had some weight in the commencement of the eighteenth century, when Dr. Watts was a preacher. The persecuting spirit of the Episcopal clergy, and the majority of nominal Christians against Dissenters, had not lost any of its bitterness in the first twenty years of the eighteenth century: the very buildings for religious worship were erected, or, if already built, were occupied, almost by stealth. This state of affairs had the effect of limiting the number of communicants, (or the church members,) and also of the occasional hearers. This comparatively small number might, either by the book, amongst such as could read, and by attentive hearing, by such as could not, unite in the singing.

The progress of Christianity since the reigns of Charles II. and Queen Anne, has been such as to increase the number of real Christians to an amount which could scarcely have been foreseen: among this number there are many who cannot read, and in every con-

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gregation, however well informed, the communicants (or church members) may be, there are considerable numbers who cannot read, but who have a good ear for music, and sufficient memories to recollect two lines, but without that assistance would not be able to sing at all.

In testimony of these facts I have, for many years, most particularly noticed those two parts of many congregations. To many, who I perceived had no books, I have often given assistance in the loan of a book, which removed one part of the difficulties, but great numbers of those who could not read, have not been able to join in the harmony, although having good voices and able to sing. I have counted often, as closely as a very attentive observation would admit, one fourth part of the congregation either without books or unable to join in the singing, for want of two lines being given out; and the want of this union in this delightful part of worship is lamentable.

There are a few chapels where they give out four lines, or six lines, according to the poetic measure; but it is not the ordinary memory of mankind that can retain six, or even four, lines, and why under the circumstances I have stated (and which has not escaped the remark of many other persons,) does this practice, or the practice of not giving out more than the first line, continue? It is evidently disadvantageous to the entire unity of the worship by excluding so many from joining in the sacred service. Every person well skilled in the effect of congregational harmony, laments this, and hopes for its reformation.

The Church of England, ever since the act of uniformity, has never given more than the first line: the minister of that church required every worshipper or, at least, every family, to be provided with the authorized version, either of Sternhold and Hopkins, or of Tate and Brady; although great numbers could not read, and yet could hear, and, if two lines had been given out, could sing.

In the times of the truly evangelical practice of religion, previous to the profligate reign of Charles II., the lines were given out, that all who could sing might join.

In giving out the two lines at a time there is a great advantage to occasional hearers, who attend from other congregations to hear some especial preacher; they probably do not keep more than the particular collection of hymns and psalms in use at the church, or chapel, to which they are attached, and, without the aid of the giving out two lines at a time, they might not be able to join in the psalm, or hymn.

In my next I shall mention some particular chapels where the general course of not giving out the lines is pursued, and the powerful effect produced by the opposite way when, by some exceedingly dark weather, the clerk was obliged to read two lines at a time, as the congregation could not see the words in their books, and the only candles were in the pulpit and the clerk's desk. The remarks were made by others as well as by myself, we being all of opinion that the not giving out the two lines is an exceptionable way; and we have found hundreds of the same mind.

I should be glad to see this reform in our psalmody, not only in the dissenting congregations, but in our Episcopal churches. The presumption that each hearer in our Episcopal congregations has a prayer book is a gross error. In one church, this day, as well as on former occasions, we counted 171 persons without any book. CHRISTIANUS.

THE GUARDIAN SNAKE.

ON a journey from Baroche to Dhuboy, Mr. Forbes relates, in his *Oriental Memoirs*, that he stopped at Nurrah, a large, ruined town, which had been plundered and burnt by the Mahrattas. The principal house had belonged to an opulent man, who emigrated during the war, and died in a distant country. Mr. Forbes was privately informed, that under one of the towers there was a secret cell, formed to contain his treasure. The information could not be doubted, because it came from the mason who constructed the cell; and who consented to conduct Mr. Forbes through several spacious courts and apartments, to a dark closet in a tower. The room was about eight feet square, being the whole size of the interior of the tower; and it was some stories above the place where the treasure was said to be deposited. In the floor there was a hole, large enough for a slender person to pass through: they enlarged it, and sent down two men by a ladder. After descending several feet, they came to another floor, composed in like manner, of bricks, &c.; and here also was a similar aperture. This also was enlarged, torches were procured, and from their light Mr. Forbes perceived, from the upper apartment, a dungeon of great depth below, as the mason had described. He desired the men to descend, and search for the treasure; but they refused, declaring that wherever money was concealed in Hindostan, there was always a demon, in the shape of a serpent, to guard it. Mr. Forbes laughed at their superstition, and repeated his orders in such a manner as to enforce obedience, though his attendants sympathized with the men, and seemed to expect the event with more of fear and awe than of curiosity. The ladder was too short to reach the dungeon; strong ropes were therefore sent for, and more torches. The men reluctantly obeyed; and as they were lowered, the dark sides and the moist floor of the dungeon extinguished the light which

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they carried in their hands. But they had not been many seconds on the ground, before they screamed out that they were inclosed with a large snake. In spite of their screams Mr. Forbes was incredulous, and declared the ropes should not be let down to them till he had seen the creature; their cries were dreadful; he, however, was inflexible, and the upper lights were held steadily, to give him as distinct a view as possible into the dungeon. There he perceived something like billets of wood, or rather, he says, like a ship's cable seen from the deck, coiled up in a dark hole; but no language can express his sensations of astonishment and terror, when he saw a serpent actually rear its head over an immense length of body, coiled in volumes on the ground, and working itself into exertion by a sort of sluggish motion. "What I felt," he continues, "on seeing two fellow-creatures exposed by my orders to this fiend, I must leave to the reader's imagination." To his inexpressible joy they were drawn up unhurt, but almost lifeless with fear. Hay was then thrown down on the lighted torches which had been dropped. When the flames had expired, a large snake was found scorched and dead, but no money. Mr. Forbes supposed that the owner had carried away the treasure with him, but forgotten to liberate the snake, which he had placed there as its keeper.

Whether the snake was venomous or not, Mr. Forbes has omitted to mention, or perhaps to observe; if not, it would be no defence for the treasure; and if it were, it seems to have become too torpid with inanition, confinement, and darkness, to exercise its powers of destruction. Where the popular belief prevails that snakes are the guardians of hidden treasure, and where the art of charming serpents is commonly practised, there is no difficulty in supposing that they who conceal a treasure, (as is frequently done under the oppressive government of the east,) would sometimes place it under such protection.

L. S.

The Naturalist.

THE PRESENT SEASON.

The deciduous trees of our garden, and forests generally, shed their leaves about the first of November; in this season, however, they are already nearly bare. This has not happened in consequence of early frost, or to any material decrease of temperature. To what then can this early fall of leaves be attributed? The assignable cause is this:

The early developement of buds and flowers is a consequence of a genial spring. The early ripening of autumn fruit is the effect of a warm summer. The young shoots produced during spring and summer are perfected, that is, gain their utmost length, or stop in growth, sooner in a warm and dry, than in a cold and moist season, so that they gain a state of maturity along with the fruit. Both fruit and leaves being deciduous, they fall from the trees nearly at the same time. The young shoots themselves acquire what is called *ripening;* and when this takes place, the leaves have done their office, and soon leave their stations. The late dry, and at times very hot summer, has expedited the ripening of all the productions of the season, and consequently the fall of the leaves has correspondingly taken place. This circumstance is hailed as auspicious by the orchardist, because the more perfectly the bearing wood of the tree is ripened, the less liable is it to suffer from frost in winter, and more able to produce perfect flowers and fruit in the following spring.

It is an old saying, that a good fruit year is commonly followed by a severe winter. This is said to be a wise provision of nature for the support of birds and other fructivorous animals. But, besides this, it appears to be an ordinary consequence of meteorological phenomena. When this old saying became an adage, the seasons in this country were much more regular than they have been for these last forty years. The summers were, seven times in ten, regularly fine, and as regularly followed by severe frosty winters. In those days, the weather, by all accounts, consisted of lengthened periods of dry and wet, fair and foul, alternately. The fine summers brought abundance of fruit of all kinds, in the orchards as well as on every bush in the hedges, which, hanging thick with haws and other berries, while perhaps snow covered the ground, naturally suggested the idea that much fruit indicated a severe winter.

The fall of leaves soon after the ripening of the fruit applies only to the generality of deciduous trees. The fruit of many evergreens are, like their leaves, more persisting. That of the orange tree requires three summers to ripen it; so the cones of pine and fir trees: the berries of holly, ivy, evergreen thorn, &c. remain on the branches for many months.

Notwithstanding the forest trees have mostly lost their "leafy honours," the flower borders are still gay with many flowers, of which the perennial and China asters, and chrysanthemums from the same country, together with the splendid Georginas (Dahlias), are the chief.

The summer birds are nearly gone; the house martlet, and, perhaps, a few swallows only, remain. The throng of swallows depart about the 10th, and the martlet seldom stays, except by accident, beyond the 20th of this month.—*Chelsea, Oct.* 15.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

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BEAVERS.

The following account of the beaver is given by Mr. Ross Cox, in his account of a residence of six years in North America:—

"Such is the sagacity of the beavers, that a tribe of American Indians consider them as a fallen race of human beings, who, in consequence of their wickedness, vexed the Good Spirit, and were condemned by him to their present shape; but that in due time they will be restored to their humanity. They allege that the beavers have the power of speech, and that they have heard them talk with each other, and seen them sitting in council on an offending member. The lovers of natural history are already well acquainted with the surprising sagacity of these wonderful animals—with their dexterity in cutting down trees, their skill in constructing their houses, and their foresight in collecting and storing provisions sufficient to last them during the winter months; but few are aware, I should imagine, of a remarkable custom among them, which, more than any other, confirms the Indians in believing them a fallen race. Towards the latter end of autumn, a certain number, varying from twenty to thirty, assemble for the purpose of building their winter habitations. They immediately commence cutting down trees; and nothing can be more wonderful than the skill and patience which they manifest in this laborious undertaking. To see them anxiously looking up, watching the leaning of the tree when the trunk is nearly severed, and when its creaking announces its approaching fall, to observe them scampering off in all directions, to avoid being crushed. When the tree is prostrate, they quickly strip off its branches; after which, with their dental chisels, they divide the trunk into several pieces of equal lengths, which they roll to the rivulet across which they intend to erect their house. Two or three old ones generally superintend the others; and it is no unusual sight to see them beating those who exhibit any symptoms of laziness;—should, however, any fellow be incorrigible, and persist in refusing to work, he is driven unanimously by the whole tribe, to seek shelter and provisions elsewhere. These outlaws are, therefore, obliged to pass a miserable winter, half starved in a burrow on the banks of some stream, where they are easily trapped. The Indians call them 'lazy beaver,' and their fur is not half so valuable as that of the other animals, whose persevering industry and prévoyance secure them provisions and a comfortable shelter during the severity of the winter." W. G. C.

THE ADJUTANT.

The Adjutant, (*Ardea Gigantea,*) or Gigantic Crane, is a native of the warmer parts of India, and one of the most voracious and carnivorous birds known. Its extreme height is about five feet; from the tip of the bill to the extremity of the claws, it measures seven feet and a half, and the full extent of its wings is about fourteen or fifteen feet. Its upper parts and wing feathers are ashy grey; and the under parts have white, long, pendulous plumes; the head and neck have a red, callous skin, set with hairs, and a long, downy pouch hangs from the middle of the neck. The bill is wide at the base, long, and sharply pointed.

The structure of the digestive organs of the Adjutant corresponds with its voracious habits. Its gizzard is lined with a strong horny membrane, and this organ and the digastric muscle are nearly as strong as those of the crow. Thus qualified, the Adjutant swallows and digests every bone which it can get down its gullet; whence it is called the *bone eater, or bone taker.*

The most amusing and, we believe, authentic account of the habits of the Adjutant, is that furnished by Mr. Smeathman to Dr. Latham, and printed in his *History of Birds.* "Adjutants," says Dr. Latham, "are met in companies; and when seen at a distance, near the mouths of rivers, coming towards an observer, which they often do with their wings extended, they may well be taken for canoes upon the surface of a smooth sea—when on the sandbanks, for men and women picking up shell-fish or other things on the beach. One of these, a young bird, about five feet high, was brought up tame, and presented to the chief of the Bananas, where Mr. Smeathman lived; and being accustomed to be fed in the great hall, soon became familiar, duly attending that place at dinner-time, placing itself behind its master's chair frequently before the guests entered. The servants were obliged to watch narrowly, and to defend the provisions with switches; but, notwithstanding, it would frequently seize something or other, and once purloined a whole boiled fowl, which it swallowed in an instant. Its courage is not equal to its voracity, for a child of eight or ten years old soon puts it to flight with a switch, though at first it seems to stand on its defence, by threatening with its enormous bill widely extended, and roaring with a loud voice, like a bear or tiger. It is an enemy to small quadrupeds, as well as birds and reptiles, and slyly destroys fowls or chickens, though it dares not attack a hen openly with her young. Everything is swallowed whole; and so accommodating is its throat, that not only an animal as big as a cat is gulped down, but a shin of beef broken asunder, serves it but for two morsels. It is known to swallow a leg of mutton of five or six pounds, a hare, a small fox, &c. After a time the bones are rejected from the stomach, which seems to be voluntary, for it has been known that an

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(*The Adjutant, or Gigantic Crane.*)

ounce of emetic tartar given to one of these birds produced no effect."*

Adjutants are not uncommon in menageries. A specimen may be seen in the Zoological Gardens, in the Regent's Park. In chilly weather, this bird may often be observed to stand with its huge bill half hidden in the downy plumes of the neck and breast.

THE THUNDER-STORM.

(*Continued from page 279.*)

[Our previous extract from Mr. Murray's able pamphlet related to the identity of artificial electricity, and that of the thunder-storm, and the various features and intensity of lightning. The second chapter describes the thunder storm in both hemispheres, and its terrific accompaniments.

We quote the two subjoined illustrations of the effect of lightning in fusing metal. The first occurs in the particulars of a storm at Huddersfield, July 13, 1831. The lightning being attracted by the several flues of a chimney of the White Lion Inn, "it entered several rooms, destroying everything that chanced to be in its way, and was then conducted into other rooms by the bell wires, from which wires, in some places, the paint had scaled off, and hung in narrow strips; in other parts the bell-wire was fused, and even vaporized,—some melted portions had fallen on the floor. In the commercial room the vaporized bell-wire left on the wall an extensive stain of oxyde of copper where the bell-wire had previously been, and which had entirely disappeared. Mr. Murray had the following copied from the wall, from whence it will be perceived that the impression is somewhat of a nebulous character."

* The dose of emetic tartar for man is from 1 to 5 grs.

(*Impression of Bell-wire fused by Lightning.*)

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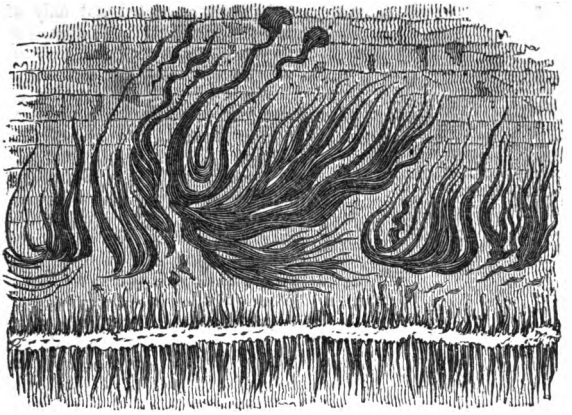

(*Impression of Bell-wire fused by Lightning, on a wall.*)

In this room was a very curious phenomenon. The hat pins of cast-iron ranged on opposite walls, which were fastened in a frame of wood, were *snapped off close by the wood*, as by a mechanical power; few were left, and these generally *alternate* ones.

The second Cut is "the representation of a remarkable effect of lightning, produced on the wall of a house near Paris, on the 14th of February, 1809, by the fusion, and oxydation of iron bell-wire. The length consumed was about two feet, and the surface of the wall was covered with this curious impression of oxydation to an extent of about six feet in length, by four feet in breadth. A large print of the phenomenon was published in Paris, from which the appearance represented in the Cut was copied."

[The third chapter relates to conductors of lightning, and describes one erected under Mr. Murray's directions, at Huddersfield, and attached to St. Paul's New Church there. At page 45, in connexion with conductors for ships at sea; it is observed:]

The *Quorra*, iron built vessel, employed in Messrs. Landers' expedition into the interior of Africa, as appears by a recent communication, dated off that coast, completely resists the effects of lightning, which seems harmless when it falls on it, though productive of mischief in the others. This doubtless results from the extensive conducting surface exposed to the meteor, and its consequent attenuation from its distribution and diffusion. Thus iron bridges, metallic hothouses, iron forges, and stores, &c. escape, and perhaps steam vessels.

[But these observations are not borne out by the conclusion that the recent catastrophe at the Brighton Suspension Pier was caused by lightning.]

The Public Journals.

SEASONABLE DITTIES.

(*By Thomas Haynes Bayly.*)

THE LAST SUMMER BONNET.—A NOVEMBER PASTORAL.

'Tis the last summer bonnet,
The worse for the wear;
The feathers upon it
Are dimm'd by sea air:
Gay places it went to,
But lingers at last,
A faded memento
Of sunny days past.

The prejudice still is
For poets to moan,
When roses and lilies
Are going and gone:
But Fashion *her* sonnet
Would rather compose
On summer's last bonnet,
Than summer's last rose!

Though dreary November
Has darken'd the sky,
You still must remember
That day in July,
When, after much roaming,
To Carson's we went
For something becoming
To take into Kent.

You, long undecided
What bonnet to choose,
At length chose, as I did,
The sweetest of blues:
Yours now serves to show, dear,
How fairest things fade;
And *I* long ago, dear,
Gave mine to my maid.

Oh, pause for a minute,
Ere *yours* is resign'd:
Philosophy in it
A moral may find:
To past scenes I'm hurried,—
That relic revives
The beaux that we worried
Half out of their lives.

'Twas worn at all places
Of public resort:
At Hogsnorton races,
So famous for sport;

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That day, when the Captain
Would after us jog,
And thought us entrapt in
His basket of prog!

He gave *me* a sandwich,
And not being check'd,
He offered a hand—which
I chose to reject!
And then *you* were teased with
The gentleman's heart,
Because you seem'd pleased with
His gooseberry tart!

'Twas worn at the ladies'
Toxopholite fête,
(That sharp-shooting trade is
A thing that I hate;
Their market they mar, who
Attempt, for a prize,
To shoot with an arrow,
Instead of their eyes.)

And don't that excursion
By water forget;
Sure summer diversion
Was never so wet!
To sit there and shiver,
And hear the wind blow,
The rain, and the river,
Above, and below!

But hang the last bonnet—
What is it to us,
That we should muse on it,
And moralize thus?
A truce to reflecting;
To Carson's we'll go,
Intent on selecting
A winter chapeau.

Then let Betty take it,
For Betty likes blue;
And Betty can make it
Look better than new:
In taste Betty's fellow
Was never yet seen;
She'll line it with yellow,
And trim it with green!

New Monthly Magazine.

JACOB FAITHFUL. ("COCK OF THE SCHOOL.")

"JACOB FAITHFUL, why still porest thou over thy book?—didst thou not understand that the hours of recreation had arrived? Why rises thou not upon thy feet like the others?"

"'Cause I've got no shoes."

"And where are thy shoes, Jacob?"

"One's in your pocket," replied I, "and t'other's in his'n."

Each party placed their hands behind, and felt the truth of the assertion.

"Expound Jacob," said the domine, "who hath done this?"

"The big boy with the red hair, and a face picked all over with holes, like the strainers in master's kitchen," replied I.

"Mr. Knapps," (the usher,) "it would be *infra dig.* on my part, and also on yours, to suffer this disrespect to pass unnoticed. Ring in the boys."

The boys were rung in, and I was desired to point out the offender, which I immediately did, and who as stoutly denied the offence; but he had abstracted my shoestrings, and put them into his own shoes. I recognised them, and it was sufficient.

"Barnaby Bracegirdle," said the domine, "thou art convicted not only of disrespect towards me and Mr. Knapps, but further, of the grievous sin of lying. Simon Swapps, let him be hoisted."

He was hoisted; his nether garments descended, and then the birch descended, with all the vigour of the domine's muscular arm. Barnaby Bracegirdle showed every symptom of his disapproval of the measures taken; but Simon Swapps held fast, and the domine flogged fast. After a minute's flagellation Barnaby was let down, his yellow tights pulled up, and the boys dismissed. Barnaby's face was red, but the antipodes were redder. The domine departed, leaving us together, he adjusting his inexpressibles, I putting in my shoe-strings. By the time Barnaby had buttoned up and wiped his eyes, I had succeeded in standing in my shoes. There we were *tête-à-tête*.

"Now, then," said Barnaby, holding one fist to my face, while, with the other open hand he rubbed behind, "come out in the play-ground, Mr. *Cinderella*, and see if I won't drub you within an inch of your life."

"It's no use crying," said I, soothingly, for I had not wished him to be flogged. "What's done can't be helped. Did it hurt you much?" This intended consolation was taken for sarcasm. Barnaby stormed. "Take it coolly," observed I. Barnaby waxed even more wrath. "Better luck next time," continued I, trying to soothe him. Barnaby was outrageous—he shook his fist and ran into the play-ground, daring me to follow him. His threats had no weight with me; not wishing to remain in-doors, I followed him in a minute or two, when I found him surrounded by the other boys, to whom he was in loud and vehement harangue.

"Cinderella, where's your glass slippers?" cried the boys, as I made my appearance.

"Come out, you water-rat," cried Barnaby, "you son of a cinder."

"Come out and fight him, or else you're a coward," exclaimed the whole host, from No. 1 to No. 66, inclusive.

"He's had beating enough already, to my mind," replied I, "but he'd better not touch me—I can use my arms." A ring was formed, in the centre of which I found Barnaby and myself. He took off his clothes, and I did the same; he was much older and stronger than I, and knew something about fighting. One boy came forward as my second. Barnaby advanced, and held out his hand, which I shook heartily, thinking it was all over; but immediately received a right and left on the face, which sent me reeling backwards. This was a complete mystery, but it raised my bile, and I returned it with interest. I was very strong in my arms, as may be supposed, and I threw them about like the sails of a windmill, never hitting straight out, but with semi-circular

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blows, which descended on or about his ears; on the contrary, his blows were all received straight forward, and my nose and face were soon covered with blood. As I warmed with pain and rage, I flung about my arms at random, and Barnaby gave me a knock-down blow. I was picked up, and sat upon my second's knee, who whispered to me as I spit the blood out of my mouth—"Take it coolly, and make sure when you hit." My own—my father's maxim—coming from another it struck with double force, and I never forgot it during the remainder of the fight. Again we were standing up face to face; again I received it right and left, and returned it upon his right and left ear. Barnaby rushed in—I was down again. "Better luck next time," said I to my second, as cool as a cucumber. A third and a fourth round succeeded, all apparently in Barnaby's favour, but really in mine. My face was beat to a mummy; but he was what is termed groggy, from the constant return of blows on the side of the head. Again we stood up, panting and exhausted. Barnaby rushed at me, and I avoided him: before he could return to the attack, I had again planted two severe blows upon his ears, and he reeled. He shook his head, and, with his fists in the attitude of defence, asked me whether I had had enough. "*He* has," said my second; "stick to him now, Jacob, and you'll beat him." I did stick to him; three or four more blows applied to the same part finished him, and he fell senseless on the ground.

"You've settled him," cried my second.

"What's done can't be helped," replied I. "Is he dead?"

"What's all this?" cried Mr. Knapps, pressing his way through the crowd, followed by the matron.

"Barnaby and Cinderella having it out, sir," said one of the elder boys.

The matron, who had already a liking for me because I was good-looking, and because I had been recommended to her by Mrs. Drummond, ran to me.—"Well," says she, "if the domine don't punish that big brute for this, I'll see whether I'm any body or not;" and taking me by the hand, she led me away. In the mean time, Mr. Knapps surveyed Barnaby, who was still senseless, and desired the other boys to bring him in, and lay him on his bed. He breathed hard, but still remained senseless; and a surgeon was sent for, who found it necessary to bleed him copiously. He then, at the request of the matron, came to me: my features were undistinguishable, but elsewhere I was all right. As I stripped he examined my arms.

"It seemed strange," observed he, "that the bigger boy should be so severely punished; "but this boy's arms are like little *sledge-hammers*. I recommend you," said he to the other boys, "not to fight with him, for some day or another he'll kill one of you."

This piece of advice was not forgotten by the other boys; and from that day I was the cock of the school. The name of Cinderella, given me by Barnaby, in ridicule of my mother's death, was immediately abandoned, and I suffered no more persecution. It was the custom of the domine, whenever two boys fought, to flog them both; but in this instance it was not followed up, because I was not the aggressor, and my adversary narrowly escaped with his life. I was under the matron's care for a week, and Barnaby under the surgeon's hands for about the same time.—*Metropolitan.*

Notes of a Reader.

EARLY ENGLISH NAVIGATORS TO THE NORTH-WEST REGIONS.

[At the present moment it may be interesting to look back through a vista of three centuries to the earliest attempts made in England to "set forth a discoverie even to the North Pole;" and we are enabled to take this retrospective glance at the enterprise of our forefathers by reference to a recent work distinguished by the copiousness and entertaining character of its details.*]

The spirit of discovery seems also to have languished in England at the commencement of the sixteenth century; or, which is more probable, the feeble efforts of early voyagers were not crowned with the brilliant success necessary to attract the attention of the historians of that age. The first enterprise undertaken solely by Englishmen was suggested by Mr. Robert Thorne, a wealthy merchant of Bristol, who had long resided at Seville, and who had imbibed, perhaps, in Spain, the spirit of geographical discovery. He is said to have exhorted king Henry VIII. "with very weighty and substantial reasons to set forth a discoverie even to the north pole." And such a voyage seems actually to have taken place. For we are informed that "king Henry VIII. sent two fair ships, well manned and victualled, having in them divers cunning men, to seek strange regions; and so they set forth out of the Thames the 20th day of May, in the nineteenth year of his reign, which was the yeare of our Lord 1527."† All that we know of the result of this voyage is, that one of the ships was cast away on the north of Newfoundland. Again, in 1536, a voyage of discovery to the north-west parts of America was projected by a person named Hore, of London; "a man of goodly stature and of great courage, and given to the studie of cosmographie." It is remarkable, that of six-score persons who accompanied him,

* History of Maritime and Inland Discovery, vol. ii. (Cabinet Cyclopædia.)

† Hakluyt.

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thirty were gentlemen of the inns of court and chancery; whence it may be concluded that the pursuit of science and gratification of a laudable curiosity were the object of this voyage, rather than mercantile speculations. But this enterprise had a calamitous termination, unworthy the disinterested motives that gave birth to it. On their arrival in Newfoundland, they suffered so much from famine that they were driven to the horrible expedient of cannibalism. While gathering roots in the woods for their subsistence, some were treacherously murdered and devoured by their companions. The captain, on hearing the circumstance, endeavoured to bring back the crew to a sense of their duty, and to teach them resignation, by keeping alive their hopes. But the famine increased, and they were driven to the necessity of casting lots who should perish. The same night a French ship arrived on the coast; and the English, by a stratagem with which we are not made acquainted, contrived to make themselves masters of the vessel, and returned home. The Frenchmen were afterwards liberally indemnified by Henry VIII., who pardoned the violence to which necessity had impelled the English adventurers.

In the following reign, ingenious and enterprising men began to revive the question of a north-west passage round America to Cathay and the East Indies. Many sound observations, and not a few questionable, or even fabulous, relations, were adduced to countenance the opinion of the possibility of such a passage. Martin Frobisher, a mariner of great experience and ability, had persuaded himself that the voyage was not only feasible, but of easy execution; and "as it was the only thing of the world that was left yet undone whereby a notable mind might be made famous and fortunate," he persisted, for fifteen years, in endeavouring to procure the equipment of the expedition which was the constant object of his hopes and speculations.

At length, in 1576, by the patronage of Dudley, Earl of Warwick, he was enabled to fit out two small vessels, one of thirty-five and the other of thirty tons. As our adventurers passed Greenwich, where the court then resided, Queen Elizabeth gave them an encouraging farewell, by waving her hand to them from the window. On the 11th of July, Frobisher discovered land, which he supposed to be the Friezeland of Zeno: but the land which he believed to be an island, is evidently the southern part of Greenland. He was compelled by the floating ice to direct his course to the south-west, till he reached Labrador. Sailing to the northward along this coast, he entered a strait in latitude 63° 8′, which was afterwards named Lumley's Inlet. The Esquimaux in their boats or kajaks were mistaken by our voyagers for porpoises, or some kind of strange fish. With one of these "strange infiddeles, whose like was never seen, read, or heard of before," Frobisher set sail for England, where he arrived on the 2nd of October, "highly commended of all men for his great and notable attempt, but specially famous for the great hope he brought of the passage to Cathaia." One of his seamen chanced to bring home with him a stone, as a memorial of his voyage to those distant countries; but his wife throwing it into the fire, it "glistered with a bright marquesset of gold." This accident was soon noised abroad; and the gold-finers of London, being called upon to assay the stone, reported that it contained a considerable quantity of gold. Thus the hope of finding gold again became the incentive to distant voyages and geographical researches. The queen now openly favoured the enterprise; and Frobisher again departed, in May, 1577, with three ships, one of which was equiped by her majesty. He sagaciously observed, that the ice which encumbers the northern seas must be formed in the sounds, or inland near the pole, and that the main sea never freezes. He steered for the strait where his preceding voyage had terminated, and sought the spot where the supposed gold ore had been picked up, but could not find on the whole island "a piece so big as a walnut." On the neighbouring islands, however, the ore was found in large quantities. In their examination of Frobisher's Strait, they were unable to establish a pacific intercourse with the natives. Two women were seized; of whom one, being old and ugly, was thought to be a devil or a witch, and was consequently dismissed. As gold, and not discovery, was the avowed object of this voyage, our adventurers occupied themselves in providing a cargo, and actually got on board almost 200 tons of the glittering mineral which they believed to be ore. When the lading was completed, they set sail homewards; and though the ships were dispersed by violent storms, they all arrived safely in different parts of England.

The queen and the persons engaged in this adventure were delighted to find "that the matter of the gold ore had appearance and made show of great riches and profit, and that the hope of the passage to Cathaia by this last voyage greatly increased." The queen gave the name of *Meta Incognita* to the newly discovered country, on which it was resolved to establish a colony. For this purpose a fleet of fifteen ships was got ready, and 100 persons appointed to form the settlement, and remain there the whole year, keeping with them three of the ships: the other twelve were to bring back cargoes of gold ore. Frobisher was appointed admiral in general of the expedition, and on taking leave received from the queen a gold chain as a mark of

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her approbation of his past conduct. The fleet sailed on the 31st of May, 1578, and in three weeks discovered Friezeland, of which possession was formally taken, and then held its course direct to Frobisher's Straits. The voyage hitherto had been prosperous, but distresses and vexations of every kind thwarted the attempt to fix a colony. Violent storms dispersed the fleet; drift-ice choked up the strait; one small bark, on board of which was the wooden house intended for the settlers, was crushed by the icebergs and instantly went down; thick fogs, heavy snow, with tides and currents of extraordinary violence, bewildered the mariners, and involved them in endless distresses. At length, after enduring extreme hardships, it was resolved to return, and postpone to the ensuing year the attempt to make a settlement in the country. The storms which had frustrated the object of the expedition pursued the fleet in its passage homeward: the ships were scattered, but arrived at the various ports of England before the commencement of October.*

The Busse of Bridgewater, in her homeward passage, fell in with a large island to the south-east of Friezeland, in latitude 57½°, which had never before been discovered; and sailed three days along the coast, the land appearing to be fertile, full of wood, and a fine champagne country. On this authority the island was laid down in our charts, but was never afterwards seen, and certainly does not exist; though a bank has recently been sounded upon, which has revived the opinion that the Friezeland of Zeno and the land seen by the Busse of Bridgewater were one and the same island, which has been since swallowed up by an earthquake.†

Success seems to have deserted Frobisher after his first voyage, which alone indeed had discovery for its object. When the sanguine expectations to which he had given birth were disappointed, his voyages were looked upon as a total failure; and he appears himself, for a time, to have fallen into neglect. But in 1585, he served with Sir Francis Drake in the West Indies; three years later he commanded one of the largest ships of the fleet which defeated the Spanish armada; and his gallant conduct on that trying occasion procured him the honour of knighthood.

[By aid of an esteemed Correspondent *James Silvester*, we quote the following particulars of Frobisher's outfit from a document preserved in the British Museum, containing her majesty's directions to Sir Martin Frobisher, entitled "Instructions to our loving friend Martin Farbusher, Gent., for orders to be observed in the viag now recommended to him for the North West parts and Cataia."

It appears that he had three vessels under his charge, namely the Aid, the Gabriel, and the Michael.

The expedition consisted of 120 persons, 30 of whom were miners, finers, and merchants.

They were victualled for seven months.

Elizabeth adopted a curious method of exploring new lands, and by a very ingenious method made criminals useful to the state, as will appear by the following order contained in the instructions to Sir Martin Farbusher:

"Item, in your waie outward you shall (yf it be noe hindrance to your viage) set on lande upon the coast of Freesland, vi of the *condemned persons* which you carry with you, with weapons and victualls such as you may convenientlie spare—and if it cannot be done outward, you shall doe your endevor to accomplish the same in your returne,—to which persons you shall give instructions howe they maye, by their good behaviour, wynne the good wyll of the people of that land and countrie, and also to learn the state of the same: and yf you set them aland in your going outwards, then doe your best to speake with them in your returne."

The above instructions are well worthy of notice—showing the reckless manner in which the condemned persons in those days were treated, and making transportation a severe penalty instead of a premium for vice.

The expedition, after clearing the northern parts of Ireland and Scotland, is to steer to the "Island, called Hall's Island, being in the entrance of the supposed straight which we named Farbusher's straight discovered by yourself this last yeare."

The next article contains orders that the vessels be safely moored, and that the miners, finers, and merchants, be conveyed in boats, &c. to the place where the mineral ore abounded, in order that they commence collecting it.

While the miners, &c. are at work, Sir Martin is to proceed in his survey of the coast, and also to search for mines.

He is to conciliate the natives and to be careful not to give the least cause of offence.

"Item. We doe not thinke yt good you should bring hither above the number of three or fower, at the most, of the people of that country, whereof some to be old and the other yonge, whom we shall minde not to return again thither; and therefore you shall have great care how you do take them for avoiding of offence towardes them and the countrie."

This grand expedition ended in the miners, finers, and merchants, bringing home a quantity of pyrites, and the South Sea bubble had a prototype in the North Sea gold mines.]

Frobisher's zeal in the pursuit of north-western discoveries is supposed to have been fostered by the writings of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, a gentleman of brilliant talents and romantic temper. When we contemplate the early discoveries of the Spaniards and Portu-

* Hakluyt, vol. iii. † Barrow's Chron. Hist. p. 94.

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guese, we see needy adventurers, and men of desperate character and fortune, pursuing gain or licentiousness with violence and bloodshed. But the English navigators, who, in the reign of Elizabeth, sought to extend our knowledge of the globe, were men of a different stamp, and driven forward by motives of a more honourable nature. They undertook the most difficult navigations through seas perpetually agitated by storms and encumbered with ice, in vessels of the most frail construction and of small burden; they encountered all the difficulties and distresses of a rigorous climate, and, in most cases, with a very distant or with no prospect of ultimate pecuniary advantage. Sir Humphrey Gilbert was one of those gallant spirits who engaged in the career of discovery chiefly from the love of fame and thirst of achievement. In 1578, he obtained a patent, authorising him to undertake western discoveries, and to possess lands unsettled by Christian princes or their subjects. The grant in the patent was made perpetual, but was at the same time declared void unless acted upon within six years. In compliance with this condition, Sir Humphrey prepared, in 1583, to take possession of the northern parts of America and Newfoundland. In the same year Queen Elizabeth confered on his younger brother, Adrian Gilbert, the privilege of making discoveries of a passage to China and the Moluccas, by the north-westward, north-eastward, or northward; directing the company, of which he was the head, to be incorporated by the name of "The colleagues of the fellowship for the discovery of the north-west passage."

The fleet of Sir Humphrey consisted of five ships, of different burthens, from 10 to 200 tons, in which were embarked about 260 men, including shipwrights, masons, smiths, and carpenters, besides "mineral men and refiners;" and for the amusement of the crew, "and allurement of the savages, they were provided of music in good variety, not omitting the least toyes, as morrice dancers, hobby horses, and Maylike conceits, to delight the savage people, whom they intended to win by all fair means possible." This little fleet reached Newfoundland on the 30th of July. It is noticed, that at this early period, "the Portugals and French chiefly have a notable trade of fishing on the Newfoundland bank, where there are sometimes more than a hundred sail of ships."

On entering St. John's, possession was taken in the queen's name of the harbour and 200 leagues every way; parcels of land were granted out; but the attention of the general was chiefly directed to the discovery of the precious metals.

The colony being thus apparently established, Sir Humphrey Gilbert embarked in his small frigate, the Squirrel, which was, in fact, a miserable bark of ten tons; and, taking with him two other ships, proceeded on a voyage of discovery to the southward. One of these vessels, the Delight, was soon after wrecked among the shoals near Sable Island; and of above 100 men on board, only twelve escaped. Among those who perished were the historian and the mineralogist of the expedition; a circumstance which preyed upon the mind of Sir Humphrey, whose ardent temper fondly cherished the hope of fame and of inestimable riches. He now determined to return to England; but as his little frigate, as she is called, appeared wholly unfit to proceed on such a voyage, he was entreated not to venture in her, but to take his passage in the Golden Hinde. To these solicitations the gallant knight replied, "I will not forsake my little company going homeward, with whom I have passed so many storms and perils." When the two vessels had passed the Azores, Sir Humphrey's frigate was observed to be nearly overwhelmed by a great sea: she recovered, however, the stroke of the waves; and immediately afterwards the general was observed, by those in the Hinde, sitting abaft with a book in his hand, and calling out, "Courage, my lads! we are as near heaven by sea as by land." The same night this little bark, and all within her, were swallowed up in the sea, and never more heard of. Such was the unfortunate end of the brave Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who may be regarded as the father of the western colonization, and who was one of the chief ornaments of the most chivalrous age of English history.*

PASSAGE OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

The passage of the great St. Bernard, though so long known by its ancient and hospitable convent, the most elevated habitation in Europe, and in these later times so famous for the passage of a conquering army, is but a secondary alpine pass, considered in reference to the grandeur of its scenery. The ascent, so inartificial even to this hour, is long and comparatively without danger, and in general it is sufficiently direct, there being no very precipitous rise like those of the Gemmi, the Grimsel, and various other passes in Switzerland and Italy, except at the very neck, or col, of the mountain, where the rock is to be literally climbed on the rude and broad steps that so frequently occur among the paths of the Alps and the Apennines. The fatigue of this passage comes, therefore, rather from its length, and the necessity of unremitted diligence, than from any excessive labour demanded by the ascent; and the reputation acquired by the great captain of our age, in leading an army across its summit, has been obtained more by the military com-

* Hakluyt, vol. iii.

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binations of which it formed the principal feature, the boldness of the conception, and the secrecy and promptitude with which so extensive an operation was effected, than by the physical difficulties that were overcome. In the latter particular, the passage of St. Bernard, as this celebrated *coup-de-main* is usually called, has frequently been outdone in our own wilds; for armies have often traversed regions of broad streams, broken mountains, and uninterrupted forests, for weeks at a time, in which the mere bodily labour of any given number of days would be found to be greater than that endured on this occasion by the followers of Napoleon. The estimate we attach to every exploit is so dependent on the magnitude of its results, that men rarely come to a perfectly impartial judgment on its merits; the victory or defeat, however simple or bloodless, that shall shake or assure the interests of civilized society, being always esteemed by the world an event of greater importance, than the happiest combinations of thought and valour that affect only the welfare of some remote and unknown people. By the just consideration of this truth, we come to understand the value of a nation's possessing confidence in itself, extensive power, and a unity commensurate to its means; since small and divided states waste their strength in acts too insignificant for general interest, frittering away their mental riches, no less than their treasure and blood, in supporting interests that fail to enlist the sympathies of any beyond the pale of their own borders. The nation which, by the adverse circumstances of numerical inferiority, poverty of means, failure of enterprise, or want of opinion, cannot sustain its own citizens in the acquisition of a just renown, is deficient in one of the first and most indispensable elements of greatness; glory, like riches, feeding itself, and being most apt to be found where its fruits have already accumulated. We see, in this fact, among other conclusions, the importance of an acquisition of such habits of manliness of thought, as will enable us to decide on the merits and demerits of what is done among ourselves, and of shaking off that dependence on others which it is too much the custom of some among us to dignify with the pretending title of deference to knowledge and taste, but which, in truth, possesses some such share of true modesty and diffidence, as the footman is apt to exhibit when exulting in the renown of his master.—*The Headsman, by Cooper.*

Spirit of Discovery.

MUSICAL BAROMETER.

A GENTLEMAN, of the name of Ventain, at Burkil, not far from Basle, in Switzerland, invented, some years ago, a sort of musical barometer, which has been called in German *wetter harfe* (weather harp), or *riesen harfe* (giant harp), and possesses the singular property of indicating changes of the weather by musical tones. This gentleman was in the habit of shooting at a mark from his window; and that he might not be obliged to go after the mark at every shot, he fixed a piece of iron wire to it, so as to be able to draw it to him at pleasure. He frequently remarked that this wire gave musical tones, sounding exactly an octave; and he found that any iron wire, extending in a direction parallel to the meridian, gave this tone every time the weather changed; a piece of brass wire gave no sound, nor did an iron wire extended east and west. In consequence of these observations, he constructed a musical barometer, in 1787. Captain Basle, of Hans, also made one in the following manner:—Thirteen pieces of iron wire, each three hundred and twenty feet long, were extended from his summer-house to the outer court, crossing a garden. They were placed about two inches apart; the largest were two lines* in diameter, the smallest only one, and the others were about one and a half. They were on the side of the house, and made an angle of twenty or thirty degrees with the horizon. They were stretched and kept tight by wheels for the purpose. Every time the weather changed, these wires made so much noise, that it was impossible to continue concerts in the parlour; and the sound sometimes resembled that of a tea-urn when boiling; sometimes that of an harmonica, a distant bell, or an organ. In the opinion of the celebrated chemist, M. Dobereiner, as stated in the *Bulletin Technologique*, this is an electro-magnatical phenomenon. W. G. C.

HOT SPRINGS.

IT is related by M. Saussure, in his *Voyage dans les Alps*, that he has frequently examined the temperature of the hot springs of Aise, in Savoy, at different seasons, and always found it very nearly alike: namely—from 35 in that of Souffre, and from 36·5 to 36·7 in that of St. Paul. Notwithstanding the heat of these waters, living animals are found in the basins which receive them. He saw in them eels, rotifera, and infusoria, in 1790; and at the same time discovered in them two new species of tremelles, possessing spontaneous motion. M. Sonnerat states, that in the island of Lugon, one of the Manillas, there is a hot spring, the temperature of which was so high as to raise Reaumur's thermometer to the degree of 60, equal to 187·25 of Fahrenheit. According to his account, the water was too hot to put the hand

* A line is the tenth part of an inch.

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in; yet he distinctly saw fish, which did not appear to be at all incommoded by the heat; and small plants, the *agnus castus*, flourishing in it. The *sparus* of Lacapede, the *chromis* of Cuvier, was found by Desfontaines in the hot waters of Cafsa, in Barbary, in which Reaumur's thermometer rose to 30 degrees. W. G. C.

The Gatherer.

Algerine Museum.—A curious museum is now exhibiting at Paris: it consists of a complete collection of the instruments of punishment in use at Algiers. There are ropes used by the police to punish female slaves guilty of slight transgressions. Adultery is punished with death to both parties; the female is tied in a sack, and cast into the water to perish, and the accomplice strangled with these police cords. The Bisgris, or police officers, are armed with batons, with which they inflict frequently summary punishment: they also bear them, like the Roman fasces in processions before the Dey. Thieves have their right hands cut off by a surgeon, and it is customary, whether in order to increase the pain or to stop the bleeding, for him to plunge the culprit's maimed hand into boiling pitch immediately after the mutilation. The yataghan is used to decapitate criminals ordered to be so punished by the Dey or Cadis: the victim is placed on his knees, and a single blow, so well tempered are the blades, suffices; and the number of executions is marked on the instrument. Different modes of punishment are adopted for the same crime; the noble Turk is strangled, the Moor hung, and any guilty of sacrilege impaled. Specimens of all these are in the collection exhibited.—*Times.*

Princess Amelia Sophia.—George IV., when Prince of Wales, in order to illustrate an observation which he had made, that men frequently obtain credit for good deeds which they had never even thought of performing, related, that one day he was accompanied, in a drive to Bagshot, by Lord Clermont; who, as it was rather cold, wore a white great coat and a kind of flannel hood, to protect his ears and neck; and that, thus arrayed, several persons on the road, mistaking his lordship for the Princess Amelia, exclaimed, "What a good young man the Prince is, thus to be the companion of his father's deaf old aunt, during her morning drives!"

Charles Cotton, the burlesque poet, could not restrain his humour on any consideration. It appears that in consequence of a single couplet in his Virgil Travesti, in which he has made mention of a particular kind of ruff worn by a grandmother of his who lived in the Peak, he lost an estate of 400*l.* per annum. The old lady, whose humour[illegible] testy disposition he could by no mea[illegible] been a stranger to, was never abl[illegible] the liberty he had taken with her; [illegible] her fortune wholly at her own [illegible], although she had previously made [illegible] her sole heir, she altered her will, and gave away the whole estate to an absolute stranger.—*Encpclopædia Britannica.* (This must have ruffled poor Cotton's humour.)

Pitt's Conviviality.—In his social circle, Pitt was urbane, generous, sportive, and convivial to a fault. His only private vice was a propensity to the bottle, and he once nearly lost his life in what may fairly be termed a drunken frolic. One night, a gate-keeper, on the road between Croydon and Wimbledon, was roused from his slumbers, by the rapid approach of three horsemen, who gallopped on, the gate being open, without waiting to pay toll. Numerous robberies having recently been committed in the neighbourhood, the honest gate-keeper, judging from their extraordinary haste that they were highwaymen, discharged his blunderbuss at them, but without effect. The suspicious triumvirate, who had thus cheated the toll-taker, consisted of Pitt, Thurlow, and Dundas, the first lord of the treasury, the lord chancellor, and the treasurer of the navy, who were on their return to Wimbledon, from Mr. Jenkinson's, at Croydon, where they had been dining.—*Georgian Era.*

Henry Erskine met his acquaintance, James Balfour, a barrister, who dealt greatly in hard words and circumlocutory sentences. Perceiving that his ancle was tied up in a silk handkerchief, the former asked the cause. "Why, my dear Sir," replied the wordy lawyer, "I was taking a rural, romantic ramble in my brother's grounds, when, coming to a gate, I had to climb over it, by which I came in contact with the first bar, and have grazed the epidermis of my skin, attended with a slight extravasation of blood." "You may thank your lucky stars," replied Mr. Erskine, "that your brother's *gate* was not so lofty as your *style*, or you would have broken your neck." W. G. C.

Caerlaveroc Castle.—Our thanks are due to Mr. Nichols for his note respecting Caerlaveroc; the substance of which states "the learned English antiquary" (mentioned by Mr. Skene, in our account of the Castle, in No. 699,) to be Sir Harris Nicolas, who, in 1828, edited the poem of the *Siege of Caerlaveroc*, which "is particularly valuable to the herald as being one of the earliest authentic records of armorial bearings; and is no less curious to the antiquary as a vivid description of the pomp and circumstance of war in the reign of Edward I. from the pen of a contemporary."

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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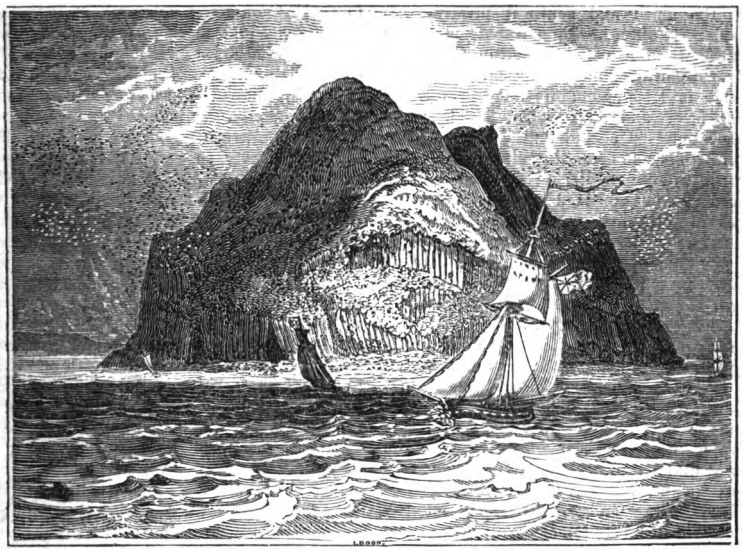
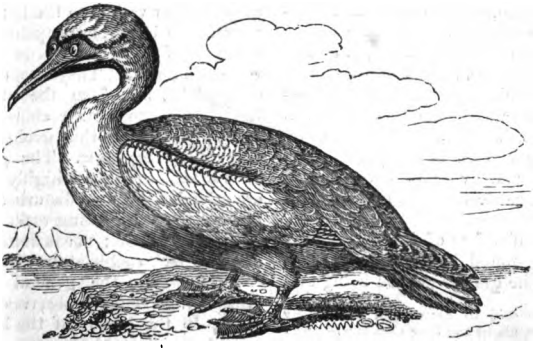


AILSA CRAIG.

AILSA is one of the most stupendous and picturesque of the Western Islands of Scotland. It rises, "sheer out of the sea," fifteen miles from the shore of Ayrshire, though viewed from that coast, it appears to be quite at hand; and, "so tall and massive is Ailsa, and such is the effect produced by the levelness of the sea between, that the sight of it, even at the distance of fifteen miles, oppresses the imagination."* Situated in the Firth of Clyde, it stands foremost among the various objects which cause the scenery of that river to rank among the most attractive tracts in Scotland; and its picturesque beauties are not surpassed, and rarely equalled, among the remote Scottish isles.

The most detailed account of this interesting place will be found in Dr. Macculloch's valuable *Description of the Western Islands of Scotland*, in which the sublime features of Ailsa are elaborately depicted. The reader

* Picture of Scotland. By R. Chambers, vol. i.



(*The Solan Goose.*)

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will also, doubtless, expect a particular account of the geological structure of Ailsa from so philosophical a pen as that of Dr. Macculloch, and his anticipations will, we predict, be gratified.

Ailsa, when viewed from the east or west, has the figure of a right angled cone; while from the north and south it presents one considerably obtuse. This difference is the result of its form, which is that of a conoidal body, with an irregularly elliptical basis. The altitude is 1,100 feet; its length is about 3,300 feet; and its breadth, 2,200. The shore around is clean; and the water at a small distance so deep, that ships may range it with safety; while, on the east side, a convenient landing-place for boats is afforded by a spit of rolled pebbles, that has been washed up by the alternate opposing run of the tide stream. This is the only point at which the rock can be ascended from the shore; the other sides being either perpendicular, or presenting rugged and insurmountable acclivities. The shores, if shores they may be called, which are found at the foot of this rock, are formed of the stones and rubbish that fall from the summit, and are, with the exception of the landing-place above mentioned, so narrow as to afford no view of the magnificent scenery which towers above them. The only advantageous mode of viewing the island is, therefore, by making its circuit in a boat; for, if you clamber to the summit, (and this is a most laborious task,) you miss the perpendicular faces which constitute its most striking features.

At the east side, at about a fifth of the height, on a sort of shoulder, are the remains of an ancient tower, of a square form, and containing several vaulted chambers, still entire.* On this side, the hill continues to rise by irregular stages to the top, or an irregular longitudinal ridge lying north and south. The fragments of rock with which it is overwhelmed are concealed by the luxuriant vegetation of various tall plants—the chief of which are the common nettle, the Silene amœna and the Lychnis dioica; the two latter producing, in the season of flowering, the most splendid effect. The grassy surface, which is equally luxuriant, is chiefly occupied by rabbits, and by a few goats in almost primitive wildness, the neglected remains of herds to which the place was formerly appropriated. Two springs of water are found on the eastern acclivity, each producing a small, marshy plain, covered with plants of Hydrocotyle vulgaris, of enormous size.

The perpendicular face of the rock extends from the south, round by the west, towards the north side, the greater portion being of a columnar form. "Where it first commences, at the southern end, it is 30 or 40 feet high," and somewhat broken; but, "further on, as the altitude of the cliffs increases, the columnar forms become more perfect, until a single face presents itself, attaining perpendicularly to a great height, and so divided as to exhibit, on a general view, an aspect of regularity equal to that of the well known columnar basalts of Scotland." Dr. Macculloch estimates these columns to be 400 feet in height, an elevation before which the columns of Staffa, not reaching to 60 feet, sink into comparative insignificance. The pillars are not, however, so regularly defined, nor so readily separable as those of Staffa; but they are of large size, reaching to six feet and upwards in diameter. Although not jointed, they break, in most places, at right angles to their axes.

"Proceeding further towards the north end of Ailsa, this high range of columns terminates in a jutting and small promontory, behind which is a recess containing a cave. This is about twelve feet in breadth and thirty in height, the depth being about fifty; and it terminates on the right hand in a kind of irregular dome. Though not remarkable for its size, the position and form render it extremely picturesque; various ranges of columns at different altitudes, and separated by irregular masses of rock, surrounding it and stretching away to the northward until they finally disappear. This part indeed presents the most picturesque subjects that Ailsa affords; the whole of the columnar face being visible at once if a proper point of distance be taken, and the simpler features and superior grandeur of the high ranges, forming a beautiful contrast with the more intricate disposition and complicated variety of the smaller."

Ailsa is composed of a single rock, which Dr. Macculloch considers as one of the numerous modifications of the syenite of the trap family. Its basis is greyish, compact felspar, tinged brown or red, and interspersed with small grains of quartz, and black spots formed of very minute particles of hornblende. "It adds another variety to the list of these rocks which, like basalt, are capable of assuming a columnar form. Numerous trap veins traverse this rock. They are of considerable dimensions, and from the abrupt forms of the cliffs, expose their courses for a great space; presenting this geological fact in a very interesting view. The greater number are vertical, or at least highly erect, and they are attended with no disturbance or derangement of the surrounding rocks beyond that of simple separation; nor is there any alteration of either rock visible at the planes of contact."

Referring to the general appearance of Ailsa, Dr. Macculloch observes: "It is partly owing to the beauty of the local colour, the mild tones of grey, interspersed with greens

* This tower is said to have been erected by Philip II. of Spain, about the time that the Spanish armada invaded Britain.—*Encyclop. Brit.* 7th edit.

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of every tint, that the columnar ranges of Ailsa produce an effect far superior to those of Staffa, of the Shiant isles, or of Sky; the uniform dark hue of these, without variety or contrast, often confounding the whole in indiscriminate gloom."

The Craig is the property of the Earl of Cassilis, and is let at 30*l.* per annum. The old tower already described is uninhabited, but the produce of the island repays the rental. This is, as we have explained, goats and rabbits; but the most important production is the Solan goose, to be described. This bird, (also called the gannet,) is about three feet in length and six in breadth, from tip to tip; the whole plumage is of a dirty white, inclining to grey. The eyes are of a pale yellow and surrounded with a fine, blue, naked skin. The bill is six inches long, and furnished beneath with a kind of pouch, like the pelicans, with which birds the Solan goose was classed by Linnæus. It appears in Great Britain in the summer, arrives about March, departs southward in August or September, and is found on the coast of Portugal in the winter. In the breeding season this bird retires to rocky, uninhabited islands, as Ailsa, where, amidst the fragments of the columns that strew the beach below, it builds its nest of sea-weed. The female lays only one egg, though, if it be removed, she will deposit another. The young are much darker than the old birds: they remain in the nest until they have nearly attained their full size, becoming extremely fat. In this state they are much esteemed; though, living chiefly on herrings, their flesh is strong and fishy. The arrival of a boat on the island occasions great alarm to these birds: the whole of the noisy multitude take wing, forming a cloud in the atmosphere which bears a striking resemblance to a fall of snow, or to the scattering of autumnal leaves in a storm. "To prevent interference in their courses, each cloud of birds occupies a distinct stratum in the air, circulating in one direction, and in a perpetual wheeling flight."

The Solan goose builds also in the rocky precipices, and among the fractured columns of Ailsa. The taking of the young birds in such situations is attended with great danger. The persons employed in it are let down by a rope from the top of the precipices, and they hang suspended at very great heights, in peril, not only from the insecure footing of those who hold the rope, but also from the dislodgment of loose portions of the rock. When the person thus suspended has beaten down all the birds within his reach, he is raised or lowered, as occasion requires, until he has completed his devastating labour.

Tribes of gulls, puffins, auks, and other sea fowl, are also found at Ailsa, forming together a feathered population scarcely exceeded by that of St. Kilda, or the Flannan isles. In St. Kilda, Solan geese form the principal food of the islanders, and the women wear the skins of these birds instead of shoes, which only last five days, but are immediately replaced by others.

Anecdote Gallery.

VOLTAIRIANA.

VOLTAIRE's tragedy of *Zaire* was received with raptures of applause; nevertheless that junta of critics who inhabit the parterre found some faults to correct. One may suppose that such corrections were not very agreeable to the players, who had to study their parts anew. Above all, the actor Dufresne refused to task his memory with the corrections. At last the poet, fertile in expedients, had recourse to a stratagem that succeeded. He learned the day on which Dufresne was about to give a grand dinner, and sent him a very fine partridge pie, charging the bearer not to name the donor. The pie arrived so seasonably that Dufresne put off till another time the thought of who it was that sent it. It was served amidst the acclamations of the company, and opened with some ceremony, when, what was the general astonishment to see twelve partridges, each holding in its bill a little billet, mysterious as the leaves of the Sybils. These billets contained the altered speeches, and Dufresne, unable to resist an appeal so truly French, committed them to memory.

At the rehearsals of *Irene*, which Voltaire always attended, he begged Madame Vestris of that day, who sustained a principal character, to repeat a couplet, which he thought not well delivered. She did so two or three times successively, but Voltaire was not pleased. At last, a great lord who was present, said, "Indeed you tease the lady, and I think she has delivered the passage very well." "It might be very well for a duke," replied the wit, "but it is not very well for me."

When the *Merope* of Voltaire, a mere plagiarism of Maffa's exquisite tragedy, was announced, Treron, in his journal, prophesied its damnation. *Merope*, however, met with success, and the author, to take his revenge, published his play, with a frontispiece, in which an ass (Treron,) was represented gnawing the leaves of a laurel tree. Our journalist, in his next number, said he had mistaken the public taste in regard to *Merope*, which had not only succeeded, but was just published, with a striking portrait of the author. Voltaire was so stung with this retort, that he bought up all the copies, which he committed to the flames, to obliterate not only the print but the edition.

The Gazette de Lyons contained, some time since, an enumeration of the editions of Voltaire, published at Paris between 1817

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and 1824, from which it appears that, during this period, the number of his works which issued from the press were 1,417,000 volumes.

W. G. C.

MUSICAL COMPOSERS.

CARESTINI, Conti detto Gizziello, and Caffarello, were all great singers, in a new style of execution, which Handel was unwilling to flatter. Verai Prati, which was constantly encored during the whole run of Alcina, was, at first, sent back to Handel by Carestini, as unfit for him to sing; upon which he went, in a great rage, and in a way in which few composers, except Handel, ever ventured to accost a first singer, cried out, "You fool! don't I know better as your selvf vat is pest for your to sing? If you vill not sing all de song vat I give you, I vill not pay you ein stiver."

During the latter part of Handel's life, about the year 1753, in the Lent season, a minor canon, from the cathedral of Gloucester, offered his services to Handel to sing. His offer was accepted, and he was employed in the choruses. Not satisfied with this department, he requested leave to sing a solo air, that his voice might be heard to more advantage. This request also was granted; but he executed his solo so little to the satisfaction of the audience, that he was to his great mortification violently hissed. When the performance was over, by way of consolation, Handel made him the following speech:—"I am very sorry, very sorry, for you indeed my dear sir! but go back to your church in de country. God vill forgive you for your bad singing; dese wicked people in London dey vill not forgive you."

While Marylebone gardens were flourishing (says Mr. Smith) the enchanting music of Handel, and probably of Arne, was often heard from the orchestra there. One evening as my grandfather and Handel were walking together and alone, a new piece was struck up by the band. "Come, Mr. Fountayne," said Handel, "let us sit down and listen to this piece, I want to know your opinion of it." Down they sat, and after some time, Mr. Fountayne, the old parson, turning to his companion, said, "It is not worth listening to; it is very poor stuff." "You are right, Mr. Fountayne," said Handel, "it is very poor stuff; I thought so myself when I had finished it." The old gentleman, being taken by surprise, was beginning to apologize, but Handel assured him there was no necessity; that the music was really bad, having been composed hastily, and his time for the production being limited, and that the opinion was as correct as it was honest.

It was a custom of Haydn as soon as he had finished any new work, to lay it aside for some time before he looked at it, for the purpose of retouching and correcting. It happened that, under the influence of low spirits and chagrin, this great master had written six quartets, all in a minor key. According to custom, he left the manuscript on his piano, and, as was also usual with him, whenever he had finished a new work, he dismissed it from his mind, and forgot entirely the subjects and ideas on which he had been working. Some time afterwards, Haydn felt inclined to revise these quartets, of which he thought favourably, but he sought for them in vain; they had disappeared, and were no where to be found. Pleyel, who alone had access to Haydn's house and apartment, was suspected by him of having stolen the missing quartets; and, notwithstanding all the protestations of his pupil to the contrary, Haydn continued for a long time firm in that opinion. At length, however, the sincere and devoted attachment of his young pupil convinced Haydn that his suspicions must be unfounded: he restored him to his friendship, and thought no more of the circumstance, except occasionally to regret the disappearance of what he considered one of his best productions. The most singular part of the whole affair is, that the thief, whoever he may have been, did not attempt to derive any advantage from his robbery; these stolen quartets never saw the light.

In a biography of Mozart, by Counsellor Nissen, published a short time since, is the following anecdote:—"Never was Mozart's situation more deplorable than at the Court of the Archbishop of Salzburg. A low salary, a haughty, repulsive treatment, humbled him extremely. The archbishop treated him as the meanest creature. No ignominious expression was spared to mortify that great musician, who already, even when a child, had been honoured by kings and princes. In the scale of domestic rank he had that of valet de chambre. At the common table, Mozart had his seat beneath the upper valets, (liebkammerdiener,) but above the cooks. Even the confectioner of the archbishop had precedence of him. At length, Mozart very naturally demanded his dismissal, and this he received with these humane words, "Pack yourself off, if you will not serve me faithfully!"

W. G. C.

KREUTZER.

RODOLPHE KREUTZER, the celebrated violin player, died at Geneva, on the 6th of January, 1831, in the 64th year of his age. Until an accident which deprived M. Kreutzer, in 1817, of the use of his arm, he was justly considered the most accomplished violinist in

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Europe. His method is the best that is known. Besides being for many years, director of the Académie Royale, in Paris, M. Kreutzer was also principal violin player at the Conservatoire. Most of the young violin professors of eminence in France are, therefore, his pupils, and take great credit in calling themselves such. As a composer, M. Kreutzer has also greatly distinguished himself. Besides an immense number of violin concertos, quartets, duets, and a set of excellent studies familiar to all performers on that instrument throughout Europe, he has written several operas, among which are the well-known Lodoiska, Paul et Virginie, La Mort d'Abel, and Aristippe. M. Kreutzer enjoyed the personal friendship of Napoleon, who often conversed with him in a familiar manner, appointed him his Maitre de Chapelle, and confered on him the gold cross of the Legion of Honor. Napoleon used to say, that time was too precious to be employed in listening to instrumental music, excepting when Kreutzer was playing a concerto on the violin. W. G. C.

CALDERON.

Pedro Calderon de la Barca was born of a noble family at Madrid, in the first year of the 17th century. Having finished his studies at the University of Salamanca, he attached himself, in his 19th year, to some patrons at court. Little satisfied, however, with the world, in the outset of life, he enlisted as a common soldier, and made some campaigns in Italy and the Low Countries. This new kind of life did not hinder him from cultivating his talent for dramatic poetry, and his fame, spreading through Spain, made the public expect a writer equal, if not superior, to their favourite, Lope de Vega. He is even said to have written for the stage many ingenious comedies at the age of fourteen. Philip IV., who expended more money on the theatre than any of his predecessors, and who even deigned to compose himself, at length discovered the talents of Calderon, and called him to his capital in 1636. From this moment the poet was chained to Madrid, and his young monarch, who knew of no affair more important than amusement, took care to keep him in perpetual activity. No expense was spared to represent, with all imaginary pomp, the plays which he contributed for the entertainment of the court; but it was necessary for Calderon, in return, to accommodate his genius to its spirit. In the 52nd year of his age he devoted himself to the church, without renouncing entirely his preceding occupations; but bestowed the greater portion of his time and studies on the composition of his Autos, or plays of the Holy Sacrament, in celebration of the mystery of the Eucharist, in which allegorical personages are introduced. Admired by his country, and richly endowed with benefices and honours, he attained the advanced age of 87; having composed, during the period of his long life, nearly 200 various dramatic works, a treatise in defence of the stage, another defending the nobility of painting, and sonnets, romances, and songs innumerable.—W. G. C.

New Books.

VEGETABLE SUBSTANCES.—MATERIALS OF MANUFACTURES.

[This is the twenty-first volume of the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge;* and is entitled, by the rich variety of its contents, to a place in that successful series. It includes the natural economy of substances applied to spinning, weaving, cordage, matting and basket-making, paper-making, straw-plat, the processes of extracting vegetable oils, and many scores of operations, the details of which must fill the reader with admiration of the exhaustless fertility of nature, and the untiring ingenuity of man, in every condition—from the South Sea Islander, who weaves his coarse and harsh raiment of the fibres of the bark of trees, to the manufacturer, whose machinery has been perfected with consummate science and skill. We quote a few passages in illustration of these recommendatory features of the work, observing, by the way, that, by no means its least charm consists in numerous and well adapted passages from voyages and travels, whilst the commercial importance of the subject is not lost sight of in more attractive details.]

Nankin.

The yellowish brown colour of Chinese nankins is the natural colour of the cotton and is not imparted by dyeing. The name is derived from the city of Nankin, to which place the manufacture of these cotton stuffs was peculiar. The colour of the nankins was long thought to be artificial, and Van Braam, who travelled in China with a Dutch embassy at the end of the last century, informs us, that the European merchants sent to request that the nankins for their markets might be dyed of a deeper colour than those last received. The fact was, the Chinese had made the last lighter than usual in consequence of a great and sudden demand, which obliged them to mix their common white cotton with the yellowish brown.

Celerity of Manufacture.

The proprietor of a cotton factory in Manchester, having recently obtained an order for the shipment of some goods of a particular description, purchased ten bales of cotton of suitable quality in Liverpool. On their arrival in Manchester, they were received into the highest floor of his works, and thence proceeding regularly downwards, underwent all the intermediate processes of carding, spin-

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ning, and weaving until, in ten days from their reception, the finished goods into which they were converted were packed in bales and proceeding again to Liverpool for shipment.

Pulque from the Aloe.

When the aloe is arrived at maturity, by tapping the stem a spirituous liquor is obtained, which is a favourite beverage of the lower classes, called by them *Octli*, or *Pulque*. A good plant yields from eight to fifteen pints of liquid per diem during two and often three months. A full account of the manner of drawing off this pulque may be found in Mr. Ward's work on Mexico. Mr. Ward observes, that "although the plant is found wild in every part of Mexico, no attempt to extract pulque from it is made, except in the districts which are within reach of the two great towns of La Puebla and Mexico; where, among the lower classes of the inhabitants, the consumption is enormous. Before the revolution the revenue derived from a very small municipal duty exacted on the pulque at the gates of these towns, averaged 600,000 dollars, and amounted, in 1793, to 817,739 dollars, or about 170,000*l.* sterling."—Mexico in 1827, vol. i. p. 55.

Matted Shoes.

The inner bark of the linden tree is employed very extensively in Russia for the manufacture of mats, both for home and for foreign consumption. The boors of that country almost universally wear mat shoes, made of the rind of the young shoots of the linden; and to such an extent is this custom carried, that it is calculated many millions of these shoes are annually platted and worn. The destruction of the linden-tree, in consequence of this constant demand for its bark, is immense; and the practice of the peasantry in employing so unsubstantial a covering for their feet, is very much deprecated by writers who treat on the internal resources of the Russian empire. Mr. Tooke, in his work on Russia, has inserted a statement showing how many plants are thus yearly wasted. He observes, "The apologists for the practice of wearing the matted shoes bring as reasons,—1st, the poverty of the boors; 2ndly, the quick growth of the linden; and 3rdly, that the making of them forms no insignificant occupation for their by-hours. The first is only in part well-founded, as the boors are not every where poor, and as these shoes, in many parts, stand them in more money than leathern ones would cost. The young linden-sticks grow undoubtedly the faster afterwards, but not in the same proportion with which they are cut down. To every pair of shoes from two to four young linden-stems are requisite. In winter the boor wears his platted shoes, it may be ten, but in the working season scarcely more than four days. In the whole year, therefore, he wears out at least fifty pair, to the making thereof, if we take a middle number, 150 young linden-stems are demolished. A fresh linden-shoot, in moist places, is not fit for peeling, to apply to the purpose of platting into shoes in less time than three years; on a firmer soil it takes longer. Accordingly the linden-wood is constantly diminishing faster than it grows. The benefit arising to the boors from the making of these mat shoes cannot be considerable, as they are very cheap in parts where there is linden enough. If the countryman would employ the time he spends in this in some other trades in wood, while he was benefiting the country he would be also increasing his private gains."

Invention of Paper.

While some doubts have been entertained as to whom Europe is directly indebted for the introduction of so important a manufacture, it is quite certain that at a period anterior to the thirteenth century it was known and practised in Asia. We have numerous and incontestible proofs that the Chinese possessed the art of paper-making at a very early period; from them their neighbours the Tartars received it, substituting *cotton*, which abounded in their country, for the bamboo, which was certainly the substance more generally used in China. At the commencement of the eighth century, when the conquests of the Arabs carried them to Samarkand, deep in the Scythian plains, they found the manufacture of cotton paper established there. The Arabs learned the art from the Tartars, as the Tartars had learned it from the Chinese, and in their turn substituted *linen* for cotton. To the Arabs therefore it appears pretty certain that we are indebted for the inestimable article, or paper made from linen; but whether the art of making it was introduced by the Italians of Venice, Gaeta, and Amalfi, who, during the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries kept up a constant commercial intercourse with Syria and Egypt, or whether the Saracens—(Arabs under another name), who conquered Spain in the early part of the eighth century, made known the manufacture in that country, has not as yet been clearly ascertained. Mr. Mills reasonably supposes that the flourishing linen manufactories at Valentia suggested the idea of the substitution of linen for cotton in that part of Europe, as the cotton manufactories at Samarkand induced the Tartars to employ cotton instead of bamboo, &c.

Plat.

Platting of straws, grasses, and chips into hats, and different articles for wear, is far from being confined to Europe, or to civilized countries. The art is indeed found to obtain in different degrees of extent and excellence in nearly every part of the world. In the southern provinces of China, where, in summer, the population use no other head covering,

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and where the Mandarins wear these hats with tremendously wide brims, the quantity of straw platted is prodigious. In Japan, in proportion to the population, the consumption is almost equally great. "When on a journey," says Thunberg, "all the Japanese wear a conical hat, made of a species of grass platted and tied with a string." He also observed, that all the fishermen wore hats of the same material and shape. But in addition to this extensive use the Japanese hardly ever wear any shoes or slippers but such as are made of platted straw. "This," remarks the same excellent traveller, "is the most shabby and indifferent part of their dress, and yet in equal use with the high and the low, the rich and the poor. They are made of rice-straw platted, and by no means strong." They cost, however, a mere trifle; they are found exposed for sale in every town and in every village, and the pedestrian supplies himself with new shoes as he goes along, while the more provident man always carries two or three pair with him for use, throwing them away as they wear out. "Old worn-out shoes of this description are found lying every where by the sides of the roads, especially near rivulets, where travellers, on changing their shoes, have an opportunity at the same time of washing their feet."* In very wet weather they use wooden clogs, which are attached to their straw-platted shoes by ties also made of straw plat. People of very high rank sometimes wear slippers made of fine slips of rattan neatly platted. The natives of Tonquin wear also broad-brimmed hats of platted straw or reeds, occasionally platting strips of the palmeto leaf for the same purpose. But not to enumerate many other comparatively civilized people, we find the wild Indians of both the Americas, the natives of the South Sea Islands, the Negros and Hottentots of Africa, and even the poor savages near the Polar regions, all acquainted with the art of platting strips of wood, grasses, or sea-weeds, and some of them producing, merely by hand, textures which we, assisted by all the agency of machinery, could scarcely rival. A very pretty and endurable kind of straw plat, made in South America, is familiar to amateurs of cigars. "A fabric highly esteemed in all the Spanish possessions," says a recent traveller, "is that of a species of grass, which is bleached and platted into various articles, such as pouches and cigar-cases, of extreme regularity and fineness. Hats of the same material, but coarser, are exported in large quantities, and found well adapted to warm climates. I could obtain very little information respecting the raw material, farther than that it grew on the coast to the northward in great profusion."†

* Thunberg's Travels, vol. iii.

† Travels in South America, by Alexander Caldcleugh, Esq. vol. ii. p. 84.

The Naturalist.

THE SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

We took a walk on one of the late fine days to this truly interesting resort of the rationally curious, and were happy to notice many additions and improvements since our last visit. Among the new buildings is a capacious, rustic stable, with pointed gables: here we found domiciled a camel, a pair of Wapiti deer, a white ass, &c. The vane upon the roof is in the form of an elephant, which led us to expect an elephantine occupant of the building. Not far from hence is a range of kennels, where are specimens of the Italian wolf, Great St. Bernard, Esquimaux, and Himmalayan, dogs. Towards the southern verge of the garden, a pit has been well contrived for the bears: the animals are seen in their respective dens and through iron gratings in the pit, from the basement, whence is a double ascent by neat steps to the mouth of the pit, where visiters may witness the *polar* antics of the bears, over the parapet from a kind of terrace. But, probably, the most ornamental of the recent additions is a large and beautiful grotto, constructed with much taste, in a circular basin adjoining the lawn: it consists of piles or stages of rockwork, to the uppermost of which water being raised, returns by trickling over the fantastic, rocky forms, the real appearance of which is not a little aided by interspersed fragments of corallines.

Westward of the large circular building for carnivora is a range of picturesque rocky houses for large birds. Here is the fine pair of condors, whose arrival we noticed about this time last year. Their neighbour is the Ruppell vulture; and in the adjoining house sat a king vulture, in moping majesty, but in rich variety of colour. Among the tenants of this line of aviaries we must not, however, forget a Bengal vulture, just now in splendid plumage, and really worth a walk to the gardens to witness. Its trim and neat appearance is rare among birds of its kind; and its rolling, waddling movements about its domain, reminded us of the step of some cautious old crone, or one of the most grotesque personations in pantomime.

We reached the gardens in the very nick of feeding-time, which is, on many accounts, the best opportunity of witnessing the habits of the animals. The lions, tigers, leopards, and smaller feline specimens in the circular building, presented some fine displays of attitude and passion. The appearance of the feeder set the animals in the very bristle of hunger and mouth-watering expectation. The ration for each was laid before the den, and there let remain for a few minutes; raw shin of beef for the larger animals, and proportionate pieces of meat for the others.

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Then the feeder threw each ration through the bars of the cages, and, to use a phrase not unheard in human society, the inmates "fell to." In one case, a tiger caught his bone of beef transversely with the bar outside the cage, and here the longing fellow clutched his meal until the feeder shifted the bone, and enabled him to snatch it within the bars. During the feeding of the several animals, we were delighted with the excellent opportunity it afforded the visiters of observing the admirable structure of certain organs of the animals in connexion with their habits. It was worth a whole volume written on the subject; and, more than all, it presented living illustrations of that portion of zoology, which Professor Rennie has so lucidly explained in his paper on the Cleanliness of Animals,—we mean the peculiar structure of the tongue of feline animals. The lion held the shin bone between his huge and muscular fore paws, and craunched it into fragments with his teeth; at a distance he semed but to *lick* the meat from the bone, but four feet from the bars of the cage you could hear the hungry beast *tear* off the flesh with the sharp, horny points of his tongue, the noise of the process resembling that of a rasp or file passing over the hard bone. In like manner, the smaller animals appeared; but to lick their boneless pieces of meat, while they in reality diminished it at each stroke of the tongue. Again, when the feeder tantalized the lion before his meal, the beast raised his fore part with all the indignation of offended majesty: a frightful glare spread over his massive eye-balls, while he struck through the bars with his stupendous paws, and thus displayed the structure of their under surface of pads or cushions, admirably contrived to break the fall of the stupendous beast, and make his foot-fall noiseless, while roaming in quest of prey.

The feeding of five pelicans was an occasion of some mirth to the visiters. A pail of water with flounders was placed at some distance from the pelican inclosure, whence the birds were let out, two at a time. The rate at which they moved towards the pail certainly bordered on the ludicrous: it was between running and flying, the bird spreading its wings nearly to the full extent, and thus rendering its progress irregular and laughably awkward. Each bird having filled its pouch at the pail, half waddled and half flew back to the inclosure; but not the least amusing incident of the scene was the cunning overmuch of one of the pelicans, who, espying beyond the pail a basket, which contained a more ample store of fish, darted at the latter, whence he seized two or three fish, and returned in hasty triumph to the inclosure.

We found their mightinesses, the bears, busy with sundry slices of bread, and one of the white species enjoying, exclusively, a pan-full of bread and milk: he appeared to be the Benjamin of the tribe, for his mess was greater than all the rest. This simple food seemed quite in character with the inoffensive, playful habits of the bears; for bread and butter, we know, is the extreme of simplicity.

In the semicircular glazed building noticed in our last visit, the monkeys appeared "at home," although the fixing-up of stove and pipe indicated the necessity of an artificial atmosphere for these children of warmer climes. They are in two large wire-work inclosures, in the centre of which are spreading limbs of trees, which make for them a leafless forest. It was also their dinner or supper time: the feeder, with an armful of slices of bread, each the size of a schoolboy's "hunch," entered the cage, and immediately brought about him the whole troop of monkeys, though grouped in the most picturesque and orderly manner. The sight of their meal taught them *bonos mores*, and in less than five minutes each monkey might be seen as busy at his half-round of bread as any hungry boy at the first of his three daily meals, with the whet of a page of syntax; and some of their monkeyships having, with disproportionate celerity, dispatched their own allowance, eagerly looked about to help the rest—just as some folks in the world, having spent their own fortune, kindly relieve others of their superfluous cash. All, however, was good order in the quadrumanous party before us: although each had four hands, he respected the just maxim of *suum cuique*, and the honourable distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*.

Among the novelties, we were told of a striped skunk, in the monkey-house, though the approach of dusk prevented our seeing the specimen.

Manners and Customs.

EDWARD VI. IN COUNCIL.

THIS Engraving is from a print etched by Malcolm, to illustrate his *Anecdotes of the Manners and Customs of London, from the Roman Invasion to the year* 1700. It represents Edward VI. holding a council, in the Tower of London, in the year 1549, about two years after his accession to the throne, and in the twelfth year of his age. These were troublous times, especially for so young a wearer of the English crown. The country was in a feverish and irritable temper, and "there were not wanting causes which brought the religious passions into contact with the distress of the people, and melted them together into a mass of disaffection." In June, in the above year, an insurrection broke out in Cornwall, the insurgents amounting to 10,000 men; but they were defeated at Laun-

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(*Edward VI. in Council.*)

ceston, by the royal party; their leader, the mayor of Bodacin, and some others were tried and executed in London; a Roman Catholic priest at Exeter was hanged from his own tower, in his sacerdotal vestments, and with the beads which he used in prayer hung from his girdle. In July, Ket, a tanner, but also a considerable landholder, raised an army of 20,000 men, and encamped near Norwich, assuming the title of King of Norfolk and Suffolk. However, after partial successes, he was defeated by Dudley, Earl of Warwick, and hanged on Norwich Castle, his brother on Windham steeple, and nine others on "the branches of the oak of reformation," under which Ket was wont to sit, with a sort of imitation of royalty, to administer grace and justice. On July 24, the first commissions were issued for lord lieutenants of counties; "a species of civil governors and commanders of the armed men of whom the late confusions occasioned the appointment." Meanwhile the proud Duke of Somerset was Protector, but too fearful of unpopularity to be capable of executing justice: his last usurpation of the protectorship being the erection of Somerset-house, for his palace in the Strand, and the extortion of money from bishops, and the levelling of the parish church of St. Mary, to enable him to execute his magnificent palace-building project: yet these acts were formally sanctioned by the minor King. In September following, the plot for the overthrow of Somerset was matured; the discontented lords withdrew from the court, and with bodies of armed retainers, paraded the streets of London, and obtained peaceable possession of the Tower. The Protector, in October, removed the King from Hampton Court to Windsor, whence he required aid from his friends; but failing in all his applications, the palace at Windsor being deserted, and the seceding lords obtaining fresh adherents, in the same month the vast powers of Somerset were withdrawn from him. Such is but a rapid sketch of a few of the momentous events which must have engaged the councils of Edward VI. in the year 1549, the most memorable of his brief reign of six years, five months, and nineteen days.

The print may be received as an illustration of the costume and manners of its date. In the present day the Royal council is held at a long table, the King being seated at the head, in a state chair; and the councillors occupy chairs instead of benches, as in the Engraving. By reference to the Engraving at page 425, vol. xvi. of our Miscellany, it will be seen that in the previous reign of Henry VIII. the councillors also sat on benches.

Sir James Mackintosh characterizes Edward as an amiable and promising boy: "his position in English history, between a tyrant and a bigot, adds somewhat to the grace of his innocent and attractive character, which borrows also an additional charm from the mild lustre which surrounds the name of Lady Jane Grey, the companion of his infancy, and the object of his dying choice as a successor on the throne."

"His death-bed devotions bear testimony to his love of his people, and his fervid zeal against what he conscientiously believed to be the corruptions of true religion."

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The Public Journals.

TO A FAIRY.

Fairy, where dost dwell?
In the cowslip cup, or the blue harebell?
I see no form, I hear no sound—
Yet it seemeth as thou wert all around—
Fairy, where dost dwell?
I see thee not, but where'er I turn,
Mine eyes do gaze, and my ears do burn.
Fairy, undo thy spell.
I call thee out of the twisted reed
With a wood-wild note—with speed, with speed!
I call thee from under the quivering leaf,
That darts from the shade in green relief;
'Tis green above, and green below—
The earth is bright with a sudden glow.
Fairy, dost dwell
Under the cool spring, glassy and deep,
Whose sandy cells thy elves do keep?
Hast thou thy bed and thy shining throne,
Over and under the pebble-stone?
Art chasing the minnows round and round,
That splash the pool with their silver bound?
Or, Fairy, tell,
Dost thou over the surface float,
In the rose-leaf curl'd to a silken boat,
That scarcely touches the water's brim,
As the boughs do fan where it does swim?
Fairy, where dost dwell?
Dost thou thy silvan palace build,
Teaching the tall trees from the rock
Where to shoot and where to lock,
And hang their leaves for the sun to gild—
Letting the clear sky just peep through,
To dot the golden roof with blue;
While thou tellest, with nods and becks,
The elves that are thy architects,
From the aspen, the beech, and the spicy fir,
Around to fling
Their scaffolding
Of the glittering thread of the gossamer?
Or dost thou twine
The sweet woodbine,
And twist the shoot from the mossy bole
Of the wild ash, round the narrow hole
That pierces an entrance dark and small
Through the rocks to thy Fairy-hall,
Where all is bright,
With the glow-worm's light,
That hang like gems on the crystal wall?
Fairy, where'er
Thou lurkest—in water, leaf, or flower:
Or floatest away on the balmy air,
Around my bower,
O guard it well,
With charm and with spell,
And bid thy Elves environ it—
For there my love and I do sit;
And fright with thy whip of adder's skin,
All that dare to look therein.
So will I touch the gentle string,
The while my love shall softly sing
To thee, to thee—
And not an ear
The music shall hear,
Besides ourselves, the charmed three.
And I know by a sign,
That joy is thine,
When thou hearest our dulcet melody;
For as I touch, at the springing sound
A brighter gleam is over the ground—
And the leaves do tremble all around.
Fairy, undo thy spell.

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE FAIRY'S REPLY.

I come, I come,
At thy gentle call;
But first I must seek our crystal hall—
There to deposit the gems of dew
Cull'd from the rose of pearliest hue;
To set in the crown of our Fairy King,
When we dance our moonlight ring.
Approach, approach
With my ancient coach,
Carved from the acorn's yellow cup,
With my team of ants to drag me up
To the fairy mound.
Then under the ground
We'll dip, and bid the glow-worms clear
Shine before in the secret road
Dug by Mole, or engineer,
To our cavernous abode,
Away, away,
Run, palfreys, run;
Our errand done,
Ere thrice the owlet's wing can flap,
We'll be in the bower,
And leaf and flower
With spells, that none shall break, enwrap
So deep and so strong,
That the spirit of song
Shall not escape from the charmed ground;
But when all is still in the pale moonlight,
Shall faintly, faintly, float around,
And blend with the dreams of the silvery night—
Away, away. *Ibid.*

THE LOSS OF THE AMPHITRITE.

AN ACCOUNT, BY AN EYE-WITNESS, OF THE WRECK OF THE "AMPHITRITE."

August 31st and September 1st, 1833, on the coast of Boulogne.

"And the sea yawn'd around her, like a hell!"

"I have seen a shipwreck! No one who has not witnessed such a frightful scene can imagine one part of its horrors." These were the words I used in a letter to a friend two days after the disastrous wreck of the Amphitrite on this coast; and now all the circumstances of the case have transpired, and been (as people imagine) thoroughly sifted and examined, these words again recur to me, as the most expressive of my thoughts and feelings. In the circumstances attending this dreadful catastrophe, there is much which ought to be widely known—in England especially; much, from which we may gather instruction, and, perhaps, become wiser and better men. Therefore it is that I sit down to write an account of all I have seen; and I shall be the more careful in what I write, as there has been a great deal printed which is utterly untrue; and the "foreign correspondents" of some of our newspapers have written original romances (for lack of intelligence), which would suit an account of the wreck of any other vessel quite as well as, or better than, that of the Amphitrite. I will notice some of these contradictory statements as I proceed.

On the night of the 31st of August, (Saturday), I walked down to the port with a friend—no, not walked—my progression cannot have that name; I strained my limbs, arms and legs, and with an effort and difficulty I had not before conceived could be required, I slowly advanced to the end of the pier. Thousands have reason to remember that awful storm! The wind blew most ferociously, drifting the sand along with vem-

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geance, and directly in our faces. We held on our hats with one hand, and shaded our eyes frequently with the other. Tall men and strong men stood still at times, and turned their backs, unable to proceed an inch, and holding fast by the railing along one edge of the pier, to prevent their being blown over. We at length arrived at the extremity of the pier, where there were a dozen or twenty seamen, who seemed on the look out. There was a vessel about half a mile along the coast northward. It certainly appeared to us to be slowly advancing to port. We spoke to the sailors about it. Some of them said nothing in reply, some said it was laying to, but no one seemed in the least interested in the matter; and we concluded that, as they must know more of sea matters and the nature of the coast than we did, there could be no imminent danger for the vessel, especially so near to port as it then was. Little did we imagine that those men had been looking at the ship for two hours and a half. It was now past seven o'clock, and it had been stranded at half-past five. We returned home, satisfied with the answers of the Frenchmen, and feeling that they were there waiting for the first symptom of danger. Indeed, but for our own inquiries, and but for our making the greatest exertion to use our eyes, (while the storm was drifting in our faces), we should have known nothing of the matter; for there was not the least thing which we saw or heard in the appearance of the sailors which could indicate that any matter of interest or alarm was going on: all was as quiet as it could be in such a gale. To this fact—so conclusive against the almost incredible inhumanity and cowardice of the men on watch—to this fact I and my friend both deposed before Captain Chads, who was appointed to investigate the affair by the British government.

The first frightful intelligence of the wreck was brought to me on Sunday morning, before I rose, by the children of the amiable family I am residing with, who came flocking to my room with wonder-speaking faces: "Oh! a ship has been wrecked—a convict-ship—to-night, and all on board are drowned!" "Then how came you to know it was a convict-ship, if all are drowned?" I replied, more than half suspecting they were playfully attempting to practise on my credulity. To this they could make no satisfactory reply, but that "they had heard it from their maid." I too soon, however, found it was almost literally true. A ship of 200 tons burden, laden with English female convicts, bound to Australia, had been wrecked that night, and three persons only, out of one hundred and thirty, were saved! And that was the ship I had caught a glimpse of on the previous evening!

I was soon at the port. How has this horrible event come to pass? how was it possible so near the shore? These and a hundred such questions were in every mouth; and what every one asked none could answer. A multitude of contradictory stories were afloat, none of which subsequently proved true. The prevailing account was, that a French sailor had gone off in a boat to the captain of the lost vessel on Saturday evening (Captain Hunter), and offered assistance, telling him of his danger; but that the captain had refused sternly all help from shore, saying, that he would land the convicts in New South Wales safely or perish. The greater part of this is totally false. One French boat, it is true, and only one, put out to sea; and the man soon returned thinking he had done enough to gain a character for bravery, and he propagated this story. The three men who were saved denied that the captain refused assistance; and said, that when the boat drew near, one went to the hold for a rope, and on his return with one, the boat had turned, and was making again for shore. They added, that the captain was not made aware of his danger. Another story was, that the captain was insensible, or stupified with his misfortune, from the moment the ship struck. This is also wholly denied by the sailors. These stories, however, travelled to England; and another, too, which made it out that the mate was saved: and information of some particulars was given on his pretended evidence, when the poor man was drowned!

The scene which transpired in the suburbs, where the three men who swam ashore (for they saved themselves) were lying, in an exhausted state, was most revolting. At about ten o'clock on Sunday morning, while the dead bodies, which in the night had been washed up in masses, were being conveyed in carts to the hospital, these half-drowned three were beset on every hand with questioners of every order. I shall not forget easily the horrid eagerness and haste of different persons to get the first information. "Tell me, sir; I'm the correspondent of the *Standard*." "And me, sir; I belong to such and such a newspaper; and first information is of great importance to our journal." But I have greater horrors to tell. I soon learned from different persons on the spot the chief events of that night of woe. In the course of one half hour, no fewer than thirty bodies of women had been washed up at the gates of Barry's Marine Hotel. Many of them were warm; and the greatest humanity and attention were displayed by the people of the hotel, as well as the persons residing there. But there was only *one* surgeon for fifty or more drowned women; and they had no aparatus for restoring circulation or communicating warmth—there is no such thing, they say, in Boulogne! Very many might have been saved by such means; but nothing was resorted to but warm cloths, warm water, and a few similar things.

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By eleven o'clock, no fewer than sixty-three dead women were placed in rows, in a long room of the Hospice de St. Louis, in the Rue de l'Hôpital. It was a scene that might shake the stoutest heart. Among them there was a young mother, with her infant clutched in her rigid arms. They were not separated: one coffin was allowed to receive them. A great number of them were young women, and some fine women, and many would soon have become mothers. Two or three hours before, all were alive—all—and thought not even of danger; and now the half-naked, and scarcely cold bodies, were lying one inanimate mass—the young with the old—the newly-made mother with her who was about to bring forth—and oh, God of mercy! these were thy creatures—my wretched country-women! There was a dreary and awful silence in that long chamber, broken only by the mumbling voices of the attendant nuns and their busy steps; and many were gazing with eyes of heartless curiosity—and some with the accustomed air of those to whom it was a matter of business—and *some* were touched with pity.

I own I cannot repress the indignation I feel at the conduct of the French here during this dreadful event. Without dwelling on the cowardice and apathy of the sailors, will it be credited, that the prefect (the mayor of the town) was at the sea-side, and saw the distress of the Amphitrite on Saturday evening, and coolly went home and took his dinner, without adopting any single measure, or even giving any orders, for the assistance of the crew! This is the fact; and this could not by any possibility be excused or palliated. Indeed, the circumstances of the case speak for themselves. The vessel was within hailing distance, and the sailors who are saved affirm that the water she was in was not higher than a man's breast. And yet one hundred and twenty-seven souls were lost. Could this have occurred on an Englrsh coast? 'Tis impossible! I do not hesitate to say, that if a French vessel had been wrecked at one of our ports, and we had been at deadliest war with France, the crew would have been rescued, and every Englishman within call would have been there to offer aid. A dozen Englishmen could not have stood on the shore two hours looking on!

The evidence of the three men who are saved is already before the public. One of them, Towsey, is a midshipman, who was working out his passage; the other two are common sailors. The midshipman is about nineteen years of age; and a very good thing is told of him—that he fastened the hair of a young woman round his arm, and swam ashore safely with her; but she died in a few minutes, from exhaustion. It would not be interesting or important to relate again all the evidence given by these three men; some things only I shall notice. It was no sooner known that this English vessel was wrecked, than some malicious persons instantly seized hold of it as a ground of complaint against the British consul, that he did not keep a sharp look-out along the sands, on such a stormy night, to see if there might not be a British ship in distress! It was even stated as a crime, that he did not station men along the coast with lanterns! The absurdity of this accusation is now pretty evident; and every one knows how honourably for the consul the investigation has terminated which was set on foot by our government. But it was feared that some pains had been taken to extract from one of the sailors something to falsify his deposition. The facts that rest on this man's deposition only I do not attach much credit to. The sum of the evidence of the three men is this. That the captain, finding it impossible to get into port, intentionally ran his vessel ashore, as high up as he could, intending to wait there for the tide, which, on rising, he thought would carry him farther in. His error appears to be, that he did not immediately disembark his crew, as he had a boat. But this error proceeded from his *not being aware of the danger of the coast*. The boat was once lowered, but he thought it would be as well to wait on board till the morning. No one on board dreamt of danger; they went down to supper quite securely, and then the women, who had been dreadfully sea-sick the whole day, got into their berths (which circumstance accounts for their being found nearly naked). I do not believe the story that the surgeon's (Mr. Forrester) wife had caused the boat to be put up again, by proudly refusing to go on shore with convicts. It rests only on the testimony of the one sailor to whom I have alluded, and is much too improbable to be believed on such evidence. The perfect security felt by all on board is a sufficient explanation of the putting up of the boat; the lady's pride cannot be deemed so, certainly. It was about eight o'clock, when most of the crew were below, that the vessel was driven over its anchor; and, by the tremendous violence of the lashing tempest, the poop was broken off,—and the women's berths were beneath it,—and in a moment the whole crew were in the waves. Even then the sailors on shore put out no boat. It was a ready excuse for men who only wanted an excuse, "Oh, the captain refuses all assistance!" Still, considering so powerful a wind was blowing directly on shore, it is matter of universal astonishment that so few were saved. Many—perhaps most—of the bodies when cast up at first were warm, and the apparatus of an English Humane Society might have restored them; but they were cruelly neglected; the French guard would allow none but the authorized persons

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to convey from the sands the dying women. A French Count affirms that he was himself prevented by the officers from saving a woman who grasped him!

I was standing, or walking about at the sea-side, from eleven o'clock to half-past one on the Sunday of the wreck, and the scene there exhibited was revolting in the extreme. The lower orders of the French people—men, women, and children—with carts and horses, were there in droves; many of them walked up to their middle into the water, to seize, with a disgusting voracity, the spoils of the wreck. This had been going on all night; and the warm bodies were stripped for plunder before one thought was bestowed on their restoration. The plunder of the wreck, all persons in Boulogne allow to have been most shameless and unfeeling; and the conduct of the people was more like that of folks at a fair or merry-making than any thing else. In the afternoon it was low water, and the sun came out a little. All Boulonge flocked to the wreck. The Sunday-morning scramble for plunder had seemed a matter of earnest business; the afternoon seemed like a gala-day. In the evening the theatre was open as usual!

If I were to give anecdotes to illustrate the tone of feeling, or rather want of feeling—apathy—relative to the wreck, I could fill many pages. I say not this so much to charge cruelty (or a love of cruelty) and inhumanity on these people, as to exhibit their innate coarseness of soul. Some uttered words of commiseration for the sufferers; but the talk was generally in another tone. One fellow was boasting that the coffins would be made at "our house;" another thought the vessel ought not to have gone to sea, not being, in his opinion, "sea-worthy;" and a third put in his judgment, that the underwriters were not, in justice, liable to be called on in that case. Such was the talk, mixed with blame of the British consul for not doing what they thought his duty, and his only—to look after English ships. But I proceed.

For a long time, the bodies of none but women were washed up by the sea; the surgeon was found on Tuesday, and plundered, of course, as his wife had been. The funeral of sixty-three women took place on Monday, the day following the wreck. They were interred in two trenches, in the Protestant part of the cemetry; but as they were generally young, and had good teeth, the nuns, who had charge of them at the hospital, I am told, allowed (without much scruple) the dentists to draw the "heretic" teeth, which were too good a prize to be lost, and which will probably adorn some Catholic jaws, when cleaned and filed by the French dentists. Thus was plunder carried to the last extremity.

At two o'clock on Monday, the gloomy procession proceeded from the Rue l'Hôpital to the cemetry; the English and French authorities, and the clergyman, going before. The eagerness of the people pressing noisily against the cemetry gates before they were opened, was very revolting; nor did they preserve a very decent silence during the interment. The procession advanced to the cemetry by the lower ramparts of the town, the coffins (such as they were) borne on wretched carts. The cemetry here is exceedingly well preserved; it is surrounded with iron rails, and planted with trees and flowers, and in the Catholic part of it thickly studded with crosses, which have a beautiful effect. Indeed, I see not why Protestants should discard the sign of the cross. There lie the bodies of my countrywomen, the unhappy convicts of the Amphitrite! Let us, with our invaluable church (or, rather, as members of it), join in the charitable hope that they are cleansed from their earthly pollution, and shall arise to everlasting life.

P.S.—I ought not to forget to mention the great humanity and generosity of Lieut.-Col. Maxwell, in particular, towards the wrecked men. His conduct throughout I should be proud to record. The midshipman Towsey he took into his house, clothed and fed him, and by his exertions reinstated him in his former circumstances, or indeed better.—*Somewhat Abridged from Frazer's Magazine.*

Fine Arts.

THE STUDIES AT THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

(*To the Editor.*)

A SELECTION has been made at this institution, for the advantage of the students, from the productions of the three last presidents of the Royal Academy; but as they are all portraits and historical subjects, many of the artists, whose genius leads them to the delineation of landscape, are unfortunately precluded from deriving any benefit from the school this season. The figure painters, of course, have seized the favourable opportunity with avidity of improving their style from the masterly works of Sir Joshua, the excellent designs of West, and the chaste productions of Lawrence. From the studies made, we perceive the difficulty of imitating the manner of Reynolds, whose colours are so beautifully blended as to leave no positive outline to his drawing, and the comparative ease of copying the pictures of the two other presidents, particularly West, the contour of whose figures is more apparent, and whose colouring is divested of that artificial management so predominant in the style of the first president. From this observation it may be infered that many of the copies are failures;

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we must, however, confess that the performers merit our approbation by their intrepidity in attempting to tread the path of so formidable a master as Sir Joshua Reynolds. We subjoin a few impartial notes on what we have seen, and shall commence with the first president.

*The Laughing Girl.** One of Sir Joshua's fascinating portraits. She is sitting in an easy position, inclining forwards, with her arms gracefully folded, against what seems to be a marble pillar. She evidently appears to have been resting after some fatigue, and to have been disturbed by some sound, or the approach of some one, though her face does not indicate the least alarm; on the contrary, a sweet smile animates her lovely countenance. Numerous copies have been attempted from this picture, but we must prefer those made on a small scale by Mr. Rochard, and Miss Lucy Adams.

The Strawberry Girl is an innocent little creature, with, however, an arch expression about the eyes; her dress is a little fantastical and a basket of strawberries hangs on one arm, while her hands are rather primly placed over her bosom. The landscape around her is rural, being a high sandy bank, with a few trees in the distance. The Misses Solaner, Corbaux, Adams, and Dutton, and Messrs. Dakeing, Fisk, Robson, Lilly, and Longbottom, have produced clever studies from this interesting picture.

The Portrait of Lord Lifford has employed the talents of Mr. Briggs, R. A., and also of Messrs. Opie, Seaforth, Williams, Emmerson, and Buss.

Cymon and Iphigenia is equal to any of the works of Titian. Sir Joshua has here displayed great accuracy of drawing, and a thorough knowledge of the human figure; and as these qualities are united with his usual free manner of laying on the tints, we have no hesitation in pronouncing it his *ne plus ultra*. The finest studies are by Messrs. Faulkener, Middleton, Novicé, and Longbottom.

Sir Joshua's own portrait has been well copied by Messrs. Middleton, Novicé, Boaden, Lilly, and Smith.

Christ Rejected, by West. Mr. Sargeant has executed a beautiful small copy from this subject.

The full-length *Portrait of Kemble in the character of Hamlet* is considered to be, by many eminent connoisseurs, the finest production of the late president. The figure is commanding and dignified, while the sombre effect of night, partially illumined by the moon, which appears above the turrets of some distant edifice, imparts a solitary interest to the *coup d'œil*. The face is highly expressive; the eyes, dark, and full of sentiment, are raised upwards; the mouth is closed, while the curl of the upper lip seems to imply a contempt of everything terrestrial. In one hand he holds a skull, while the other is hanging passively by his side. In the foreground appears a pick-axe and another skull. From the very numerous copies of this work we may select those of Miss Kendrick and Miss Alabaster, and of Messrs. Lilly, Dakeing, Robson, Seaforth, and Hurst.

There are, doubtless, many other excellent copies by the students, particularly from the works of West. G. W. N.

* The title to this picture is not quite appropriate, as she is represented smiling, not *laughing*.

WINTER EXHIBITION AT THE SUFFOLK-STREET GALLERY.

This exhibition opened for the season a few weeks since. It is the second assemblage of the works of Deceased and Living Artists on these walls; and if its attractions be not quite equal to those of the first season, they are of considerable worth. The exhibition displays "specimens of nearly seventy artists, whose talents were admitted by their contemporaries, and whose reputation has been subsequently confirmed by general consent." Among them are the names of Reynolds, Fuseli, Wilson, Harlow, Lawrence, Jackson, Morland, Zoffani, Gainsborough, Hogarth, Barry, Bird, De Loutherbourg, Opie, Northcote, Kneller, &c.; and among the living artists are Beechey, Hofland, Smirke, Ward, Stothard, Carpenter (Mrs. W.), Turner, Reinagle, Landseer, Linton, Etty, Drummond, Childe, Wood, &c. There are 492 pictures; and over and above these are, in themselves "an exhibition," Mr. Bone's collection of more than eighty Portraits in enamel of illustrious characters in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. This collection would be a splendid accession to the finest of our palaces, upon the false decoration of which many thousands have been lavished in the worst taste.

Contemporary Traveller.

RECENT TRAVELS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

(From an Unpublished MS.)

Galloping over the arid and dusty plain of Guachi, we suddenly arrived at the edge of the almost perpendicular hill which overlooks the valley of Hambato. The view of the valley from this elevation, (about seven hundred feet,) is extremely beautiful, and the eye, fatigued and half blinded by the glare and heat thrown from the parched soil, rests with pleasure on the fresh and luxuriant green of this beautiful spot; the valley is narrow and shut in on all sides by dark, barren hills; it is not dependent on the clouds for the water that nourishes the eternal verdure in which it is clothed, for it

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scarcely ever rains here; a considerable stream runs through it, the water of which is carried in numberless channels to irrigate the fields; these fields are divided by rows of a very graceful kind of willow, whose feathery branches and light green foliage are strongly contrasted with the rich carpet of *alfalfa*, or lucern, with which a large portion of the valley is covered. The climate of Hambato is said to be finer than any other in Ecuador, notwithstanding the almost endless variety to be found at different elevations from the sea; it is an eternal spring, no frost nips, and in the hottest season the air is tempered by cool breezes from the mountains. No very severe earthquakes are recorded to have happened; the same convulsions which have laid in ruins the towns in the vicinity on every side, have been slightly felt at Hambato, and have passed without doing any serious injury; possibly this may arise from some peculiar formation of the valley. The variety of the productions of this extraordinary spot is such as might be expected from its climate and situation; elevated above six thousand feet above the level of the sea, enjoying almost continual sunshine, and supplied with abundance of water, tropical and temperate climes seem to have united in giving it the fruits peculiar to each; wheat, barley, peas, potatoes, maize, sugar cane, and coffee, growing side by side, while apples, pears, plums, peaches, cherries, grapes, figs, olives, oranges, and lemons, are produced in the same garden. The climate is so healthy, that invalids from all parts of the country come to profit by its salubrity. I have mentioned that it scarcely ever rains at Hambato; at Mocha, where we slept the night before, about five leagues to the southward, it rains more or less almost every day in the year; and at La Tacunga, somewhat more than that distance to the northward, there is a stated rainy season, as in most parts of the Ecuador; such a total diversity of climate, in places so near each other, and not differing materially in elevation, is a very curious meteorological phenomenon; can it have any connexion with the fact of the non-occurrence of severe earthquakes at Hambato? A very intelligent gentleman, a native of Guayaquil, informed me that a heavy shower, incidentally occurring during the dry season, was almost invariably followed by an earthquake at that place.

We were detained in Hambato until noon of the next day, (July 13, 1832,) by the rise of the river of the same name which had carried away all the bridges; the river is a mountain torrent, subject to very rapid swelling from the melting of the snows of the Cordilleras; it as rapidly subsides when cold and dry weather diminishes its supplies. At noon we received information that the bridges had been repaired so that we might cross, and we hastily mounted our horses, anxious to arrive at La Tacunga before nightfall. On arriving at the river, we found the only bridge to consist of three or four trunks of trees not squared, elevated about forty feet above the river, on the abutments of the bridge which had been carried away; these were laid parallel to each other, but at sufficient distances, one from another, for a person easily to slip between them into the river, which was roaring and foaming below. A number of people, with their horses and mules, were collected on each bank, disappointed, as I supposed, in the expectation of finding a bridge. "Where is the new bridge?" said I to our muleteer. "There, sir," said he, pointing to the precarious footing afforded by the trunks of trees. "But how are our horses to cross? they cannot walk over on those round logs." "No, sir, they cross by swimming." "Swimming!" exclaimed I, in astonishment, "they may swim, but it will be down the stream to be dashed to pieces among the rocks." "*Veremos*, we shall see," was the only reply. We now dismounted, and our muleteer, with the assistance of some Indians, unloaded our beasts, took the saddles and bridles from our horses, and carried all across the bridge; we next followed and crossed safely, notwithstanding the narrowness of the path, and the slight nervousness occasioned by seeing the deep and rapid stream below. Our horses and mules were next to be got over, which was accomplished in the following manner; the river is about twenty yards wide, very deep, and darts along with inconceivable rapidity; a long rope of twisted hide was tied round the neck of the beast to be conveyed across, and carried to the opposite side by the bridge, two men then pull at it, and others drive the animal into the water, and, by the help of the rope, it is enabled to stem the current and reach the other bank. A number of people were waiting to get across their beasts by this singular ferry; the horses and mules generally went boldly into the water, and arrived, without much difficulty, at the other side, but the poor asses made all the resistance in their power, holding back, lying down, and roaring most piteously, and when at last forced into the water, they were seemingly incapacitated by fear from making any exertion, rolling over and over, and arriving at the bank half drowned; however, no accident happened, and we recommenced our journey through a country formed of the materials thrown from Cotopaxi, toward which mountain we were now travelling; the quantity of lava thrown from the burning bosom of this terrific mountain is almost beyond belief; as far as the eye can reach, the whole country appears to be a mass of lava and volcanic sand, and although in some places there are patches of cultivation it has a sickly hue, and

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the whole bears the appearance of a spot on which a withering curse has fallen. A short time before sunset, we arrived at La Tacunga, after a fatiguing ride through fine sand which every wind raised in blinding clouds, and over bare hills of lava, heated almost to scorching by the rays of a nearly vertical sun. La Tacunga is the very picture of desolation and ruin, being a sad monument of the effects occasioned by the terrible convulsions of nature to which this country is subject; it has, perhaps, suffered more frequently than any town in South America; in the year 1698, it was almost totally destroyed by an earthquake; in the years 1743 and 1744 it was much injured by eruptions of Cotopaxi; in 1756, another earthquake happened which destroyed the Jesuits' church, an enormous stone building, at the time, full of people; five thousand persons are said to have perished in it;* many other houses were ruined and many people lost their lives, beside those who were in the church. The last earthquake, which caused much injury, happened in 1800, and although it destroyed the church of San Francisco and many houses, comparatively few persons lost their lives. La Tacunga is built wholly of the dark coloured spongy lava of Cotopaxi, which is easily worked and forms very handsome walls; whole streets are in ruins, but the most curious and appalling proof of the tremendous and irresistible force of the earth's throes, is presented by the ruined church of the Jesuits; its arched roof of solid stone has fallen in, burying thousands in its ruins; its walls, six feet in thickness, are cracked in every direction, and huge masses are torn off as if by the agency of some violent explosion; one mass, of many tons weight, appears to have been twisted round after it was detached from the wall, and now rests on one corner, its upper end leaning against the wall; the strength of fifty men, unaided by machinery, would not serve to move it from its present position. On parts of the walls are fragments of fresco paintings, the colours of which are still quite fresh. We also visited the convent belonging to the same order, of which all except the lower story is destroyed; the *patio*, or courtyard, is surrounded by a very handsome set of ornamented arches built of the same spongy lava of which the town is composed. The church of San Francisco, which was partially destroyed in 1800, has been rebuilt, or rather repaired; evident traces remain in it of the effects of the earthquake. Scarcely a month passes at La Tacunga without the shock of an earthquake.—*Silliman's American Journal.*

* For the accuracy of this, perhaps, exaggerated statement, I cannot vouch: I had it from different persons in La Tacunga.

The Gatherer.

Origin of the saying "I'll go through fire and water to serve you."—The Bishops of Rochester possessed the manor of Southfleet in Kent, before the Conquest, and, as not unusual in ancient times, the court of Southfleet had a power of trying and executing felons. The jurisdiction extended not only to acts of felony done within the village, but also over criminals apprehended in another county. An instance of this kind in the year 1200, is mentioned by T. Blount, in his Ancient Tenures. It was of two women who had stolen some clothes in Croindene, (supposed to be Croydon,) and the men of that place having pursued them to Southfleet, they were imprisoned and tried by the Lord Henry de Cobham, and other discreet men of the country, who adjudged them to undergo the fire ordeal, or examination of the hot iron. By this foolish test, one of them was exculpated and the other condemned. The two chief species of trial by ordeal were those of fire and water. Both these modes might be performed by deputy; but the principal was to answer for the success of the trial, the deputy only venturing some corporeal pain for hire, or, perhaps, for friendship. "This (says Blackstone) is still expressed in that common form of speech of going through fire and water to serve another." Hale tells us "In the time of King John, the purgation *per ignem et aquam*, or the trial by ordeal continued; but it ended with this king."

P. T. W.

An Irish counsel being questioned by the judge to know "for whom he was concerned," replied as follows: "I am *concerned*, my lord, for the plaintiff; but I am employed for the defendant."

What is Thought?

The hermit's solace in his cell,
The fire that warms the poet's brain,
The lover's heaven or his hell,
The madman's sport, the wise man's pain.

In *Rum*, one of the Western Islands of Scotland, there is rain throughout the year. This occasioned a dry fellow to observe how excellent a place it must be to enjoy rum and water.

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OF

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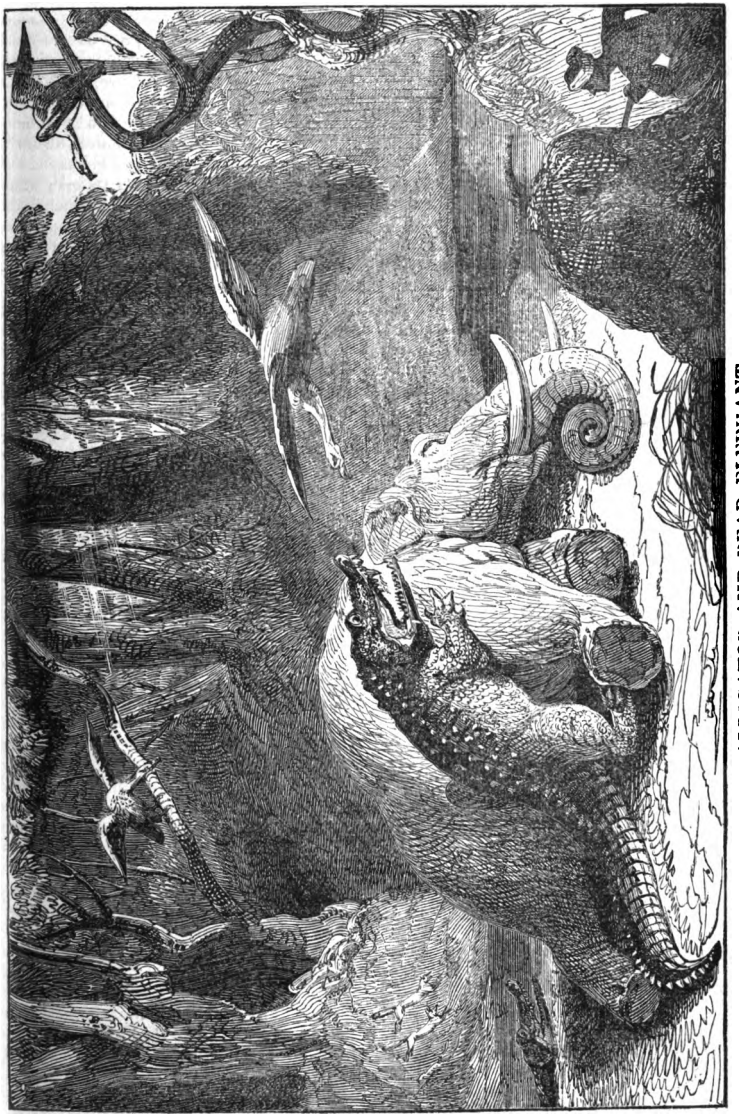

ALLIGATOR AND DEAD ELEPHANT.
(*Copied, by permission, from* Daniell's Oriental Annual.)

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The Oriental Annual

Is, in every respect, the most magnificent of all the publications of its class. It alike surpasses them in magnificence of subject and execution, and is, without exception, the most exquisite specimen of engraving yet produced in this country, or in Europe. We shall say but a few words of the design of this unique volume, and then leave its merits to the public, fearless of our high opinion of its merits being controverted by impartial judgment.

The design of the Oriental Annual is to illustrate "that portion of the civilized world, which is especially rich in magnificent objects and even in natural and artificial wonders." Its execution has been confided to Mr. Daniell, R. A., whose residence of ten years in India, "has given him advantages over every living artist in the delineation of Eastern scenery," and enabled him to furnish drawings for the twenty-six engravings of this volume, from scenes and subjects in Upper India. These illustrate the zoology and stupendous vegetation of that district, its sublime mountain scenery, its superb religious and other structures, the simple beauty of the native costume, and one or two of the natural phenomena of one of this very wonder-fraught portion of the globe. Among the most attractive of these subjects are the frontispiece Hindoo Female; the vignette Cuttub Minar, a magnificent tower, forty feet higher than the London Monument, and of infinitely greater architectural beauty; the Setting in of a Monsoon at Madras; Raje Gur, an impregnable mountain fort, and an enriched mosque at its foot; the Hindoo temples of Tritchencore, of elaborate beauty; Cape Cormorin, belted with clouds, though not cloud-capped, and appearing poised in mid-air; the Cataract of Puppanassum, and its sculptured rocks; wild elephants, in their native forests; the talipât-tree; a banian and its interlaced roots; views in Benares; portraits of the Queen of Candy, and a Mahratta chief; a caparisoned elephant and camel; and the alligator and dead elephant, which, by the courtesy of the publishers, we have transfered to the annexed page. We have not space to particularize the Engravers of these prints, but must observe that they have executed their difficult tasks in the first style of their art.

The literary accompaniment of these splendid Engravings is from the pen of the Rev. Hobart Caunter, B.D., who visited India as "soon as he became of age." It is chiefly descriptive, interspersed with narrative, and relates many of "the habits, manners, and national prejudices of a remote and extraordinary people." Every page teems with glowing interest, and this portion of the work is worthy of association with the superb works of art which it accompanies. We quote two or three incidental passages: first, that which relates to the subjoined page—the *Alligator and Dead Elephant:*

"We had taken our guns and sauntered into the jungle, accompanied by several armed natives, in order to try if we could not furnish our table with some of the excellent wild fowl with which the woods and marshes abound. We had not proceeded far before we entered a large open space in the forest, in the centre of which was a sheet of water of considerable extent, filled, as we could perceive, with alligators of enormous size. This lake, although penetrating far into the jungle, was rather narrow, but extremely deep. From its banks, on either side, a great number of large forest-trees, which were distinctly reflected in its dark and placid bosom, cast their broad shadows upon its waters; whilst the sun, darting his vivid rays through the close foliage that nearly intercepted them, threw here and there small masses of golden light, which gave a solemn but relieved interest to the natural gloom of the picture. Near the head of the lake was the carcass of a dead elephant, upon which a large alligator was making his meal, while others of less magnitude were eagerly awaiting his departure that they might succeed him, when he should have received his sufficiency, and likewise enjoy the luxury of a feast. The natural solitariness and asperity of a spot, the immobility and lurkiness of the lake, the extreme denseness of the foliage, together with the almost cavernous gloom which such a concurrence of causes produced, were seen in awful contrast with the several varieties of living objects that met the sight upon entering this sequestered glade. There was indeed a stirring activity in the very haunt of solitude; and what is strange, the feeling of intense solitariness was only the more strongly awakened by the presence of this activity, as the mind instantly felt that it could only be witnessed far from the abodes of men. The mental associations excited by the scence before us were any thing but pleasing, as we here read in one of nature's most melancholy pages the sad lesson of animal selfishness and ferocity. How does the former run through all the countless gradations of human feeling! In the rational creature it is the master-spring of motives, intents, and actions, and exists as strongly as in the irrational; in the latter, it is only the more obvious, because it is the less disguised. These reflections passed rapidly through my thoughts as I gazed upon the living things which swarmed in and about the dark lake on whose banks the elephant breathed his last. Various beasts and birds of prey,—jackals, adjutants, vultures, kites, and reptiles of different kinds, were seen collecting from all quarters, waiting their turn to share in the casualty of a full banquet.

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During the time that the large alligator,

"At once the king and savage of the waste,"

was busy at his work of hungry devastation on the colossal body of the elephant, a native attendant was desired to advance and fire, in order that we might see what would be the effect of the explosion among the ravenous visiters to this gloomy valley. This he immediately did. The ball glanced from the alligator's body as if it had been cased in adamant, when a scene of confusion ensued which defies description. The whole valley seemed at once to start into life. The rush of the monster thus suddenly scared from its prey — the splashings of those which were floating on the surface of the lake in expectation of a speedy meal, as they plunged beneath its still waters—the yelling of the jackals, and the screaming of the vultures, made altogether such a din that we were glad to escape from the frightful uproar. We had the curiosity to revisit the spot after our day's sport, on our return to our tents, when we found the large body of the elephant entirely consumed, with nothing but the skeleton remaining. The bones were picked as clean as if they had been under the hands of a most skilful surgeon, and prepared by him for some national museum. This operation was completed by the black ants, which swarm upon a carcass after it has been relinquished by the more voracious beasts of prey, and leave the fleshless frame as white and clean as if it had been polished by the efforts of human ingenuity.

[Our other extracts are]—

ELEPHANTS ATTACKING A GRANARY.

A small body of sepoys stationed at an outpost to protect a granary containing a large quantity of rice, was suddenly removed, in order to quiet some unruly villagers, a few miles distant, who had set the authorities at defiance. Two of our party happened to be on the spot at the moment. No sooner had the sepoys withdrawn, than a herd of wild elephants, which had been long noticed in the neighbourhood, made their appearance in front of the granary. They had been preceded by a scout, which returned to the herd, and, having no doubt satisfied them, in a language which to them needed no interpreter, that the coast was clear, they advanced at a brisk pace towards the building. When they arrived within a few yards of it, quite in martial order, they made a sudden stand, and began deliberately to reconnoitre the object of their attack. Nothing could be more wary and methodical than their proceedings. The walls of the granary were of solid brickwork, very thick, and the only opening into the building was in the centre of the terraced roof, to which the ascent was by a ladder. On the approach of the elephants, the two astonished spectators clambered up into a lofty banyan tree, in order to escape mischief. The conduct of the four-footed besiegers was such as strongly to excite their curiosity, and they, therefore, watched their proceedings with intense anxiety. The two spectators were so completely screened by the foliage of the tree to which they had resorted for safety, that they could not be perceived by the elephants, though they could see very well, through the little vistas formed by the separated branches, what was going on below. Had there been a door to the granary, all difficulty of obtaining an entrance would have instantly vanished, but four thick brick walls, were obstacles which seemed at once to defy both the strength and sagacity of these dumb robbers. Nothing daunted by the magnitude of the difficulty, which they had to surmount, they successively began their operations at the angles of the building. A large male elephant, with tusks of immense proportions, laboured for some time to make an impression, but after awhile his strength was exhausted, and he retired. The next in size and strength then advanced, and exhausted his exertions with no better success. A third then came forward, and applying those tremendous levers with which his jaws were armed, and which he wielded with such prodigious might, he at length succeeded in dislodging a brick. An opening once made, other elephants advanced, when an entrance was soon obtained sufficiently large to admit the determined marauders. As the whole herd could not be accommodated at once, they divided into small bodies of three or four. One of these entered, and when they had taken their fill they retired, and their places were immediately supplied by the next in waiting, until the whole herd, upwards of twenty in number, had made a full meal. By this time a shrill sound was heard from one of the elephants, which was readily understood, when those that were still in the building immediately rushed out and joined their companions. One of the first division, after retiring from the granary, had acted as sentinel while the rest were enjoying the fruits of their sagacity and perseverance. He had so stationed himself as to be enabled to observe the advance of an enemy from any quarter, and, upon perceiving the troops as they returned from the village, he sounded the signal of retreat, when the whole herd, flourishing their trunks, moved rapidly into the jungle.

EGG DANCE.

After they had exhibited a number of their ordinary tricks, such as swallowing a sword, blowing fire from the mouth, throwing the balls, &c. which are common to the most unskilful among them, one of the party a woman, young and beautifully formed, fixed on her head a fillet of a stiff, strong texture, to which were fastened, at equal distances,

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twenty pieces of string of equal lengths, with a common noose at the end of each. Under her arm she carried a basket, in which twenty fowl's eggs were carefully deposited. Her basket, the fillet, and the nooses, were severally examined by my companions and myself—there was evidently no deception. It was broad daylight, the basket was of the simplest construction, the eggs and strings were all manifestly what they were represented to be; nor, in fact, had the woman any thing about her to aid deception, had she been disposed to practise it. She advanced alone and stood before us, within a few feet of where we were seated. She then began to move rapidly round upon a spot not more than eighteen inches in diameter, from which she never for an instant deviated, though, after a few moments, her rotation had become so exceedingly rapid as to render it all but painful to look at her. She absolutely spun round like a top. When her body had reached its extreme point of acceleration, she quietly drew down one of the strings which had formed a horizontal circle round her, and put an egg into the noose; when this was secured, she jerked it back to its original position, still continuing her gyrations with undiminished velocity, and repeating the process until she had secured the whole twenty eggs in the nooses previously prepared to receive them. She projected them rapidly from her hand the moment she had secured them, until at length the whole were flying round her in one unbroken circular line. After the eggs had been thus strung, she continued her motion for full five minutes, without the least diminution of her velocity, to our undissembled astonishment; when, taking the strings one by one, she displaced the eggs from their respective nooses, laid them in her basket, and then in one instant stopped, without the movement of a limb, or even the vibration of a muscle, as if she had been suddenly fixed into marble.

[In reluctantly closing this volume, we should observe that its elegant exterior corresponds with its internal beauty; the binding is olive morocco: the gilt ornaments of the back are a stately palm, with a lettered piece midway, and a camel at its base: on each side is a caparisoned elephant in gold, with a freighted houdah; and at each angle are intertwined serpents (cobras).

The Forget-me-Not

Maintains its literary character, as well as its pictorial merit, and, in every respect, appeals,

> by the magic of its name,
> To gentle feelings and affections, kept
> Within the heart, like gold.

Among the most striking of the prose pieces are—The Great Balas Ruby, a tale of romance and chivalry; the Great Belt, by old Sailor; the Skeleton Hand, a tale of [illegible] Highlands of the Hudson River; Ha[illegible] Revenge, by Allan Cunningham; [illegible] Waltz, a well-wrought tale, by our ing[illegible] correspondent M. L. B. Neither of these papers are, however, adapted to our limits; and their interest consists rather in the manner of telling than in the incidents, so that abridgment would be disadvantageous. We therefore quote an entire communication:—

SCOTTISH HAYMAKERS.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

There is no employment in Scotland so sweet as working in a hay-field on a fine summer day. Indeed it is only on a fine summer day that the youths and maidens of this northern clime can work at the hay; but then the scent of the new hay, which of all others in the world is the most delicious and healthful, the handsome dress of the girls, which is uniformly the same, consisting of a snow-white bedgown, and white or red striped petticoat, the dress that Wilkie is so fond of, and certainly the most lovely and becoming dress that ever was or ever will be worn by woman; and then the rosy flush of healthful exercise on the cheeks of the maidens, with their merry jibes and smiles of innocent delight! Well do I know, from long and well-tried experience, that it is impossible for any man, with the true feelings of a man, to work with them, or even to stand and look on—both of which I have done a thousand times, first as a servant, and afterwards as a master—I say it is impossible to be among them, and not to be in love with some one or other of them.

But this simple prologue was merely meant to introduce a singular adventure I met with a good many years ago. Mr. Terry, the player, his father and brother-in-law, the two celebrated Naesmiths, and some others, among whom was Monsieur Alexandre, the most wonderful ventriloquist that I believe ever was born, and I think Grieve and Scott, but at this distance of time I am uncertain, were of the party. However, we met by appointment; and, as the weather was remarkably fine, agreed to take a walk into the country, and dine at "The Hunter's Tryste"—a little, neat, cleanly, well-kept inn, about two miles to the southward of Edinburgh. We left the city by the hills of Braid, and there went into a hay-field. The scene certainly was quite delightful—what with the scent of the hay, the beauty of the day, and the rural group of haymakers. Some were working hard, some wooing, and some towzling as we call it, when Alexander Naesmith, who was always on the look-out for any striking scene of nature, called to his son—"Come here, Peter, and look at this scene. Did you ever see aught equal to this? Look at those

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happy haymakers on the foreground—that fine old ash tree and the castle between us and the clear blue sky. I declare I have hardly ever seen such a landscape! And if you had not been a perfect stump as you are, you would have noticed it before me. If you had, I would have set ten times more value on it."

"Oh! I saw it well enough," said Peter, "and have been taking a peep at it this while past; but I hae some other thing to think of and look at just now. Do you see that girl standing there with the hay-rake in her hand?"

"Ay, now, Peter, that's some sense," said the veteran artist. "I excuse you for not looking at the scene I was sketching. Do you know, man, that is the only sensible speech I ever heard you make in my life."

There were three men and a very handsome girl loading an immense cart of hay. We walked on, and at length this moving haystack overtook us. I remember it well, with a black horse in the shafts, and a fine light grey one in the traces. We made very slow progress; for Naesmith would never cease either sketching or stopping us to admire the scenery of nature; and I remember he made a remark to me that day, which I think neither he nor his most ingenious son, now no more, ever attended much to; for they have often drawn most extensive vistas the truest to nature of any thing I ever saw in my uncultivated judgment, which can only discern what is accordant with nature by looking on nature itself; but, if a hundred years hence the pictures of the Naesmiths are not held invaluable, I am no judge of true natural scenery. But I have forgotten myself. The remark that he made to me was this: "It is amazing how little makes a good picture; and frequently the less that is taken in the better." Some of the ladies of the family seem to have improved greatly on this hint.

But to return to my story. We made such slow progress, on account of Naesmith, that up came the great cart-load of hay on one side of us, with a great, burly, Lothian peasant sitting upon the hay, lashing on his team, and whistling his tune. We walked on, side by side, for awhile, I think about half a mile, when, all at once, a child began to cry in the middle of the cart-load of hay. I declare I was cheated myself; for, though I was walking alongside of Alexandre, I thought there was a child among the hay; for it cried with a kind of half-smothered breath, that I am sure there never was such a deception practised in this world. Peter Naesmith was leaning on the cart-shaft at the time, and conversing with the driver about the beautiful girl he had seen in the hay-field. But Peter was rather deaf, and, not hearing the screaming of the child, looked up in astonishment, when the driver of the cart began to stare around him like a man bereaved of his senses.

"What is the meaning of this?" said Terry. "You are smothering a child among your hay."

The poor fellow, rough and burly as was his outer man, was so much appalled at the idea of taking infant life, that he exclaimed, in a half-articulate voice—"I wonder how they could fork a bairn up to me frae the meadow, an' me never ken!" And without taking time to descend to loose his cart-ropes, he cut them through the middle, and turned off his hay, roll after roll, with the utmost expedition; and still the child kept crying almost under his hands and feet; he was even obliged to set his feet on each side of the cart, for fear of trampling the poor infant to death. At length, when he had turned the greater part of the hay off upon the road, the child fell a-crying most bitterly amongst the hay; on which the poor fellow, (his name was Sandy Burnet), jumped off the cart in the greatest trepidation. "Od! I hae thrawn the poor thing ower!" exclaimed he. "I's warrant it's killed!"—and he began to shake out the hay with the greatest caution. I and one of my companions went forward to assist him. "Stand back! stand back!" cried he,—"ye'll maybe tramp its life out; I'll look for 't mysel'." But, after he had shaken out the whole of the hay, no child was to be found. I never saw looks of such amazement as Sandy Burnet's then were; he seemed to have lost all comprehension of every thing in this world. I was obliged myself to go on to the brow of the hill, and call on some of the haymakers to come and load the cart again.

Mr. Scott and I stripped off our coats, and assisted; and, as we were busy loading the cart, I said to Sandy, seeing him always turning the hay over and over, for fear of running the fork through a child, "What can hae become o' the creature, Sandy?—for you must be sensible that there was a bairn among this hay."

"The Lord kens, sir," said Sandy.

"Think ye the lasses are a' safe enough an' to be trusted?" said I,

"For ony thing that I ken, sir."

"Then where could the bairn come frae?"

"The Lord kens, sir. That there was a bairn, or the semblance o' ane, naebody can doubt; but I'm thinking it was a fairy, an' that I'm hauntit."

"Did you ever murder any bains, Sandy?"

"Oh, no! I wadna murder a bairn for the hale world."

"But were ye ever the cause o' any lasses murdering their bairns?"

"Not that I ken o'."

"Then where could the bairn come frae? for you are sensible that there is or was a bairn

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amang your hay. It is rather a bad-looking job, Sandy, and I wish you were quit of it."

"I wish the same, sir; but there can be nae doubt that the creature amang the hay was either a fairy or the ghaist of a bairn, for the hay was a' forkit off the swathe on the meadow. An' how could ony body fork up a bairn, an' neither him nor me ken?"

We got the cart loaded once more, knitted the ropes firmly, and set out; but we had not proceeded a hundred yards before the child fell a-crying again among the hay with more vehemence and with more choaking screams than ever. "Gudeness have a care o' us! Heard ever ony leevin the like o' that! I declare the creature's there again!" cried Sandy; and, flinging himself from the cart with a summerset, he ran off, and never once looked over his shoulder as long as he was in our sight. We were very sorry to hear afterwards that he fled all the way to the highlands of Perthshire, where he still lives in a deranged state of mind.

We dined at "The Hunter's Tryste," and spent the afternoon in hilarity; but such a night of fun as Monsieur Alexandre made us I never witnessed, and never shall again. On the stage, where I had often seen him, his powers were extraordinary, and altogether unequalled: that was allowed by every one; but the effect there was not to be compared with that which he produced in a private party. The family at the inn consisted of the landlord, his wife, and her daughter, who was the landlord's step-daughter—a very pretty girl, and dressed like a lady; but I am sure that family never spent an afternoon of such astonishment and terror from the day they were united until death parted them,—though they may be all living yet, for any thing that I know, for I have never been there since. But Alexandre made people of all ages and sexes speak from every part of the house—from under the beds, from the basin-stands, and from the garret, where a dreadful quarrel took place; and then he placed a bottle on the top of the clock, and made a child scream out of it, and declare that the mistress had corked it in there to murder it. The young lady ran, opened the bottle, and looked into it, and then, losing all power with amazement, she let it fall from her hand and smashed it to pieces. He made a bee buz round my head and face until I struck at it several times, and had nearly felled myself. Then there was a drunken man came to the door, and insisted, in a rough, obstreperous manner, on being let in to shoot Mr. Hogg; on which the landlord ran to the door and bolted it, and ordered the man to go about his business, for there was no room in the house, and there he should not enter on any account. We all heard the voice of the man going round and round the house, grumbling, swearing, and threatening; and all the while Alexandre was just standing with his back to us at the room-door, always holding his hand to his mouth, but nothing else. The people ran to the windows to see the drunken man going by, and Miss Jane even ventured to the corner of the house to look after him; but neither drunken man nor any other man was to be seen. At length, on calling her in to serve us with some wine and toddy, we heard the drunken man's voice coming in at the top of the chimney. Such a state of amazement as Jane was in I never beheld. "But ye need nae be feared, gentlemen," said she, "for I'll defy him to win down. The door 's boltit an' lockit, an' the vent o' the lumb is na sae wide as that jug."

However, down he came, and down he came, until his voice actually seemed to be coming out of the grate. Jane ran for it, saying, "He is winning down, I believe, after a'. He is surely the deil!"

Alexandre went to the chimney, and, in his own natural voice, ordered the fellow to go about his business, for into our party he should not be admitted, and if he forced himself in he would shoot him through the heart. The voice then went again grumbling and swearing up the chimney. We actually heard him hurling down over the slates, and afterwards his voice dying away in the distance as he vanished into Mr. Trotter's plantations. We drank freely, and paid liberally, that afternoon; but I am sure the family never were so glad to get quit of a party in all their lives.

To prove the authenticity of this story, I may just mention that Peter Naesmith and Alexander ran a race in going home for half a dozen of wine, and, it being down hill, Peter fell and hurt his breast very badly. I have been told that that fall ultimately occasioned his death. I hope it was not so; for, though a perfect simpleton, he was a great man in his art.

[One of the best of the poetical articles is the following:]—

TIBBIE INGLIS,

Or the Scholar's Wooing.

By Mary Howitt.

Bonnie Tibbie Inglis!
Through sun and stormy weather,
She kept upon the broomy hills
Her father's flock together.

Sixteen summers had she seen—
A rowebud just unsealing—
Without sorrow, without fear,
In her mountain sheiling.

She was made for happy thoughts,
For playful wit and laughter,
Singing on the hills alone,
With Echo singing after.

She had hair as deeply black
As the cloud of thunder;
She had brows so beautiful,
And dark eyes sparkling under.

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Bright and witty shepherd-girl!
Beside a mountain-water
I found her, whom the king himself
Would proudly call his daughter.

She was sitting 'mong the crags,
Wild, and mossed, and hoary,
Reading in an ancient book
Some old martyr-story.

Tears were starting to her eyes,
Solemn thought was o'er her;
When she saw in that lone place
A stranger stand before her.

Crimson was her sunny cheek,
And her lips seemed moving
With the beatings of her heart—
How could I help loving!

Among the crags I sat me down,
Upon the mountain hoary,
And made her read again to me
That old, pathetic story.

And then she sang me mountain songs,
Till all the air was ringing
With her clear and warbling voice,
As when the lark is singing.

And when the eve came on at length,
Among the blooming heather,
We herded on the mountain's side
Her father's flock together.

And near unto her father's house
I said "Good night" with sorrow,
And only wished that I might say
"We'll meet again to-morrow."

I watched her tripping to her home;
I saw her meet her mother:
"Among a thousand maids," I cried,
"There is not such another!"

I wandered to my scholar's home—
Silent it looked and dreary;
I took my books, but could not read—
Methought that I was weary.

I laid me down upon my bed,
My heart with sadness laden;
I dreamt but of the mountains wild,
And of the mountain maiden.

I saw her in her ancient book
The pages turning slowly;
I saw her lovely crimson cheek,
And dark eye drooping lowly.

The dream was like the day's delight,
A life of pain's o'erpayment:
I rose, and with unwonted care
Put on my sabbath-raiment.

To none I told my secret thought,
Not even to my mother,
Nor to the friend who from my youth
Was dear as is a brother.

I gat me to the hills again,
Where the little flock was feeding,
And there young Tibbie Inglis sat,
But not the old book reading.

She sat as if absorbing thought
With a heavy spell had bound her,
As silent as the mossy crags
Upon the mountains round her.

I thought not of my sabbath dress,
I thought not of my learning;
I thought but of that gentle maid,
Who, I believed, was mourning.

Bonny Tibbie Inglis!
How her beauty brightened,
Looking at me half abashed
With eyes that flashed and lightened!

There was no sorrow then I saw,
There was no thought of sadness.
Oh, Life! what after-joy hast thou
Like Love's first certain gladness!

I sat me down among the crags.
Upon the mountain hoary:
But read not then the ancient book—
Love was our pleasant story.

But then she sang me songs again,
Old songs of love and sorrow,
For our sufficient happiness
Great charm from woe could borrow.

And many hours we talked in joy,
Yet too much blessed for laughter;—
I was a happy man that day—
And happy ever after!

[The embellishments of the Forget-me-not include a few productions which it would be culpable to pass unnoticed: as the Chains of the Heart, a picturesque scene of an old husband asleep in a garden, "tacked" by a ribbon to a young wife, who is about removing the silken tie to fly to a young lover; a very pretty piece of intrigue, after Cawse. Next is the Murder of the Regent Murray, at Linlithgow, to illustrate Hamilton's Revenge; by Franklin. We have one of Prout's beautiful interiors—the Church of St. Pierre, at Caen; and the illustration of our quoted story, Scottish Haymakers, is poetically pastoral. But the rarity of the set is Westall's view of a veritable Chinese Garden, which is more delightful than a whole service of porcelain would lead us to imagine.]

The Comic Offering,

In its fourth year, is an acceptable relief to the sombre cast of the Annual shoal. It is as well spiced as a Christmas pudding, with lively puns: its cuts also are puns, but of quality antipodal to the material on which they are engraved: they are light and laughable, and therefore excellent pabulum for mirth-loving mortals. The points are not always sharply struck off: they do not always tell; indeed it would be unprecedented merit were they to do so. The literary contents extend to sixty sketches, illustrated by as many Engravings: our quotations, (by permission of the publishers,) are from both portions of the volume; and, like good other lively sallies, need neither note nor comment.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN A WEATHER-GLASS AND A WEATHER-COCK.

We will speak, whether or no.—*Old Play.*

"Good morning (said the Weather-glass to the Weather-cock); you don't look well this morning."

"No wonder (said the Weather-cock), for I've had nothing but *wind* in my teeth all night; and I don't see Mr. Weather-glass, that you have much reason to boast, for you look rather down this morning."

"Do I? (said the Weather-glass). At all events, I'm *up* to you—*up* to *you*, indeed, now I look at myself, I'm up to *sixty*. You give yourself too many *airs*, Mr. Weather-cock. 'Tis true you are at the *top* of

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this establishment, of which you are not a little *vain*."

"Little *vane!* (said the Weather-cock); No, indeed, I don't see a larger or handsomer one than myself for miles round, except the church, and there we generally find more *vane* than *useful*: and as to my being the top of this establishment, you've always had the *reins* of the family in your own hands, and I should have very little objection to change places with you."

"Change *places!* (said the Weather-glass), I never knew you *keep* one a minute together!"

"That's my misfortune (says the Weather-cock); but yesterday evening I engaged myself to sweet Miss Zephyr, and went south about to meet her. I had not been with her for more than five minutes, when old Boreas made me rudely turn my back towards her, and look at him all night, while he amused himself with spitting hail and sleet in my face. If I am to be thus disturbed in my pleasure, I'll turn *rusty* about it, and then I'll stick where I please."

"Ah (said the Weather-glass), we all have our complaints — you know my existence depends on my telling the truth; now I marked *much rain* yesterday as plain as could be, but my young mistress being promised a holiday if it were fine, screwed me up to *set fair*, so they *set out*, and the wet *set in*, and I had nearly been discharged for this; but on my master carefully examining me, he found out the trick, which put him in a *thundering* passion, and I fell down to *stormy*."

"Ah, well (said the Weather-cock), I was a little alarmed when I was first put up here —for when I was fixed and duly regulated by the compass (which, by the by, I consider must be rather a *sharp* instrument, for I heard it had a needle and thirty-two *points*), I was declared by all present to stand completely *square*, when, to my dismay, in two minutes afterwards the wind blew me completely *round;* but since we've been talking, Mr. Weather-glass, I perceive by your face you're not many degrees from being *very dry;* what say you to a glass of something?"

"With all my heart (said the Weather-glass), if you'll *stand* it."

"I stand it (said the Weather-cock)—did you ever know me to *stand* to any-thing?" Here he turned half round and looked the other way.

"Just like you, you shabby rascal (says the Weather-glass); there's no trusting you."

"Save your abuse, save your abuse (said the Weather-cock, speaking with his head turned away); though I am used to *blows*, they must be given in a round-about manner; and, of all *blows*, the least I care about is a *blow up*."

[By way of illustration to this] piquant dialogue, is the subjoined Cut—of grave humour, to be sure.]

Glass *fallen*—"very *stormy!*"

[In the next page are subjects of lively and deadly-lively interest: the foremost figure is a very *dieu de danse*—a Vestris in powder; the second is a contemplative head and tail piece, whose rotundity amounts to a dead weight.]

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Powder and Ball!

A Roomy-natur!

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[Then a pleasant string of patter, somewhat seasoned with scandal, but not a whit less lively on that account:]

THE MISS-NOMERS.

By Mrs. Baron Wilson.

Miss Brown is exceedingly fair,
Miss White is as brown as a berry,
Miss Black has a grey head of hair,
Miss Graves is a flirt, ever merry;
Miss Lightbody weighs sixteen stone,
Miss Rich scarce can muster a guinea,
Miss Hare wears a wig, and has none,
And Miss Solomon is a sad ninny!

Miss Mildmay 's a terrible scold,
Miss Dove 's ever cross and contrary;
Miss Young is now grown very old,
And Miss Heaviside 's light as a fairy!
Miss Short is at least five feet ten,
Miss Noble 's of humble extraction;
Miss Love has a hatred towards men,
While Miss Still is for ever in action.

Miss Green is a regular *blue*,
Miss Scarlet looks pale as a lily;
Miss Violet ne'er shrinks from our view,
And Miss Wiseman thinks all the men silly!
Miss Goodchild 's a naughty young elf,
Miss Lyon 's from terror a fool,
Miss Mee 's not at all like *myself*,
Miss Carpenter no one can rule!

Miss Sadler ne'er mounted a horse,
While Miss Groom from the stable will run;
Miss Kilmore can't look on a corse,
And Miss Aimwell ne'er levell'd a gun;
Miss Greathead has no brains at all,
Miss Heartwell is ever complaining,
Miss Dance ne'er has been at a ball,
Over hearts Miss Fairweather likes *reigning!*

Miss Wright, she is constantly wrong,
Miss Tickell, alas! is not funny;
Miss Singer ne'er warbled a song,
And, alas! poor Miss Cash has no money;
Miss Bateman would give all she's worth
To purchase a man to her liking,
Miss Merry is shock'd at all mirth,
Miss Boxer the men don't find *striking!*

Miss Bliss, does with sorrow o'erflow,
Miss Hope, in despair seeks the tomb;
Miss Joy, still anticipates woe,
And Miss Charity 's never "at home!"
Miss Hamlet resides in a city,
The nerves of Miss Standfast are shaken;
Miss Prettiman's beau is not pretty,
Miss Faithful her love has forsaken!

Miss Porter despises all froth,
Miss Scales they'll make *wait* I am thinking;
Miss Meekly is apt to be wroth,
Miss Lofty to meanness is sinking;
Miss Seymore 's as blind as a bat,
Miss Last, at a party is first;
Miss Brindle dislikes a strip'd cat,
And Miss Waters has always a thirst!

Miss Knight is now changed into Day,
Miss Day wants to marry a Knight,
Miss Prudence has just run away,
And Miss Steady assisted her flight:
But success to the fair,—one and all!
No mis-apprehensions be making:—
Though wrong the dear sex to *mis-call*,
There's no harm, I should hope, in MIS-TAKING!

[Next a piquant treatise on tongues:]

TONGUES SMOKED.

Of all my *female* acquaintance, Miss Teresa Trundle is the most loquacious.—Not that *ladies* are generally given to talking,—but talking is certainly given to them!

For some years I have known her,—and I verily believe that her *rattle* (like the *snake's*) increases every year.

To my surprise she informed me she had lately paid a visit to the Dumb Asylum. I sincerely hoped she had taken a lesson in "expressive silence,"—what was my amazement when she informed me that she had learned to *talk with her fingers!* Good Heavens! As if she had found one organ of communication insufficient.

She had a predilection for laced boots, brooches, and buckles, for no other reason, I believe, than because *they* had *tongues*. She was likewise making herself rapidly acquainted with the German, French, and Italian *tongues*.

She never lacks a subject for conversation,—she is one of those who can find—

"—*tongues* in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones,—"

and is very anxious to discover the Unknown Tongues.

"Bid me discourse!" is her favourite song, and proud of her eloquence, she boldly declares that nothing takes with the world so well as "talk,"—and that no *belle*, without a *clapper*, (except a *diving-bell*) ever *went down!*

Even the most delicate pullet, she votes insipid without the accompaniment of tongue.—

And I verily believe she would take a trip to the *Mouth* of the Nile, if she thought she should find a *tongue* in it!

[Then a harmless piece of quizzing:]

"IS THAT FAITH?" "FAITH AND IT IS!"

By Isabel Hill.

Far be it from any lover of true fun to deride even mistaken—Bah! *all* erroneous systems of education are fair game; and ridicule is sometimes more effective than reason.

A wealthy, well meaning, but ill informed papist spinster, established a school on her Irish estate; and, every Saturday, examined its humble pupils herself; distributing among them rewards of merit, such as loaves, meat, and articles of apparel. It was her custom to give the scholars certain questions, for a week's consideration, offering them, at the same time, some clue to an answer, though none to the *meaning* of her queries. Now as these chiefly concerned the Saints, I will venture to instance the success of one.

Imagine the patroness, followed by her laden footboy, entering the crowded schoolhouse.

The mistress rises and curtseys.

"Save all here!" says the lady.

"And welcome, ma'am!" clamour a double dozen of voices.

"How are you Biddy?" resumes the lady, with a gracious nod. "I hope ye're all obedient to Mistress Biddy, children dear!"

"Troth then, ma'am," says the governess,

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" they are *that*, if it warn't for Aileen Massy, who'd not be quite, even if Jude Finnucane ud let her. Them an' Peg Fitzsimmons, an' ———"

Here follows a long string of " exceptions —that prove the rule" Mrs. Biddy exerts in *general* over her *elèves*. A lecture from the Superior, tears, promises, and then the examination.

" Well, Darky, darlint! what did I put to *you* this day week? take time for your answer, and fingers from your mouth."

Little Darky bows, scratches her head, and whispers, in a whining drawl, "The difference betwex a Sinner and a Saint."

" Mighty well, good girl you are! What is it then?"

" The Sinner, if you plase, my lady mam —is won as lives in—in—"

" Out of the hair, Darky!"

" As lives out of the air"—says the child.

" Poo! your hand out of your hair, I mane; be mannerly, can't you! What's the Saint live for—shame!"

" The Saint lives for shame—no, I ax pardon, mam, he don't; 'tisn't *he* that's to live for anything at all; but the Sinner—"

" Ah then, have I put ye out? Never heed it—my bird! begin over again. The difference is—"

" Yes, mam, now I have it. The Sinner lives upon flesh—"

" *For* the flesh it is, Darky; and the Saint?"

" Sure he'd die for the faith, mam."

" That's it, duck o' dimonds! Mistress Biddy, don't she desarve a prize?"

" She does, if you plase, my lady."

" Here then's a mutton pie, good dinner for you, to save your money; don't ate it till I've given you another question. What *is* the Faith, my lamb?"

" The Roman Cath'lic crade, mam."

" 'Pon my conscience, you're a clever young crature; but how's faith proved; d'ye know that, honey bud?"

" I do not, mam."

" Who's yer pattern, Darky, dear?"

" She as name's upon me, mam."

" Mighty well then; suppose when you get home, findin the mother of yiz a washin, you let fall your pie into her tub, my heart; and if you b'laved that St. Dorcas could bring it up again for you, sorrow worse for the suds—eh? child of mine! there's a hint for a week's consideration—you'll remember?"

" I will, mam." Darky departs full of pie—ty.

Next Saturday comes, a similar scene is enacted, and the lady asks her favourite, Will a pair of wool socks help your recollecting last week's position, Darky?"

" Was it what's faith, mam? sure I know that right well then, indeed."

" You do, Miss! bright girl you'll be! and what is it then?—give me an instance—a proof or two.—What's faith?"

" A mutton pie in a washing tub, my lady."

[And a page or two, smoking with pun:]

A PORTRAIT.

By the Author of the Eccentric Tales.

" EVERY man has his hobby," — and my worthy friend Humphrey Havannah has his. A better hearted soul or more agreeable companion never existed; but he is one of the most inveterate *Smokers* I ever knew. Summer and Winter, morning, noon, and night, his pipe is eternally in his mouth.

There he sits like a *Sun* of Mirth, cracking his jokes, and now and then appearing through the clouds of smoke that roll about him.

At fourteen he was shipped off for the West Indies, where after *roasting* under a burning sun for forty years, he came home—*smoking*, and has smoked ever since without ceasing:—But lest it should be considered I am *smoking* an old friend, he shall speak for himself.

" Ah! how do?—*smoking* hot weather this!—puts me in mind of the West Indies, — sangaree and cigars — sugar-canes and negroes. Tell you more about them if you come and take a luncheon with me. Choose your own time, my chimney's always *smoking!* Got some o' the finest tongues man or woman ever had in their mouths! *smoke* 'em all myself.

" Say you'll dine at five, everything shall be done to a turn, everything cooked with a *smoke-jack*, in my house, by a capital black cook.

" Do you like black puddings? *Negroes* make the best *black puddings* in the world, you shall taste 'em!—After dinner we'll have a comfortable *pipe* together—import my own tobacco by the hundred weight—prepare and smoke it all myself.

" Some people laugh at me. They don't know what true enjoyment is—nothing like a *pipe*. What would Pasta, or the New River Company do without *pipes*—'ey? Got some fine old Port,—buy *that* by the *pipe* too! Fond of music? Have two fine goldfinches in my crib, that *pipe* famously that sweet song—

" I knew by the *smoke* that so gracefully curled!"

" My Negro too, plays the *pipe* and tabor. You'll come, won't you? I'm not smoking you—It's a way I've got. I don't care a 'whiff' for your excuses: I'll send a smoking charger to your door 'No. 37,' who'll bring you in, *puffing*, at five to a *piping* hot dinner, —and what say you to being a *stopper* here for a week?"

[We wind up with a little batch of humorous—]

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ANECDOTES.

By Isabel Hill.

THE experiences of physicians have lately been often detailed in print: formerly they held themselves bound not to "tell the secrets of the prison house." A couple of anecdotes, never before published, were related to me the other day.

Dr. ——, as celebrated for his humanity, address, and penetration, as for his professional skill, attended the last illness of a gentleman, the profligate levity of whose "son and heir," hastened his decease.

Meeting the young parricide on the stairs, the doctor, without assuming the least caution or delicacy, said, coldly, "Sir, your good father has just expired."

"Indeed," exclaimed the youth, starting; "this is very sudden,—had you not better open the body immediately, to ascertain?"

"Oh, Sir," interrupted his hearer, with cutting severity,—"you need not give yourself the slightest alarm, I assure you he is *quite dead.*"—Ought the wretch to have survived such a reproof?

Another time this doctor was called in, to the abrupt and fatal indisposition of a very rich old man, who left behind him a curiously ignorant and handsome young widow, apparently unsolaced by the prospect of wealth, a year's freedom, *and then*—the lady let down her hair to tear it, raving wildly.—

"I'll not believe that the dear man could die, and leave me! No! he lives, I'm sure he's alive, doctor,—tell me, don't you think he will come to life again?"

"Why, ma'am," said the physician, solemnly, "since you are so pressing, I confess that we *have* means. Shall I galvanize him? you will soon see him jump up then."

"No, doctor! no,"—screamed the widow, in pious horror, "I'll have none of your experiments:—they are downright witchcraft, — none of your experiments. — Jump up, against the law of nature! Heaven forbid, dear man! Hard as it is to bear my fate—let us have no experiments!"

[To these specimens—though the Cuts are not the best in the volume—we need scarcely add our note of commendation to Miss Sheridan's Comic Offering: it is really a boon to the care-ridden world.

Friendship's Offering.

[THE literature of this volume will maintain the reputation of the work. It is throughout characteristic and spirited, with here and there a sombre shade to set off its beautiful lights. Among the most striking of the contents are — My First Love, by Leitch Ritchie; Grace Kennedy, by the author of Pictures of Private Life; Donna Francesca, by the Rev. C. B. Taylor; and two pieces by the author of Atherton, in his best vein. Miss Mitford and Mr. Banim have also contributed a paper each. But, most to our mind are the soul-stirring Adventures of Stephano, the Albanian, which are fraught with intense passion and spirited writing.—We quote a scene or two:]—

STEPHANO, THE ALBANIAN.

WHETHER I write my story as a Moslem to boast of my exploits, as a Greek to deceive, or as a secretary of his highness Mahmoud II., whom the conjunction of the three fortunate planets long preserve!—or whether I have had one honest occupation in the course of my career, let the world settle according to its pleasure: for my part, I neither know nor care.

I was born in the pachalic of Delvino. My father was a brave man, a lover of wine, and the luckiest captor of Frank merchandise and its owners, for fifty miles round. My mother was braver still, for in her presence he dared not call his beard his own. She was of a prodigious Chimariot family, who had a flock of a thousand goats, were masters of three precipices, never paid a para to pacha, and never forgave an injury, until they had shot the injurer. They served capitally to keep my father, the gallant Constantinopulo, in order, and answered the purpose of an everlasting source of superiority to his wife. But heroes and heroines will have differences of opinion, even among the Albanian highlands. Their being ten thousand feet nearer the skies than the degenerate sons and daughters of earth, that marry and quarrel from Croatia to Corfu, does not prevent those little disturbances. One night, on my father's return from an expedition on the road to Argyrocastro, in which he had rifled the Transylvanian courier's baggage, and saved him the shame and sin of smuggling a bale of silks and pearl necklaces into the famous city of Trieste,—he, in the pride of his heart, unluckily displayed his prize. The jewels were claimed by my mother, as the right of the head of the house. The claim was resisted. Something was said about a rival, and something was returned in the shape of a blow. In two days after, the gallant Constantinopulo received a brace of bullets from the middle of an acacia-bush. He was brought home dying. My mother forgave him the blow, the rival, and every thing but the pearls. He died; she put on the jewels, tore her hair, threw a veil over her handsome face and stately form, made a terrible lamentation over the grave, and in three days after was settled in the hills, the bride of a bold Chimariot, her cousin, and the best shot in the province. By whom the bullets had been fired, was never asked; and as little doubted as asked. But inquiries on such subjects are not the custom of the country.

I was five years old at the marriage; in

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five years more I was as good a marksman as my Chimariot father; and in five years more I was a klept,* a soldier, and a lover. I am not about to tell a sentimental story, like an Italian cavalier; nor make *chansons* on it, like a French marquis; yet, if bright eyes, rosy cheeks, feet like wings, and a perfect inclination to delight in my plunder, could make an Albanian fall in love, I was far gone. But Zenobia Crisanthi was of an inferior family to that whose blood I carried in my veins: her richest relative had never possessed above a hundred goats; and all that was known of her descent was, that her ancestor had come up the mountain but about three hundred years before, as was supposed, from Wallachia. Those were objections insurmountable; and, in a family consultation upon the subject, it was resolved, as a mere matter of propriety, that the very first attempt at an interview with Zenobia, should be followed by the burning of every cottage of her clan, and the extirpation of the upstart line.

As this was the law of the land, I had nothing to do but to fling myself on the ground in despair, and exclaim against the cruelty of prohibiting any wish of a warrior of fifteen. For this additional offence, I was thrust into a hovel, which was to be my prison until I came to my senses. Silence, starving, and solitude, are remarkable tranquillizers of fiery indignation in youth, peculiarly when the slightest rebellion against authority might be answered by the discharge of a musket through the door. But in examining the ways of escape, I probed the wall into a hole through which I could see a glimpse of the moonlight. The discovery was worth pursuing: I pulled out pebble after pebble, till at length I came to an obstacle firmly cemented into the stones, which promised to baffle all my skill. After having torn off half my nails in the attempt, I gave it up, and wished myself at the top or the bottom of one of my cousin's precipices. I was roused by the fall of something heavy at my side. It was the head of a lance, which had been pushed in between the rafters. I hailed it as the gift of a beneficent fairy, began scooping away the wall again, and, in a few minutes, my new instrument produced its fruits, in the shape of a small square-box—but, alas! of iron. I tried it fifty times, and at length, in fierce disappointment, flung it against the wall. This movement produced a double effect. It broke out a piece of the wall, sufficient to let me through; and it fractured the crazy fastenings of the box. Liberty was before me—and a stronger temptation than the fracture of all the caskets upon earth; at the exit from my prison stood the form of Zenobia, with her sparkling eyes and laughing lips, both vastly busy in turning my labours into ridicule. I wound my way out like a serpent, and proposed instant flight. But she insisted on having a view of the spot, where I had exhibited such talents for housebreaking. Her statue-like form easily made its way in; and, in another moment, I heard an outcry of surprise—"Look here," she exclaimed, "and defy the pacha of Argyrocastro." The voice was followed by the discharge of a shower of sequins, which had nearly cost me an eye, as I followed her bidding, and stared through the opening.

The casket was full of Venetian gold pieces. She gathered them in the folds of her robe to the last coin, and came out in triumph. Our course was now clear. Some intentions on the part of her kinsmen to wipe off the slight of refusal by sending me to the shades of my forefathers, had roused her vigilance; and she had come forth to advise my immediate escape from this family settlement of the affair. To her astonishment, she had found me dungeoned. It was she who had pushed the spear-head through the roof; and now, the only question was, what was to be done? With my mistress at my side, and a thousand sequins in my hand, the question was quickly solved. In the valley, at the foot of my night's dwelling, I had seen two Turkish steeds, a part of the captures of the evening before; and which I shrewdly suspected to have belonged even to the most mighty Aga of the Albanians in the service of his highness the Sultan. To keep prying eyes from them, they had been tied up in the forest, at a safe distance from the village. Nothing could be more opportune. We glided down the hill, and found the chargers quietly grazing. Zenobia sprang on one, and I on the other. As my offence of prison-breaking, and hers of aiding in the exploit, would have brought us equally under the vengeance of the family law, we instinctively took the opposite road from the village. Where we were to go, never entered into our thoughts. Our coursers, delighted to find themselves ungalled by the ropes round their feet, sprang away like falcons. The night was soft and dewy—the moon a shield of pearl—the shrubs dropped balm—and away we flew to meet the rising sun.

We had reached the ridge that overlooks the valley of the Chelydnus, and had paused for a moment to consider in which of the villages we should take up our rest, when a cloud began to descend from a hill at some distance, and roll down the valley.

"A storm is coming," said I, "and we must look for shelter." "Yes," said my fair companion, "a storm of scimitars and lances, and the sooner we are out of its way the better." The grey of the morning soon grew golden in the sun, and I saw that she had formed the true judgment. The cloud was a troop of four or five hundred cavalry, coming at full speed towards the spot where we stood.

* Albanian bandit.

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We turned in the other direction in an instant, and plunged down into the defiles. But the labyrinth of Crete itself was easy compared with those never-ending twistings of forest, lake, rock, and mountain. We were dying of fatigue. Our horses refused to move a step further; and at that moment we found ourselves in the midst of the cavalry, who also were dropping from their horses. They had come the straight road, while we had continued galloping in a circle. The affair was settled between both parties at once. I was pulled from my stead, which I had the pleasure of seeing extremely admired by its captor. Zenobia was led away, imploring mercy, and imprecating all kinds of ill-fortune on the heads and hands that presumed to separate a pair of true lovers. The captor told her with a laugh, "that women were allowed to cry, as long as they did what they were ordered, and that he would make a much better husband than the red-cheeked and beardless boy, about whom she made so much noise." I would have torn the scoffer limb from limb; but a strong sash, twined three times round my legs and arms, allowed me nothing but the indulgence of my speech; and, like a tiger bereaved of its young, I saw my fair one carried forward, in the march of the troop, while I was left to meditate on the advantages of having fasted and galloped for twelve hours, with no other prospect but that of lying on the spot till doomsday.

The hero of this exploit was the famous Nico Tzaras, for a dozen years the most successful robber in Albania. To do him justice, he was as brave as a lion, and as strong as a buffalo. He had the reputation of being able to devour more and fast longer than any klepht since Scanderbeg. I was likely to rival him in the latter quality, and never man less relished the opportunity of competition. The Turks knew him well. A division of the pacha of Salonika's janizaries had been posted to cut off his retreat, some months before, from the plains. Tzaras had plundered an escort of wagons, going from Salonika to the Hungarian frontier. He was coming home loaded with dollars. His troop had dwindled down to three hundred. The Turks were as many thousands. They waited for him at the crossing of a river. Flight or fighting seemed equally out of the question. He took his resolution, bade every man throw down his bag of dollars, and made a desperate rush at the Osmanlies. They might as well have resisted a thunderbolt. They broke like glass; and Tzaras, after having stripped the last of them on the field, returned to his bags, added them to the Turkish, and rode up the mountain, with the best booty made within the memory of man.

[Stephano enters the service of Ali, the new pacha of Yanina, whence we pass to the close of his career.]

Another crisis was to come. The famous campaign of Ali against the Suliotes began. The tyrant had stained himself by a long course of rapine and cruelty. I was now a Chimariot—the blood of the mountains was roused in me—and I joined the Suliote force on the memorable morning of the battle of the Acheron. Before day-break, the pacha had begun the attack with such superiority of force, that when I descended from the hills, I found everything in confusion. The pass of Klissura had been already stormed, and the Suliotes were flying in all directions. But the arrival of my Chimariot marksmen at this point, turned the tide. Ranged along the rocks, in front of the fort of Tichos, we poured in a shower of balls, that brought the foremost of the Albanians to a stand. We again poured in our fire; and the ground was like a harvest-field, covered with a crop that once was strong hands and daring hearts. But towards mid-day, we found that the pass was turned in our rear; and, on looking round, saw to our amazement ten thousand Albanians between us and the great bulwark of the mountains—the well-known fortress of Aghia Paraskevi. Their capture of this most important point would be utter ruin: yet I knew that the garrison had been almost totally drained off, and that the only population remaining were women and children. I led one of our clans instantly to the attack of the enemy; but they had all the advantages of ground and numbers. Our ammunition, too, began to fail. My mountaineers, who would have fought an army of lions, found themselves disheartened by the length of a struggle which now seemed hopeless, and threw down their arms under shelter of the precipices. In indignation and grief, I saw the enemy climb the walls of the fortress, without our being able to approach them. But what were my feelings, when I saw the form of Zenobia waving a banner on the ramparts, and exposed to the muskets of the Albanians. How she had come into a position of such peril, I could not conceive. I had left her in our castle on the summit of the Paramithian mountain, and, as I thought, beyond all sound of battle. Spurred by this new terror, and calling on my troop, I now made one desperate effort, and reached the enemy, by the ascent of an acclivity of rocks, which seemed fit for nothing but the wing of a falcon. The stormers were evidently unprepared for this attack; and when they began to feel our musketry playing on their flank, they paused, and rushed tumultuously towards the edge of the precipice, to overwhelm us at once by their weight of fire. Another moment, and all must be lost—but that moment was not to come. While almost alone, and struggling to rally my men, I had received a ball through the extended arm, and fallen down the front of the precipice.

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There still grasping the weeds, to save myself from being dashed to pieces at the foot of a descent, some hundred feet deep, I heard a general cry of dismay. I could see nothing yet, through the cloud of smoke from the firing which still poured above my head. But the cries of terror increased, soon mingled with shouts from the men below, and a strange miscellaneous clamour of women and children from above. Trumpets and cymbals now joined the clamour; and the firing, renewed in all quarters, made the hills and forests echo one perpetual thunder. Still all was wrapt in cloud to my eyes; and, clinging to the face of the tremendous declivity, I hung between heaven and earth, in the most immediate and nervous terror of being hurled down to the bottom. At length, while in this state of suspense—a state more agonizing than any that I could have ever conceived, and even on the point of relieving myself from the agony, by making the suspense certainty, loosing my grasp, and suffering myself to be crushed to atoms in the bed of the torrent, that rushed at an invisible distance below; I felt that I had sharers in the calamity. The crashing of the brushwood above, the fall of the loosened stones, and finally the rolling down of a huge Albanian soldier, who had almost swept me from my holding-place, gave sign that the enemy were at last involved in deadly struggle—but with whom, I could not conjecture. Still, body after body rolled over the precipice; at length, with a hideous yell, followed by an uproar of triumph, the overhanging edge of the mountain seemed to give way, and carry down with it the whole Albanian army. Such, at least, in my astonishment at the catastrophe, I should have accounted the multitude, who were now flung down to inevitable death. Man and musket came rushing over me in heaps, as I felt my grasp every moment growing weaker. Loss of blood at length made it impossible for me to withstand the perpetual shock; and, in the midst of a falling troop of wretches, uttering their last scream for life, I felt my hold forced away; and, with a pang worthy of the divorce of soul from body, found myself instantly dart down.

How long I lay in this scene of death I know not. But, as if waking from a painful sleep, I gradually heard sounds of wild lamentation mingled with distant shots, the braying of the trumpet, and the clang of the cymbal. The battle was distant, but clearly not concluded. But deeper, and more intense than all, I heard sounds of the bitterest anguish breathed into my ears, and felt kisses and embraces on my almost lifeless form. I was utterly unable to move, speak, or look; —faintness came over me once more, and all sounds faded away.

Again I opened my eyes, but many hours must have elapsed while I was in a state of insensibility. The sun was now setting on the western hills. Pindus was still glowing like a palace of living fire; the lower hills were bathed in crimson; the distant ocean lay in sheets of purple cloud. All was silence round me, and, as I gazed on the single, splendid star, that glittered above my head, I involuntarily thought of the happiness that man throws away for the glories of ambition, or the precarious pleasures of rapine. But, as I glanced towards the west, one broad gleam of the sinking sun flowed, on what I discovered to be a long train of warriors moving up the side of the mountain. I recognised the Chimariote banners, and heard the song of victory. Stiff with wounds, and unable to move, I anxiously saw them still advance, and now discovered that they bore among their foremost ranks what appeared, in the distance, to be a bier, and on it the figure of a female. My heart chilled, as if it had been shot through with a shaft of ice. Some undefined impression overwhelmed me, that Zenobia had mingled in the battle; that the kisses and lamentations which I had felt, but could not answer, were hers; and that, in her despair, she had ventured too far into the final conflict. The Turk feels no more than the tiger: but Greek blood was in my veins: and the beauty, the devotedness, and even the fantastic and capricious genius of Zenobia, came on my memory with a power which made me long to close the troublesome scene of existence, and rejoin her in the grave. The procession still rose, but, turning from the foot of the precipice, was lost in the forest. I was fixed to the spot where I sat, by utter feebleness, and began to think that my wish was about to be heard. My last cry was "Zenobia!" but the sound was answered by a quick rushing of feet, my name, and a flood of tears on my forehead. The living Zenobia stood before me!

Her story was brief, but fit for the heart of a Grecian heroine. In the morning, she had followed me to the fortress of Aghia Paraskevè, and watched the fortunes of the fight from the ramparts with intense emotion. When the pacha's troops, led by a traitor, had found the pass over the hills which cut off our retreat, she had attempted to rouse the garrison to a last effort of defence. But what was to be done with a score of palikars and some hundreds of frightened women and children? All was on the point of ruin, when my desperate effort to scale the mountain on the Albanian flank, arrested the attack for a moment. But that moment was decisive;—determined to rescue me or die, she had ordered the gates to be thrown open, and, standard in hand, rushed out at the head of the crowd, armed and unarmed. The enemy, thus unexpectedly assailed, gave way, and,

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urging each other to the edge of the precipice, were thrown over in great numbers. In the pursuit, Zenobia had found me, as she thought, dying, and left me, as she thought, dead. Her only wish now was to perish. She led on the Chimariots to the attack of the remnant of the pacha's troops, found them dispirited and broken, put them again to the rout, and followed them to the banks of the Acheron, the boundary of the pacha's province. In the pursuit she had received a slight wound, and she was thus carried back in triumph by her applauding countrymen. One effort more was to be made;—and it was in the melancholy pride of building my funeral pile with a heap of the enemy's musquets and banners, that she had halted the march, and come to bear off the remains of her dear lord. But the scene was now changed. The musquets and banners were reserved for better things than funeral piles. The one I distributed among our gallant shepherds, the other I hung up in our mountain-chapel.

The work of years rolled on. Ali fought us again, and again we beat him. I saw his fortress captured; I saw his head hanging at the saddle-bow of the Tartar who carried the tidings to the city of the sultan. I saw his proud family swept away, and his people, his city, and his treasure-chests in the hands of strangers. I saw all this while I tilled my mountain-top; listened to the murmur of my bees; saw the sportings of my brave boys and beautiful girls, and rejoiced in the happiness of the still beautiful mother of both.

[A chapter on Childhood is full of tender thoughts; *e. g.* the following:]

Children make us proud, and they make us humble, and we love them for both reasons. We love them because they make us proud: they are so sweetly helpless that we have complete dominion over them, and we rejoice and delight ourselves in the pleasantness of patronage. The feeling of patronage is so strong in the human heart, that even children themselves delight in the exhibition of it; they patronize dolls, and butterflies, and little flowers, and love the sweet joys of a powerful superiority. Seeing the utter helplessness of children, and feeling that they are so entirely dependent on us, we cannot but love them; and thus we are led to the apprehension of God's love toward us: we find that his power is father to his love, for we are altogether dependent on him, and are as clay in the hands of the potter. There is no hatred where there is no fear; and we do not fear children, therefore we have toward them only love:—so it is with God to his works, he feareth nothing that he has made, and therefore in the language of Scripture it is said, "He hateth nothing that he hath made."—We love children because we have power over them. Furthermore we love children because they make us humble. There is a mortification in humility, and there is also a delight in humility: there is a mortification in humility, when we are driven down by those above us; and there is a delight in humility when we are drawn down by those below us. By children are we reminded how guileless and how innocent once we were. And notwithstanding all that the world has done with us and for us, we are still in favour of the innocence and simplicity of childhood.

[Among the poetical contributors are the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Barry Cornwall, Coleridge, Charles Whitehead, and the clever editor, Mr. T. Pringle, by whom we quote]:

THE FOUNT OF UHLANGA.

An African Sketch.

HALF-WAY up Luhèri climbing,
Hangs the Wizard's Forest old,
'Neath whose shade is heard the chiming
Of a streamlet clear and cold:
With a wailing sound it gushes
From its cavern in the steep;
Then at once its murmurs hushes
In a lakelet dark and deep.

Standing by the dark blue water,
Drest in robe of panther's hide,
Who is she?—old Tshio's daughter,
Bold Makanna's widowed bride.
Stern she stands, her left hand clasping
By the arm her wondering child:
He, her shaggy mantle grasping,
Gazes up with aspect mild.

Thrice in the soft fount of nursing
With sharp steel she pierced a vein,—
Thrice the White Oppressor cursing,
While the blood poured down like rain,—
Wide upon the dark blue water,
Sprinkling thrice the crimson tide,—
Spoke Ishusa, Tshio's daughter,
Bold Makanna's widowed bride;—

"Boy! the pale Son of the Stranger
Hath thy father foully slain:
Swear to be thy sire's avenger—
Swear to break thy country's chain!
By Uhlanga's Sacred fountain
To that task I pledge thee now;
And the Spirits of the Mountain
Witness stern the widow's vow!

"When thy arm grows strong for battle,
Thou shalt sound Makanna's cry,
Till ten thousand shields shall rattle
To war-axe and assagai.
Then when, like hail-storm in harvest,
On the foe sweeps thy career,
Shall UHLANGA, whom thou servest,
Make them stubble to thy spear.

[The plates, twelve in number, are well executed. Among them we would especially notice Venus and Æneas on the shore of Carthage, engraved by W. Wallis after Martin; and Francesca, by Phelps, after Jackson's celebrated picture. They are excellent, and must recommend the work, independently of its other attractions, among which there are sparkling and "lack lustre" eyes in all their bewitching beauty.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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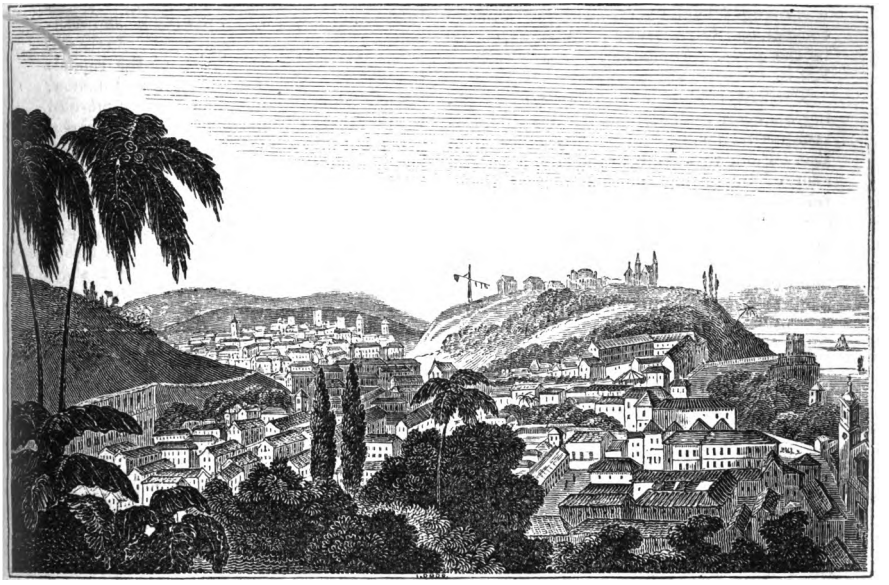

RIO DE JANEIRO

Is the capital of the empire of Brazil, one of the richest regions of the earth, comprising the eastern and central parts of South America.* Its condition exhibits the brightest influence of civilization in the new world; and, as pertinently observed by Dr. Von Spix, who visited Rio in 1817: "If any person considering that this is a new continent, discovered only three centuries ago, should fancy that nature must be here still entirely rude, mighty, and unconquered, he would believe, at least here in the capital, that he was in some other part of the globe: so much has the influence of the civilization of ancient and enlightened Europe effaced the character of an American wilderness in this point of the colony."

Rio is washed by the South Atlantic Ocean, being situated on the western shore of the great bay from which it takes its name, which extends from the city northwards into the continent, about three times as far as the distance to the anchorage, and occupies the north-east part of a tongue of land of an irregularly quadrangular shape. The oldest and most important part of the city is built along the shore, in the form of an oblong quadrangle, lying N. W. and S. E. The ground is, for the most part, level and low; but at the northern end, are five hills, which come so near the sea as to leave room for only one street by the sea-side; while towards the south and south-east, the city is commanded by several promontories of the Corcovado. The more ancient part of the city is traversed by eight, narrow, parallel streets, crossed by many others at right angles. The Campode S. Anna, a large square to the west of the old city, separates it from the new town. The latter, which has risen for the most part since the royal family of Brazil removed here in 1808, is connected with the south-western quarter by the bridge of St. Diogo, thrown over a salt-water inlet; and on the north-west, the extensive suburb of Catumbi leads to the royal palace of S. Cristovão. Under the lower eminences of the Corcovado, the church of Nossa Senhora da Gloria forms a conspicuous object, commanding the southern part of the city. Further southward detached rows of houses occupy the two semicircular bays of Catete and Bota Fogo, and single houses are scat-

* Embracing an area of 3,050,000 English miles, Brazil is nearly as large as Europe, and is capable of supporting a much greater population.

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tered in the picturesque valleys which intersect the Corcovado. The hills along the north-eastern bank are partly covered with large buildings. The ancient college of the Jesuits, the convent of the Benedictines, the episcopal palace, and the Forte da Conceicao, have, from the sea, a grand appearance. The residence formerly occupied by the viceroys, which, after the arrival of the court of Lisbon, was enlarged by the addition of the Carmelite convent, and fitted for the royal family, stands in the plain. Altogether, the approach to Rio is extremely picturesque.

The first land that is seen on approaching the coast from Europe, is Cape Frio, distant between sixty and seventy miles from Rio. From this point to the city, a succession of interesting objects present themselves, among which is seen the lofty peak of the Corcovado. The entrance of the bay is protected chiefly by the fort of Santa Cruz. In the interior of the bay, the most important works are the Fort de Villegagnon (so named from the French adventurer), and that of Ilha das Cobras, both on small islands, not far from the city. On the latter island state criminals are confined. In the city itself, besides the Forte da Conceicao already mentioned, towards the north-west part of it, there are the batteries of *Monte* on the south-east; and the inlet of Bota Fogo is covered by the lines of Praya-vermelha. The harbour is one of the most capacious, commodious, and beautiful in the world. The immediate back-ground of the city is formed by beautiful green hills, covered with woods, and interspersed with villas and convents; while the foreground is enlivened by the vessels of all nations. The bay contains nearly a hundred islands.

Far more has been done for this beautiful portion of the new world by nature, than by man. The style of architecture in Rio is, in general, mean, resembling that of the old part of Lisbon; and though this town has always ranked as the most important in Brazil, or as second only to Bahia at the time that the latter was the seat of government, yet it is only since the emigration of the court, that it has assumed the character of a European city.

When the Court first arrived at Rio, the population of the city was not a hundred thousand. But, upwards of twenty thousand Europeans accompanied the Government; hence Brasilian manners gave way to those of Europe. A royal military academy was founded in 1810, and skilful mechanics of all countries were encouraged. A library arranged in a suitable edifice is said to contain 70,000 volumes, which the king brought with him from Portugal.

The stimulus given to commerce diffused a considerable degree of opulence; and the ambassadors from the European powers, who had accompanied the Court, with other wealthy foreigners, introduced a luxury and refinement of manners to which Rio had hitherto been a stranger. In 1818, the number both of Portuguese and Brazilian inhabitants had still further increased; and the population both of the capital and of the interior was swelled by emigrants from the Spanish provinces, from the United States of the North, from England, France, Sweden, and Germany.

To pursue the description of the capital: the streets which are straight and narrow, are paved with granite, and are now provided with a raised pavement for the foot-passengers; but they are very sparingly lighted, and hardly more than a few hours in the night by the lamps placed before the images of the Virgin. The houses, which are generally of two stories, and low and narrow in proportion to their depth, are, for the most part, built of blocks of granite; the upper story, however, is often of wood. The thresholds, door-posts, lintels, and window-frames are of massy quartz, or feldspar, brought from Bahia in a state ready for use. The roofs are universally covered with semitubular tiles. The lower story is commonly occupied by the shop and warehouse; the second, (and third, if there be one,) by the family apartments, to which there are long and narrow passages taken from the ground-floor, and communicating with the street. In the outskirts of the town the streets are unpaved, and the houses are of only one floor, low, small, and dirty, with the doors and windows of latticework, opening outward to the annoyance of passengers. The rents of houses are nearly as high as they are in London.

Churches and convents are almost the only public buildings in Rio, that deserve notice. Among the former, those of Da Candelaria, S. Francisco, and Sta. Paula, are in the best style of architecture; but that of Nossa Senhora da Gloria, is the most striking from its situation.

None of the churches have either any fine paintings or works of sculpture, but only rich gilding. The religious establishments comprise three monasteries, Benedictine, Franciscan, and Carmelite; a Franciscan nunnery; a nunnery of Theresans; an *hospice* of the almoners of the Holy Land; a *miserecordia*, with its hospital; a foundling hospital, established in 1738; (which, within sixty years from that period, received nearly 5,000 infants;) and a *recolhimento* for female orphans born in wedlock and of white parents, where they remain till they are portioned off in marriage from the funds of this munificent institution; together with some smaller monastic and charitable institutions.

The royal palace skirts the beach, and is seen to great advantage from the principal landing-place, which is within sixty yards of

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the doors. It is small, ill-constructed, and inconvenient. The palace of the bishop, which stands on a high hill north of the city, is superior to that of the royal family. The custom-house is a miserable building. The inns are abominably bad. The new mint, the naval and the military arsenals, are called magnificent buildings, but they present a very poor appearance to the eyes of a European.

Though, in proportion to the size and the wants of the city, Rio has but a scanty supply of water, there are several public fountains, and new ones are continually being erected. The aqueduct by which those fountains are supplied, is a noble work, and is described by Dr. Von Spix as the finest piece of architecture of which the city can at present boast. It was completed in the year 1740, and is an imitation of the one at Lisbon, erected by John V. "It consists," Mr. Luccock says, "of two walls, about six feet high, arched over, with sufficient space for workmen to enter it occasionally, and pass through its whole length. At suitable intervals there are openings for the admission of light and air. Within is laid the canal, about eighteen inches wide, twenty-four deep, and three miles long."

Lancasterian and other schools, are spreading in all directions; but persons of fortune have their children prepared by private tutors for the university of Coimbra. In the Seminario de S. Joaquim, the elements of Latin and church-singing are taught. But the best academy is stated (by Dr. Von Spix) to be the Lyceum, or Seminario de S. Joze."

Music is cultivated at Rio with enthusiasm and success; the guitar here, as in the south, being the favourite instrument. A decided preference is shown by the higher classes for the French language and French literature. The general knowledge of French has not, however, banished the mother tongue in the higher classes. With the exception of the court, and those immediately belonging to it, the French and English languages are spoken only by the men, and are therefore seldom used in company. In 1817, there were only two indifferent booksellers' shops at Rhio, and only two newspapers were published in the whole kingdom. Even these were not then read with general interest. On the other hand, the Lisbon newspapers were circulated by the Portuguese emigrants, and the London journals by the English. Since the declaration of the Brazilian independence, the number of journals has, however, greatly increased. This is rapid progress, if we consider that down to 1806, a single printing-press had never existed in Brazil.

The population of Rio de Janeiro amounts to 150,000, two-thirds of whom are black. Rio is still infamous as a mart for negro slaves, although the trade has been much restricted by the government. The city is the great emporium of Brazilian commerce, especially of all the mining districts; and to the smaller ports of Brazil, Rio exports all sorts of European goods. England (particularly London and Liverpool,) supply Rio with cotton goods, fine cloths, porcelain, and earthenware, iron, lead, copper, tin, anchors, cables, gunpowder, porter, cheese, salt butter, distilled liquors, &c.

Rio is in latitude 22° 54′ S. and longitude 43° 18′ W.

GIPSIES.

BY J. GRISCOM.

(Abridged from the Revue Encyclopedique.)

THERE are few questions in Anthropology or Ethnography which have more closely engaged the attention of philologists, geographers, and historians, than that of the origin and character of this singular people. A race of men which presents the most extraordinary phenomenon in social life, has existed nearly four centuries in Europe; and yet remains almost unknown. Neither time, climate, politics, nor example, has produced any change in their institutions, their manners, their language, or their religious ideas. The Israelites are the only people, who have preserved, like them, their primitive character in foreign lands, but with far less distinctness and discrimination.

Names by which they are known in the different countries in which they reside.—The Arabs and Moors call them *Harami* (robbers); the Hungarians, *Cinganys* and *Pharaoh Nepek* (people of Pharaoh). The latter name is also given them in Transylvania; the English have adopted the name of *Gipsies*, an alteration of the word *Egyptians;* the Scotch, that of *Caird;* the Spanish call them *Gitanos;* the Portuguese, *Ciganos;* the Dutch, *Heidenen* (idolaters); the Russians, *Tzengani;* the Italians, *Zingari;* the Swedes *Spakaring;* the Danish and Norwegians, *Tatars;* the Wallachians, Bessarabians, Moldavians, Servians, and Sclavonians, *Cigani;* the Germans, *Zigeuner;* in France they received at first the name of *Egyptians*, and more recently that of *Bohemians*, because the earliest of the tribe came into France from Bohemia. Historians of the middle ages, designate them by the name of *Azinghans;* the modern Greeks, under that of *Atinghans;* in Adzerbaidjan, they are called *Hindou Karach* (black Hindoos); in Persia, *Louri;* the Bucharians and inhabitants of Turkistan, call them *Tziaghi*, which appears to be the root of *Tchingeni*, the term given by the Turks to this wandering race. I have been acquainted in Europe with three of their *Rabers*, or chiefs, who assure me that they

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call themselves *Roumna-Chal.* These two words belong to the Mahratta language, and signify *men who wander in the plains.* I consider *Tzengaris* as their primitive name, and which is still preserved in their mother country.

Different writers have assigned to these people a very different origin—one from the eastern part of Tunis,—another from Zanguebar,—one from Mount Caucasus;—one considers them as German Jews—and others bring them from Egypt, Colchos, the Ukraine, &c.

We know of but three writers who have placed this question in a true point of view. The two first, whose opinion is admitted by the learned generally, are Grellmann and David Richardson, who consider India as the cradle of the Tzengaris; the Abbe Dubois places them among the Kouravers of Mahissoun, but in our opinion the country of the Mahrattas is their original position, and there they are still found united in tribes.

The primitive tribes of the Tzengaris is a subdivision of different tribes of Parias, or men out of caste. The origin of Parias is very ancient. This sub-caste is formed by the union of individuals driven from different castes for offences committed against the religion and laws, and includes a great number of tribes, among whom may be reckoned the *Vallouvers*, the *Chakilis*, the *Moutchiers*, &c. and, lastly, the *Tzengaris*, the primitive tribe of our Bohemians and Egyptians, or the Zingari of the nations, which term still resembles the original name.

The tribe of *Tzengaris*, called also *Vangaris*, on the coast of Concan and of Malabar is nomadic. I have met them often in whole bands near the ancient and magnificent city of Visapour and in the vicinity of Bangalore and Mahissour, which we call Mysore, from a habit of disfiguring eastern names. They are in general of a dark complexion which justifies the Persian appellation of black Hindoos. Their religion, institutions, manners, and language, differ from those of other tribes of Hindoos. During a war they are addicted to pillage, carry provisions for the armies, and fill them with spies and dancers. During peace they make coarse stuffs, and deal in rice, butter, salt, opium, &c. Their women are as handsome and agreeable as the generality of Hindoos, but are very lascivious. They often carry off young girls whom they sell to natives and Europeans. They are accused of immolating human victims to their demons, and of eating human flesh. They everywhere follow the trade of errand runners and procurers; the women are fortune tellers, a business which they practise by striking on a drum in order to invoke the demon, then pronouncing, with the air of a sibyl and with rare volubility, a string of mystical words, and after having gazed at the sky and examined the lineaments of the hand of the person who consults them, they gravely predict the good or evil which is to be his destiny. The women also practise tatooing, and the figures of stars, flowers, animals, &c. which they imprint upon the skin by puncturation, and vegetable juices are ineffaceable. They live in families, and it is not rare to see father and daughter, uncle and niece, brother and sister living like beasts together. They are suspicious, liars, gamblers, drunkards, cowards, poltroons, and altogether illiterate; they despise religion, and have no other creed than the fear of evil genii and of fatality. They originated in the province of Mahrat, among the eastern Gauts.

The celebrated Cherif Eddin, assures us that Timur sullied his conquests by the massacre of 100,000 prisoners, Persians and Hindoos. The Monguls spread such terror in all parts of India, that great numbers abandoned that unhappy country. The Hindoos of the three first castes, indeed, remained firm to their country;—their religion made it a duty; but no place could retain the Soudras and Parias. They are such vagabonds that I have myself seen them in Abyssinia, in Arabia, at Tzouakem in the Persian Gulf, at Penang, at Singapore, at Malacca, at Manilla, at Celebes, at Anyer, and even in China.

Is it not natural to believe that the Tzengaris, who are so accustomed to a camp life, and excluded from Hindoo communion, should practise, or feign to practise, religion which offered them so many advantages, that they should act as spies and purveyors to the Mongul armies, and that a portion of them should accompany Timur in his long traverse through Kandahar, Persia, and Bukahra; and after passing through the Caspian and Caucasian regions and leaving behind them a train of detached families, they should have come to a stand, some in Russia, others in Asia Minor; that a second column should have passed from Kandahar into Mekran, and Irak-Arabia, and a third strayed into Syria, Palestine, and Arabia-Petrea, and should have reached Egypt by the Isthmus of Suez and thence should have passed into Mauritania?

Is it not probable that these rude travellers landed from the Black Sea and Asia Minor in Europe by the intervention of the Turks during their wars with the Greek empire; and it is equally probable that the first of them who came to Europe, sojourned in European Turkey as Aventine informs us, and proceeded thence to Wallachia and Moldavia? In 1417, they were found in Hungary, and at the conclusion of that year they were seen in Germany and Bohemia, the next year in Switzerland, and, in 1422, in Italy. Pasquier carries their origin in France,

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to 1417, and says that they styled themselves Christians from Lower Egypt, expelled thence by the Saracens, but that in reality they came from Bohemia. From France, they passed into Spain and Portugal, and afterwards, under Henry VIII., into England. Their hordes commonly consist of two or three hundred persons of both sexes.

Although it is difficult to explain how they acquired the name of Gipsies or Egyptians, it is certain they neither have an Egyptian origin, nor came from Egypt to Europe, as Crantz and Munster have proved.

Countries in which the Tzengaris are now found.

These people constitute a part of the population of all the countries of Europe and of a large portion of Asia. In Africa, they are found only in Egypt, Nubia, Abyssinia, Soudan, and Barbary. They have never appeared in America.

They are most numerous in Spain, Scotland, Ireland, Turkey, and Hungary, but especially in Transylvania, Moldavia, Wallachia, Sclavonia, Courland, Lithuania, and the Caucasian provinces.

In England they are still pretty numerous, but are found only in distant places, seldom coming into the towns excepting in small companies of two or three persons. In Germany, Sweden, and Denmark, they have become rare, as also in Switzerland and the Low Countries. In Italy, their numbers are diminished. In Spain, it is said that there are fifty or sixty thousand of them, and in Hungary, according to the best information, about fifty thousand. In Transylvania, they are the most numerous, for in a population of 1,720,000 souls there are reckoned 104,000 Tzengaris. I have no fear of exaggeration in estimating the Tzengarian population of Europe at nearly a million, in Africa, at 400,000; in India, at 1,500,000 and about 2,000,000 in all the rest of Asia, for except in Asiatic Russia, China, Siam, Annan, and Japan, they are everywhere to be found. Hence we may deem the total population of these people to be five millions.

What a painful subject of reflection is it to think of so large a portion of the human race, thrown as it were beyond the common rights of nations; so many men wandering about without any claims which can attach them to the soil, encamping in places remote from civilization: living by theft and deception, and everywhere diffused, notwithstanding the persecutions and contempt which are heaped upon them.

APOLOGUES.

(*From the German.*)

One stormy night the raging north wind exercised its strength on a lofty oak, which it levelled with the ground, where it lay with many small trees crushed beneath it. A fox, whose den was not far distant, happened to pass the next morning, "What a noble tree!" exclaimed he, "I never thought it so great while standing."

A wolf being at the point of death, cast a retrospective glance on his past life: "I am certainly a sinner," he plaintively observed, "but I trust not one of the greatest. I have doubtless committed evil; but I have also done much good. I remember that once when a lamb, which had strayed from the flock, came so near to me, that I might have devoured it with the greatest ease, I forbore to do so. About the same time I listened to the abuse of an angry sheep with the most edifying indifference, although no watch-dog was to be feared." "To all this I can bear witness," said a fox; "I recollect all the particulars. It was just at the time you suffered so much from a bone in your throat."

"How degenerate is our race in this country," said the spaniel: "In the remote part of the world which men call India, there exist genuine dogs—my brethren, you will scarcely believe me, and yet I have seen with my own eyes, dogs which will boldly attack the lion." "But do they conquer him?" inquired a grave and steady sporting dog." "Conquer him! that I cannot undertake to say; but then only think, attack a lion!" "Oh!" continued the sporting dog, "if they do not conquer him, your so highly praised Indian dogs are no way superior to ourselves; but, on the contrary, a great deal more stupid."

"Why are you so covetous of the clothing of those who pass by you," said the willow to the thorn, "of what use can they be to you?" "None whatever," answered the thorn, "I have no desire to deprive the passengers of their raiment, I only wish to tear it." W. G. C.

LINES ON THE GENEVA HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION.

(*From an American Journal.*)

AT GENEVA, SEPTEMBER 30, 1833.

Nature! how beautiful!—ah, who may gaze
On these thy gorgeous treasures round him piled,
Nor with deep fervour their Creator praise,
Perfect in all his works—pure—undefiled.

What perfumes breathe—what colours meet the eye—
The Dahlia, gem-like, in its velvet fold;
Melon and Peach, with Grapes of Tyrian dye,
The ruby Nectarine, and Quince of gold.

To grace imperial Autumn's golden reign,
The lovely Summer still her garland brings,
Wreathes his bright spoils with many a Woodbine chain—
And 'mongst his fruits, her faint sweet Roses flings.

Sunn'd in her smiles, the Lily lifts its head.
The Alcea blooms—the Oleander tow'rs—
Myrtles and Jasmines their rich perfumes shed,
And in pale radiance shine the Orange flowers.

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Blendid with Snowberries that gleam afar,
Like pearls, design'd some beauty's hair to braid,
The China-aster's many-coloured star,
In all its varied splendour stands display'd.

And like small jewels in a chaplet set,
Blooms, too, the bright Geranium and Sweet Pea—
Violets and Pansies—Daisies—Mignonette—
And the dark Pink's superb embroidery.

Nor these alone—but all that Autumn yields
Of grand or excellent in fruit and flower,
The stately growth of gardens, orchards, fields—
Tokens of Earth's full plenteousness and power.

In such a scene, oh, Nature! who may stand
Nor feel his spirit swell adoring thee!
Who crownest with blessings this, his native land,
The proud, the beautiful, the brave, the free!

MARY B.

Manners and Customs.

INDIA.

(Extracts from the Original Letters of an Officer in India.

Martaban, 18—*

BEING here, I may as well afford you some little account, as far my own observation has gone, (which, indeed, is not very far,) of a people who are but little known, and seldom heard of, in England. They are nearly white, with flat faces, and snub noses, a peculiarly handsome feature. The dress of the men does not vary from that of the generality of Indians, except in the turban, which is merely a small handkerchief, braided up with the hair, and twisted on one or other side of the head, from which the further it protrudes, the greater is the pretension of its wearer to fashion and elegance. The women wear their hair long, and twisted into a knot behind; and their costume, though not remarkably decent, is, I presume, dictated by the warmth of the climate; it consists of one long piece of linen termed a *Kummoain* tied under the arms and again round the waist, but with such arrangement as to effect in walking a complete exposure of the person. The priests, the colour of whose costume is yellow, reminded me in some respects of those of the Romish persuasion, since they never marry, and wear a rosary, which is used in the same manner by them, as by the Papists.

The men of Martaban, whom, I should also observe, are very curiously tattooed from the waist to below the knees, assemble in parties every evening in the streets to play at battledore and shuttlecock with their feet: each party stands in a circle, and the shuttlecock is passed to and fro, with great dexterity. These people are without the distinction of *caste*, and the women are not confined to the houses or locked up, as in most parts of British India. Their pride has been, since the arrival of our forces in this country, a little humbled; they imagined, I believe, that they had only to go forth to lay the whole world prostrate at their feet; and, as for Britons——but what do they say of us now? I almost fear to tell you, lest you should think I have forgotten myself:—they call us *Pya* which signifies *God*, and with this epithet use others which make me blush when I think upon them, and know myself to be but mortal man: but then again, I am a soldier, and, an Englishman!

They appear to be extremely fond of our music, and indeed their own, which is good, makes a nearer approach to it than any I have yet heard in India. Amongst their musical instruments I have noticed a violin; a lute with two strings, played on either with the fingers, or a bow; a crocodile, viz. an instrument made in the shape of that animal with three strings like an ancient lyre, stretched across the back, two of silk and one of brass, and which is also played with the fingers.

But the instrument which struck me most, and which I conceived to be the harp of Martaban, is formed in the fashion of a cat, sitting, or, perhaps, lying with her legs folded under her, and her tail brought round in a semicircle, over her back. From this tail to the back, are attached about thirteen strings; and though I do not understand much about music, I will endeavour to give you some idea of the Martaban scale. It does not, at least in the cat instrument, rise, like our gamut, entirely by semitones, (I speak of the chromatic, not the diatonic scale, of course,) but by whole tones and half, arranged somewhat in the following manner: suppose the lowest note to be D, then, D, F, A; (instead of D, *E*, F, *G*, A, as with us, and their semitones;) the fourth string, on this principle, commences with G, though by retrograde motion, and the two next will sound B and D, the seventh string again commences with C, when the two following will be E and G, and so on with the rest. I could not discover the plan of this three-stringed instrument, whose variety of tones is produced as in our violin, by the pressure of the fingers on the strings: it, however, plays in concert with the cat. The people of Martaban have also a kind of flute and flageolet, together with tom-toms and gongs.†

* Amongst numerous letters, I regret I cannot now lay my hand on that from which what follows is transcribed, in order to give the *date*.—*M. L. B.*

† If I mistake not, one, or a couple, of the harps of Martaban are to be seen in the Museum of the Royal Asiatic Society, but unstrung, and minus some of their strings. They want *one side* of the *frame* with which we find it requisite to build our harps, and without which, the *pull* upon the two to which the strings are attached, would probably break them soon: but in this, the Martaban harp so strikingly resembles the celebrated two-sided *harp of Thebes*, that, struck by the coincidence, (and not less also by that of the *three*-stringed Martaban lyre,) I was induced to send some remarks thereupon to a musical periodical; but, unfortunately, know not how they were received, and whether inserted or not, since circumstances prevented me from ever beholding a number of the work again.—*M. L. B.*

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Soldiers—Burmese and British.

When Bundoolah, the best and the bravest of his Golden Footed Majesty's generals, was shot at Donnabue, his brother, who was next in command, stepped forwards, and proposed carrying on the defence of the place. The Burmese soldiers, however, with one voice refused to obey him, politely gave him to understand that compared to his lost brother he was an idiot, and, averring that the very Prince of Victory could not stand against "the sea-born white strangers," simultaneously and *sans ceremonie* took to their heels.

Benefit of Intoxication.

During the late Burmese war, on the evening previous to an engagement, Oosenah, the governor of Martaban intoxicated himself so completely with English cherry brandy, that he was, in a state of insensibility, conveyed out of the town, and so escaped.

Military Philosophy.

You should do as I do; endeavour to make yourself perfectly happy wherever you are, and under all circumstances. I have been accustomed to the comforts and luxuries of an English home, but write at this moment from amidst Indian inconveniences, and a mud cottage which has but one room, and am yet contented. H. C. B.

ODD ELECTION.

The following extraordinary manner of electing an emperor in the island of Bissago, or Bissao, (in the Atlantic Ocean, near the western coast of Africa,) is given in a letter from an English gentleman residing on the island, to a friend of his in London.

At the death of the emperor, the best of his wives and most useful of his slaves are buried near the place where the emperor's corpse is to be intered, that they may go with him to serve and divert him in the other world. The body of the emperor is placed in a kind of coffin made of reeds, and very neatly wove. Then four of the strongest lords carry it with great solemnity to the burial-place, where, being arrived, a very whimsical ceremony succeeds; for the nobles amuse themselves for a considerable time by tossing his majesty's coffin, body and all, into the air, and catching it again without letting it fall to the ground. When they are pretty well tired of this sport, one of the great lords extends himself on the ground, at full length, the others once more throw up the coffin, body and all, but do not, as before, attempt to catch it, when the royal corpse falls on the prostrate lord, and almost beats the breath out of his body. After having thus been overwhelmed with the royal weight, the prostrate lord is immediately acknowledged emperor. It appears by this ceremony that the kingdom is elective, though one of the royal family, either the son, brother, or nephew, of the deceased, must be chosen; and you may be sure the pretenders to the crown do not fail to bribe with presents the bearers of the royal bier, who may properly enough be styled electors.

E. S——N.

The Naturalist.

THE PORTUGUESE MAN OF WAR.

By aid of the *Magazine of Natural History*, we are enabled to present the reader with a figure of this curious creature. The writer of the subsequent description is a correspondent of the above popular journal.

In Stark's *Elements of Natural History* it will be found under the division Radiata, class Acalépha: it is the Physalia, or Physalis pelagica, of *Lamarck*. When seen floating on the surface of the water, the most conspicuous part of the animal appears to be an oval subtrigonal membrane, inflated with air, having an elevated ridge running along its back like a cock's comb, strongly marked with indentations, and tinged along the summit of a beautiful rosy hue, the extremities of the inflated bladder being of a fine purple and violet colour. Underneath the membrane, and nearest to the larger extremity, are attached numerous appendages: some are very short and thick, while others are very long, many upwards of thirty inches in length. Some are straight, others twisted, and a few are spirally twisted, like the spring-wire of a bell. These appendages, according to Cuvier, form the suckers, tentacula, and ovaries, (egg-bags,) and are of a beautiful violet and blue colour, intermixed with purple. The smaller extremity is free, and the animal possesses the power of lifting it out of the water altogether—raising it aloft into the air, while the larger one is kept floating on the water by the weight of the fleshy appendages already mentioned. They have the power of contracting and dilating their membraneous bag at pleasure; and no doubt, by trimming it to the wind, make it act the part of a sail, to propel themselves through the water. "They are very often to be met with at sea," says Sir Hans Sloane; and seamen do affirm that they have very great skill in sailing, managing their bladder or sail with judgment for this purpose, according to the different winds and courses.—*Sloane's Voyage to Jamaica*, vol. i. p. 7.

Upon attentively examining the narrow or free extremity of the bladder, a small, round aperture is perceptible, surrounded by a circular zone of fibres, of a beautiful red colour, like the muscular fibres of the iris of the eye. Out of this small hole, which is not larger than would be sufficient to admit the passage

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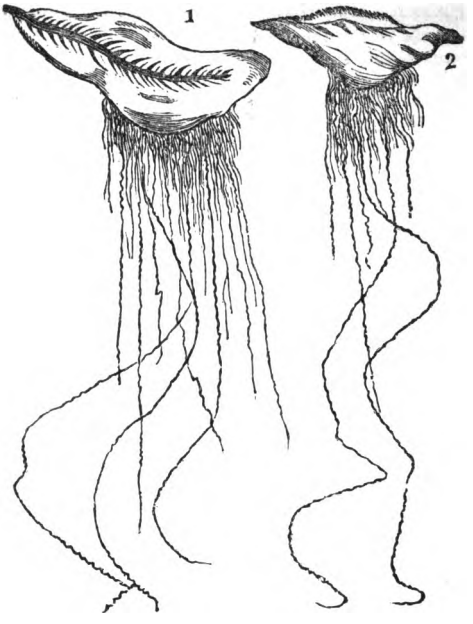

(Portuguese Man of War.)

of a very fine bristle, I squeezed the air out of the bladder. It is by this aperture that the animal, it is presumed, expels the air from the bladder, when he wishes to sink under the surface of the water; but whether he refills it by inhaling the air by this aperture, or secrets it from his blood, is not so easily determined. They possess in a high degree the stinging quality which has procured for the animals belonging to the Radiata the term sea nettles. They are also endowed with the luminous property which belongs to so many marine animals; and it is observable, when they have been numerous during the day, that the sea at night has been brilliantly illuminated.

THE STORM.

[The following, which is evidently from the hand of a close observer, is a graphic picture of the terrific phenomena of a thunderstorm:]

The commencement of the thunder-storm is indicated by the sudden accumulation in the distant horizon of a dark and ominous cloud formed by the coalescence of the cumuli which are observed to float through the regions of the atmosphere;—or, the cloud swells in magnitude on a horizontal plane without any visible cause, though the floating cumuli are seen to fall into, and be swallowed up in its vortex. The cloud whose structure has thus been reared in the air, rests on a base perfectly linear and parallel with the plane of the horizon. This base is sable and sullen, and the superstructure is composed of a series of arched clouds, tolerably well defined in their general outline, and of different degrees of shade. Sometimes there are two or more of these linear and sable planes. The whole remains for a time stationary, the winds are hushed into an unnatural calm, and the temperature of the atmosphere undergoes a remarkable change. In the meantime the cloud leaves its station in the sky, and is put in motion. The rains fall, and the lightnings flash, and the winds sometimes mingle their voices with the roar of the thunder. Again the plane of the storm-cloud becomes ragged and uneven; the well defined line no longer appears, and long, narrow strips depend from the lower surface, and appear to connect together the earth and the sky. The discharges of lightning seem at length to affect the homogeneity of the thunder-cloud, which becomes less and less dense, separates into parts, and finally dissolves, or melts into "air, thin air," unfolding to the eye of the spectator a sky without a cloud—serene and beautiful. Such are nearly the phenomena which attend the termination of the tempest in the western hemisphere. "At length a change takes place, and the storm which lately ranged so furiously, is over. The sun shines forth with renovated splendour through long extended masses of clouds, which gra-

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dually disperse toward the horizon on the north and south, assuming as in the morning, light vapoury forms, and hemming the azure basis of the firmament. A smiling, deep blue sky now gladdens the earth, and the horrors of the past are speedily forgotten. In an hour no trace of the storm is visible; the plants, dried by the warm sunbeams, rear their heads with renewed freshness, and the different kinds of animals obey, as before, their respective instincts and propensities."

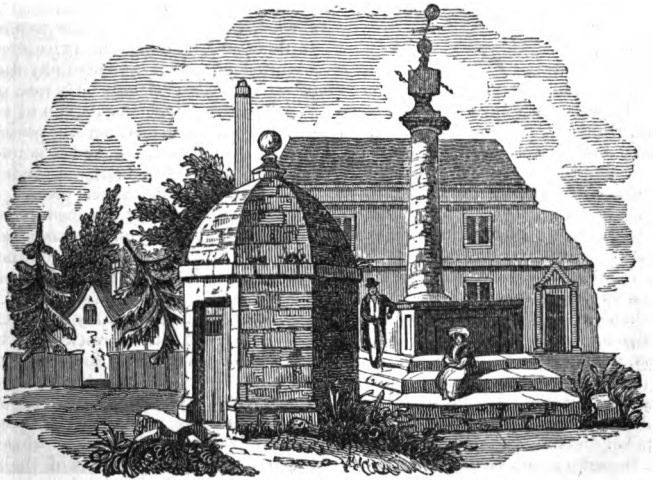
In countries within the tropics, or in lower latitudes, the lightnings are much more awful in their character than in this country. A gentleman once informed me that he had seen the thunder-cloud apparently rent in twain, and discover as it were an immense orb of lightning which seemed to burst, and shoot its arrowy shafts as from a centre, in every direction of the heavens.

The influence of the thunder-storm is usually of a limited extent, but not universally. The storm of the 30th of July, 1830, extended from Wolverhampton to Glasgow and Fife; and was said also to have embraced a part of Ireland. The simultaneous formation of storm-clouds in different parts of the heavens, and at remote distances, is not the least wonderful of these remarkable phenomena. On the 5th of June, 1784, a set of electric balls, rung with electricity, when the clouds were elevated, and no indication of rain, while a violent thunder-storm attended by a considerable fall of destructive hail, took place about fifty miles distant. That thunder-storms have an occasional extensive range, may be also infered from the following circumstances. On the 7th of October, 1831, Henry Baker was killed under an oak at Burton-on-Trent, three others were rendered for a time insensible, and one dangerously ill. On Friday after, five calves belonging to an individual near Bridgenorth, were killed under an oak, and on the same day, near Hereford, an oak was struck, the weight of which was four tons. The entire trunk and branches were rent, and scattered in all directions, in pieces about the size of a lath, and one piece about eleven feet long, was carried a distance of twenty feet. Even in the individual discharge which takes place from the storm-cloud, a very considerable range is occupied in some cases; this, however, in all probability, must be ascribed to the continuity being dislocated, and its compact and homogeneous form, divided into branches by conducting materials scattered over the space on which its shaft alights, and its powers or intensity will of course be attenuated in the ratio of that diffusion.—*Murray*.

The Topographer.

STEEPLE ASHTON.

STEEPLE ASHTON is one of the most picturesque villages of Wiltshire, about two miles south-east from Trowbridge. It consists of straggling cottages and a few respectable houses. The church is an elegant structure in the most beautiful and simple style of English architecture; and from its magnitude has the appearance of a cathedral. The living is a vicarage, and the incumbent must be unmarried. The Market-cross represented in the subjoined vignette, is erected upon a large, square basement, ascended by three steps; the shaft is round, its upper part being terminated by square mouldings supporting a sun-dial: this termination is



(*Cross at Steeple Ashton.*)

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probably an addition of comparatively modern date. We have often touched on the design of these crosses; but the following additional illustration by Mr. C. Clarke, F.S.A., may be acceptable:—"When the strongly religious bias of our ancestors is considered, with the evident fondness they had for this memorial of Christianity, which they made the ensign of every virtue, it must be easy to account for placing it in the centre for business, where so many dishonesties were most likely to be put in practice."*

* Architect. Antiq. Great Britain.

The Public Journals.

THE LATE KING OF SPAIN.

(Abridged from an amusing Paper in the New Monthly Magazine.)

THE personal history of Ferdinand VII., if ingenuously written by anybody who had lived with him from his earliest years to his decease, would be almost as interesting as the memoirs of Napoleon. It would exhibit a series of vicissitudes more romantic than any modern fabricator of fictions would dare to imagine. The eldest son of Charles IV. and of Teresa Maria Louisa, daughter of the Duke of Parma, was born at the Escurial on the 14th of October, 1784. He had not completed his forty-ninth year when he died; and yet his brief career is crowded with events, to which, perhaps, his own hand alone could have done justice. He was, in all probability, the only legitimate son of the king: his features and character furnished the strongest evidence upon that point which nature could supply. The personal biographer of the late king might find some traits in his character, which, though they could not, indeed, redeem his political transgressions, must secure him, at least, from being considered as his nefarious mother pronounced him to be—

——"Monstrum nulla virtute redemtum."

I myself have witnessed the condescension with which he attended to the petitions of the poor. Loitering one day about the palace of Madrid, which, by the way, is well worth the attention of a stranger, as one of the handsomest edifices of the kind in Europe, my attention was attracted by a number of state carriages which were proceeding towards the principal entrance. I followed them almost instinctively, and soon found myself stationed among a number of grenadier guards, who were drawn up near the lower steps of a magnificent staircase. In the passage to which the staircase opened there were seven or eight old women, with papers in their hands, ready for presentation. In a few minutes the king and queen (his third wife Amelia, of Saxony) descended, followed by a brilliant group of officers in full dress. The king wore a dark blue coat, turned up with crimson, laced with gold, white small-clothes, white silk stockings, a blue riband over his left shoulder, and a star on his breast. The queen was then little more than twenty years of age, but her pale countenance already disclosed symptoms of that broken heart which soon after found repose in the grave. Her figure, which was slight and elegantly formed, was nearly enveloped in a blue silk mantle, edged with ermine. She wore on her head a pink hat, without feathers. Her appearance contrasted strongly with that of Ferdinand, as he handed her into the carriage. It is well known that his chin and lower lip were nearly in a right line with the extremity of a nose of no ordinary dimensions. The deformity of his features was, in some degree, palliated by large mustachios. But although his figure was erect, manly, and even princely, I could not help thinking, when he took his seat by his fragile consort, of the celebrated story of "Beauty and the Beast," until I beheld him taking, with his own hand, through the still open door, the petitions of the poor people whom he called to him for the purpose. His swarthy, rude face was suddenly lighted up with an expression of kindness, which showed that he was not wholly unaccustomed to acts of a benevolent description. I know not whether any of these supplicants ever received any answer to their representations; but I saw that they were already half satisfied, at least, by what I may really call the paternal smiles of their sovereign.

This royal attention to the lower orders is a practice of an ancient date in Spain. During the prevalence of the constitution, Ferdinand was not, indeed, allowed to give audiences to inferior persons, as suspicions were entertained not without good grounds, that plots were often in preparation for effecting the escape of the royal family from Madrid to the French frontiers. But when the constitution was destroyed, the king resumed his former habits on this point, and once or twice every week admitted all persons, without any distinction of rank, to his presence. He rose generally at six, and soon after took a cup of chocolate and a cigar. His morning was passed in the apartments of the queen, and it is understood that he never was so happy in them as since they were occupied by her present majesty. He became devotedly attached to her from the moment that she gave those hopes, which were afterwards realized, of continuing his race—an object which he had always looked forward to with the utmost solicitude. He transacted business with his ministers regularly between twelve o'clock and half-past two, when he dined. He then drove out with the queen for two or three hours, after which he saw any person whom he had appointed to attend him. He supped at half-past eight, and retired early. During the whole of Ferdinand's reign, the manners of the Spanish court were extremely simple and unosten-

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tatious. He never had any avowed mistresses; indeed, after his restoration in 1814, he is said to have been without any liaison of that kind. The offices of religion were regularly performed every day in the beautiful chapel of the palace. But Ferdinand was at no time of his life impressed with the necessity of attending earnestly to that subject. He had, in this respect, more of the character of Louis XVIII. in him than of Charles X. The story of the embroidered petticoat has never been denied—so far, at least, as the presentation of such an ornament by Ferdinand to a particular church. This proceeding was, however, rather the result of his superstition, than of his religion, between which there is not only a distinction, but a wide difference. Pascal was a thoroughly religious man, without a particle of superstition. Napoleon was superstitious in the extreme; but his most republican enemies never accused him of religion.

The personal dispositions and habits of Ferdinand gave a tone of reserve and retirement to the court, which necessarily exercised an influence upon society. Brought up, I may say, a prisoner, and confined for nearly six years at Valencay, at a period of life when the character is most susceptible of permanent impressions, he was accustomed to find his pleasures and amusements within a narrow circle. He was, in truth, extremely domestic—too much so for a king. He smoked so great a number of cigars during the course of the day, that his breath was quite tainted with that unpleasant after-smell which tobacco leaves behind it. He ate also, sometimes inordinately. An over-indulgence in this way brought on the fit of apoplexy which terminated in his death. He drank very little more wine than Spaniards do in general; but it was always of the best description. For some years he had been afflicted with the gout, a complaint of which he fully availed himself, in order to delay his departure with the Cortes from Madrid to Seville, in 1823. The communication to him of the resolutions of that body for the removal of the court brought on an attack of that malady, which, according to his own report, tortured him incessantly for three weeks; but when the legislative physicians expressed an apprehension that it might, if it continued longer, lead to insanity, which would render the appointment of a regent indispensable, the disease quitted him with miraculous expedition.

Ferdinand paid little attention to the grandees of Spain. His confidential ministers were seldom selected from that class. He was partial, rather than otherwise, to *parvenus;* and felt a pleasure in raising men to office who had often little to recommend them, beyond the talents which they exhibited in administering to his private amusements. His real courtiers were frequently persons of very low birth and station. At one period of his life, the most influential man in Spain was Chamarro, who was nothing more than a buffoon; but his fantastic tricks made Ferdinand laugh immoderately, and nothing was refused to his solicitations. He was so much pleased with Montenegro, who was one of his valets at Valencay, that he appointed him intendant of the royal palaces, and bestowed upon him, moreover, abundant marks of his favour. The queen (Maria Isabella,) fully participated in the king's attachment to this servant. Happening, one day to be engaged in fastening a cross of Charles III. to a riband of that order, she desired Montenegro to hold one of the ends of the riband. He knelt on one knee for the purpose, desirous of performing her Majesty's commands in the most respectful manner. The king, suddenly entering the apartment by a private door, beheld this apparent scene of gallantry with indignation; not perceiving how Montenegro was employed, and urged by an irrepressible feeling of jealousy, he rushed past the queen and knocked him down at full length on the floor. The queen shrieked, a number of domestics immediately hastened to her assistance; in the confusion, Montenegro got up as well as he could and ran away. But when the affair was explained, Ferdinand had the grace to be ashamed of himself, and the quondam valet was raised to higher favour than ever.

Ferdinand was never believed to have entertained anything like a sincere attachment for his court companions, with the exception, perhaps, of a single instance. Lozano de Torrez, the nephew of a once well-known matchmaker of the same name in London, was the son of a carpenter at Cadiz, where, in his early days, he sold chocolate. By some accident he obtained employment in the commissariat during the war of independence; he discharged his duties with considerable ability. When the king returned to Spain, Lozano, who was then at Badajoz, addressed to him a letter full of protestations of the most devoted zeal, and of bitter complaints against the liberals. This letter was answered by an order, directing Lozano to proceed to Madrid, where he was admitted at once to Ferdinand's confidence. Lozano was the most ingenious of courtiers. He wanted nothing for himself. His whole ambition was to serve about the person of his sovereign, in whose fortunes he felt a sympathetic interest which he could not describe, the cause of which was to him inexplicable. It seemed to him as if his heart must have been framed, as it were, in the same mould with that of the king. He wore Ferdinand's portrait in his bosom, knelt before it as an idol, and appeared to live only for his royal master. Whenever his opinion was asked upon any subject, he gave it candidly, always most disinterestedly; several valuable appointments

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were offered him—he refused them all. He would rather be a lackey in the palace than captain-general of the two Castiles.

After a due course of servitude, Lozano was prevailed upon to accept the office of minister of state; that is to say, secretary for foreign affairs. Now this was a post to which, more than to any other, usage had established a certain right of succession among the members of that department,—gentlemen who had previously served abroad in a diplomatic capacity, who, of course, were acquainted with foreign languages, conversant with the whole train of pending negotiations, and experienced in official forms. Well knowing that they could not speedily be replaced, they resolved to resign in a body rather than serve under Lozano. He prudently yielded to the storm. To the astonishment of the nation the ci-devant vendor of chocolate was next appointed minister of grace and justice, which placed in his hands the entire patronage of the magistracy and the church. But he flattered the clergy, encouraged the fanatics, persecuted the liberals, terrified Ferdinand with the numerous conspiracies against the throne and the church which he daily discovered, and kept his place. A droll proof of Ferdinand's credulity, with respect to Lozano's *sympathies*, has been related by one of his biographers. The courtier was in the habit of sending a messenger every morning to inquire how the king passed the night. On one occasion the answer was, that his majesty had suffered from a severe fit of the colic. The moment Lozano heard this he ordered his carriage, posted to the palace in his dressing-gown, and demanded an audience upon business of extraordinary importance. Ferdinand, who was by this time convalescent, ordered him to be admitted. Seeing Lozano in such a dress, his face pale, and his hair in disorder, he eagerly inquired what was the matter. "Oh!" exclaimed the minister of grace and justice, "oh, senor, I have had such a terrible attack of the colic; I have been ill with it all night," and then he went on minutely detailing the symptoms (which he had *not* experienced) of that agreeable complaint. "Wonderful," cried Ferdinand; "they are precisely the pains which I have suffered myself; how very wonderful!"—"Not at all wonderful, senor," replied Lozano, "nothing certainly can happen to your majesty without happening to me also. While you were ill I was ill. Now that you are better, I feel recovered again." At length Lozano fell into disgrace, and was exiled from Madrid. Ferdinand, when his liking was over, used often to laugh at the impositions which this fellow practised upon him.

I have never seen a good portrait of Ferdinand. The artists say that it was impossible to sketch one, on account of the singular mobility of his features, sometimes sombre in the extreme, sometimes so gay and lively, that they hardly seemed to belong to the same person. Often when his brow was overcast with a shade, which deepened the habitual gloom of his shagged lips and chin, his eyes betrayed a pensive expression that made them for the moment almost beautiful. But it was "beauty sleeping in the lap of horror." He spoke generally with a nervous precipitation, indicative of the shallow source from which his thoughts emanated. He was a wrong-headed man, irascible, obstinate, and selfish. He died under the impression which he always entertained, that he was the most popular man in Spain. Perhaps he was; but he has not left a single individual in the world who laments his departure with a genuine tear.

ECHO AND SILENCE.

ECHO.

Sleepest thou, sister Silence, here,
In the dim haunt of the lonely deer,
Like the moon in her sable cloud?
So calm thy look, so still thy breath,
Like a Nun that sleepeth her sleep of death,
Wrapp'd in her holy shroud.

SILENCE.

It is not death to breathe no word—
Many the thoughts that are not heard,
That deep in the bosom burn:
There's a spirit that lives in the balmy air,
The desert cave, and the wild deer's lair,
Under the shadowy fern.

ECHO.

Awake! Awake! I bid thee awake
To the horn and hound. Through brier and brake
They dash through the quiet stream.
Hark! over the vale they proudly sweep—
Awake, awake from thy sombre sleep,
And spell of enchanted dream.

SILENCE.

Away, away with the hound and horn—
Away with the sports of the garish morn.
But there is a voice I love,
That is heard at eve in the low twilight,
Or when the moon in the blue of night
Rideth serene above.

O then bring hither some true love pair,
To breathe their vows to the gentle air,
Softly and sweet to hear.
And Echo, do thou prolong the sound,
Till it melt on the ear it cannot wound,
Of Silence reposing near.

ECHO.

Sister, repose, and around thy bed
Thy Echo a spell of awe shall spread,
To banish the prying crowd;
A holier fear in my voice shall run,
To guard where sleepeth my Sister Nun,
Veil'd in her sable shroud.

Blackwood's Magazine.

Notes of a Reader.

THE STEAM SERVICE.

The time is not yet come—but come it will—when the masts of our Royal Navy shall be unshipped, and huge, unsightly chimneys be erected in their place. The trident will be taken out of the hand of Neptune, and replaced by the effigy of a red-hot

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poker; the union-jack will look like a smoke jack; and Lambton's, Russell's, and Adair's, will be made Admirals of the Black; the forecastle will be called the Newcastle, and the cock-pit will be termed the coal-pit; a man-of-war's tender will be nothing but a Shields' collier; first lieutenants will have to attend lectures on the steam-engine, and midshipmen must take lessons as climbing boys in the art of sweeping flues. In short, the good old tune of "Rule Britannia" will give way to "Polly put the kettle on;" while the Victory, the Majestic, and the Thunderer of Great Britain will "paddle in the burn," like the Harlequin, the Dart, and the Magnet of Margate. It will be well for our song-writers to bear a wary eye to the Fleet, if they would prosper as marine poets. Some sea Gurney may get a seat at the Admiralty Board, and then farewell, a long farewell, to the old ocean imagery; marine metaphor will require a new figure-head. Flowing sheets, snowy wings, and the old comparison of a ship to a bird will become obsolete and out of date! Poetical topsails will be taken aback, and all such things as reefs and double reefs will be shaken out of song. For my own part, I cannot be sufficiently thankful that I have not sought a Helicon of salt water; or canvassed the nine muses as a writer for their Marine Library; or made Pegasus a sea-horse, when sea-horses as well as land-horses are equally likely to be superseded by steam. After such a consummation, when the sea-service, like the tea-service, will depend chiefly on boiling water, it is very doubtful whether the Fleet will be worthy of anything but plain prose. I have tried to adapt some of our popular blue ballads to the boiler, and Dibdin certainly does not steam quite so well as a potato. However, if his Sea Songs are to be in immortal use, they will have to be revised and corrected in future editions thus:

I *steamed* from the Downs in the Nancy,
My jib how she *smoked* through the breeze;
She's a vessel as tight to my fancy
As ever *boil'd* through the salt seas.

* * * * *

When up the *flue* the sailor goes,
And ventures on the *pot*.
The landsman, he no better knows,
But thinks hard is his lot.

Bold Jack with smiles each danger meets,
Weighs anchor, lights the log;
Trims up the fire, picks out the slates,
And drinks his can of grog.

* * * * *

Go, patter to lubbers and swabs do you see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
But a *Boulton and Watt* and good *Wall's-end* give me;
And it an't to a little I'll strike.

Though the tempest our *chimney* smack smooth shall down smite,
And shiver each *bundle* of wood;
Clear the wreck, *stir the fire*, and stow every thing tight,
And *boiling a gallop* we'll scud.

I have cooked Steevens's, or rather Incledon's "Storm," in the same way; but the pathos does not seem any the tenderer for stewing.

Hark, the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
By shovel, tongs, and poker, stand;
Down the scuttle quick be hauling,
Down your bellows, hand, boys, hand.
Now it freshens,—blow like blazes;
Now unto the coal-hole go;
Stir, boys, stir, don't mind black faces,
Up your ashes nimbly throw.

Ply your bellows, raise the wind, boys;
See the valve is clear, of course;
Let the paddles spin, don't mind, boys,
Though the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft a proper draft get,
Oil the engines, see all clear;
Hands up, each a sack of coal get,
Man the boiler, cheer, lads, cheer.

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring,
Peal on peal contending clash;
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes the paddles splash.
One wide water all around us,
All above one smoke-black sky;
Different deaths at once surround us!
Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

The funnel's gone! cries ev'ry tongue out;
The engineer's washed off the deck:
A leak beneath the coal-hole's sprung out,
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick, some coal, some nubbley pieces;
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold;
Plumb the boiler, speed decreases,
Four feet water getting cold.

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
We for wives or children mourn;
Alas! from hence there's no retreating:
Alas! to them there's no return.
The fire is out—we've burst the bellows,
The tinder-box is swamped below:
Heaven have mercy on poor fellows,
For only that can serve us now!

Devoutly do I hope that the kettle, though a great vocalist, will never thus appropriate the old sea songs of England. In the words of an old Greenwich pensioner, "Steaming and biling does very well for *Urn* Bay and the likes; but the craft does not look regular and shipshape to the eye of a tar who has sailed with Duncan, Howe, and Jarvis; and who would rather even go without *port* than have it through a *funnel*."—*Hood*.

REWARDS OF GENIUS.

How truly is it said, it is supposed by the generality of mankind that whatever promotes the interests of any particular class of men, will be supported by that class. Experience is opposed to that opinion. Hugh Myddleton was allowed to pursue his noble design for supplying London with water, amidst doubts and indifference, and assisted when it was too late. Watt was left unnoticed and unaided, and compelled to give his engines to the mine-owners and manufacturers, who would use them for a portion of the saving they effected. England is not the only ungrateful country. Fulton, who first stemmed the rivers of the New World, received at last some privileges, which were afterwards shamelessly cancelled, and his

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family and posterity are now in poverty on the banks of the Ohio. Many other instances might be cited. Winsor, the inventor of the system of lighting with gas, died an impoverished exile in France; and Gurney, who laboured for years to perfect locomotive engines, has been turned out of his own factory to seek his fortune elsewhere. Mr. Hancock has received indifferent treatment; and Mr. Ogle, who proved that safety and speed might be combined, has seen his factory possessed by the rich mortgagee, and been refused even to examine the vehicle he brought from Liverpool, in the establishment he had erected and supported. Mr. Babbage, too, after projecting that piece of machinery which approaches nearer than any other to the results of human intelligence, and which constitutes a *wonder of the world*, sold it to the Government for a small portion of what it cost, and then was insulted with the offer of the lowest decorative order; thus putting the same value on his labours as on those of an Alderman who brings up an Address to the Throne.—*United Service Journal.*

DESCRIPTION OF AN INDIAN PALANKEEN.

By Captain Basil Hall, R. N.

THE palankeen is about six feet long, by two and a half wide, and serves at night-time for a bed, in the day-time for a parlour In the front part of the interior is fitted a broad shelf, underneath which a drawer pulls out, and over the shelf a net is stretched such as we see in travelling carriages. In the after-part, as a sailor would call it, there is generally fixed a shelf for books, a net for fruit, or any loose articles, and hooks for hats, caps, towels, and other things. There are two doors, or sliding partitions, in each side, fitted with Venetian blinds in the upper panel, and in each end of the palankeen are placed two little windows. Many travellers choose to have a lamp fixed in one corner, with a glass face turned inwards, but trimmed from without, for reading or for sleeping by. The bottom, or seat, is made of strips of rattan, like that of a chair, over which is laid a light elastic mattrass, made either of horse-hair, or, which is still better, I believe, of the small shavings used in dressing the bamboo and rattan. Across the palankeen, at the distance of a foot and a half from the end, is hung a flat square cushion, buttoned tightly from side to side, for the traveller's back to rest against; while his feet are prevented from slipping forwards by a cross-bar, similar in principle to the stretchers in a boat, against which the rowers plant their feet. This bar which slides up and down in slits cut at the sides of the palankeen, is capable of being shifted nearer to or farther from the end, according to the length of the voyager's legs, or to his choice of position. In the space behind the cushion, or rest for the back, are stowed away, in the day-time, the sheets, blankets, pillow, and other night-things; and in the net above, two or three changes of clothes, in case of any accident separating the traveller from his heavy baggage. In the drawers may be kept shaving articles, and such nick-knacks as a compass, thermometer, sketch-book. On the shelf behind, a few books, among which, of course, will be found a road-book and a Hindustanee vocabulary, jostling with a tea-pot and sugar-canister. Under the mattrass an infinity of small things may be hid, provided they be flattish. In each corner of this moving house are placed little round sockets for bottles and glasses. Many other odds and ends of comforts and conveniences suggest themselves as the journey advances, or may be found cut and dry in expensive palankeens. I speak merely of what mine possessed, and it was a very ordinary affair,—cheap and strong, and not too heavy. Along the top, on the outside, is laid a wax cloth cover, which, when not in use, is rolled up; but in rainy weather, or when the night-air becomes chill, this cloth is let so loose as to envelope the whole palankeen. At each end there is fixed a single, strong, smooth bar, which rests on the bearers' shoulders. This pole which is somewhat thicker than a man's arm, is possessed of none of the elasticity which gives such an unpleasant motion to a sedan chair, being secured tightly to the corners of the palankeen by iron rods. To one of these poles there is generally suspended a beautifully-shaped rattan basket, holding a goglet, or water-pitcher; which is still farther defended from injury by an open tracery of split rattans, resembling not a little the work in relief on the buttresses and pinnacles of Henry VII.'s chapel in Westminster Abbey. This goglet is hung in front, that the dew which exudes from its pores may be evaporated by the current of air it encounters as the bearers move on: and thus, even in the hottest weather, a cool draught of water may always be obtained. Under the pole behind are hung a tea-kettle, coffee-pot, and a curious but useful kind of wash-hand basin, imported from China, of a cylindrical shape, made of wood highly varnished.

A stranger, or griffin, as he is called, on first getting into a palankeen at Madras, is naturally much alarmed, and often rather distressed, at the hideous sounds made by the bearers, as he naturally fancies the men must be suffering dreadfully under their load. There have been instances of Johnny Newcomes so prodigiously sensitive or spooney, as actually to get out and walk in the sun, to the particular amusement of the bearers, who, it is alleged, make their yells doubly horrible when they fancy they have caught a griffin. I do confess that, at first, it feels a

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little queer to be carried along on men's shoulders; but this is a great waste of sympathy, inasmuch as every man so carrying you is not only a servant at will, but a very well-paid, contented servant, and one of a caste whose greatest pleasure and anxiety is to be so employed—who makes money by it, and saves it, and buys land, and becomes in time a gentleman in his way. I never remember to have heard the brawny Highlanders, who carry people about in chairs in Edinburgh, Bath, and elsewhere, accused of any extra servility, because they lifted the box containing their employer, instead of driving the horses which dragged the carriage holding the same personages. In short, all these matters turn on usage; and the deuce is in it if the parties most concerned are not the best judges of what, upon the whole, is most to their mind. But the fashion now-a-days is to cram compassion down contented people's throats, and in the true spirit of the philosophers of Laputa, or the needy knife-grinder's friend in the *Antijacobin*, to make happy men miserable, in order that they may be re-converted to happiness by some patent general principle—an invaluable process, always best known, it would appear, to those who are personally ignorant of all the practical details of the subject.

FULCHER'S SUDBURY POCKET BOOK FOR 1834.

THIS elegant and unexpensive annual, (for it is as much an annual as any of its extravagant compeers,) continues to improve. It is just what it professes to be—a Lady's Memorandum Book and Poetical Miscellany.—Among the improvements should be mentioned a Botanical Calendar, with a general summary of the Wild Flowers in the neighbourhood of Sudbury. By way of specimen, we take the following Calendar of November, spread in lines through the Memorandum leaves of the month:

"The beauty of the decaying foliage in our woods and hedges, however, almost compensates us for the loss of our summer flowers. The beech, the oak, the ash, and the chestnut, with their varied tints of glowing orange and sober brown, intermingled with the shining leaves of the evergreen ivy, present a scene which, for grandeur and beauty, might vie with the gorgeous hues of the departed summer. This is the season in which the botanist turns his attention to the cryptogamœ, and in the absence of flowers, the numerous family of lichens will furnish him with ample employment during the winter months. There are about 350 species of British lichens already described, many of them strikingly beautiful, particularly the common cup lichen (Lichen Pyxidatus,) the fructification of which resembles drinking glasses. It is easily procured in damp, shady lanes, and is well known by the familiar name of 'Cup Moss.' There are few 'Cullers of Simples' who are not prepared with a lengthened history of its virtues in curing the hooping cough! A still more beautiful specimen is the Scarlet Cup Lichen (Lichen Coccifera), which is found plentifully in woods or on heaths in dry sandy places, appearing to most advantage in the wet wintry months. It is somewhat similar to the Lichen Pyxidatus, but the margins of its thick tubular stems are covered with tubercles of the most brilliant scarlet, which are said to dye wool and silk of a beautiful colour. Another of the cup-bearing lichens, the Daisy Flowered Cup Lichen (Lichen bellidiflorus), is also exquisitely beautiful: this, however, is a rare plant with us, though plentiful on Ben Nevis, in Scotland."

From the Poetical Miscellany (original) we select the following lines from Stanzas on a Snuff-box, made out of a piece of oak, from the Round Tower at Windsor. By Bernard Barton.

Relique of Windsor's ancient keep,
How many a mystic spell is thine,
From dark oblivion's dreamless sleep
To wake, in Lovers of the Nine,
Thoughts which the heart may well enshrine
Among its fondly-cherish'd things;
With many a gem from Memory's mine
That round it its own brightness flings.

* * * * * *

Hence, Lady, with no thankless heart
Would I accept this gift of thine,
Because a thought it may impart,
Of SURRY, and his GERALDINE!
And of that votary of the Nine,
The *princely* JAMES, in captive guise
A two-fold victim doom'd to pine,
'Neath HENRY'S power and BEAUFORT'S eyes.

The "Village Chit-chat," by G. W. F., the editor, is doubtless from the life. The Engravings of picturesque scenes, in the vicinity of Sudbury, are very prettily executed.

The Gatherer.

Curious Stones.—The ancients tell us of a stone found in Arabia, of the colour of iron, the quality of which they say was, that when once heated red-hot, it would never grow cold again. There are stones in England, that when once heated, will retain warmth for a long time; but all the other accounts seem groundless. The warming-stone used in Cornwall and Yorkshire, to lay at the feet of people's beds, will retain warmth eight or ten hours; and there is a sort of red stone, cut out of the salt mountains near Cordova, and formed into broad tiles, called *ruggiolos* by the Italians, which being once well heated, will retain a sensible warmth twenty-four hours. But these do not come up to the qualities of this imaginary stone of the ancients, the accounts of which must be fabulous.

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Bubb Dodington.—His taste was outrageously bad, in his houses and their embellishments, as well as his dress. His great bedchamber at Eastberry was hung with rich red velvet; his crest, an eagle supporting a hunting horn, cut out of gilt leather, was pasted on all the panels; and the bedside carpet was a splendid patchwork of his old embroidered pocket-flaps and cuffs. The turf in front of his mansion at Hammersmith, subsequently called Brandenburgh-house, was ornamented with his crest in pebbles; he had a fire-place decorated with mock icicles; a purple and orange bed crowned by a dome of peacock's feathers; a marble door, supported by columns of lapis lazuli, leading to a gallery (filled with statues), which, although not on the ground-floor, was paved with marble; and a large obelisk, in the approach to his house, surmounted by an urn of bronze, containing the heart of his wife.—*Georgian Era.*

Curran's Duelling.—Four times was the intrepid spirit of Curran dared to the field in a duel; but even there he could not refrain from indulging his wonted humour. On one of these occasions, when he fought Mr. St. Leger, the other demanding which was to fire first, Curran answered, "that he came as a guest merely; it was for St. Leger himself to open the ball, since he gave the invitation;" next seeing that St. Leger presented the pistol wide of the mark, Curran gave him the word of command to fire, which the other obeyed, without any mischief of course; when Curran discharging his pistol in the air, the affair ended. Another duel which he had with the lord chancellor Clare was equally unproductive in incident. For (as he used to tell the story himself) "though both the combatants discharged two very long cases of pistols at each other, neither of them were killed, wounded, satisfied, or reconciled; nor did either of them express the least wish to prolong the engagement." In Curran's last illness, his physician having remarked early one morning, that he coughed with much difficulty: "That is rather surprising," answered Curran, "since I have been practising all night." And, not long before, having received a slight apoplectic shock, and his physician telling him not to mind it—it would pass away; "I am to understand it, then," said Curran, "only as a boyish runaway knock at the door—eh?" A few days before his death, he was taking an airing with some friends, and as the state of his health would only allow the carriage to proceed at a very slow rate, a cow that was grazing by the roadside put her head in at the coach window. "What a very curious circumstance," exclaimed one of the gentlemen. "Not at all, Sir," replied Curran, "she knew you were Irish, and was looking for a *bull.*" W. G. C.

Ancient Dainty.—The porpus was once considered as a sumptuous article of food in this country, and was oftentimes introduced to the tables of the English nobility, even so late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It was eaten with a sauce composed of the crumbs of fine bread with sugar and vinegar. In the present day the porpus is an object of capture only for the sake of its oil.—Was not this a *dainty dish* to set before the *Queen?* P. T. W.

Knotty Point.—Soon after Curran was called to the bar, while going circuit, he met with an English gentleman in a stage-coach, proceeding on business to Cork, and as they passed near a fair held in an adjacent field, two factions were fighting desperately with cudgels, on which the stranger said, "In the name of heaven what is all this about?" To which Curran answered, "Oh, nothing but some harmless countrymen amusing themselves with a *lecture on heads.*"

Galley Quay and Galley Halfpence.—Galley halfpence were a kind of coin, which, with *suskins* and *doitkins*, were forbidden by the statute Henry V., cap. 1. It is said they were brought into this kingdom by the Genoese merchants, who, trading hither in galleys, lived commonly in a lane near Tower-street, and were called galley men; landing their goods at Galley Quay, and trading with their own small silver coin, termed galley halfpence. P. T. W.

Scotch Mistake.—It is recorded of Curran, that going to his inn early one summer morning, after a long sitting with some friends in Glasgow, he observed a man sound asleep in the kennel, his upturned face gilded with the rays of the newly-risen sun. Curran awoke the sleeper, who, like himself, had been indulging rather freely on the previous night, and had no recollection of taking up the position in which he was found. After the first surprise was over, he thrust his hand into his pocket, where he found a quantity of small change; on discovering which, with a face of the utmost compunction and alarm, he exclaimed, "Gude guide us! hae I been sae far left to mysel' as to change a note."
W. G. C.

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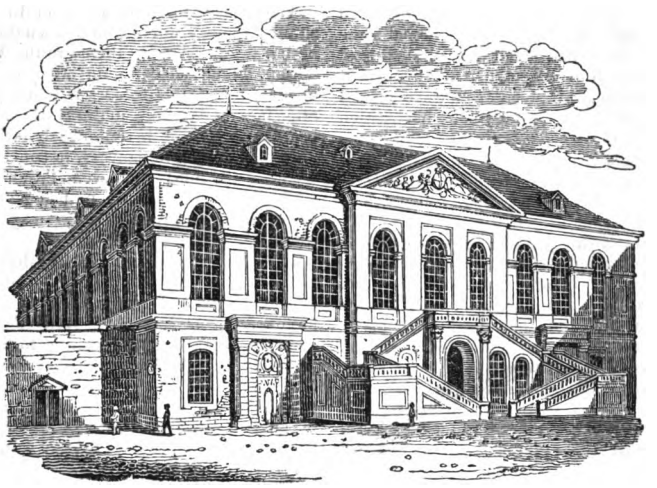
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

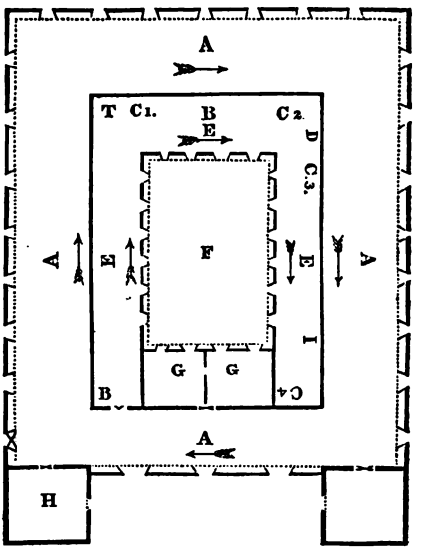
No. 635.] SATURDAY. NOVEMBER 30, 1833. [Price 2d.



THE DRESDEN PICTURE GALLERY.

This celebrated gallery of paintings has, for the last eighty years, given to Dresden, above every other fair city in Germany, the reputation of being the favoured seat of the fine arts. It contains one of the finest collections in the world; independently of which, its unique arrangement is especially interesting at the present moment, when the erection of a National Gallery of Art in our own country renders desirable a better acquaintance with the galleries of the continent: for, as "thinking nurseth thinking," so an extended knowledge of the most splendid works of art is likely to lead to a more just appreciation of every class of its productions.*

The Gallery before us, or the *Bilder Gallerie*, as the Saxons call it, is situated not far from the Royal Château, with its front towards the New Market, a very large open space, surrounded by lofty and curious buildings, with the church of Nôtre Dame at one end of it. The royal family have a ready access to it through that part of the Château which fronts the bridge, and crosses the principal street of the old town, over an archway. The annexed view of the Gallery is from the New Market.



(*Plan of the Gallery.*)

The present building was not completed until 1747, under Augustus III.; but it was begun by Augustus II. after that prince had

* During the last Session of Parliament, when it was proposed to fit up Whitehall Chapel for the reception of the "National" pictures from Pall Mall, the Dresden gallery was refered to for certain of the requisite alterations.

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succeeded in procuring the superb gallery of pictures at Modena, containing, among other productions, the principal *chef-d'œuvres* of Correggio. Before this time, the collections of the ancient masters possessed by the Electors of Saxony, were scattered in several of the royal towns and country residences, and had never been brought together. In 1817, the late King of Saxony ordered some packages, that had been left undisturbed since the death of Augustus, to be opened, when it was found that they contained several very fine pictures of the Flemish school, which were added to those already in the gallery: some changes were also made in the internal arrangement, and a new classification, according to masters, or individual schools, was adopted.

The form of this precious *depôt* is that of two concentric parallelograms, or one parallelogram within another, attached to which are two smaller rooms; the one of which contains a collection of paintings in pastel crayons; the other serves for the studio of the professor, or curator of the pictures.

To understand this unique arrangement, the reader will be pleased to cast his eye over the accompanying plan of the gallery, and the subjoined explanations:

B. Magdalen of Battoni.
T. Venus of Titian.
C 1. St. Francis of Correggio.
C 2. Magdalen of Correggio.
D. St. Cecilia of Carlo Dolce.
C 3. St. George of Correggio.
C 4. St. Sebastian of Correggio.
R. Madonna di St. Sisto of Raffaello.
The Arrow. Direction of the progressive numbers in the catalogue of the Gallery.
A. The Exterior, or Foreign Gallery.
E. The Interior, or Italian Gallery.
F. Inner Court.
G. Staircases and Entrances.
H. Pastel Gallery.
I. La Notte.

The contrivance of two concentric galleries has afforded an opportunity of displaying a large number of the best paintings in a favourable light, which proceeds from immensely lofty and wide windows, and may be regulated by means of blinds at pleasure. The spaces between these windows, called pilasters, are occupied by pictures of inferior merit. The external gallery is lighted from windows which look into the street. It has four extensive walls exposed to that light, the whole surface of which, up to the very ceiling, is occupied by the productions of Dutch, Flemish, German, French, and some few Italian masters. It is remarkable that there is not in the whole gallery a single production of English artists. The internal gallery, naturally smaller, though equally lofty, and of the same ample breadth, receives light from windows of a similar form and magnitude, looking into the central square court of the building. Three of its sides exposed, as was remarked in the outer gallery, to a favourable, strong, and yet manageable light, are like those of the former, literally covered with pictures; so that, in fact, the same wall has its two surfaces covered with paintings. This inner gallery may be truly said to contain the brightest jewels of the art of painting.

We proceed to notice a few of these treasures, although our limits will enable us to be but brief. Among them are the Venus of Titian, which yields to no other production of that enchanting master. It is not possible, after having carefully analyzed the thousand beauties which are here profusely lavished on a few square feet of canvass, to conceive for a moment the idea that even Titian himself could do better. It is pulpy, undulating, round, prominent, inspiring — nay, almost warm to the touch.

The pencil of Correggio has contributed six pictures, in which his progress in the art may be recognised. Among these is the celebrated *Notte*, or Night. "Where," observes a recent tourist, "is the painter to be found, since the revival of the art, that has shown the magic of colouring like Correggio in this inimitable piece? Who is there, that, in reflecting on this composition, does not feel himself insensibly led to join in the adoration of the Infant Saviour, whose coruscations of celestial glory serve equally to light up the most interesting objects of the picture, and to cast others and the most remote into awful obscurity?" Another of Correggio's is the exquisite little cabinet picture of the reading Magdalen, which, with its delightful finish, secures to the painter the same meed of praise for grace as the Night does for grandeur. The Magdalen is kept under glass: the price paid for it was 13,000 ducats (6,500*l.* sterling.) It has been in this gallery upwards of eighty years.

Next is the Penitent Magdalen of Pompeo, Girolamo Battoni, in which it is not easy to determine whether the artist has most excelled in design, composition, colouring, drawing, or the selection and management of the accessories of this his masterpiece. This picture was painted about a hundred years since. The fair sinner is represented of the natural size, retired from the world, seated on the ground, with a rocky cavern, and reading or meditating on the contents of a book which is lying before her. Her head is bent gracefully forward, and the upper part of the body is somewhat erect. In this posture, her long tresses have fallen like streams of gold over her bosom, to which they serve as the only covering; the hands are united and placed before the volume, so that the weight of the bust seems gently to rest upon them. This attitude of the fair penitent is selected to display its most feminine and gorgeous beauties. Many copies of this picture have been made.

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Raphael's Madonna di St. Sisto, and Correggio's St. Francesco are the next treasures in the collection. The Madonna of Raphael has been described as a picture "which shines inimitable on earth," and "gold could not now purchase" such a painting. It has been said: "The Madonna of St. Francesco of Correggio is in every way worthy of being placed by the side of that of Raphael. The Mother of our Saviour, seated on an elevated throne, is holding her infant on her knees, and seems to wish to bless with her right hand St. Francis, who kneels by her side, looking up to the Virgin in trembling adoration. Behind him is the figure of St. Anthony, holding a book and the symbol of purity in his hand; while on the opposite side St. John the Baptist looks stedfastly at the spectator, as if he wished to direct his attention to the infant Jesus. In the back-ground is St. Catherine, pressing her foot on the instrument of her martyrdom; and in front of the pedestal which supports the throne, a bas-relief represents the creation and fall of man. The head of St. Catherine and of St. Francis are perfectly *à la Raphael*. That of the Virgin, surrounded by a dazzling atmosphere, is lovely. In representing perfect human beauty, Correggio has surpassed the painter of Urbino. But the feature in this composition that attracts the same degree of attention, which the cherubs placed at the bottom of Raphael's painting never fail to command, is the loveliness of two angels, equipoised in the air, but without wings, and above the head of the Virgin, gliding gently, and horizontally, with their little forms, through the elastic medium around the *glory* of the mother of Christ. You behold them flutter in the air, and the cherub on the left of the head of the Virgin, if the eye be confined to that part for a minute, seems actually to advance out of the canvass towards the spectator."

The famed St. Cecilia of Carlo Dolce is also here: it was purchased at Paris, about one hundred and twenty years since. Here is also an Andrea del Sarto, on panel, more than 7½ feet high. Abraham stands in the act of offering his only son in holocaust to his God. This painting was sent by the artist to Francis II. of France, as a peace-offering, when that sovereign was irritated against the Florentine painter: it was refused by the monarch, returned from Paris, and then placed in the gallery of Modena. The *pendant* to the Ecce Homo of Carlo Dolce, the institution of the Sacrament of the Eucharist, claims attention on account of its perfect preservation. An exquisite performance of Dosso Dossi, on panel, deserves especial notice. Jesus preaching in the Temple to the Doctors, among whom appear the Holy Mother and Joseph, as witnesses of his eloquence, and in perfect astonishment, yet pleased at having found their stray child. The grouping and variety of countenances observed in this painting, are only equalled by its wonderful colours, and the general tone of its keeping. Such is the mastery of colour and distribution of light among the doctors, that the eye, in a certain position, freely ranges around and between each, as if the figures were represented in *alto relievo*. The expression of the countenance of the Saviour is worthy of the pencil of Raphael.

But we must be chary of our space, and can only enumerate a few more selections from this magnificent collection: as three Ruysdaels, particularly his *Chasse* and the Waterfall; the *Chasse au Lion*, by Rubens; the *Fête du Village*, by Teniers; some exquisite Gerard Dows, especially the Mending of the Pen; two Nicolas Poussins, and above all, his Narcissus; the Silence of le Brun; several battle-pieces by Wouvermans; two Claudes, the Acis and Galathea, and the Flight into Egypt; the Danaë of Vandyke; the Feast of Ahasuerus, by Rembrandt; and finally, the Prodigal Son, by Jordaens; with many others of great merit and beauty.

The pictures are not numbered in either gallery, nor are they placed precisely according to schools in the inner one, but according to size, the largest being placed at the top. Owing, however, to the great height of the gallery, even the largest are too far removed for inspection. In the external gallery, as a great many of them are cabinet pictures, and of uniform size, all the productions of the same master have been grouped together as much as possible. In order to enable the visiter to find out the name of the artist and subject according to the catalogue, the skirting of the wall below the pictures has been divided by perpendicular lines, into compartments of a size corresponding with the number and size of the pictures contained in each division. These divisions are numbered, from one upwards, with Roman numbers. A scheme of the disposition of the pictures in each compartment is drawn on paper, framed and glazed; in which the names of the artist are inserted, and the respective locality they occupy in reality, with a number affixed to them, which refers to that in the catalogue.

Of this superb collection, not a single painting was touched by the French. During the first years of the revolutionary wars, the pictures were transported to the impregnable fortress of Konigstein, and afterwards restored to their former situation.

To sum up, the Dresden Gallery contains 1,400 pictures, one third of which are by the most classical painters of the ancient Italian schools, and some among these *chef-d'œuvres* without parallels in Europe. It boasts among its number:

A Raphael, of the first class.	15 Guercino.
A Da Vinci.	4 Liberi.
13 Titian.	4 Parmegiano.

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6 Correggio.
2 Jean Bellini.
3 Giulio Romano.
15 Paul Veronese.
8 Annibal Carracci.
5 Caravaggio.
3 Carlo Dolce.
11 Guido.
11 Albano.
17 Luca Giordano
2 Giorgione.
9 N. Poussin.
3 Potter.
20 Rembrandt.
11 Spagnoletto.
1 Murillo.
7 Palma.
1 Salvator Rosa.
1 Pietro da Cortona.
4 Andrea del Sarto.
6 Tintoreto, and
2 Sasso Ferrata.
Besides
39 Rubens.
21 Vandyke.
16 Mengs.
3 Claude.
13 Ruysdaels.
27 Dietrich.
31 J. Breugel.
21 Teniers, and
55 Wouvermans!

We have condensed these details of the Dresden Gallery from twenty pages of Dr. Granville's valuable *Travels* in 1827; whence also the illustrative cuts have been copied. The Doctor writes with the true enthusiasm of an adorer of art, and concludes his account with asking "who, after leaving this heaven of art, can feel courage to visit a royal palace, an armoury, or even a ducal treasure? How insipid and uninteresting even the finest apartment, the oldest cuirass, or the largest diamond, must appear to the traveller in such a circumstance!"

HYMN.

BY THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

[The following hymn, which is stated to have been written by Lord Brougham some years ago, appeared in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, December, 24, 1831.]

W. G. C.

"There is a God," all nature cries:
A thousand tongues proclaim
His arm almighty, mind all wise,
And bid each voice in chorus rise
To magnify his name.

Thy name, great Nature's Sire divine
Assiduous we adore;
Rejecting godheads, at whose shrine
Benighted nations, blood and wine
In vain libations pour.

You countless worlds in boundless space,
Myriads of miles each hour
Their mighty orbs as curious trace,
As the blue circle studs the face
Of that enamell'd flower.

But Thou, too, mad'st that floweret gay
To glitter in the dawn;
The hand that fir'd the lamp of day,
The blazing comet launch'd away,
Painted the velvet lawn.

"As falls a sparrow to the ground,
Obedient to thy will."
By the same law those globes wheel round
Each drawing each, yet all still found
In one eternal system bound,
One order to fulfil.

HISTORY OF STOCKINGS.

We are told that Henry II. of France was the first who wore silk stockings, at his sister's wedding to the Duke of Savoy, in 1509. Howell, in his *History of the World*, says, that in 1560, Queen Elizabeth was presented with a pair of black silk knit stockings, by her silk-woman, Mrs. Montague, and she never wore cloth ones any more. He also adds, that Henry VIII. wore ordinarily cloth hose, except there came from Spain, by great chance, a pair of silk stockings. His son, King Edward VI., was presented with a pair of long Spanish silk stockings, by Sir Thomas Gresham, and the present was then taken much notice of: hence, it would seem, that the invention of knit stockings originally came from Spain.

Anderson tells us—others relate that one William Rider, an apprentice on London Bridge, seeing at the house of an Italian merchant a pair of knit stockings, from Mantua, took the hint, and made a pair exactly like them, which he presented to William, Earl of Pembroke, and that they were the first of that kind worn in England.

There have been various opinions with respect to the original invention of the stocking-frame, but it is now generally acknowledged that it was invented in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in the year 1589, by William Lee, M.A. of St John's College, in Cambridge—a native of Woodborough, near Nottingham.

In the *London Magazine*, vol. iv. p. 337, we are told that this gentleman was expelled the University for marrying contrary to the statutes of the College. Being thus rejected and ignorant of any other means of subsistence, he was reduced to the necessity of living upon what his wife could earn by knitting of stockings, which gave a spur to his invention; and by curiously observing the working of the needles in knitting he formed in his mind the model of the frame, which has proved of such singular advantage to that branch of our manufactures. Mr. Lee went to France, and for want of patronage there and in this country, died of a broken heart, at Paris.

The Frame-work Knitters' Company was incorporated by Charles II., 1663. In their Hall is the portrait of Lee, pointing to one of the iron frames, and discoursing with a woman, who is knitting with needles and her fingers.—*See Anderson, Howell, Hatton, &c.*

P. T. W.

RISE OF MANUFACTURES IN LONDON.

In the year 1327, the Skinners were a numerous and rich class of citizens, manufacturing "sables, lucerns, and other rich furs." Cloth-workers, of different kinds, were also noted for the excellence of their goods. In 1556, a manufactory for the finer sort of glasses was established in Crutched Friars; and flint glass, not exceeded by that of Venice, was at the same time made at the Savoy. A manufacture of knives was shortly after begun, by Thomas Matthews, of Fleet-street. In the early period of the reign of Queen

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Elizabeth, John Rose, dwelling in Bridewell, devised and made an instrument with wire strings, called the bandora; and he left a son, far excelling him in making bandoras, *viols de gamboles*, and other instruments. Coaches were introduced in 1564, and in less than twenty years, became an article of great manufacture. The following year the manufacture of pins was established, and shortly after that of needles. The art of making earthen furnaces, earthen fire-pots, and earthen ovens, began about the tenth year of Elizabeth — one Richard Dyer, an Englishman, having brought the secret from Spain. Women's muffs, masks, buffs, fans, bodkins, and perriwigs, were introduced and made in London shortly after the massacre at Paris, in the year 1572. In 1577, pocket-watches were brought from Nuremberg, in Germany, and the manufacture of them almost immediately commenced. In the reign of King Charles I., saltpetre was made in such quantity, as not only to supply all England, but the greater part of the continent. The manufactures of silk had likewise become extremely prevalent, as well as the manufacture of various silver articles. The printing of calicoes commenced here in the year 1676; and about the same time, the weaver's loom was introduced from Holland. The revocation of the edict of Nantes, in 1685, having driven many Frenchmen from their native land, numbers came over to England, and settled in Spitalfields, and improved our silk manufactures: since which London manufactures of all kinds have increased to a wonderful extent. P. T. W.

The Topographer.

HERNE BAY.

(Abridged from the Magazine of the Fine Arts.)

I HAD resolved to visit Herne Bay, partly because of olden time that spot was familiar to me, and partly for reasons which may afterwards appear. In compliance with this resolution, I bent my steps to the St. Katherine's Dock, and found myself pacing the deck of a steam-boat, and awaiting with some degree of impatience, the ringing of the bell, which was to separate me, for awhile, from the metropolis and its accompanying cares. To me everything was interesting; the river and its attendant scenery, though previously well known, was viewed again with increased delight. I could not but dwell on its cultivated green banks, as we passed rapidly by them, until they were separated far from each other, and I turned from them to look upon the broad ocean, with its dark-blue waves rolling sullenly around me. We passed over the scene of the once formidable mutiny, but all was peace, for many a heart which once beat high in stubborn rebellion, had long since been insensible to everything earthly. The red cross floated like a meteor on the wind from the fore-top-gallant-mast head of the admiral's ship, a beautiful symbol, which has flown triumphant in every corner of the globe, has shone upon the fields of France, and fanned the breezes of the Holy Land. We arrived at the place of our destination; but how altered its appearance from that which it bore a few years back!

Herne Bay takes its name, according to some writers, from the number of herons which once frequented the neighbourhood, though Hasted, in his History of Kent, says that it is derived from the Saxon Hyrne or Hvrne, a nook or corner. It is somewhat altered since old Leland's time, as regards fish, which is dear, however plentiful it may be; he says, "Heron ys iii good myles fro Whitstaple, were men take good muscles, cawled stake-muscles, yt stondeth dim. 2 myle fro the mayne shore, and ther ys good pitching of nettes for mullettes." The newly-built pier is a fine piece of timber work, and extends three-fourths of a mile into the sea; the entrance to it from the land is guarded by a parapet, which once stood on old London Bridge. The bathing is good, and the place altogether calculated to confer health and comfort on its visitants.

On the Sunday after my arrival, I commenced a long intended pilgrimage to the ancient church of Herne. My path lay through the corn fields, the country around me was beautiful, deeply shaded woods overhung the scene, amid which the old tower arose in simple grandeur. I could not help feeling as I walked, that there were moments in life, when the consideration of worldly matter is irrelevant and altogether unsuitable; moments, when the mind soars to higher flights, while man and his soul hold beautiful communion. What greater delight could there be than so to approach the house of prayer!—Who, as he walked, could gaze upon the landscape around him, where Nature reigned in all her loveliness, and hesitate to pour forth the gratitude from his bosom, while he contemplated the glorious garden which the Lord of Light and Life has so bountifully adorned for his passage here!—But such were not the only motives which tended to heighten my interest in what I saw; the old church, towards which I was approaching, had been once the charge of the goodly martyr Ridley. I passed the house where he had dwelt, and dedicated his days to God. It was here, in 1545, that in retirement and by study, he became assured of the absurdity of the doctrine of transubstantiation; for, having perused a small treatise, written at the request of Charles the Bald, in 840, by Bertram or Ratramus, a monk of Cologne, and published in that city in 1532, he was so satisfied that his doctrine was true, and

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ree from any change of novelty, that he convinced Cranmer, with whom he was in course of intimacy, and who lived at the neighbouring palace of Ford, and by his means Latimer also; and thus, to use the figurative language of the times, did these three worthies "lay the axe unto the very root of popery." The church is a very ancient structure, and appears by its architecture, to have been built about the time of Henry III.; the tower and leading features being fine specimens of what architects denominate, the early English style. The tower, however, has decorated windows inserted. There is a fine early English door at the west end of the nave, and the aisles of the church are embattled. This edifice is dedicated to St. Martin, and consists of a nave, side aisles, and three chancels; its length is about 113 feet, and the breadth 59. The nave is 33 feet high, and is divided from both aisles by several very noble arches. The whole aspect of the interior of the church is venerable in the highest degree, and the great five-light window at the west end of the nave so splendid a specimen of the perpendicular, that the erection of a "gallery for visiters," which is before it, is much to be deplored by the antiquary, however convenient it may be for the chance frequenter of the church. I observed several remnants of painted glass in the windows, but none worthy particular notice. The font appears to be very ancient: it is very elegantly formed, and has various coats of arms emblazoned on it, but they are so obscured by the nullifying demon of white-wash, as to be almost unintelligible. In the chancel, at the east end of the nave, are several ancient wooden stalls, with quaint and curious carvings; one of them has an eagle or griffin most expressively portrayed; there can be but little doubt that these seats were occupied by the ministers of the Popish Church, and this hypothesis receives support from the fact, that all the chancels have been evidently separated from the nave and aisles by a carved oaken screen, which kept the people from the sanctum. This screen still remains in the north and south chancels, although no longer making any distinction in the nave. There are many brasses and monuments in the church, highly deserving the antiquary's attention: of the former, are several in the north chancel, with inscriptions and figures, generally speaking, well preserved. There is one in a very antique dress, with a gold chain, and the black-letter inscription exhorts us earnestly to pray for the soul of the Lady Christina Philip, who was wife of Matthew Philip, goldsmith, and Lord Mayor of London, 1463, and died 21st of May, 1470.

This Sir Matthew Phelp, or Philip, succeeded Thomas Cooke, as Lord Mayor of London, 1463, and, according to Weever, was knighted on the field, 1471, together with his successor, Sir Rauf Josselyne, Sir Henry Weever, and others.

Near the communion-table is a brass plate, whereon is a lady in an ancient dress; the black-letter inscription states her to have been Elizabeth, wife of John Fineux or Fiennes, Esq.; she died 22nd of August, 1539. It is not improbable, that she was the lady so affectionately spoken of by Ridley, in his *Farewell*, as having been converted by him, and holding fast the faith in purity and simpleness of life. Another brass commemorates John Fyneux, late of Hearne, Esq. and Margaret his wife, daughter of Thomas Morley, sometyme of Glyn, in the county of Sussex, Esq. She died December 9, 1591, and he July 31, 1592, leaving one only daughter, Elizabeth, who married John Smith, Esq. son and heir of Thomas Smith, late of Estranger, in Kent, Esq. There is also a brass against the east wall, to another of this family, who was a justice of the King's Bench, in the reign of Henry VII.

"Hic jacet Wilhelmus Fineux, fil. et hæres Johannis Fineux, militis, qui obiit... Regis Henrici VII." Leland, speaking of this person, says, that he settled in this place where "he builded his fayre house for the commodite of preserving his helth." According to Weever, many of his family are buried here but without inscriptions.

The last brass to be spoken of covers the body of John Darley, a bachelor in divinity, and, as may be presumed from the marginal inscription round his tomb, formerly vicar of this church. His figure is inlaid on a flat stone near the communion rails, dressed in a bachelor of divinity's gown; the inscription in some places is hardly to be deciphered.

The monuments are not so numerous as the brasses: there is an old one in the style which prevailed in the reign of James I., erected against the north wall of the chancel, to the memory of Sir William Thornhurst, Knight, who died 24th of July, 1606, aged 31; he is represented in armour, and kneeling on a cushion before a table, having the pediment supported by four Corinthian pillars; his helmet hangs on a bracket above him. There are memorials in Canterbury cathedral of some of his family, which has been, I believe, long since extinct.

The last mortuary relic worth speaking of is a flat stone in the chancel, having the following strange and singular epitaph:—

"Here lies a piece of Christ, a star in dust,
A vein of gold, a China dish which must
Be used in heaven when God shall feed the just.
Approved by all, and lov'd so well,
Though young, like fruit that's ripe he fell."

The parish registers are kept in excellent preservation, and may be traced as far back as 1566. A very interesting entry in them commemorates one of those simple-minded,

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good men, who held fast his integrity in those stormy times when no man knew how soon he might be required to take up his cross, or forfeit his reasonable hopes of salvation.

There is another entry of an infant "christiened by the woemen and buryed 21st of March, 1567," which proves that the remnants of Popish superstition were not then entirely expunged.

It has been previously observed that this church was once the cure of Ridley, who appears to have been collated to the vicarage by Cranmer, 30th of April, 1538; and he has himself told us "that he preached not after the Popish trade, but after Christ's gospel." In 1543, at a visitation of the archbishop, Ridley was presented for having the Te Deum, &c. read in English in the church, where the said "Master Doctor" was vicar, and this circumstance was afterwards urged against him, among others, to his mortal destruction. We are told by his namesake and biographer "that for miles round, neglecting their own preachers, the people came to hear him." During the space of two years he studied closely the holy scriptures, frequently confering thereon with Cranmer. In September, 1547, he was promoted to the see of Rochester, but continued to hold Herne in commendam, which, however, he gave up on his translation to London in 1550, where he remained until his martyrdom at Oxford on the 16th of October, 1555. He seems to have borne an affectionate remembrance of Herne even unto death; for in his last beautiful and pathetic farewell, it is thus distinguished:* "From Cambridge I was called into Kent by the archbishop of Canterbury, Thomas Cranmer, that most reverend father and man of God, and of him by and by sent to be vicar of Herne, in east Kent. Wherefore, farewell Herne, thou worshipful and wealthy parish, the first cure whereunto I was called to minister God's word. Thou hast heard of my mouth ofttimes the word of God preached, not after the popish trade, but after Christ's gospel: Oh! that the fruit has answered to the seed, and yet I must acknowledge me to be thy debtor for the doctrines of the Lord's supper, which at that time God had not revealed to me, but I bless God in all that godly virtue and zeal of God's word, which the Lord by preaching of his word did kindle manifestly both in the heart and life of that godly woman, there, my Lady Fiennes. The Lord grant that his word took like effect there in many more!"

That elegant writer, Southey, has said that "he whose heart is not excited upon the spot which a martyr has sanctified by his sufferings, or at the grave of one who has largely benefited mankind, must be more inferior to the multitude in his moral, than he can possibly be raised above them in his intellectual nature;" and truly I could not envy the feelings of that person who could visit this church without the most serious reflection. No, the contemplative man as he crosses its threshold must feel that Ridley has also passed it before him! he kneels down to pray those very prayers which the martyr helped to compose, he cannot help imagining that his voice is still floating through the building, and he looks with a degree of holy awe upon those monuments whose antiquity tells him the eye of the martyr had also contemplated. How often may he have paused before them and meditated upon death; and what such meditations must have been, his own fiery passage has afforded a glorious proof. Surely such a life and example can never pass from human memory! Three hundred years have nearly elapsed, and yet the lonely unknown traverser of these sacred aisles dwells, almost to tears, upon his painful though illustrious death—sees him, in his mind's eye, bound to the stake! the horrid cry, "I cannot burn!" rings in his ears, and the blood curdles with horror as he imagines him heaving up and down amid the faggots. Thanks to a good and merciful Providence such terrible ordeals exist no more! The prayers of the martyr have been heard, and their funeral flames have indeed "lighted such a candle in England, as by the grace of God shall never be extinguished." To Ridley and his companions was given a crown of glorious martyrdom, and to us an assurance that it is a good thing to be faithful even unto death.

* See Rev. J. Duncombe's Antiquities of Herne and Reculver, a most entertaining work, to which the writer of this article is much indebted.

The Naturalist.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

By the last monthly report, Nov. 1, the balance in favour of the Institution was 626*l.* 7*s.* 3*d.*; visiters to the Garden and Museum during October, 12,416. The warming apparatus in the circular aviary having been completed, many of the smaller birds have been removed into it from various parts of the gardens; and the tortoises have been placed in one of its least heated compartments. The building for small quadrupeds is finished internally, and will be occupied almost immediately. The pheasantries are also completed. The works, therefore, may be regarded as nearly at an end for the present year; and the Council have the satisfaction of stating that it will not be necessary during the winter to seek accommodation elsewhere for any portion of the animals which have been kept at the Gardens throughout the summer.

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Illustrations of Scott:

LADY OF THE LAKE.

BRACKLIN BRIDGE.

This stupendous scene lies about a mile north of the village of Callender, in Monteith, Perthshire. Between the massive rocks, a small mountain stream, termed the Keltie, foams and dashes itself from a height of at least 50 feet, and finally settles into a profound receptacle, which, on account of the spots of foam usually observable on its surface, is called *Bracklin*—the speckled fool. Above the chasm, there is thrown, for the convenience of the neighbourhood, a rustic footbridge, of about 3 feet in breadth, and without ledges, which is scarcely to be crossed by a stranger without awe and apprehension.

Bracklin is refered to in the *Lady of the Lake*, Canto II., in the impassioned reply of Ellen Douglas to the Minstrel who has importuned the Maiden to "wed the man she cannot love"—Sir Roderick Dhu: the passage is—

Thou shak'st, good friend, thy tresses grey—
That pleading look, what can it say
But what I own?—I grant him brave,
But wild as *Bracklin's thundering wave.*

The Public Journals.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

Cut your coat according to your cloth, is an old maxim and a wise one; and if people will only square their ideas according to their circumstances, how much happier might we all be! If we only would come down a peg or two in our notions, in accordance with our waning fortunes, happiness would be always within our reach. It is not what we have, or what we have not, which adds or subtracts from our felicity. It is the longing for more than we have, the envying of those who possess that more, and the wish to appear in the world of more consequence than we really are, which destroy our peace of mind, and eventually lead to ruin.

I never witnessed a man submitting to circumstances with good humour and good sense, so remarkably as in my friend Alexander Willemott. When I first met him, since our school days, it was at the close of the war: he had been a large contractor with government for army clothing and accoutrements, and was said to have realized an immense fortune, although his accounts were not yet settled. Indeed it was said that they were so vast, that it would employ the time of six clerks, for two years, to examine them, previous to the balance sheet being struck. As I observed, he had been at school with me, and, on my return from the East Indies, I called upon him to renew our old acquaintance, and congratulate him upon his success.

"My dear Reynolds, I am delighted to see you. You must come down to Belem Castle; Mrs. Willemott will receive you with pleasure, I'm sure. You shall see my two girls."

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I consented. The chaise stopped at a splendid mansion, and I was ushered in by a crowd of liveried servants. Everything was on the most sumptuous and magnificent scale. Having paid my respects to the lady of the house, I retired to dress, as dinner was nearly ready, it being then half-past seven o'clock. It was eight before we sat down. To an observation that I made, expressing a hope that I had not occasioned the dinner being put off, Willemott replied, "On the contrary, my dear Reynolds, we never sit down until about this hour. How people can dine at four or five o'clock, I cannot conceive. I could not touch a mouthful."

The dinner was excellent, and I paid it the enconiums which were its due.

"Do not be afraid, my dear fellow—my cook is an *artiste extraordinaire*—a regular *Cordon Bleu*. You may eat anything without fear of indigestion. How people can live upon the English cookery of the present day, I cannot conceive. I seldom dine out, for fear of being poisoned. Depend upon it, a good cook lengthens your days, and no price is too great to insure one."

When the ladies retired, being alone, we entered into friendly conversation. I expressed my admiration of his daughters, who certainly were very handsome and elegant girls.

"Very true; they are more than passable," replied he. "We have had many offers, but not such as come up to my expectations. Baronets are cheap now-a-days, and Irish lords are nothings; I hope to settle them comfortably. We shall see. Try this claret; you will find it excellent, not a headach in a hogshead of it. How people can drink port, I cannot imagine."

The next morning he proposed that I should rattle round the park with him. I acceded, and we set off in a handsome open carriage, with four greys, ridden by postilions at a rapid pace. As we were whirling along, he observed, "In town we must of course drive but a pair, but in the country I never go out without four horses. There is a spring in four horses which is delightful; it makes your spirits elastic, and you feel that the poor animals are not at hard labour. Rather than not drive four, I would prefer to stay at home."

Our ride was very pleasant, and, in such amusements passed away one of the most pleasant weeks that I ever remembered. Willemott was not the least altered—he was as friendly, as sincere, as open-hearted, as when a boy at school. I left him, pleased with his prosperity, and acknowledging that he was well deserving of it, although his ideas had assumed such a scale of magnificence.

I went to India when my leave expired, and was absent about four years. On my return, I inquired after my friend Willemott, and was told, that his circumstances and expectations had been greatly altered. From many causes, such as a change in the government, a demand for economy, and the wording of his contracts having been differently rendered from what Willemott had supposed their meaning to be, large items had been struck out of his balance sheet, and, instead of being a *millionaire*, he was now a gentleman with a handsome property. Belem Castle had been sold, and he now lived at Richmond, as hospitable as ever, and was considered a great addition to the neighbourhood. I took the earliest opportunity of going down to see him.

"O my dear Reynolds, this is really kind of you to come without invitation. Your room is ready, and bed well aired, for it was slept in three nights ago. Come — Mrs. Willemott will be delighted to see you."

I found the girls still unmarried, but they were yet young. The whole family appeared as contented, and happy, and as friendly, as before. We sat down to dinner at six o'clock, the footman and the coachman attended. The dinner was good, but not by the *artiste extraordinaire*. I praised everything.

"Yes," replied he, "she is a very good cook; she unites the solidity of the English with the delicacy of the French fare; and, altogether, I think it a *decided improvement*. Jane is quite a treasure." After dinner, he observed, "Of course you know I have sold Belem Castle, and reduced my establishment. Government have not treated me fairly, but I am at the mercy of commissioners, and a body of men will do that, which, as individuals, they would be ashamed of. The fact is, the odium is borne by no one in particular, and it is only the sense of shame which keeps us honest, I'm afraid. However here you see me, with a comfortable fortune, and always happy to see my friends, especially my old school-fellow. Will you take *port* or claret; the port is very fine, and so is the claret. By-the-by, do you know—I'll let you into a family secret; Louisa is to be married to a Colonel Willer — an *excellent* match. It has made us all happy."

The next day we drove out, not in an open carriage as before, but in a chariot and with a *pair of horses*.

"These are handsome horses," observed I.

"Yes," replied he, "I am fond of good horses; and, as I only keep a pair, I have the best. There is a certain degree of pretension in *four horses*, I do not much like: it appears as if you wished to overtop your neighbours."

I spent a few very pleasant days, and then quitted his hospitable roof. A severe cold, caught that winter, induced me to take the advice of the physicians, and proceed to the south of France, where I remained two years.

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On my return, I was informed that Willemott had speculated, and had been unlucky on the Stock Exchange; that he had left Richmond, and was now living at Clapham. The next day I met him near the Exchange.

"Reynolds, I am happy to see you. Thompson told me that you had come back. If not better engaged, come down to see me; I will drive you down at four o'clock, if that will suit."

It suited me very well, and, at four o'clock, I met him according to appointment at a livery stables over the Iron Bridge. His vehicle was ordered out, it was a phaeton drawn by two long-tailed ponies—altogether a very neat concern. We set off at a rapid pace.

"They step out well, don't they? We shall be down in plenty of time to put on a pair of shoes by five o'clock, which is *our dinner-time*. Late dinners don't agree with me—they produce indigestion. Of course, you know that Louisa has a little boy."

I did not; but congratulated him.

"Yes; and has now gone out to India with her husband. Mary is also engaged to be married—a very *good* match—a Mr. Rivers, in the law. He has been called to the bar this year, and promises well. They will be a little pinched at first, but we must see what we can do for them."

We stopped at a neat row of houses, I forget the name, and, as we drove up, the servant, the only man-servant, came out, and took the ponies round to the stable, while the maid received my luggage, and one or two paper bags, containing a few extras for the occasion. I was met with the same warmth as usual by Mrs. Willemott. The house was small, but very neat; the remnants of former grandeur appeared here and there, in one or two little articles, favourites of the lady. We sat down at five o'clock to a *plain* dinner, and were attended by the footman, who had rubbed down the ponies and pulled on his livery.

"A good plain cook is the best thing, after all," observed Willemott. "Your fine cooks won't condescend to roast and boil. Will you take some of this sirloin, the undercut is excellent. My dear, give Mr. Reynolds some Yorkshire pudding."

When we were left alone after dinner, Willemott told me, very unconcernedly, of his losses.

"It was my own fault," said he; "I wished to make up a little sum for the girls, and risking what they would have had, I left them almost pennyless. However, we can always command a bottle of port and a beefsteak, and *what more* in this world can you have? Will you take port or white? I have no claret to offer you."

We finished our port, but I could perceive no difference in Willemott. He was just as happy and as cheerful as ever. He drove me to town the next day. During our drive, he observed, "I like ponies, they are so little trouble; and I prefer them to driving one horse in this vehicle, as I can put my wife and daughters into it. It's selfish to keep a carriage for yourself alone, and one horse in a four-wheeled double chaise appears like an imposition upon the poor animal."

I went to Scotland and remained about a year. On my return, I found that my friend Willemott had again shifted his quarters. He was at Brighton; and having nothing better to do, I put myself in the "Times," and arrived at the Bedford Hotel. It was not until after some inquiry, that I could find out his address. At last I obtained it, in a respectable but not fashionable part of this overgrown town. Willemott received me just as before.

"I have no spare bed to offer you, but you must breakfast and dine with us every day. Our house is small, but it's very comfortable, and Brighton is a very convenient place. You know Mary is married. A good place in the courts was for sale, and my wife and I agreed to purchase it for Rivers. It has reduced us a little, but they are very comfortable. I have retired from business altogether; in fact, as my daughters are both married, and we have enough to live upon, what can we wish for more? Brighton is very gay and always healthy; and, as for carriage and horses, they are no use here—there are *flies* at every corner of the streets."

I accepted his invitation to dinner. A parlour-maid waited, but everything, although very plain, was clean and comfortable.

"I have still a bottle of wine for a friend, Reynolds," said Willemott, after dinner, "but, for my part, I prefer *whiskey-toddy*. It agrees with me better. Here's to the health of my two girls, God bless them, and success to them in life!"

"My dear Willemott," said I, "I take the liberty of an old friend, but I am so astonished at your philosophy, that I cannot help it. When I call to mind Belem Castle, your large establishment, your luxuries, your French cook, and your stud of cattle, I wonder at your contented state of mind under such a change of circumstances."

"I almost wonder myself, my dear fellow," replied he. "I never could have believed, at that time, that I could live happily under such a change of circumstances; but the fact is, that, although I have been a contractor, I have a good conscience; then, my wife is an excellent woman, and provided she sees me and her daughters happy, thinks nothing about herself; and, further, I have made it a rule, as I have been going down hill, to find reasons why I should be thankful, and not discontented. Depend upon it, Reynolds, it is not a loss of fortune which

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will affect your happiness, as long as you have peace and love at home."

I took my leave of Willemott and his wife, with respect as well as regard; convinced that there was no pretended indifference to worldly advantages, that it was not, that the grapes were sour, but that he had learned the whole art of happiness, by being contented with what he had, and by "cutting his coat according to his cloth."—*Metropolitan.*

THE FEMALE CONVICT SHIP.

By Thomas Haynes Bayly.

The tide is in, the breeze is fair,
The vessel under weigh;
The gallant prow glides swiftly on,
And throws aside the spray:
The tranquil ocean, mirror-like,
Reflects the deep blue skies;
And, pointing to the destin'd course,
The straighten'd pennon flies.

Oh! none of those heart-cradled prayers
That never reach the lip,
No benedictions wait upon
That fast-receding ship:
No tearful eyes are strain'd to watch
Its progress from the land;
And there are none to wave the scarf,
And none to kiss the hand.

Yet women throng that vessel's deck—
The haggard, and the fair,
The young in guilt, and the depraved,
Are intermingled there!
The girl, who from her mother's arms
Was early lured away;
The harden'd hag, whose trade hath been
To lead the pure astray!

A young and sickly mother kneels
Apart from all the rest;
And with a song of home she lulls
The babe upon her breast.
She falters,—for her tears *must* flow,—
She cannot end the verse;
And naught is heard among the crowd
But laughter, shout, or curse!

'Tis sunset. Hark! the signal gun;—
All from the deck are sent—
The young, the old, the best, the worst,
In one dark dungeon pent!
Their wailings, and their horrid mirth,
Alike are hush'd in sleep:
And now the female convict-ship
In silence ploughs the deep.

But long the lurid tempest-cloud
Hath brooded o'er the waves;
And suddenly the winds are roused,
And leave their secret caves;
And up aloft the ship is borne,
And down again as fast;
And every mighty billow seems
More dreadful than the last.

Oh! who that loves the pleasure-barque,
By summer breezes fann'd,
Shall dare to paint the ocean-storm,
Terrifically grand?
When helplessly the vessel drifts,
Each torn sail closely furl'd;
When not a man of all the crew
Knows whither she is hurl'd

And who shall tell the agony
Of those confined beneath,
Who in the darkness dread to die—
How unprepared for death!
Who, loathing, to each other cling
When every hope hath ceased,
And beat against their prison door,
And shriek to be released!

Three times the ship hath struck. Again!
She never more will float.
Oh! wait not for the rising tide;
Be steady—man the boat.
And see, assembled on the shore,
The merciful, the brave;—
Quick, set the female convicts free,
There still is time to save!

It is in vain! what demon blinds
The captain and the crew?
The rapid rising of the tide
With mad delight they view.
They hope the coming waves will waft
The convict ship away!
The foaming monster hurries on,
Impatient for his prey!

And He is come! the rushing flood
In thunder sweeps the deck!
The groaning timbers fly apart,
The vessel is a wreck!
One moment from the female crowd
There comes a fearful cry;
The next, they're hurl'd into the deep,
To struggle, and to die!

Their corses strew a foreign shore,
Left by the ebbing tide;
And sixty in a ghastly row
Lie number'd, side by side!
The lifeless mother's bleeding form
Comes floating from the wreck;
And lifeless is the babe she bound
So fondly round her neck!

'Tis morn;—the anxious eye can trace
No vessel on the deep;
But gather'd timber on the shore
Lies in a gloomy heap:
In whiter time those brands will blaze
Our tranquil homes to warm,
Though torn from that poor convict ship
That perish'd in the storm!

New Monthly Magazine.

New Books.

THE FANCY FAIR.

"HONNORD SUR,—Dont no if you Be a Hamshire man, or a man atacht to the fancy, but as Both such myself, have took the libberty to write about what is no joke. Of coarse alude to being Hoaxt up to Lonnon, to sea a fair no fair at all and About as much fancy as you mite fancy on the pint of a pin.—

"Have follerd the Fancy, ever since cumming of Age, and bean to every Puglistical fite, from the Gaim Chicking down to the fite last weak. Have bated Buls, drawd Baggers, and Kild rats myself meening to say with my hone Dogs. Ought to no wot Fancy his. Self prays is no re-comendation But have been at every Fair Waik or Revvle in England. Ought to no then wot a Fare is.

"Has for the Lonnon job—could Sea nothin like Fancy and nothin like fare. Only a Toy shop out of Town with a gals skool looking after it, without a Guvveness and all oglein like Winkin. Lots of the fare sects but no thimbel rig, no priking in the Garter, no nothing. Am blest if our hone little Fare down at Goos Grean dont lick it all to Styx. Bulbeating, Baggerdrawing, Cuggle-playing, Rastlin, a Sopped pigtale, a Mane

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of Cox Jackasreacing jumpin in Sax and a grand Sire Peal of Trouble Bobs puld by the Collge youths by way of givin a Bells Life to the hole. Call that Fancy. Too Wild Best Shoes, fore theaters besides a Horse-play a Dwarft a She Giant a fat child a prize ox five carriboo savidges a lurned Pigg an Albany with White Hares a real See Murmad a Fir Eater and lots of Punshes and Juddis. Call that a Fare.

"Now for Lonnon. No Sanderses—no Richardsens no wumwills menageris no backy boxis to shy for—no lucky Boxis. No poster makin no jugling or Dancing. Prest one yung laidy in ruge cheaks and trowsers verry civelly For a bit of a caper on the tite rop—But miss got on the hi rop, and called for a conestubble. Askt annother in a ridding habbit for the faver of a little horsmunship and got kicked out of her Booth. Goos Grean for my munny! Saw a yung laidy there that swallerd a Sord and wasnt too Partickler to jump through a hoop, Dutchesses look dull after that at a Fare. Verry dignified, but Prefer the Wax Wurk, as a Show. Dont see anny think in Watch Pappers cut out by Countisses that have been born with all their harms and legs—not Miss Biffins.

"Must say one thing for Goos Grean. Never got my pocket pict xcept at Lonnon—am sorry to say lost my Reader and Ticker and every Dump I had let alone a single sovran. And lost the best part of that besides to a Yung Laidy that nevver gave change. Greenish enuf says you for my Tim of Day but I was gammund by the baggidge to bye five shillin Pin Cushions. Wish Charrity had stayd at Hoam! The ould Mare got a coald by waiting outside And the five Charrity pincushins hadnt Bran enuf in their hole boddys to ake her a Mash.

"Am told the Hospittle don't clear anny grate proffits after all is dun and Like enuff. A fare should be a Fare and fokes at Room ought to do as Room does. Have a notion Peerisses that keep Booths wood take moor Munny if they wastn't abuv having the dubble drums and speakin trumpets and gongs. There's nothin like goin the hole Hog!

"Shall be happy, sur, to sea You at Goos Green next fare and pint out the Differince. Maybe in Flurtashun, and Matchmaking and getting off Dorters along with the dolls we ar a littel cut out, but for Ginuen Fancy and Fun and Fair Play its a mear Green Goos to Goos Green.

"Remain Sur,

"Your humbel tu command,

"JACOB GILES."

"P.S. Think Vallintins day wood be a Good fixter for next Fancy Fare. Shant say why. Sniff sumthing of the kind goin on amung our hone Gals—Polly as just begd a sak of bran and she dont keap rabits. Pincushins and nothin else. Tother day cum across a large Watchpokit and suspect Mrs. G. is at the Bottom of it. No churnin buttur no packin egs no setten Hens and crammin Turkis—All sniping ribbons folding papper sowin up satten and splitting hole trusses of straw. Am blest if its for litterin down Horsis. Dont no how its all to be got to markit at Lonnon, the nine girls and all 'xcept its by a Pickfurd Van."—*Hood's Comic Annual.*

TRAITS AND TRADITIONS OF PORTUGAL.

By Miss Pardoe.

[THIS work may be described as the "Sketch Book" of Portugal—its relationship to Portugal being of the same interesting character as that of Washington Irving's Sketch Book to England. Both works teem with graceful writing and graphic beauty, and tell of the tender ties and silken cords of affection in words of touching truth. Throughout Miss Pardoe's volumes there is a picturesque luxuriance of description which is never tedious, but always delightful: its pages of traditional lore and glittering details are as highly enriched as an illuminated missal;—the writer's first impressions are vividly sketched; her legends are shadowed with sorrowful interest; her scenes from monastic life are impressive in their minuteness; and her unconstrained style throughout these volumes rivet the reader to their perusal. Among them the lover of romance may revel, and the admirer of splendid, natural scenery enjoy a rich treat. Our extracts will be somewhat copious, but, we hope, not more lengthy than their interest warrants.]

Funerals.

I had made acquaintance with a monk of the order of Mendicant Friars; he was good humoured and garrulous, and was frequently the human whetstone on which I sharpened my dull Portuguese. This man, accompanied by three more of the brotherhood, and attended by two boys in white surplices, bearing torches, was in the habit of perambulating the streets at night, tinkling a little handbell, and carrying a basket, into which the pious cast such coins as they could spare to the wants of the community, and for which they received a very civil and concise blessing. I made a point of obtaining one of these cheaply-purchased benisons on every occasion, not from any great faith in its efficacy, but to gratify my friend *Frade Antonio.* One evening the sharp ring of the bell summoned me to the balcony, but I at once saw that there was something unusual in the procession: the number of persons was greater, and they were travelling at a jog-trot, very inimical to the interests of charity. As they came nearer, I saw by the fierce light flung by the torches, of which there were six or eight, that four of the men

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bore some burthen; and looking more attentively, I soon discovered its nature—it was a corpse, stretched on its back in a long, wooden tray, precisely similar to those made use of in England by butchers. The dead man was in full costume, evidently dressed in his best; but what excited the greatest horror in me, was the fact that the tray was far too short for the body, and the head, the arms, and the legs were hanging over it, and jirking up and down as the bearers carelessly scrambled along the roughly-paved street. The process of interment, I was told by an officer who had the curiosity to leave our house, and follow the procession, was as summary as the journey to the grave. The "narrow bed" was also a frightfully shallow one, the face of the corpse not being more than three inches lower than the surface of the earth; into this misshapen grave he was flung without the least ceremony, a slight covering of soil was scattered over him; and then came the last horror of this revolting, this humiliating mode of interment—the sexton jumped upon the body, and with a heavy, wooden rammer, literally reduced it to a jelly! The reason given to my friend for this savage proceeding, was, that it would prevent the dogs from tearing up the body—and this because they lacked the energy to bestow upon a fellow Christian a coffin and a grave!

The beautiful monastery of St. Jeronymo is a favourite burial-place for infants; I cannot now charge my memory with the reason of this preference, but I know that some superstition is attached to it. It is a very common thing to meet four or five *cejas* * on the same morning, each holding a lady and gentleman in full dress, and a little wooden tray, containing a dead infant, gaily attired in flowers and coloured ribbons. These *cejas* drive to the monastery—the occupants alight, remain for a time in prayer before the high altar, and then quietly taking the child out of the tray, they lay it down on the marble pavement of the chapel, wherever they please, leaving money beside it to remunerate the monks for the trouble of its burial; and so depart without a tear, or that "longing, lingering look" which might create for after years another, later memory of the early lost! And yet it is, I was told, generally the parents who thus bear the children to their cold resting-place in that proud pile. The little creatures, clad in their revolting finery, have precisely the appearance of waxen images; and a friend of ours, who one day walked into the chapel, and saw as many as six of these poor little beings on the pavement, actually lifted one to look at it—he said afterwards that he never experienced so sickly a sensation as he did when he discovered that it was a dead child! As I knew the nature of these gaudy deposits, I never ventured sufficiently near to them to inspect the materials of their showy apparel; and was very much surprised, on expostulating with a Portuguese lady on the folly of burying infants in such costly clothes, by her assuring me that all this finery cost no more than six *vintem*, sevenpence halfpenny, and was invariably purchased at a depôt for such articles, as it made the *meninos*† look pretty! Further expostulation would have been idle!

* A carriage which resembles a Cabriolet travestied.

The Tagus by Moonlight.

The Tagus by moonlight! What a host of memories does the sentence conjure up! We had a box at the Opera; and instead of rattling over the miserably paved streets, and arriving at San Carlos with aching heads and shattered nerves, we embarked at Belem steps, on board a boat, and slowly, beautifully, we sailed along the bright river, watching the reflection of the thousand lights of the hill-seated city, as they flashed upon the ripple: sometimes the boatmen were obliged to use their oars; and then they sang, as they plied them, some of those wild, peculiar airs, which are so difficult of acquirement by a foreigner. And we often caught the tinkle of a guitar, and the sweet sounds of song: and often the light laughter of a glad heart swept over the water, and reached us in the moonlight. This was really luxury! The sky above our heads was like a sheet of turqoise, studded with diamond drops; the waves of the river ran sparkling and shivering along like liquid silver—the perfume of the orange and citron groves came like a cloud as we passed the *Quinta* gardens; and often, very often, did the midnight chant of the nuns, of a convent which is washed by the river, fall like a spell upon our ears, and sober for a brief interval our light and worldly spirits!

Sometimes we passed the fishing-boats, with lights hung low at their stern, to attract the fish, which leapt unwarily into the nets, attracted and dazzled by the flame of the torches—nothing could be more picturesque; and I am not quite sure that the passage to and from Lisbon was not, in many cases, by far the most agreeable portion of the evening's amusement.

[In a chapter of Monastic Memorials, there is a picture of the magnificent monastery of Alcobaça, in which occurs]

A Monastic Kitchen.

The kitchen of the establishment is one of its greatest lions; it is of very vast extent, and contains three beautiful marble fountains: one for the purpose of washing vegetables; the second for washing the meat, which they leave soaking until all the blood is extracted; and the third for the use of the servants. The upper end of the kitchen is raised, like

† Little children.

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the hall of a Feudal Chieftain, two steps above the lower; and here, upon slabs of white marble, are manufactured the *tartas*,* *doces*,† and *confeitos*,‡ in which the Portuguese so much delight, and this community excel. At the lower end, a portion of the floor is left unflagged, and a branch of the river *Alcoa* enters the kitchen. When they wish to arrest the course of this stream for the purpose of cleansing the kitchen, they put down four large plugs, and in about five minutes the entire place is flooded. The whole of the ceiling and walls of this immense apartment are lined with Dutch tiles, which have a very clean and cheerful appearance.

* Tarts. † Sweetmeats. ‡ Comfits.

(To be continued.)

Manners and Customs.

ANTIQUITY OF ALE, AND CURIOUS ALE CUSTOMS.

Arbuthnot tells us—"The fertility of the soil in grain, and its being not proper for vines, put the Egyptians upon drinking *ale*, of which they were the inventers."

This liquor is of high antiquity in England; and mention is made of it in the Laws of Ina, King of Wessex. It was the favourite liquor of the Anglo-Saxons and Danes, as it had been of their ancestors, the Germans. It was one of the liquors provided for a royal banquet in the reign of Edward the Confessor.

According to Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*, the word *ale* is used by some of our ancient English writers, and particularly in composition with other words, for festival. Thus, *bridal*, or *bride-ale*, is the feast in honour of the bride, or marriage.

Leet-ale, in some parts of England, denoted the dinner at a court-leet of a manor, for the jury and customary tenants. *Lamb-ale* was for an annual feast at lamb-sheering. *Whitsun-ale* was the name by which, in the midland counties, the usual sports and feastings at Whitsuntide were denominated; and *Church-ale*, a festival for the repairs of the church, and in honour of the church saint. "Church ales," says Pierce, Bishop of Bath and Wells, in answer to the Laud Archbishop, "were when the people went from afternoon prayers on Sundays to their lawful sports and pastimes in the churchyard, or in the neighbourhood, or in some public-house, where they drank and made merry. By the benevolence of the people at these pastimes, many poor parishes have cast their bells, and beautified their churches, and raised stock for the poor." *Clerk-ales*, or lesser church ales, were so called because they were for the better maintenance of the parish clerk; and there was reason (says Bishop Pierce) for them; for in poor country parishes, where the wages of the clerk were but small, the people, thinking it unfit that the clerk should duly attend at church and not gain by his office, sent him in provision, and then came on Sundays and feasted with him; by which means he sold more ale, and tasted more of the liberality of the people, than their quarterly payments would have amounted to in many years; and since these have been put down, many ministers have complained to me (says his lordship) that they were afraid they should have no parish clerks.

A *Bid-ale* was when a poor man, decayed in his subsistence, was set up again, by the generosity of his friends, at a Sunday's feast. The people were fond of these recreations; and the bishop recommended them, as bringing the people more willingly to church, as tending to civilize them, and to compose differences among them, and as serving to increase love and unity. But the justices of the peace were of an opposite opinion, and signed a petition to the king, in which they declared that these revels had not only introduced a great profanation of the Lord's Day, but riotous tippling, contempt of authority, quarrels, murders, &c., and were very prejudicial to the peace, plenty, and good government of the country; and, therefore, they prayed that they might be suppressed. Two judges in the western circuit, in 1633, made an order for suppressing them; but Laud complained to King Charles I. of their invading the episcopal jurisdiction; and they were summoned before the council, reprimanded, and enjoined to revoke this order at the next assizes. P. T. W.

THE DRAMA.

Announcing the Play.—The practice of sending forward one of the actors to announce the next evening's performance, appears to be coeval with the existence of theatres. Annexed to the commendatory verses prefixed to the folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, are some lines commencing thus:

"As after th' Epilogue there come's some one,
To tell spectators what next shall be shown,
So, here am I."

Hissing, to evince disappointment and disapprobation, is of great antiquity. In the vulgar technicals of our green-rooms, it is known by the term *goose;* and the extempore strictures of this family critic are more awful to the players than those of any other *Aristarchus*, who only borrows the assistance of her feathers. Though I do not perceive that Shakspeare makes many allusions to the practice, he once speaks very plainly of it in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*—

"If I do not act it, hiss me."

But that this mode of popular dislike was two centuries old, no one questioned; have

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ever, on a diligent investigation, I find it to be nearly *two thousand*. It did not, in all probability, exist in the time of the Romans, as we are informed by the poets, that at the games they had a different way of showing their disapprobation.—See Horace and Juvenal: by which the reader will find this mode of censure was expressed by turning the thumbs upwards, and the reverse was understood by their compressure.—*Juvenal* iii. v. 36. But that it was applied to public speakers some nineteen centuries ago, is evident, from the following passage in Cicero's Letters, which I have translated. Speaking of the orator Hortensius, Cœlius thus describes the success of his eloquence at public assemblies: "It is worthy of observation," he remarks, "that Hortensius reached his old age without once incuring the disgrace of being hissed." H. B. Andrews.

AMBASSADORS.

"Give first admittance to th' Ambassadors."

The custom of sending ambassadors is of high antiquity. The name of ambassador (says Cicero) is sacred and inviolable. At Athens, the ambassadors from foreign princes and states always mounted the tribunal, or pulpit, of the public orators, and there opened their commission, and acquainted the people with their business. At Rome they were introduced to the Senate, and delivered their commission to them. Among us they make their address immediately, and solely to the king.

"Athens and Sparta (says M. Tourreil,) when in all their glory, were never so much delighted as to see and hear a number of ambassadors in their assemblies, suing for their protection and alliance. It seemed to them the noblest honour that could be paid them; and that state which received the most embassies, was judged to have the advantage over the other."

When Sully resided in England, as ambassador of Henry the Fourth of France, he was informed that one of his gentlemen had killed an Englishman, in a house of ill-fame. He immediately got him arrested, and sent word to the magistrates of London, that they might seize the murderer. The latter having been tried, the King of England granted him his pardon and his liberty.

To admit an ambassador, is to acknowledge the sovereignty of the prince, or the independency of the state which he represents. France acknowledged the independence of the United States of America, by admitting Franklin as their ambassador, before they were declared independent by Great Britain. The first ambassador sent by the Czar of Russia to England, was in the year 1556; the first sent to Turkey from England, 1606; the Portuguese ambassador was arrested for debt in 1653; the Russian was arrested by a lace merchant in 1709, when a law passed for the protection of ambassadors; the first that arrived in Europe from India was Tippo Saib to France, 1778; the first from the Ottoman emperor arrived in London 1793. P. T. W.

WEALTH OF THE ROMANS.

The extension of the Roman empire (says Mr. Jacob, in his valuable work on the *Precious Metals*,) until it comprehended almost the whole of the known world, if it tended to diminish the production of the precious metals, powerfully attracted them from Asia and Africa, to its own metropolis. It is thus that the enormous fortunes of individuals which are related by the historians are to be accounted for. The descriptions of such fortunes, it is true, are not confined to their mere metallic wealth, but include their lands, houses, slaves, and furniture, and also money lent at interest on mortgages, or other securities. But unless the metallic wealth had increased in a prodigious degree, that remarkable rise in the prices of other commodities could not have been experienced which is noticed by all writers. As one among other instances, we know that the house of Marius, at Misenum, was purchased by Cornelia for 75,000 drachmas, (2,421*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*,) and a few years after sold to Lucullus for 500,200 drachmas (16,152*l.* 5*s.* 10*d.*). The fortunes of private individuals may be judged of by a few select notices to be found in contemporary authors. Crassus is said to have possessed in lands *bis millies*, (1,614,583*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*) besides money, slaves, and household furniture, estimated at as much more. Seneca is related to have possessed *ter millies* (2,421,875*l.*). Pallas, the freedman of Claudius, an equal sum. Lentulus, the augur, *quater millies* (3,229,166*l.*). C. C. Claudius Isidorus, although he had lost a great part of his fortune in the civil wars, left by his will 4,116 slaves, 3,600 yoke of oxen, 257,000 head of other cattle, and in ready money HS. *sexcenties* (484,375*l.*). The emperors were possessed of wealth in a proportion commensurate with their superior rank and power. Augustus obtained, by the testamentary dispositions of his friends, *quater decies millies* (32,291,666*l.*). Tiberius left at his death *vigesies ac septies millies* (21,796,875*l.*) which Caligula lavished away in a single year. The expenses of the government, and the debts and credits of the most eminent individuals, seem to have been on the same colossal scale. Vespasian, at his accession, estimated the money which the maintenance of the commonwealth required at 322,916,660*l.* The debts of Milo amounted to HS. *septengenties* (565,104*l.*). Julius Cæsar, before he held any office, owed 1,300 talents; when, after his prætorship, he set out for

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Spain, he is reported to have said, "*Bis millies, et quingenties sibi deesse, ut nihil haberet;*" that is, that he was 2,018,000*l.* worth than nothing. When he first entered Rome, at the beginning of the civil war, he took out of the treasury to the amount 1,095,000*l.* sterling, and brought into it at the end of that war, 4,843,000*l.* He is reported to have purchased the friendship of Curio, at the commencement of the civil contests, by a bribe of 484,370*l.*, and that of the consul, L. Paulus, the colleague of Marcellus, by one of 279,500*l.* Antony, on the ides of March, when Cæsar was killed, owed 320,000*l.*, which he paid before the kalends of April, and squandered of the public money more than 5,600,000*l.* W. G. C.

The Gatherer.

Curran's Lucky Brief.—When John Philpott Curran lived upon Hog Hill, he used to say that his wife and children were the chief furniture of his apartments; and as to his rent, it stood pretty much the same chance of liquidation as the National Debt. Mrs. Curran, however, was a barrister's lady, and what was wanted in wealth, she was determined should be supplied by dignity. The landlady, on the other hand, had no idea of gradation, except that of pounds, shillings, and pence. Curran walked out one morning to avoid the usual altercation on the subject: with a mind in no very enviable temperament, he fell into the gloom to which, from his infancy, he had been occasionally subject. He had a family for whom he had no dinner; and a landlady for whom he had no rent. He had gone abroad in despondence, he returned home almost in desperation. When he opened the door of his study, the first object which presented itself was an immense folio of a brief, twenty guineas wrapped up beside it, and the name of Robert Lyons marked on the back of it. He paid his landlady, bought a good dinner, gave Robert Lyons a share of it, and that dinner was the date of his prosperity. W. G. C.

Poets.—"Ah! wretched we *poets* of earth." (Cowley.) Dryden says "A poet is a maker, as the word signifies; and he who cannot make, that is invent, hath his name for nothing." Democritus and Plato used to say that there could be no good poet *without a tincture of madness*, and Aristotle called poets madmen. M. Spanheim tells us "that the Arab authors are more poetically given than those of any other people," and adds "that there are more verses among the Arabians than among all the other nations of the world put together." By a law of the Emperor Philip, inserted in the Code, poets are expressly excluded from the immunities granted to the professors of all other sciences. P. T. W.

Songs and Pastimes of the Greeks.—It is impossible to take a morning or evening walk, without hearing the hills and valleys resound with song, or seeing numerous groups, either occupied in dancing the favourite Pyrrhic, or engaged in some manly sport. When you travel by land or water, those who accompany you, whether as guides or companions, seldom cease to salute your ears the whole time with songs, in which fierce war and faithful love are sung by turns. As might be expected, those of a warlike cast predominate of late, so that you seldom hear a song now, without perceiving the names of the most distinguished capitanis introduced. It is not indeed too much to say, that those rude poetical compositions, which are even in the mouths of the young children, have had a wonderful effect in maintaining the energy and spirit necessary for completing the great work of regeneration—*Blaquiere.*

George II. and the Duchess of Hamilton.—The Duchess of Hamilton, previously the beautiful Miss Gunning, was presented to his majesty on her marriage: the king was greatly pleased with her natural elegance and artlessness of manner, and indulged in a long conversation with her, in the course of which he inquired what striking public sights she had witnessed. "Oh!" said the thoughtless Duchess, "I have seen so much, that there is only one sight in the world which I wish to behold, and that is a coronation." The lady was not conscious of the slip she had made, till the king took her hand, and, with a sigh, exclaimed, "I apprehend you have not long to wait; you will soon have your desire."—*Georgian Era.*

Ants.—The walls and floor of my apartment at Buenos Ayres, (says Sir E. Temple,) were nearly covered with what at first gave me considerable alarm; but, having been assured that I should not be molested, I took courage, and found that I was not deceived. This was a colony of ants, which had their settlement in one of the beams of the roof, and having several roads to it, they were spread in divisions of millions over the room, but always preserved the nicest order and regularity in their ranks. Day and night their industry was unceasing; I never found the least inconvenience from them, but often much amusement in observing their curious labours. Sweets seemed to be their great allurement, for the sugar-bowl was every morning found to be in their entire possession, and to dislodge them was no easy task. Perhaps no house in Buenos Ayres is altogether free from them.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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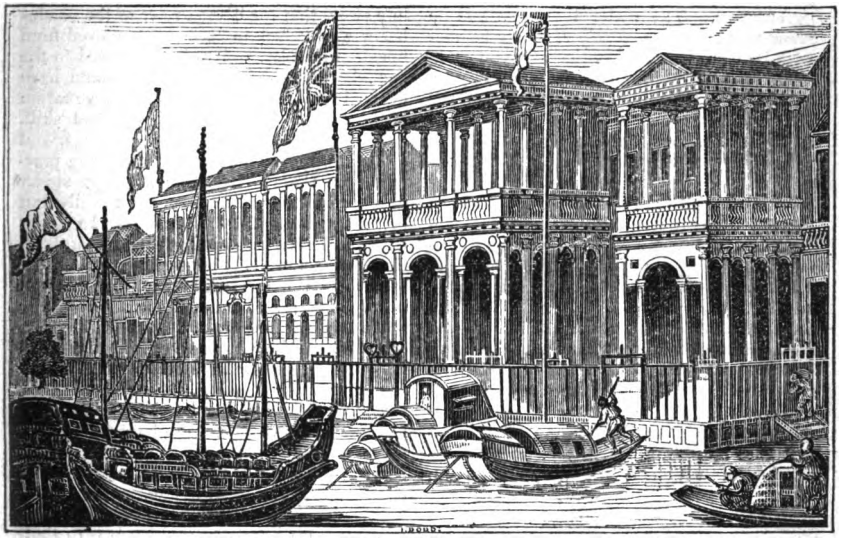

THE BRITISH FACTORIES AT CANTON.

The city of Canton occupies about five miles on one side of the river Taho, and three miles on the other. It contains about 800,000 inhabitants, including those who live in boats. The business carried on here is very extensive; every thing is in perpetual motion, yet perfect order reigns throughout. Most persons are aware that Canton is the only port to which Europeans are allowed to trade, and that the Russians are forbidden to trade with China by sea, on the ground of their already possessing a land communication. The Americans traffic here to a greater extent than any other nation: next to them come the English, whose tea market is supplied through the East India Company exclusively. The English originally had a factory in Amoy island, in the province of Fokien, as early as 1676; but it was destroyed during the invasion by the Tartars, who expelled the Chinese, and forced the English residents to fly to Tonquin and Bantam. The factory was re-established in 1686, and continued until the trade was, by an imperial edict, removed to Canton. Here the East India Company obtained permission to build a factory, "a favour specifically accorded as a matter of compassion to foreigners, who are carefully debared all intercourse with the interior of the country; a dread being entertained that the introduction of Europeans to settle in China, would lead (according to ancient prophecy,) to the total subversion of the empire."

The European factories: the Dutch, French, Swedish, Danish, and English, are situated on a very commodious quay, on the bank of the river. The factories belonging to the East India Company are very extensive; although they are comprehended in the space of about a quarter of a square mile. The different European factories are detached from each other, and display their respective flags. In front of them a broad esplanade extends along the river, where the Europeans promenade in the cool of the evening.

The commercial relations between the East India Company and China, and the project of throwing open the China trade, having lately been the subjects of parliamentary investigation, and of inquiry in a score of forms—from "the folio of four pages" to the goodly octavo volume—we do not feel disposed to store our pages with many of the resulting facts. We shall content ourselves with a single reference.

In a pamphlet of *Facts relating to Chinese*

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Commerce, in a letter from Canton, it is stated that our commerce has to contend with an overwhelming monopoly which the Chinese government enforces, by confining the regulation and conduct of every branch of foreign trade to a certain number of native merchants in Canton, who compose "the Hong," and are subject to the *surveillance* of the provincial government, and are even appointed by the government. The writer then proceeds to show that such a monopoly can only be met with its own weapons, as the absolute command of great capital and credit; and, further, he adds, the Chinese "stand in awe of the East India Company alone, which, composed as it is, of a regular succession of civil officers, proceeding, step by step, to rank and responsibility, and thereby becoming thoroughly conversant with the trade in all its bearings, as well as with the dispositions, wiles, proceedings, and views of the Chinese government and Hong merchants,—forms precisely that confederacy of well-combined action, supported by capital, which no arts of the natives can effectually combat or neutralize." Nevertheless, the writer allows that the heavy expenses of such an establishment as the factories at Canton, the equipment of the ships, engaged in the trade, and the support of the discipline maintained in them, all tend to uphold the price of tea in England, the reduction of which is the grand object in view.

ORIGIN OF MUSIC.

Antiquaries may dispute and quote the earliest authors in corroboration of some favoured theory concerning the origin of musical instruments and of music itself, but their researches like their ideas are extremely limited. They all quote Egypt, the earliest civilized portion of the old world, that strange and mysterious land where history begins upon the ruins of departed nations, and where the antiquary, instead of tracing mankind from a state of rude ignorance, is suddenly plunged into a period resplendent with science, arts, and glory. The various subsequent periods afford him opportunities of tracing the progress of many infant colonies, but Egypt was the lamp which scattered light over the surrounding darkness. To trace music to its earliest source is impossible to those who are unable to trace those fountains whence Egypt derived her sciences. And the only conclusion at which we can arrive, is, that whenever man commenced to exist in a state of society, then music, like an indigenous plant, sprung up and flourished there: the feeling of music is natural; it is innate—its cultivation proceeds with refinement, it is the language of the heart and mind, and consequently became characteristic of the period, and imbibed in its construction and nature the feelings and tastes of those people who composed and cultivated it. Nor is the wonderful effect of sound or harmony confined to gratify man alone; it has powers over the brute as well as the insect creation. The ancients, aware of that fact, embodied in legendary fable and attributed those powers to Orpheus, which every school-boy knows; nay, so far did they carry their idea of its absolute sway, that the demon ruler of the shades below was fabled to have been moved from his stern resolves, and to have granted to the hazardous lyrist what some men would have deemed unwelcome,—namely, the restoration of his wife, in reward for his musical skill. Spiders are attracted by music; and a friend of ours, who was in the habit of daily practising on the piano, observed a large spider descending the wall, somewhat timidly but evidently attracted by the music. In a few days the spider lost his bashfulness, and, ultimately, whenever the music commenced, issued from his corner, descended the wall hastily, and seated himself on the sounding board; when the music ceased, he contentedly withdrew to his solitude and dead flies. The snakes in India dance to the sound of the flute—and the cobra capéllos, the most deadly of the species, is most susceptible of its powers. We have frequently, when in the West Indies, whistled shrilly and continuously to the basking lizards and chameleons, till we had approached the wary listeners closer than we otherwise could have done, and we have observed them turn their heads on one side, then on the other, like an attentive canary. The war-horse paws the ground, and is "eager for the fight" when the trumpet sounds—and a pack of hounds obey the huntsman's command, issued through the French horn. If, therefore, music has power over animals and insects—if it affects the natural instinct, it is not wonderful that it has such command and is omnipotent over the feelings of rational beings. The very infant springs with joy in its nurse's arms when a lively, merry air is played; and we have heard of children, who, in the earliest years of infancy, have modulated the keys of the piano. Even language is closely connected with music, and we might venture to assert that language and music are coeval.

It is difficult to describe what music is, because what we may consider noise some deem melody; and if we trace it to its very source, we find that we may denominate any sound produced to be music. The baby and the savage are delighted with a rattle or a drum, and doubtless from so humble a source did music originally spring.

Voyages among uncivilized people are invaluable, inasmuch as they become the primers, the early spelling-books of history, and in the rude attempts of the savage towards refinement, we learn by analogy the

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early footsteps of civilization, because what they *are* we *have been*.

When Captain Parry visited the Esquimaux, he found them nearly in a state of barbarism; but, nevertheless, fond of music, although they had no instrument, except a drum and a tambourine. They had a dull, monotonous sort of song, without compass, melody, or variety.

The music of the north-west American Indians is very rude and indifferent, and equally devoid of melody and variety. They have some idea of its inspiring effects, and dance to the sound produced by a small drum, formed of a piece of a hollow tree covered with a skin, while others beat time with rattles formed of dried gourds filled with peas. The performers sing, and the dancers join in.

The most primitive musician we can imagine is Mr. Weld's description of an Indian, who, though unable to play any regular air, would sit for hours together beside the embers of his cabin fire, playing over a few wild notes, for every Indian who could bring a sound out of the reed and stop the holes, thought himself a master of it; and the notes they produced were as unconnected and as unmeaning, as those which a child would bring out of a rattle.

The islanders of the Pacific Ocean use flutes made of bamboo, about a foot long, held like our German flutes, but blown through the nose. Their drum, the Adam of all musical instruments, is a hollow block of wood, of a cylindrical form, solid at one end and covered at the other with shark's skin; for want of drum-sticks they beat time upon it with their hands.

The inhabitants of the Tonga Islands appear to have made a few advances in music, vocal as well as instrumental, and it is somewhat curious to remark, that they sing a species of lament over the corpses previous to interment, like the Irish of our present day.

The Indians of Chile used flutes, but they rejected the bamboo; and, like the early Greeks, they used the tibia or shin bones of animals; but those made from the bones of their enemies, slain in battle, were the most valued. The Brazilian Indians also used the same species of horrible music.

In all uncultivated nations we find that wind and percussion instruments were found: stringed instruments but rarely, being the result of some progress towards refinement, and all their airs and melodies are of the wildest and rudest character.

The regions of Africa appear to be more advanced in music, though still so uncivilized, and though it might have been imagined that traces of music handed down from Egypt and Ethiopia might still be found among them, not a trace remains of the proficiency of the ancients in the art; which confirms our previous position that music, like the chameleon, receives its hue from the colour of the times, and is consonant with the existing feelings of those who practise it.

In Abyssinia, a kingdom next in antiquity to Egypt, the music is extremely harsh and barbarous. They have, however, the sistrum, the lyre, the tambourine, which they say was brought from Egypt; they also use the flute, the kettle-drum, and trumpet, which they acknowledge to be derived from Palestine.

The flute, the tambourine, kettle-drum, and trumpet, are the instruments used in war, "*cere ciere viros*"—the sistrum is used in religious ceremonies, as it formerly was among the Egyptians—the lyre is devoted to festivities and happiness, and has from five to seven strings.

The Ashantee tribes, a large and powerful race among the Africans, have a wild and regular music which can scarcely be subjected to the laws of harmony, and yet has a sweetness and animation beyond that of most uncivilized nations. The singing is all recitative; the women join in the choruses, and at the funeral of a female, sing the dirge itself, but the fury of the moment renders it a most violent and discordant yell. In this dirge we again trace the Irish custom of singing over a corpse, commonly called a howl, corrupted from the Latin word *ululare*. The men who work in the canoes, like the gondoliers, have a chant, which resembles the chants used in cathedrals. Some of the airs are said to be very ancient, and the Ashantees affirm that they were made when the country was formed; these, like all national early music, are entirely traditional, and have been handed down time immemorial from father to son. The Ashantees have an instrument like a bagpipe, which, unlike the Scotch instrument, is really bearable; and they play on flutes as well as stringed instruments.

Among the Empoöngava people, Mr. Bowditch encountered a performer, a negro from the interior country of Imbeekee, as loathsome in appearance as his music was astonishing. He had a harp, formed of wood, with eight strings, made of the fibrous roots of the palm-wine tree, the tone of which was full, harmonious, and deep. He ran through a variety of notes, ascending with his voice beyond the extent of his harp, and all at once burst forth in the notes of the Hallelujah of Handel! Mr. Bowditch says, "To meet with this chorus in the wilds of Africa, and from such a being, had an effect I can scarcely describe, and I was lost in astonishment at the coincidence." Among some of the tribes the ruler has his minstrel, and Captain Laing was frequently not only received by an official song of welcome, but as a mark of favour this minstrel was ordered to attend him, much to

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his annoyance; for when he retired to rest the man played outside the door of his hut till he went to sleep, and when he waked the same monotonous sounds greeted his ears.

The Hottentots play on a peculiar instrument, something like a Jews-harp, which being applied to the lips is made to vibrate by strong inspirations and respirations of the player. We cannot say much for the elegance of attitude assumed by the performer, namely, he puts one of his forefingers into his left nostril, holding the instrument with that hand, and the other he puts into his right ear.

The moors of Sahara still use an instrument like the early Egyptian and Grecian harp, the *dichord*, or two stringed lyre, and called the Erbeb.

If we touch upon oriental music, we draw upon us such a heap of legends, miracles, and antiquity, that we shrink with diffidence from the task, but we cannot resist the following quotation from the Abbe Roussier:—"The Chinese scale, take it which way we will, is certainty very Scottish. It is not my intention to insinuate by this that the one nation had its music from the other, or that either was obliged to ancient Greece for its melody, though there is a strong resemblance in all three. The similarity, however, proves them all to be more natural than they at first seem to be, as well as more ancient. The Chinese are extremely tenacious of old customs, and equally enemies to innovation with the ancient Egyptians, which favours the idea of the high antiquity of this simple music, and as there is reason to believe it very like the most ancient of the Greek melodies, it is not difficult to suppose it to be a species of music that is natural to a people of simple manners during the infancy of civilization and the arts among them."

JAMES SILVESTER.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

A voice o'er the joyous hills prevails,
And thrills through the depths of the lowliest vales:
In the breeze of spring, in the summer's sigh,
In the calm of autumn's silent sky,
And in winter's tempest, 'tis spread abroad;—
It is Nature's voice, and it speaks of God.

Awful its breathings, and dread its power,
When roused in the might of the tempest's hour;
Sweeter, and softer, yet not the less
Its power, in the evening's peacefulness;
When leaves hang mute in the stirless air,
And glows the heart with its inward prayer.

No mortal language, no music vies
With this, in the waters, the earth, and skies;
For the ear it hath no sound or tone,—
It speaks to the mind and heart alone,
Of all that may good or lovely be;
And, ah! 'tis the soul of poesy!

Sweetly it comes when the world is still,
And dim shades float round the dusky hill;
And when the bright hosts of starry eyes
Come thick and fast upon evening's skies;
And, oh, in the midnight's awful time,
It comes o'er the heart with a power sublime!

'er the mighty sea, when 'tis raging high,
Or lull'd in the calm of the summer sky,
That voice is heard; and in storm or shine,
Alike it is awful; alike divine:
For it speaks of the grandeur there displayed,
And wonders in fathomless darkness laid.

It comes where the wildest flowers abide,
Wreathing with beauty the mountain's side;
And over its peaks, where snows appear
Dazzling and pure in the ether clear;
It speaks through the vales where plenty teems,
And wild flocks feed by unnumber'd streams.

It breathes from the regions of spotless light,
And clouds that bask in their lustre bright;
From the face of beauty, her soul-like eye,
And form of the sweetest dignity;
And man, oh, man! in thy might of mind
It speaks, with thy wond'rous frame combined.

'Tis heard where the torrent its might has shed,
And where the bright rill is through mazes led;
In the thunder's rolling voice above,
In the simplest strain of the vocal grove,
And the lightest breeze that stirs the air;—
That voice is in all, and everywhere.

Ye children of Earth! whose souls aspire
Beyond the range of each low desire,
Hear ye that voice? 'twill lead the thought
Where deathless wisdom and truth are taught;
And, oh! though it tells that all must die,
It speaks of a blest eternity.

I hear it ever; from earth to skies
It speaks of the glory that never dies;
Like a seraph's trumpet voice, it sings
Of the beauty and might of created things;
And spreads through the list'ning world abroad,
The mercy, the wisdom, and power of God.

G. J. N.

New Books.

TRAITS AND TRADITIONS OF PORTUGAL.

[We resume our extract with an entire tradition.]

The Dog of Condeixa.—A Legend of the Peninsular War.

Perhaps no town on the line of road from Lisbon to Oporto is more beautifully situated than Condeixa. As you approach it from the capital, a tall, stern mountain, whose grandeur of outline and depth of shade are in striking relief against the bright blue sky, towers on your right hand; while on the left, dense pine woods yield, as you near the town, to clusters of the gum-cistus; clumps of flowering myrtle; patches of wild geranium and lavender; fences of aloe and prickly pear, inclosing bright fields of Indian corn, with its large weeping leaves, rustling and waving in the wind, like the banners of a fairy host: and delicious groves of orange trees, in all their stages of beauty, perfume, and luxury. But the peculiar charm of this fair scene is the bright river, which wanders among these beautiful trees, falling from rock to rock in a series of natural cascades perfectly enchanting; now boiling into a light spray which glitters in the sun like a cloud of liquid silver; now thundering over some unusually bulky impediment, with the roar and hurry of a pigmy avalanche. Higher up, for the town stands on a gentle eminence,

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the glad sound of a mill-wheel breaks on the ear; and sheltered in a nook, which would be a fitting home for a dryad, stands the pretty cottage of the miller; I was careful not to enter it, and consequently the illusion was never dispelled. The house was small, brilliantly white, and built in a cleft of rock, by which it was inclosed on two sides: I should think that the worthy miller must have had a daughter, or, at least, a handsome wife—for a female hand was apparent throughout the whole of the *locale*—flowers bloomed in clusters about the portal: a most unusual thing in Portugal, but there they were—mountain flowers, perhaps, but only on that account the more lovely; but what delighted me far more than even the bright flowers, were the long, graceful, clinging branches of a wild vine, which, rooted at the base of one portion of the rock, spread its fantastic festoons along the roof of the cottage, and, heaving with every breath of wind, finally wreathed itself among the fissures of the opposite side; it had all the effect of a scenic delusion, save that it was more beautiful! As this wilding child of the mountain never produces fruit, it had to contend only with the weight of its broad bright-green leaves; and never did I see anything more graceful. Crossing the bridge, we entered the town, where the hand of war is still fearfully apparent—it is indebted for its beauty chiefly to its situation; but its day of glory is certainly gone by, for the *Quintas*, which were once the pride and ornament of its suburbs, have nearly all disappeared; the sword and the brand have swept them away.

The ruins still remain; in some cases because their owners lost life or property in the same cause in which their dwellings were sacrificed; in others, because their possessors shrink from the fearful associations with which their site is connected, or have made other homes.

We resided, during our short sojourn in this town, in the house of a widow lady of good connexions and considerable property, whose family consisted, with herself, of an orphan niece, and a venerable-looking priest her confessor. This lady, whose politeness and good breeding were strikingly apparent, insisted on our becoming her guests during our stay; and in a moment of emotion, produced by sad memories of the past, she told us the simple, but *authentic*, tale which I am about to relate.

Padré André, the confessor, was the only unmanageable member of the family; for the niece was young, pretty, warm-hearted, and unaffected—but the Padré was a poet, and a musician; and a truly original genius in the sister arts. He presented to us, on our arrival, an extemporaneous sonnet of welcome, which I forbear to translate, lest it should cause a smile at the expense of the good Father's talent, which I would fain spare him in consideration of his good nature. When we left the town, he was busily engaged in setting it to music, in order that his very ill-conditioned violin might share in the mysteries of his muse.

We walked out in the cool of a delicious evening to the remains of what had once been the beautiful *Quinta* of our hostess: it was a heap of blackened ruins, and the trees in its immediate vicinity were tinged, to my fancy, impossible as the fact was, with the same dark shade. Donna Anna shed tears as she stood and looked around her in silence, and we began to regret that we had accepted her offer of conducting us to her former home; but after a time she rallied; and when we had seated ourselves upon the loose fragments of some fallen statuary, beside a choked-up fountain, and under the shade of a fine pomegranate tree, she told us her mournful story.

Ere the commencement of the Peninsular War, she was a happy wife, and the mother of two fair children; the eldest was a son; and when he saw his father gird on his sword to lead his regiment to victory against the sworn enemies of his country, under the banners of Wellington, he would not be left behind—he was barely sixteen, but the spirit of his father was within him, and on the same day, she bade farewell to her husband and her son. Isabel, her daughter, was scarcely his junior by a year; and yet, when she hung upon the neck of her father, and kissed the fond lips of her brother on the evening of their departure, how did she envy her weeping mother that she had but two to mourn! Poor Isabel! another went forth to the battle dearer to her even than these. Henrique de los Santos had already received her plighted faith; and Isabel felt as though she were indeed utterly bereft, as these three dear ones rode through the *Quinta* gate. Henrique lingered the last; he had another whisper for her ear—another kiss for her pale cheek; and, at length, he put his swift horse to its speed, and galloped off without turning his head, as though he feared to trust himself with another look.

The accounts which the bereaved ones received from the army were necessarily uncertain and infrequent; but while they were indulging in their anxious sorrow, war came even to their own dwelling, and they were forced to fly. The extreme beauty of Isabel was an additional peril, of which the heart-stricken Donna Anna was fully conscious; and even while she rejoiced at the tidings that the British and Patriot armies were compelling the French forces to fly before them, she yet trembled, as she remembered the near neighbourhood of those dreaded foes. She escaped from Condeixa with her child; and, in the garb of peasants, slowly, timidly, but resolutely, they made their way

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to Lisbon. The hurry of their flight had merely enabled Donna Anna to carry with her the small sum of money which chanced to be in the house, and such of her jewels as she could conveniently secrete about her own person, and that of her daughter; consequently on her arrival in Lisbon she felt that her limited means would scarcely suffice for the present necessities of life, and that with its luxuries she could for a time have nothing to do. Under these circumstances, she hired an apartment on the second floor of a mean house, and thither Isabel and herself went meekly and gratefully to await with throbbing hearts some tidings of their absent heroes.

The news came too soon: Donna Anna had walked into the city to gather from the garrulous groups that thronged its streets something of hope with which to cheer her drooping child; and Isabel sat alone, the large tears falling on her pale cheeks, and her thoughts full of Henrique, when a violent scratching at the door of the apartment, and a low whine, which she recognised in an instant, aroused her from her reverie. For a moment she could not believe her senses, but in the next, she sprang from her chair, and gave admittance to a little ill-favoured mongrel, which she instantly caught up in her arms, and almost smothered with her caresses. The dog received the pressure of her small hand, and even of her warm lips, with quiet satisfaction, but he betrayed no symptom of delight; on the contrary, he uttered at intervals a low, wailing, melancholy whine which struck to the heart of Isabel.

"And your master,"—at length she gasped out, as though the little animal could hear and answer her: "he who vowed that for my sake he would never part from you while he had life; though those who knew not your history might sneer at your want of beauty—where is he? is he on his road to his own Isabel?" The dog gave out another low, piercing wail.

The young girl started! A thousand horrible suspicions swept across her brain—And yet how came the dog in Lisbon, unless brought there by his master? I am aware, even while I write, that many who read this little sketch will hesitate to believe what I am about to declare: but nevertheless it is a fact, that this dog, when his master was taken prisoner by the French, in a wounded and dying state, had followed his fortunes; until after having seen him thrown into his narrow and unnoted grave, he had made his way, first through the French, and afterwards through the British, army, and had then actually traced his former mistress to her obscure dwelling in a back street in Lisbon! I speak of the fact with confidence, for I had it from the lips of an officer of rank; who, on the termination of the war, escorted Donna Anna and the heart-broken Isabel to their native town; in compliance with the wish of the dying girl, that she should draw her last breath among her own beloved mountains. On their journey to Condeixa, Colonel ——— frequently saw and caressed the dog, while endeavouring to cheer the sinking strength of the beautiful invalid, in whose litter the animal travelled the whole way, and whose side he never quitted for an instant.

When Donna Anna returned from her melancholy walk, she found her daughter with the little animal on her lap, but she caressed him no longer; her head was bent down over him, and her eyes were tearless, yet there was an expression of calm, resigned despair about her, which convinced the mother that a more fitting moment could never arrive in which to impart the miserable tidings which she brought.

"Isabel!" she said gently: "*minha querida** Isabel"—and the fair girl looked up with a smile of such hopeless misery, that the mother felt as if her heart would break: "the faithful little brute has come far to see you."

"He has done his errand well;" was the calm reply: "he has prepared me for that which you are about to tell me—Henrique is dead"—

The widow—for even at that moment Donna Anna knew that she was a widow,—turned aside, for she could not brook the tone and look of Isabel.

He is happier than we are, mother, for his cares are over—we have but commenced ours. Our Lady of the Flagellation has taught me that I have set up a perishable idol, and that I have loved it beyond my *God* and my own blood—but you will forgive me, mother, for my altar is overthrown, and my lamp extinguished.—We have now but two left over whom to mourn: I ask you not to weep for me—other grief than my own were needless here, and though the sword and the bullet may bring death, we are not quite hopeless while there is a sorrow which kills also!"

"We have no longer two to mourn, my child!" exclaimed Donna Anna, with a burst of grief which would no longer be suppressed. "I am alone with my children!"

"Two! two!" murmured Isabel, as she pressed her hand upon her throbbing temples: "the blow is heavy! but there are no tears in the grave—and my brave brother?"

"He yet lives—Our Lady be praised!" was the meek reply.

"Poor youth! his sacrifice is not yet completed—mother, mother, this war is a fearful thing! it dyes our hearths with blood, and burns up our brain with fire—nay, nay, tell me not," she added passionately, "tell me not, that they died for their country!—what care *we* for this? you, who are widowed? and I, who am—I scarcely know what I am now:—will that country give us back our

* My darling.

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dead? will it restore light to their eyes, and passion to their hearts? will it suffer the nerveless fingers to clasp ours again as they were wont to do; and bid us listen, as we did in our days of happiness, to gentle words, from lips which are now livid and gory in the grave? Talk not to me of my country—*my* country is where I may again meet Henrique, where my father now dwells in glory."

The paroxysm of unnatural energy was past, and Isabel sank senseless at the feet of her distracted mother. For a time Donna Anna believed that the spirit of her child had fled, but it was not so; slowly and painfully she awoke from her deathlike swoon, only to become the tenant of a sick bed.

At length the last bolt fell: even by the couch of her suffering child did the widow learn that her brave boy was in the city, dying of his wounds. Isabel caught, and at once understood the low whisper in which the tidings were communicated. "Our Lady has heard my prayer;" she said, as she raised herself on her elbow, and signed the cross on her breast. "I shall yet see him once again: —mother, he is stricken,—dying:—lend me your arm that I may rise, and give up to him the only bed which our country has left us."

Donna Anna would have refused compliance, but Isabel was resolute; "Mother," she whispered; "*his* wounds will require rest—*mine* can never know it; bear with me then, and do not let me see you weep; is not your son about to cross your threshold once more? and will you welcome him with tears?"

The young soldier was carried over that threshold in the arms of four of his comrades —he only went to die; but it was strangely beautiful to see his fading sister, herself scarcely less feeble, bending over his pillow, and wiping from his brow the death-damps which settled there; while they talked together of their dead father, of Henrique, and of the spot where they fell: and Isabel never shed a tear, never breathed a sigh; but when a momentary flashing of enthusiasm lit up the fine, though faded, features of her brother, she smiled sadly and bitterly, and only shook her head.

They were alone together when he died: and the girl, when he had heaved his last sigh upon her bosom, resolutely rose, bound a fillet about his head, and composed his limbs decently and tenderly; and then she took her seat beside the body, and with her arm twined around its neck, and her face buried on its bosom, she lay calmly and tearlessly awaiting the return of her mother.

The sad tale is almost told: When the British arms restored peace to Portugal, Isabel, then wasted and worn to a shadow, became anxious to see, ere she died, the loved mountains and pleasant valleys amid which she had wandered with her dead lover, in the days when life was all hope and sunshine. The heart-bowed Donna Anna, who clung to her dying child as to her last hold on happiness, instantly complied; and Isabel, accompanied by her mother, and the faithful and sagacious little animal which had been the herald of all her misery, left Lisbon, under the protection of Colonel ———

I saw her grave; it was overgrown with turf and wild flowers; and the dog, which only survived its mistress a few weeks, lies at her feet.

Donna Anna finds her best consolation for all the sorrow and bereavement which she has undergone in the holy offices of religion and charity: but sometimes, as she confessed to us, when the tide of memory rolls back upon her, she utters a secret prayer that she may ere long be gathered to her loved ones!

"I thought not to have lived many days after I laid the head of my blessed child in her grave;" said the old lady, in concluding her narrative; "and yet, here I am still; my hair has long been white, and my step feeble—but Our Lady is good; and I am contented *estar esperando pela minha hora.*"*

* To wait for God's time.

The Topographer.

GLENCOE.

Grey mists rests on the hills. The whirlwind
Is heard on the heath. Dark rolls the river.
OSSIAN.

THE melancholy event which has attached such a fearful interest to the valley of Glencoe, it shall be our endeavour to lay as concisely before the readers of *The Mirror* as possible. It is in itself, independent of connecting circumstances, the most wild and singular spot in all Scotland, and is situated in the district of Appen, Argyleshire. What is about to be related, is perhaps the most atrocious, as it is the most unprovoked, "deed of blood" which stains the page of modern history: all the meritorious actions of King William III. (and they are not a few) are insufficient to obliterate the foul blot which this most unprincipled transaction has thrown upon his memory.

In the year 1691, as the Highlanders, who were fondly attached to the Stuart family, had not totally submitted to the authority of William, the Earl of Bredalbane undertook to bring them over, by distributing sums of money among their chiefs; and 15,000*l.* were remitted from England for this purpose. The clans being informed of this remittance, suspected that the earl's design was to appropriate to himself the best part of the money; and when he began to treat with them, made such extravagant demands, that he found his scheme impracticable. He was, therefore, obliged to refund the sum he received; and he resolved to wreak his vengeance with the first opportunity on those

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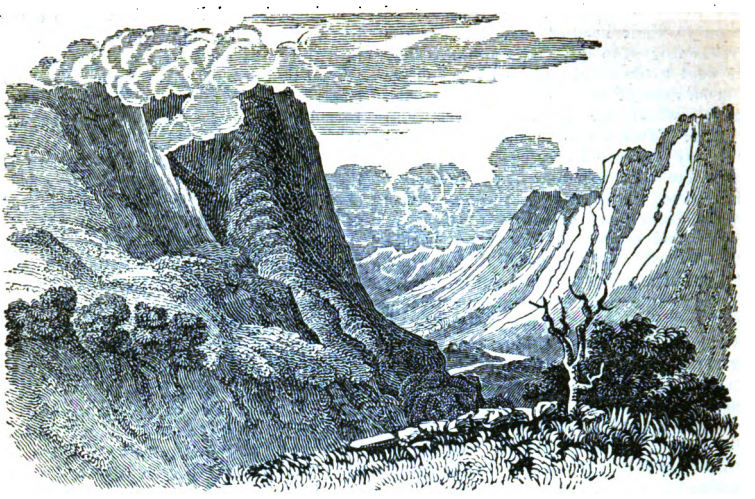

(*Glencoe.*)

who had frustrated his intention. He who chiefly thwarted his negotiation, was Macdonald of Glencoe, whose opposition rose from a private circumstance, which ought to have had no effect upon a treaty that regarded the public weal. Macdonald had plundered the lands of Bredalbane during the course of hostilities; and this nobleman insisted upon being indemnified for his losses, from the others' share of the money which he was employed to distribute. The Highlander not only refused to acquiesce in these terms, but, by his influence among the clans, defeated the whole scheme; and the earl, in revenge, devoted him to destruction. King William had, by proclamation, offered an indemnity to all those who had been in arms against him, provided they would submit, and take the oaths by a certain day; and this was prolonged to the close of the year 1691, with a denunciation of military execution against those who should hold out after the end of December. Macdonald, intimidated by this declaration, repaired on the very last day of the month to Fort William, and desired that the oaths might be tendered to him by Colonel Hill, governor of that fortress. As this officer was not vested with the power of a civil magistrate, he refused to administer them; and Macdonald set out immediately for Inverary, the county town of Argyle. Though the ground was covered with snow, and the weather intensely cold, he travelled with such diligence, that the term prescribed by the proclamation was but one day elapsed when he reached the place, and addressed himself to Sir John Campbell, sheriff of the county, who, in consideration of his disappointment at Fort William, was prevailed upon to administer the oaths to him and his adherents. Then they returned to their own habitations, in the valley of Glencoe, in full confidence of being protected by the Government, to which they had so solemnly submitted. Bredalbane had represented Macdonald at Court as an incorrigible rebel, as a ruffian inured to bloodshed and rapine, who would never be obedient to the laws or his country, nor live peaceably under any sovereign. He observed, that he had paid no regard to the proclamation, and proposed that the Government should sacrifice him to the quiet of the kingdom, in extirpating him, with his family and dependents, by military execution. His advice was supported by the suggestions of the other Scottish ministers; and the King, whose chief virtue was not humanity, signed a warrant for the destruction of those unhappy people—though it does not appear that he knew of Macdonald's submission.

An order for this barbarous execution, signed and countersigned by his Majesty's own hand, being transmitted to the Master of Stair, secretary for Scotland, this minister sent particular directions to Livingstone, who commanded the troops in that kingdom, to put the inhabitants of Glencoe to the sword, charging him to take no prisoners, that the scene might be more terrible. In the month of February, Captain Campbell, of Glenlyon, by virtue of an order from Major Duncanson, marched into the valley of Glencoe, with a company of soldiers belonging to Argyle's regiment, on pretence of levying the arrears of the land-tax and hearth-money. When Macdonald demanded whether they came as friends or enemies, he answered, as friends;

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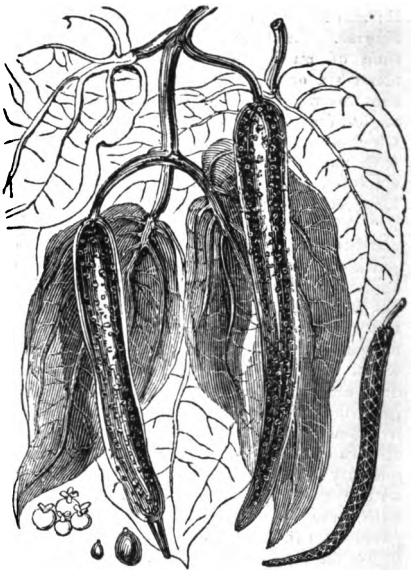
and promised, upon his honour, that neither he nor his people should sustain the least injury. In consequence of this declaration, he and his men were received with the most cordial hospitality, and lived fifteen days with the men of the valley, in all the appearance of the most unreserved friendship. At length the fatal day approached. Macdonald and Campbell having passed the day together, parted about seven in the evening, with mutual professions of the warmest affection. The younger Macdonald, perceiving the guards doubled, began to suspect some treachery, and communicated his suspicions to his brother; but neither he nor the father would harbour the least doubt of Campbell's sincerity. Nevertheless, the two young men went forth privately, to make further observations. They overheard the common soldiers say, they liked not the work; that though they would have willingly fought the Macdonalds of the glen fairly in the field, they held it base to murder them in cool blood; but that their officers were answerable for the treachery. When the youths hasted back to apprize their father of the impending danger, they saw the house already surrounded: they heard the discharge of muskets, the shrieks of women and children; and, being destitute of arms, secured their own lives by immediate flight. The savage ministers of vengeance had entered the old man's chamber, and shot him through the head. He fell down dead in the arms of his wife, who died the next day, distracted by the horror of her husband's fate. The Laird of Auchintrincken, Macdonald's guest, who had three months before this period submitted to the Government, and at this very time had a protection in his pocket, was put to death without question. A boy of eight years, who fell at Campbell's feet, imploring mercy, and offering to serve him for life, was stabbed to the heart by one Drummond, a subaltern officer. Thirty-eight persons suffered in this manner, the greater part of whom were surprised in their beds, and hurried into eternity before they had time to implore the Divine Mercy. The design was to butcher all the males under seventy that lived in the valley, the number of whom amounted to two hundred; but some of the detachments did not arrive soon enough to secure the passes, so that one hundred and sixty escaped.

Campbell, having perpetrated this brutal massacre, ordered all the houses to be burnt, made a prey of all the cattle and effects that were found in the valley, and left the helpless women and children, whose fathers and husbands he had murdered, naked and forlorn, without covering, food, or shelter, in the midst of the snow that covered the whole face of the country, at the distance of six long miles from any inhabited place. Distracted with grief and horror, surrounded with the shades of night, shivering with cold, and appalled with the apprehension of immediate death from the swords of those who had sacrificed their friends and kinsmen, they could not endure such a complication of calamities, but generally perished in the waste before they could receive the least comfort or assistance. H. Inness.

The Naturalist.

BETEL PEPPER.

The Betel is a climbing, Indian plant, which belongs to the same tribe as pepper; but so general is its cultivation, that it is difficult to say in what part of India it is really wild. In form and appearance, it is not much unlike ivy, but is more tender, and full of juice. Its stems are shrubby, much branched, running along the ground, or climbing to a great height, and throwing out roots from the numerous joints. The leaves are more or less broad, oblique at the base, acuminated at the point, and from four to seven inches long. The catkins opposite the leaves are at first shorter than the leaf, slender, cylindrical, tapering, in fruit greatly enlarged, pendent. The subjoined cut is from an engraving in Curtis's *Botanical Magazine*, where the editor states the original to be a drawing executed by the Rev. L. Guilding, in St. Vincent, at which place the plant flourished as well as in its native country. It is raised from slips and cuttings, which are carefully



(*The Betel Pepper.*)

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planted in a rich, moist soil, so as to be protected from sun and rain: this is done by training them to other plants, or to poles, over which a thin shed of mats is spread.

The use of the Betel is connected with some customs, which are extremely interesting in their details, as illustrating ideas of social enjoyment in the East.

Throughout India, and especially in the Malay Islands, the inhabitants have, almost from time immemorial, considered Betel as a necessary of life; and this not by itself, but with the use of lime and the Areca nut, together constituting a masticatory, employed by either sex, and at all ages. Various travellers relate particulars of the use of this plant; but we shall confine ourselves to those of Marsden, in his *History of Sumatra*, which fully describe the Malayan custom. After noticing the almost universal practice of nations enjoying, by mastication or otherwise, the flavour of substances possessing an inebriating quality, Mr. Marsden proceeds:—

"The South Americans chew the *Cocoa* and *Mambeca*, and the Eastern people, the *Betel* and *Areca;* or, as they are called in the Malay language, *Sirih* and *Pinang*. This custom is universal among the Sumatrans, who carry the ingredients constantly about them, and serve them to their guests on all occasions; the prince in a gold stand, and the poor man in a brass box or mat bag. The betel-stands of the better ranks of people are usually of silver, embossed with rude figures. The Sultan of Moco-moco was presented with one by the India Company with their arms on it: and he possesses another besides of gold filagree. The form of the stand is the frustrum of an hexagonal pyramid, reversed; about six or eight inches in diameter. It contains many smaller vessels, fitted to the angles, for holding the nut, leaf, and *chunam*, which is quick-lime made from calcined shells; with places for the instruments, (*hachip*,) employed in cutting the first, and spatulas for spreading the last.

"When the first salutation is over, which consists in bending the body, and the inferior's putting his joined hands between those of the superior, and then lifting them to his forehead, the *Betel* is presented as a token of hospitality and an act of politeness. To omit it on the one hand, or to reject it on the other, would be an affront; as it would be likewise in a man of subordinate rank, to address a great man, without the precaution of chewing it before he spoke. All the preparation consists in spreading on the *Sirih* leaf a small quantity of the *Chunam*, and folding it up with a slice of the *Pinang* nut. Some mix with these *Gambir*, which is a substance prepared from the leaves of a tree of that name, by boiling their juices to a consistence, and making it up into little balls or squares; tobacco is likewise added, which is shred fine for the purpose, and carried between the lip and upper row of teeth. From the mastication of the first three, proceeds a juice which tinges the saliva of a bright red, and which the leaf and nut without the *Chunam* will not yield. This hue being communicated to the mouth and lips is esteemed ornamental; and an agreeable flavour is imparted to the breath. The juice is usually, (after the first fermentation produced by the lime), though not always, swallowed by the chewers of Betel."

The active qualities of the Betel do not injure the coats of the stomach, as might be supposed. It loosens the teeth; but Mr. Marsden thinks it does not affect their soundness. Children begin to chew Betel when very young, and yet their teeth are always beautifully white, till pains are taken to injure them, by filing and staining them black. To persons unaccustomed to the composition, it causes a strong giddiness and other sensations, like those produced by chewing tobacco for the first time. During the fast of Ramadan, the Mahometans abstain from the use of Betel, whilst the sun continues above the horizon; but, excepting at this season, it is the constant luxury of both sexes, from an early period of childhood; till, becoming toothless, they are reduced to the extremity of having the ingredients previously reduced to a paste for them—that, without further effort, the Betel may dissolve in the mouth.

Notwithstanding these statesments of Mr. Marsden, the chewing of Betel is said in the *Dictionnaire des Sciences Medicales*, to gradually corrode the teeth to such a degree, that persons who use it habitually are deprived of all that part of the teeth above the gums at the age of twenty-five or thirty years; yet this does not hinder the universal employment of it.*

Sir Stamford Raffles relates an anecdote of the Betel custom, which touches the reader by its simplicity. When Lady Raffles had reached Merambung, in Sumatra, being much fatigued with walking, and the rest of the party having dispersed in various directions, she lay down under the shade of a tree, when a Malay girl approached, with great grace of manner, and on being asked if she wanted anything, replied—"No; but as you were quite alone, I thought you might like to have a little *bichara* (talk); so I came to offer you some *siri* (betel), and sit beside you." This is a scene of unsophisticated nature, which it is perfectly delightful to contemplate. It breathes of Arab hospitality; and the Malays, we should remember, adopted many of the customs of the Arabians, on their settlement as a nation.

* Surely, tooth-powder made of Areca and Betel, is in general use in this country; and, if we remember rightly, Betel was first introduced for this purpose by the late Dr. Reece.

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The Cut represents a specimen of the Betel, with early mature spikes. Fig. 1. spike of flowers, natural size: 2. female flowers, magnified: 3. seed or fruit, natural size: 4. the same magnified.—(*Curtis's Bot. Mag.* No. 62, *New Series.*)

Notes of a Reader.

EFFECTS OF LIGHTNING.

[The following are from Mr. Murray's pamphlet, already noticed:]—

The effects of lightning are as wonderful as is the power of the assailant. Though lofty edifices be sometimes the subjects of its assault, lower structures, and trees, &c. but little elevated above the plain, are singled out, and become its victims. Some conducting point either in the objects struck, or in the soil or substrata, has determined the course of the lightning, for its direction is guided and governed by laws.

"There is," says Captain Tuckey in his Narrative, "a singular pyramidal stone, (a natural block of loose granite, with another perched upon it,) which rises out of the circular summit of a hill. It is called *Enzazzi*, or the lightning-stone, and is held in veneration." The cause of this veneration may perhaps be found in its attraction for lightning, and the meteor may have been seen to fall upon or flicker around it. The pyramidal monument near Glasgow, reared to the memory of Nelson, was scarcely finished, when the lightning fell upon it and rent it in twain nearly from top to bottom; while the united testimonies of Rich, Buckingham, Sir R. K. Porter, and others, concur in ascribing to the effects of lightning, the rent of the Birs Nemroud, among the ruins of Babylon.

The following storm is recorded in Silliman's *American Journal:* "On the 3rd June, 1826, during a heavy shower of rain, a clap of thunder burst, with tremendous explosion, over a house in Weathersfield, Connecticut. The lightning ran down the chimney to the ceiling of the front room, where it came through, leaving a hole nearly an inch in diameter—tore off the paper and plaster from the wall—descended on a row of nails in the laths to a picture—melted all the gilding—burned and tore one side of the frame—and, again rending its way, ran upon the nails to the fire-place, and separated the breast-work from the chimney; and from thence taking a horizontal direction, attracted by an umbrella in the corner of the cupboard, a small line was to be seen from a nail to a bolt in an opposite closet. From the umbrella it went off at an angle, and came out over the fire-place in a lower room, in *nine holes*, the largest the size of a common gimblet, scorching and slightly tearing the paper. It entered at the corner of a picture, melted the gilding, blackened the frame, and passing off at another corner, separated again into several lines, intersecting each other, until they centered in a nail in the shelf. It passed down the back of the moulding, tore away a hard cement below, threw forward a false back of brick and iron, split the floor on each side of the hearth, rent off splinters two feet in length from the under floor in the cellar, and went east and west through a stone wall into the earth. The greatest force was exerted in the chamber-closet. The point of the umbrella was brass, and just beneath the wire which connects the whalebone it was burnt off; and the silk, the stick, and the whalebone, were nearly consumed. Several folds in some woollen carpets were burnt. A fur muff, a cloth coat, and some other articles were also much injured; a sleeve and part of the waist of the coat were destroyed, while the *cotton lining* to which they were stitched was *left whole*, and, excepting a small piece, was not even tender from scorching. A black sulphureous smoke arose from the spot, and filled the house. A lady was in the closet with the door shut, and but a foot distant from the course of the lightning. The sound was dreadful, like cannon at her ears, and the heat inexpressibly great, as if she were in the midst of flames. She spoke at first of intense light, but all consciousness of that has since passed from her mind. In this terrific and awful situation she was preserved unhurt, came out immediately and closed the door. It may be remarked that she was clothed *in cotton*, and a roll of carpeting stood between her and the umbrella. Five boards were thrown down, and four rooms were filled with the smell of sulphur, and covered with soot. The electrical fluid entered four closts adjoining the room in the lower story,—ran round china cups, plates, &c., raised and dissolved the gilding, or converted it into the purple oxyde of gold, and, leaving a dark bluish path next to a nail where it splintered the partition, escaped through the back of a door to a hinge. In a closet, without paint, it discoloured the wood three inches in width, broke four dishes, and drove out nine nails, four of them from a hinge; in a third it left an aperture, as large as a bullet-hole, in the ceiling, split the floor three feet, and tore up four inches, about an inch wide. In a fourth, it overturned, tossed out, and broke large phials of medicines, pill boxes, wafer boxes, &c. drove four nails partly out of the hinges, and rent off a piece of the casement. On the top shelf lay several iron articles. It pierced the ceiling in the back room, came down in two branches, and so completely *dissipated four cents, weighing about 165 grains*, which lay upon a nail in the moulding, that, except a metallic stain on the lead paint of the shelf, not a trace of them remained; they *appear to have flashed*

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away like gunpowder. In the chamber, eight feet from the chimney, it came out over the corner of a looking glass in three places, the largest like a gimblet-hole—split the back-board of the glass into three parts, melted the gilding, and went off at an opposite corner in one large place and *nine small ones*, through the wall to a window in the room beneath, splintered the casement by a nail into five or six small pieces, and killed a rose-bush which was tied to a nail on the outside of the house. Opposite, and fifteen feet from the chimney, hung a piece of embroidery; three small holes were left in the wall over one corner of it; two thirds of the top of the frame, which is of mahogany, is split up to a corner; where it appears as if the fluid ran down the back of the glass, to a basket wrought with gold thread, and, blackening it, passed off at another corner, through three small places in the wall, and came out in five points, like nail marks, in the ceiling over a looking glass in the first story, ran all over the gilding, and went off through the wall by the nails which support the glass. The paint in the chamber was turned of a very dark colour with a metallic cast: the paper was red and blue, the *red*, excepting near the floor, had entirely disappeared. There was no lightning-rod on the house."

The preceding description of the effects of lightning is very interesting, and, conjoined with what I have detailed in another place, reads an instructive lesson to us. Here is ample evidence of the division of the meteor into various ramifications or streams, a curious selection of metallic materials and their fusion, oxydation, and vaporization, when insulated either partially or entirely, (being thus discontinuous conductors) wherever they stood in the way of its progress; and its leap to non-conducting substances which were destroyed, or fractured, or burnt up, together with the non-electric if in contact with them. It seems to me highly probable that the lightning, when it scorches or vaporizes, carries with it part of the materials on which it has been occupied; and that its momentum is increased partly by the opposition it meets with in its progress to the earth, by the non-conducting media and materials that obstruct its path.

[The extent of our extracts reminds us that we must draw to a close.

We are unable to follow Mr. Murray further in his closely narrated facts and well drawn inferences, and ingenious theories: among the latter we especially notice his views of a geographical distribution of colour on the surface of the globe, which he terms *the geography of colour*. We can only add that it is long since we have seen the most astounding phenomena of nature illustrated and explained in so intelligible, familiar, entertaining, and unpretending a manner, as in this pamphlet. Here is none of the mystification or pedantry of science, but cause and effect are traced in such plain writing, that "all who run may read."]

The Public Journals.

NATIONAL EDUCATION.

[The number (24) of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, just published, is perhaps the most valuable, attractive, and interesting, yet issued. Its leading subjects are National Education—Egyptian Antiquities—Animal Magnetism — and Mirabeau, the French Revolutionist. These form masterly papers, full of unwearied research and scholarly ease. Dry and uninviting to the general reader as the first and second subjects appear, they are rendered even entertaining from the manner in which they are handled; and the third and fourth articles yield all the interest their titles promise. What a relief are subjects such as these to the Road and the Turf of the English *Quarterly Review*, and the political bile of its blue and yellow contemporary.

We shall probably quote from more than one of the above papers; but the first on the list has correspondent claims to our notice. The extract explains the character, objects, and operation of the Prussian system of education, as reported by M. Victor Cousin, or rather that portion of it which relates to the primary or elementary instruction, destined for children of the lower and middle orders, which are managed as follows:]

Every circle (or subdivision of a regency or county) is divided into communes (or parishes); and each commune is provided with a school, of which the pastor or curate of the place is inspector, together with a committee of the principal persons of the commune, called *Schulvorständ*. In the city communes, where there are several primary schools, there is a higher board, composed of the magistrates, which exercises a general superintendence over the several committees. Moreover, in the chief place of the circle there is another inspector, whose authority extends over all the schools of the circle, and who corresponds with the local officers. This as well as the local inspector is almost always an ecclesiastic, but after these two officers the authority of the civil administration commences. The school-inspector of each circle corresponds with the government or council of each regency or department through the medium of its president. One of the members of this council is an officer called *Schulrath*, paid as well as his colleagues, and specially charged with the superintendence of the primary schools. He also inspects the schools; awakens and stimulates the zeal of the inspectors, the commit-

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tees, and the schoolmasters: all the inferior and superior inspectors correspond with him, and he carries on, through the medium of the president of the council of the department, all the correspondence relative to the schools, with the higher authorities: he is in fact the real manager of the primary instruction in each department. It will be observed, therefore, that the details of the primary schools are, in Prussia, left to the management of the local authorities, while the central government exercises everywhere a general superintendence.

[The following passage is a descriptive outline of the schools:]

All parents in Prussia are bound by law to send their children to the public elementary schools, or to satisfy the authorities that their education is sufficiently provided for at home. This regulation is of considerable antiquity; it was confirmed by Frederick the Great in 1769, and was introduced into the Prussian *Landrecht*, or code, in 1794, and finally it was adopted in the law of 1819, which forms the basis of the actual system of Prussia. The obligation in question extends not only to parents and guardians, but to all persons who have power over children, such as manufacturers and masters of apprentices, and applies to children of both sexes from their seventh to their fourteenth year complete. Twice a-year the school committee and the municipal authorities make a list of the children in their district whose parents do not provide for their education, and require the attendance of all who are within the prescribed age. This attendance is dispensed with, if satisfaction is given that the children will be properly instructed elsewhere; but the parents are nevertheless bound to contribute to the school to which their children would naturally belong. Lists of attendance kept by the schoolmaster are delivered every fortnight to the school committee. In order to facilitate the regular attendance of the children, and not altogether to deprive the parents of their assistance, the hours of lessons in the elementary schools are arranged in such a manner as to leave the children every day some hours for domestic labours. The schoolmasters are prohibited by severe penalties from employing their scholars in household work. The schools are closed on Sundays; but the evenings, after divine service and the catechism, may be devoted to gymnastic exercises. Care is taken to enable poor parents to obey the law, by providing their children with books and clothes. If, however, the parents omit to send their children to school, the clergyman is first to acquaint them with the importance of the duty which they neglect; and if his exhortation is not sufficient, the school committee may summon them and remonstrate with them severely. The only excuses admitted are a certificate of ill health by a medical man, the absence of the children with their parents, or the want of clothes. If all remonstrances fail, the children may be taken to school by a policeman, or the parents, guardians, or masters, brought before the committee, and fined, or imprisoned in default of payment, or condemned to hard labour for the benefit of the commune. These punishments may be increased up to a certain limit for successive infractions of the law. Whenever the parents are condemned to imprisonment or hard labour, care is to be taken that their children are not abandoned during the term of their punishment. Parents who neglect this duty to their children are to lose all claim to pecuniary relief from the public, except the allowance for instruction, which, however, is not to pass through their hands. They are likewise declared incapable of filling any municipal office in their commune. If all punishments fail, a guardian is to be allotted to children, and a co-guardian to wards, in order specially to watch over their education.

In order to enable parents to comply with the terms of this law, it is necessary that there should be schools which their children can attend without difficulty. Accordingly, every commune is required by law to have a complete *elementary school*, and every town containing more than 1,500 inhabitants to have at least one *town school;* the difference between which schools will be explained presently. In order to carry this law into effect, it is enacted that the inhabitants of every rural commune shall, under the direction of the public authorities, form themselves into a society (called *Landschulverein*), composed of all the landed proprietors, and all the fathers of families not landed proprietors, resident in the commune. A society of this kind may likewise be formed by a single village, or even by a collection of remote farm-houses. In general every village is required to maintain its school; several villages, however, may have one in common, if each is unable to support the expense of a separate school; provided that the distance from the common school is not greater than two miles, in a flat country, or one mile in a hilly country; that the communication is not interrupted by marshes or rivers impassable at certain seasons of the year; and that the number of children to be instructed is not too large, that is, more than 100 for one master.

In order to make a complete primary school the following things are necessary. 1. A sufficient income for the schoolmasters and mistresses during their service, and a maintenance for them after their retirement. 2. A building for exercises and instruction properly constructed, maintained, and warmed. 3. Furniture, books, pictures, instruments, and

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all things necessary for learning and bodily exercise. The *first* of these points is declared by the Prussian law to be the most important of all; as without sufficient salaries it is impossible to have good masters. No general rule as to the amount is laid down, as the circumstances of different places differ; but the provincial consistories are directed to appoint a minimum for the salaries of schoolmasters in towns and in the country for each province, which is to be revised from time to time. With regard to the *second* point, it is laid down that the school-house ought to belong to the school; but if it is hired, a house ought to be taken which stands in an open space. It is absolutely required that every school should be in a wholesome situation, should have rooms of sufficient size, well floored and ventilated, and kept with the utmost cleanliness, and should, as far as possible, contain a good lodging for the master. Where there are several masters, one at least ought to reside in the school. Every school in a village or a small town is required to have a garden, where the scholars may learn the art of gardening, and a yard for the exercises of the children. As to the *third* point, every school is to have a collection of books sufficient for the use of the masters, and, as far as possible, for that of the scholars. Other things used in education, such as maps, models for drawing, instruments and collections for teaching natural history and mathematics, implements for teaching trades, &c. are to be furnished to the different schools, according to a scale fixed by the provincial consistories.

The next subject to be considered is the fund from which the expenses incured in establishing and maintaining these schools are to be defrayed. This fund is of three kinds—1. Endowments of private benefactors. 2. A rate imposed on the inhabitants of the town, commune, or department. 3. The payment of the scholars. With regard to the first of these sources, the law enacts that wherever there is a school maintained by the gifts of private benefactors, it shall be used as the public school of the place; and shall, if necessary, be assisted or augmented at the public cost. Wherever the private funds are insufficient, the duty of maintaining the inferior schools is imposed on all the *fathers of families* in the town or commune, that is, all married persons having an independent establishment; the rate of payment being proportional to the income of each. If a town or commune should from poverty be unable to maintain a proper school, the funds of the department are to be called in aid, so long as the inability shall continue. In addition to these resources, all children attending the school are required to pay a certain sum to be fixed by the school committee; the chief part of which is to be divided among the masters, in order to stimulate them to the proper performance of their duties. In places, however, where there is no charity school (*Armenschule*), the public school is bound to furnish gratuitous instruction to the children of indigent parents; some favour is likewise to be shown to parents who have several children attending at the same time.

Having thus explained the duty of parents to send their children to the elementary schools, and the manner in which these schools are established and maintained, we now come to the object and nature of the instruction communicated in them. "The principal object of every school (says the law) is to bring up the youth in such a manner as to create in them, together with a knowledge of the relation of God to man, the power and desire of regulating their lives according to the spirit and principles of Christianity." With this view the masters are directed to form the children to habits of piety; to begin and end the day's lessons with a short prayer; and to instil religious sentiments into their minds at the time of the communion. They are likewise enjoined to inculcate in the children obedience to the laws, and fidelity and attachment to the king and state, in order to animate them with the love of their country.

The inferior public schools are of two kinds —the *elementary schools* in villages and country places, and the *civic* or *town schools* in the towns. Every complete elementary school is required to teach the Christian religion, the German language, the elements of geometry, and the general principles of drawing, arithmetic, the elements of natural science, geography, general history, and particularly the history of Prussia, singing, writing, gymnastic exercises, and the simplest kinds of manual labour. No elementary school is *complete* which does not embrace all these subjects; in *every* school, however, it is absolutely necessary that at least religion, reading, writing, arithmetic, and singing, should be taught. Every town school is required to teach religion and morality, the German language, reading, composition, and the study of the national classics, the elements of Latin and of mathematics, a sound knowledge of arithmetic, physical science, geography and history, and especially the history, laws, and constitution of Prussia; the principles of drawing, singing, chiefly for religious purposes, and gymnastic exercises. No particular books are appointed to be read in the schools; but the masters are left to choose the best on each subject as they may successively appear. Every scholar is bound to go through the entire course on every subject forming a part of the prescribed education, nor are the parents at liberty to exclude their children from any particular branch of knowledge. The children are to be examined be-

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fore they pass from one class to another; and once a-year, in every boys' school, there is to be a public examination, at which, moreover, the master is required to give a written account of the progress and actual state of the school. Every child at his departure from school is furnished with a certificate of his acquirements and character.

The Prussian law justly lays great stress on the respectability and competency of the masters: it is not, however, satisfied with mere injunction and exhortation, but establishes a system by which a succession of well-qualified masters is insured.

It should be added, that the Prussian law does not permit any person to open a private school without having obtained permission from the proper authorities, which may be refused in case of immorality or improper conduct on the part of the applicants. Unmarried men are absolutely prohibited from keeping a girls' school. After private schools have been established, they are subject to the inspection of the public officers of education, who have power, if they find that bad books or masters are employed, to report the school to the provincial consistory, which may withdraw the permission from the school.

Such is a general outline of the national system of elementary instruction for the middling and poorer classes, established, by the law of 1819, in Prussia.

[We have not space to quote the reviewer's clever remarks on the character of the Prussian system, and his suggestions for the adoption of certain of its laws in this country instead of "the 20,000*l.* now proposed to be granted for the building of schools in England, and the large sums of money annually granted for many years to private societies in Ireland, of being expended and often wasted by irresponsible persons, on schools which do not become the property of the public."

The following facts, however, bespeak the well-working of the Prussian system, and the fairness of the reviewer's concluding remark is self-evident: "Prussia with a revenue of less than eight millions (7,590,476*l.*), educates her entire population (nearly as large as that of England), at an expense of about 360,000*l.* a-year, of which sum the state contributed, in 1831, about 48,000*l.* (Cousin, *Rapport*, p. 268, *Supplément* p. 15). How small a part of the sum annually raised in England as poor rates for corrupting the poor, would be sufficient to educate them in knowledge and in virtue!"]

Retrospective Gleanings.

LETTER OF KING CHARLES II. TO MRS. LANE.

This lady greatly assisted in the preservation of Charles II., after the battle of Worcester; and the address with which she managed his escape appears to have made a considerable impression on the fugitive king.

P. T. W.

*Copy of the Letter.**

"Mrs. Lane,—I have hitherto deferred writing to you, in hope to be able to send you somewhat else besides a letter; and I believe it troubles me more that I cannot yett doe it, than it does you; though I doe not take you to be in a good condition longe to expect it. The truth is, my necessities are greater than can be imagined; but I am promised they shall be shortlye supplyed: if they are, you shall be sure to receive a share; for it is impossible I can ever forgett the great debte I owe you, which I hope I shall live to pay, in a degree that is worthy of me. In the mean time, I am sure all who love me will be kind to you, else I shall never think them so to your most affectionate friend

"Charles Rex.

"*Paris, Nov.* 23, 1652."

* Now in the possession of a gentleman at Manchester.

The Gatherer.

Countess of Desmond.—Catherine Fitz-Gerald, Countess of Desmond, was born about the year 1464, was married in the reign of Edward IV., lived during the entire reigns of Edward V., Richard III., Henry VII., Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, and died in the latter end of James I., or the beginning of Charles I.'s reign, at the great age of 162 years, as is generally supposed. For an account of this remarkable character, see Mr. Pennant's Tours in Scotland.

There is a print of this lady, taken from an original family picture of the same size painted on board in the possession of the Right Honourable Maurice Fitz-Gerald, Knight of Kerry, &c.; which may be purchased at Mr. Evans's, No. 1, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. P. T. W.

Magna Charta.—This document was read in Westminster Hall, in the presence of King Henry III., the nobility, and bishops, with lighted candles in their hands; the king all the while laying his hand on his breast, and at last swearing solemnly, faithfully, and inviolably, to obey all things therein contained, as he was a man, a christian, a soldier, and a king; then the bishops extinguished the candles, and threw them on the ground; and every one said, "*thus let him be extinguished and stink in Hell, who violates this charta,*" upon which the bells were set on ringing, and all persons by their rejoicing approved of what was done.

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Pyrrhus and his minister Cyneas.*—Cyneas asked the king what he proposed to do when he conquered the Romans? He answered, "Pass into Sicily." "What then?" said the minister. "Conquer the Carthaginians," replied the king. "And what follows that?" says the minister. "Be sovereign of Greece, and then enjoy ourselves," said the king. "And why," replied the sensible minister, can we not do this *last* now?"

Snake-charming.—The Manitou of the Osages (says Mr. Carne) was a serpent of an enormous size, which the priestess had the power of charming, though to every other its bite was mortal. Some of the more superstitious Indians had a Manitou, or evil genius, in their dwellings, to keep them from harm; the belief they often held in transmigration conduced to this practice. To the wandering Indian, whose eye often followed with desire the rapid flight of the eagle and the deer, it was, no doubt, sweet to believe that his soul after death should roam through the regions of the air, and over the plains, without ever being wearied. I remember, (says M. Bossu,) in a village of the Illinois, one of our soldiers went into a hut and found a live snake which he killed; the master arriving quickly after, fell into a terrible passion to find his deity dead, and uttered a wild lament; he said it was the soul of his father, who died about a year before; that the old man had loved to pursue and kill the serpents, having envied their rapid movements by which they glided from rock to tree, and swam over wide rivers; and when his limbs were stiff, and his frame bowed, he longed that he might be a serpent after death. W. G. C.

Lord Bacon, when first appointed judge on the northern circuit, had to pass sentence of death on several malefactors, by one of whom he was strongly importuned to save his life. The culprit, finding all he could say to be of no avail, at length desired mercy on account of kindred. "Prithee," observed his lordship, "how came that in?" "Why, if you please, my lord, your name is Bacon, and mine is Hog, and in all ages hog and bacon have been so near a kindred, that they are not to be separated." "Ay, but," replied the judge, "*you* and *I* cannot be kindred unless you be hanged: for Hog is not Bacon until it be well hanged."

H. B. Andrews.

Ancient Divination.—This art was in use among the Greeks; and the usual manner of it was this. A circle was made on the ground, and divided into twenty-four equal spaces, or proportions: in each of which spaces was written one of the letters of the alphabet, and upon each of these letters was laid a grain of wheat. This done, a cock was turned loose in the circle, and careful observation was made of the grains he pecked. The letters corresponding to those grains were afterwards formed into a word, which word was to be the answer desired.

P. T. W.

Swimming Stone.—In a copper mine near Redruth, in Cornwall, a curious substance, called the swimming stone, is found. It consists of right-lined laminæ, as thin as paper, which intersect one another in all directions, leaving, however, unequal cavities between them. In consequence of this hollow texture, the stone is so light that it swims in water. W. G. C.

A King without his right eye.—Aster of Amphipolis, offered his services to Philip II. king of Macedon, telling him that he was so excellent a marksman that he could bring down birds in their most rapid flight. "Well," said the king, "I will take you into my service when I make war upon starlings." Stung with the reply, Aster resolved upon revenge. Having thrown himself into the city, he let fly an arrow, on which was written "*To Philip's right eye.*" It hit the king exactly in his right eye. Philip ordered the arrow to be sent back, with the following label: "*If Philip takes the city, he will hang Aster,*" and he was as good as his word.

P. T. W.

Encoring with a vengeance—Andronicus Livius, one of the ancient Roman poets, was the first who attempted to compose a drama in verse, which he himself sung and acted, while a player on the flute accompanied him in unison to keep him in tune. He was encored and obliged to repeat his pieces so often, that he lost his voice and became unable to sing or declaim any longer. He was then allowed a slave to sing, while he only acted the part behind him. Hence the custom (says his biographers) of dividing the declamation or melody of the piece, with which the Roman people were extremely delighted.

* King of Epirus.

THE ANNUALS.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 637.] SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER. [Price 2*d*.

Spirit of the Annuals for 1834.

LYONS.

(*From the* Landscape Annual.)

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The Landscape Annual.

The itinerary of the present year lies in France, or, rather in its loveliest portion, the sunny south. The Illustrations, twenty-six in number, are from the accomplished pencil of Mr. J. D. Harding: among them are Clermont-Ferrand, Royat, Thiers, Mont St. Michael, Montpellier, Nismes, Avignon, Villeneuve, and Lyons. They are accompanied by letter-press of historical and anecdotical details of each district: there are three superb views of Lyons, one of which we have transfered to the annexed page. The few descriptive details of the city are as follow: "Nothing can exceed in beauty and variety of aspect, the scenery through which the tourist passes, in approaching this ancient city,—once the centre of the Roman conquests in the north. Green plains and sunny hills, clothed with the purple vine,—towns, castles, and convents, stretching in the distance,—the village spires glittering through the stately trees,—villas, hamlets, and farms, —with the picturesque region of Mont d'Or, —its sloping hills, and its antique-looking dwellings, mark his progress from the French capital, through the more fertile and luxuriant districts, conducting him towards the land of the south." Approaching the town, "the general view of Lyons and its cathedral, offers a scene of animation, which has no parallel in any other part of France. The quay is, perhaps, one of the finest in Europe. It is frequented as a promenade by people of all ranks; and, in short, has been termed the *Boulevard Italien* of Lyons. Another striking feature of the landscape is the superb stone bridge of the Soane, recently constructed near the archiepiscopal palace, and called Le Pont de Tilsitt. The immediate entrance into the city conveys no adequate idea, in the eye of the stranger, of the superior character of many of its edifices. The road into it, which has been formed by the passage of a river, resembles a quarry rather than a street. It continues through a street of houses six or seven stories high, and built against the solid rock." From this gloomy approach, the traveller beholds with singular advantage the numerous bridges of the place, and the opposite banks of the Soane. At length, as he reaches the prison, and the courts of ustice, the continual gloom begins to disappear; and just beyond, he beholds the grand cathedral of St. John. The splendid new bridge of Tilsitt stretches across the river, abutting in a fine square, one of the noblest portions of the city. Crossing Pont St. Vincent, you behold, opposite the cathedral, on the low side of the Soane, the church D'Ainey, forming part of the old town of Lyons. But some of the finest parts of this extraordinary city lie beyond the bridge; and there the great square opens to view, beautifully embellished with trees, and wearing an antique, cloistered aspect. Here are situated the governor's residence, the post-office, and other official houses. The Place des Tauraux, with the Hotel de Ville, rank next in importance. The Hotel Dieu, founded above 1,200 years ago, by Childebert, was considered one of the most admirable, as well as magnificent, hospitals in Europe. The churches of Lyons have, in general, few claims upon the attention of the stranger; the cathedral, and that of the Chartreux, with St. Nizier, as it appears in the annexed plate, are, however, among the first entitled to his notice. St. Nizier, in particular, is remarkable for having been compared with, and even rivalling, the metropolitan church itself, as well as for its admirable gates, the workmanship of the ingenious Philibert Delorme.

"During the Revolution, Lyons withstood a siege of two months, without fortifications, and a garrison, against an army of 100,000 men. Such were the subsequent horrors it endured, that it was almost depopulated, and reduced to the utmost verge of wretchedness. While in this desolate condition, the Emperor Napoleon, on his return from Egypt, is recorded to have shed tears over its fate, and expressed the greatest solicitude to relieve its woes. He infused spirit into the disheartened population; gave orders for the reconstruction of public works, in particular of the *Place du Belle Cour*, and gave permission to the Lyonnais to place his statue in the square."

Besides furnishing a picturesque view of the church of St. Nizier, the plate conveys a good idea of the street architecture of Lyons.

The Amulet.

[The same excellent purpose is evident in the literature of *The Amulet* of this as of former years. The papers take higher aim than merely playing with the passions; and, as respects the prose, there is not a page of unprofitable reading throughout the volume. Our favourites are Ellen Ray, an Irish tale, by Mrs. Hall, written with that intense feeling which made her Grace Huntley the pearl of last year's Amulet. Ellen Ray is a touching story of sisterly affection: we have not space for its abridgment, but a page or two will induce the reader to obtain the whole. The following is Ellen's success in aiding the escape of her brother condemned for murder.]

A few weeks—long, heavy, and awful weeks—went by, and the faint hopes of pardon, in which the prisoner and his afflicted sister had indulged, grew fainter from day to day. A sad topic engrossed the thoughts and occupied the tongues, of all the serious and all the thoughtless in the town of ——; yet were they not so engrossing as to procure

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the postponement of the annual ball, so long looked forward to as a scene of unmixed delight, worth a whole year of labour or seclusion.

The ball-room was opposite the jail; and while the sounds of music and revelry pealed through the open casements, two men were occupied in rendering secure the scaffold—on which an execution was to take place with the early morrow. 'Twas a sad contrast: the music echoed by the feet of the merry dancers, and interrupted only an occasional burst of song, from some "highly accomplished" minstrel; the heavy sound of the carpenter's hammer, as he pursued his gloomy task, was broken but by some grumbling observation of his companion, who held a dim and dirty lantern, so as to enable him to finish his work before the midnight! And such are life's contrasts;—yet half the world pass on, and heed them not.

Within the prison was the quiet of approaching death. Ellen had asked and received permission to remain in her brother's cell until the latest hour his jailer could allow. No other shared the solitude: no other comforted or advised with the condemned.

"My own, own sister," he said, "a word might have saved me; but you acted according to the spirit of uprightness within your own pure heart, and I blame it not now. I am rejoiced that my boy did not come with you; the remembrance of this horrid place, of his father in such a state, might have remained when I am gone. I have heard say that people think of what happens when they were young—mere infants, in fact—when they grow old. Do you remember saving me from drowning in the Lee? I could not have been more than two years old then! Oh, that it had not so been! My sand is run:—pray for me again, Ellen."

"Seven—eight—nine," repeated Ellen Ray, without heeding his request, as the clock chimed the hour. "The jailer has been merciful, and promised to permit me to remain till eleven; but I shall continue longer than that," she added. "Michael, I promised to save you, and I will redeem my pledge." He raised his dim and hollow eyes. "Listen, Michael: I would before have communicated my plan, which, fraught as it is with danger, will succeed if you are innocent, and put your trust faithfully in the Almighty; but I thought your soul would become purified by calm reflection, and the absence of all hope of earthly pardon. I trust that so it is—and that in a strange land you will not forget the God who permitted to you time for repentance. Behold, we are the same height, and, by exchanging clothes, the jailer can be deceived. I will remain here until the morning, when, by the assistance of Corney, you will be far on your way towards the strange country I had hoped to have traversed with you."

Michael was so completely bewildered by what he had heard—astounded with the sudden hope that burst upon him, at the very time when utter despair had taken the place of every other feeling, that Ellen was compelled to make the necessary arrangements herself; and never on any occasion, did she evince more presence of mind, or appear more collected. Who can describe her sensations, when, at the appointed hour, the jailer summoned her forth, and she saw Michael depart under his unconscious guidance? Deep and fervent were her prayers during that gloomy night; and great the amazement which pervaded the jail and town when the deception was discovered. Officers were dispatched in pursuit of the fugitive, but he was no where to be found. Ellen's reply to all interrogatories was simply this: "Had I not believed him innocent of the crime for which he was about to suffer, I would not have saved him." Wonderfully was the love of justice blended in her character with the more tender and gentle affections.

[Dr. Walsh's contribution, (always looked for with anxiety by the *Amulet* readers,) is a most interesting account of the]

Earthquake at Zante, in 1820.

When the servant led me to my room he left a large brass lamp, lighting on a ponderous carved table, on the opposite side to that on which I slept. My bed, as is usual in this island, was without a canopy, and open above. As soon as I got into it, I lay for some time gazing on the ceiling, with many pleasing ideas of persons and things floating on my mind; even the grotesque figures above were a source of amusement to me: and I remember falling into a delightful sleep while I was yet making out fancied resemblances to many persons I was acquainted with. The next sensation I recollect was one indescribably tremendous. The lamp was still burning, but the whole room was in motion. The figures on the ceiling seemed to be animated, and were changing places: presently they were detached from above, and with large fragments of the cornice, fell upon me, and about the room. An indefinable, melancholy, humming sound seemed to issue from the earth, and run along the outside of the house, with a sense of vibration that communicated an intolerable nervous feeling; and I experienced a fluctuating motion, which threw me from side to side as if I were still on board the frigate, and overtaken by a storm. The house now seemed rent asunder with a violent crash. A large portion of the wall fell in, split into splinters the oak table, extinguished the lamp, and left me in total darkness; while, at the same instant, the thick walls opened about me, and the blue sky, with a bright star, became, for a moment, visible through one of the chasms. I now threw off the bed-clothes, and attempted to

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escape from the tottering house; but the ruins of the wall and ceiling had so choked up the passage that I could not open the door; and I again ran back to my bed, and instinctively pulled over my face the thick coverlid, to protect it from the falling fragments.

Up to this period I had not the most distant conception of the cause of this commotion. The whole had passed in a few seconds, yet such was the effect of each circumstance that they left on my mind as distinct an impression as if the succession of my ideas had been slow and regular. Still I could assign no reason for it, but that the house was going to fall, till an incident occured which caused the truth at once to flash on my mind. There stood, in the square opposite the Palazzo, a tall, slender steeple of a Greek church, containing a ring of bells, which I had remarked in the day; these now began to jangle with a wild unearthly sound, as if some powerful hand had seized the edifice below, and was ringing the bells by shaking the steeple. Then it was that I had the first distinct conception of my situation. I found that the earthquake we had talked so lightly of was actually come; I felt that I was in the midst of one of those awful visitations which destroys thousands in a moment—where the superintending hand of God seems for a season to withdraw itself, and the frame of the earth is suffered to tumble into ruins by its own convulsions. O God! I cannot describe my sensations when I thus saw and felt around me the wreck of nature, and that with a deep and firm conviction on my mind, that to me that moment was the end of the world. I had before looked death in the face in many ways, and had reason more than once to familiarize me to his appearance; but this was nothing like the ordinary thoughts or apprehensions of dying in the common way; the sensations were as different as an earthquake and a fever.

But this horrible convulsion ceased in a moment, as suddenly as it began, and a dead and solemn silence ensued. This was soon broken by the sound of lamentations, which came from below; and I afterwards found it proceeded from the inhabitants of an adjoining house, which had been shaken down, and crushed to death some, and half buried others who were trying to escape, in the ruins. Presently I saw a light through the crevice of the door of my chamber, and heard the sound of voices outside. It proceeded from the servants, who came to look for me among the ruins. As they could not enter by the usual door-way, which was choked up, they proceeded round to another; but when they saw the room filled with the wrecks of the wall and ceiling, some of which were lying on the bed, one of them said, "Sacraménto! eccolo schiaccato. There he is, crushed to death!" and proceeded to remove the rubbish, and lift the bed clothes. I was lying unhurt, buried in thought; but the dust caused me to sneeze, and relieved the apprehensions of the good people.

I immediately rose, and dressed myself, and proceeded with them about the Palazzo, to see the damage it had sustained. The massive outside walls were all separated from each other, and from the partition walls, and left chasms between, through which the light appeared. Providentially, the room in which I slept had the bed against a partition wall, and nothing fell on me but pieces of the ceiling and cornice; had it been on the other side, next the main wall, I could not have escaped, for it was entirely covered with masses of masonry, which had smashed and buried under them every thing on which they fell. I had repined that I had not been able to escape by the door when I attempted it, but to this circumstance also I now found I was indebted, under Providence, for my preservation. A wing of the house had fallen into the courtyard, through which I had intended to make my way; and, no doubt, had I done so at the moment I tried, would have buried me under it.

It was now past four in the morning, and we proceeded, with intense anxiety, to the Government-house, to see if any of our friends, whom we had left so well and cheerful a few hours before, had escaped. The weather had totally changed. The sky seemed to partake in the convulsions of the earth: it blew a storm, driving the dark clouds along with vast rapidity. The streets were full of people, hurrying in different directions, but all in profound silence, as if under some awful impression, and crowding into the churches, which were every where lighted up, and full of people. The priests were in their vestments singing solemn dirges, and the congregations on their faces, prostrated in the profoundest reverence. We found our friends all assembled, with Lord and Lady Strangford, in the dining hall of the palace. To this room they had run in their night dresses, as to a place of more security, being a ground floor detached from the rest of the edifice, and having no building over it. Here we sat till it was light, telling our several escapes; and then I went out into the town, to see the state in which it was left. Nearly the whole of the 4,000 houses of which it consisted were split open in different places, and many from the foundation to the roof. About forty were lying prostrate, and obstructing the passage of the streets. The front walls of many were separated from the sides, and hanging over the way, seeming ready to fall every moment upon the passenger. This tendency of the walls to fall out saved many lives; but there was another circumstance to which their safety was attributed by the Zantiotes themselves. The night

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had been the vigil of their great patron-saint, Dionysius, and almost the whole population were watching in the streets or churches, and so out of their houses, when the shock came on. The churches were of immense strength, and, though all shaken and shattered, none of them fell; which the pious people universally attributed to the interference of the saint, whose rites they were celebrating. Not more than forty dead bodies were found in the ruins. It appears, by the concurrent testimony of several, that the whole duration of the earth's motion was not longer than fifty seconds or a minute; yet if the time were marked by the passing sensations of different people, that brief space appeared to be hours.

[Another gem is a brilliant allegory, by Mr. E. L. Bulwer, M.P.—"Arasmanes, or the Seeker," a young Chaldæan, who sets out in quest of the garden of Aden, for which he mistakes many scenes. Two of the chapters, representing him a king, are as follow:]

The Chaldæan was no longer young; the hardships he had undergone in the desert had combined with the anxieties that had preyed upon him during his residence in the city of the Golden Palaces, to plant upon his brow and in his heart the furrows of untimely age.

He was in the possession of all the sources of enjoyment at that period when we can no longer enjoy. Howbeit, he endeavoured to amuse himself by his divan of justice, from which every body went away dissatisfied, and his banquets, at which the courtiers complained of his want of magnificence, and the people of his profligate expense. Grown wise by experience, he maintained his crown by flattering his army; and, surrounded by luxury, felt himself supported by power.

There came to the court of Arasmanes a strange traveller: he was a little, old man, of plain appearance, but great wisdom; in fact, he was one of the most noted sages of the East. His conversation, though melancholy, had the greatest attraction for Arasmanes, who loved to complain to him of the business of royalty, and the tediousness of his life.

"Ah! how much happier are those in a humbler station!" said the King. "How much happier was I in the desert cave, tending my heards, and listening to the sweet voice of Azraaph! would I could recall those days!"

"I can enable thee to do so, great King!" said the sage. "Behold this mirror; gaze on it whenever you desire to recall the past; and whatever portion of the past you wish to summon to your eyes, shall appear before you."

The sage did not deceive Arasmanes. The mirror reflected all the scenes through which the Chaldæan had passed: now he was at the feet of Chosphor, a happy boy; now with elastic hopes entering into the enchanted valley of the nymph, ere yet he learned how her youth could fade; now he was at the source of the little stream, and gazing on the face of Azraaph by the light of the earliest star: whatever of these scenes he wished to live over again, reflected itself vividly in the magic mirror. Surrounded by pomp and luxury in the present, his only solace was in the past.

"You see that I was right," said he to the sage; "I was much happier in those days; else why so anxious to renew them?"

"Because, O great King!" said the sage, with a bitter smile, "you see them without recalling the feelings you then experienced as well as the scenes; you gaze on the past with the feelings you *now* possess, and all that then made the prospect clouded is softened away by time. Judge for yourself if I speak true." So saying, the sage breathed over the mirror, and bade Arasmanes look into it once more. He did so. He beheld the same scenes; but the illusion was gone from them. He was a boy once more; but restlessness, and anxiety, and a thousand petty cares at his heart: he was again in the cave with Azraaph, but secretly pining at the wearisome monotony of his life: in all those scenes he now imagined the happiest, he perceived that he had not enjoyed the *present;* he had been looking forward to the future, and the dream of the unattainable Aden was at his heart. "Alas!" said he, dashing the mirror into pieces, "I was deceived! and thou hast destroyed for me, O sage, even the pleasure of the past!"

[The embellishments of *The Amulet* are, we think, the finest set of "Annual" plates. Among the most striking subjects are the frontispiece portrait of Donna Maria, after Lawrence; the Duenna, after Newton; Sir Roger de Coverley, and the Gipsies, from Leslie; and the Sea Shore, after Bonnington; the latter one of the most exquisite productions of modern art.]

The Comic Annual.

[Mr. Hood is "himself again." His merry budget (would that all budgets were as welcome) is full of fun and what comic song-writers call patter. The cuts are rich in humour, and, unlike most comicalities, they will bear looking into. Laughter-moving as they are at first sight, the point is not by one glance. You can return to them again and again, and each time re-enjoy them: they are really such quaint little bits of conceit as to come like lucky stars at this dolorous season. We quote two specimens, and, by the indulgence of the publisher, two of the cuts. First is a sort of patter chant, quite Hoodish:]

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THE LOST HEIR.

" Oh where, and oh where
Is my bonny laddie gone ?" *Old Song.*

ONE day, as I was going by
That part of Holborn christened High,
I heard a loud and sudden cry,
That chill'd my very blood;
And, lo! from out a dirty alley,
Where pigs and Irish wont to rally,
I saw a crazy woman sally,
Bedaub'd with grease and mud.
She turn'd her East, she turn'd her West,
Staring like Pythoness possest,
With streaming hair and heaving breast,
As one stark mad with grief.
This way and that she wildly ran,
Jostling with woman and with man—
Her right hand held a frying-pan,
The left a lump of beef.
At last her frenzy seem'd to reach
A point just capable of speech,
And with a tone almost a screech,
As wild as ocean bird's,
Or female Ranter mov'd to preach,
She gave her " sorrow words."

" Oh Lord! O dear, my heart will break, I shall go stick stark staring wild!
Has ever a one seen any thing about the streets like a crying lost-looking child?
Lawk help me, I don't know where to look, or to run, if I only knew which way—
A child as is lost about London streets, and especially Seven Dials, is a needle in a bottle of hay.
I am all in a quiver—get out of my sight, do, you wretch, you little Kitty M'Nab!
You promised to have half an eye to him, you know you did, you dirty deceitful young drab.
The last time as ever I see him, poor thing, was with my own blessed Motherly eyes,
Sitting as good as gold in the gutter, a playing at making little dirt pies.
I wonder he left the court where he was better off than all the other young boys,
With two bricks, an old shoe, nine oyster-shells, and a dead kitten by way of toys.
When his Father comes home, and he always comes home as sure as ever the clock strikes one,
He'll be rampant, he will, at his child being lost; and the beef and inguns not done!
La bless you, good folks, mind your own consarns, and don't be making a mob in the street;
O Sergeant M'Farlane! you have not come across my poor little boy, have you, in your beat?
Do, good people, move on! don't stand staring at me like a parcel of stupid stuck pigs;
Saints forbid! but he's p'r'aps been inviggled away up a court for the sake of his clothes by the prigs;
He'd a very good jacket, for certain, for I bought it myself for a shilling one day in Rag Fair;
And his trousers considering not very much patch'd, and red plush, they was once his Father's best pair.
His shirt, it's very lucky I'd got washing in the tub, or that might have gone with the rest;
But he'd got on a very good pinafore with only two slits and a burn on the breast.
He'd a goodish sort of hat, if the crown was sew'd in, and not quite so much jagg'd at the brim,
With one shoe on, and the other shoe is a boot, and not a fit, and you'll know by that if it's him.
Except being so well dress'd, my mind would misgive, some old beggar woman in want of an orphan,
Had borrow'd the child to go a begging with, but I'd rather see him laid out in his coffin!
Do, good people, move on, such a rabble of boys! I'll break every boue of 'em I come near,
Go home—you're spilling the porter—go home—Tommy Jones go along home with your beer.
This day is the sorrowfullest day of my life, ever since my name was Betty Morgan,
Them vile Savoyards! they lost him once before all along of following a Monkey and an Organ:
O my Billy—my head will turn right round—if he's got kiddynapp'd with them Italians,
They'll make him a plaster parish image boy, they will, the outlandish tatterdemallions.
Billy—where are you, Billy—I'm as hoarse as a crow, with screaming for ye, you young sorrow!
And sha'n't have half a voice, no more I sha'n't, for cryiug fresh herrings to-morrow.
O Billy you're bursting my heart in two, and my life won't be of no more vally,
If I'm to see other folk's darlins, and none of mine, playing like angels in our alley,
And what shall I do but cry out my eyes, when I looks at the old three legged chair,
As Billy used to make coaches and horses of, and there a'n't no Billy there!
I would run all the wide world over to find him, if I only know'd where to run,
Little Murphy, now I remember, was once lost for a month through stealing a penny bun,—
The Lord forbid of any child of mine! I think it would kill me raily,
To find my Bill holdin up his little innocent hand at the Old Bailey.
For though I say it as oughtn't, yet I will say, you may search for miles and mileses
And not find one better brought up, and more pretty behaved, from one end to t'other of St. Giles's.
And if I called him a beauty, it's no lie, but only as a Mother ought to speak;
You never set eyes on a more handsomer face, only it hasn't been washed for a week;
As for hair, tho' its red, its the most nicest hair when I've time to just show it the comb;
I'll owe 'em five pounds, and a blessing besides, as will only bring him safe and sound home.
He's blue eyes, and not to be call'd a squint, though a little cast he's certainly got;
And his nose is still a good un, tho' the bridge is broke, by his falling on a pewter pint pot;
He's got the most elegant wide mouth in the world, and very large teeth for his age;
And quite as fit as Mrs. Murdockson's child to play Cupid on the Drury Lane Stage.
And then he has got such dear winning ways—but O I never never shall see him no more!
O dear! to think of losing him just after nussing him back from death's door!
Only the very last month when the windfalls, hang 'em, was at twenty a penny!
And the threepence he'd got by grottoing was spent in plums, and sixty for a child is too many.
And the Cholera man came and whitewash'd us all and, drat him, made a seize of our hog,—
It's no use to send the Cryer to cry him about, he's such a blunderin drunken old dog;
The last time he was fetched to find a lost child, he was guzzling with his bell at the Crown,
And went and cried a boy instead of a girl, for a distracted Mother and Father about town.
Billy—where are you, Billy, I say? come Billy, come home, to your best of mothers!
I'm scared when I think of them Cabroleys, they drive so, they'd run over their own Sisters and Brothers.
Or may be he's stole by some chimbly sweeping wretch, to stick fast in narrow flues and what not,
And be poked up behind with a picked pointed pole, when the soot has ketch'd, and the chimbly's red hot.
Oh I'd give the whole wide world, if the world was mine, to clap my two longin eyes on his face.
For he's my darlin of darlins, and if he don't soon come back, you'll see me drop stone dead on the place.
I only wish I'd got him safe in these two Motherly arms and wouldn't I hug him and kiss him!
Lauk! I never knew what a precious he was—but a child don't not feel like a child till you miss him.

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Why there he is! Punch and Judy hunting, the young wretch, it's that Billy as sartin as sin!
But let me get him home, with a good grip of his hair, and I'm blest if he shall have a whole bone in his skin!

[The disasters of a Cockney excursion in Hainault Forest occupy a few pages, of which here is a specimen:]

The Gipsy Party.

The Dryads of Wanstead were startled by the rumble of a well laden tax-cart up that avenue which once led to a princely mansion; and the vehicle at last stopped, and set down its insides and outsides just where the lines of trees branch off into another verdant alley. "It was," Mrs. Carnaby remarked, "a delicious green spot, and very handy to the Green Man for getting porter." Mrs. C—— was assisted out of the cart; and then Miss C—— was lifted out by Mr. Hodges; and then the children were lifted out by the Mother; and then the nursemaid, an awkward, plain looking girl that nobody helped, tumbled out. In the mean time, Master C—— jumped out, all agog after blackberrying and bird-nesting; and had swarmed half up a tree before his mother's vigilance discovered, at a single glance, that he was tearing his trousers, and had his best clothes on. This was a bad setting out for the boy; and the horse was not better, for directly he got out of harness, and felt himself free and at grass, after two or three preliminary kicks and plunges, it occured to him to indulge in a roll, and so he rolled over a pigeon pie that was unfortunately unpacked, and finished by getting very much up with his fore-legs in a bottle of ginger-beer. But it was only a moment of enthusiasm; and, like other old nags, he betook himself to eating his green grass salad as gravely as a judge. None of the performers were fortunate in their debût. The first thing Mrs. Carnaby did in her hurry to save the pop, was to pop down one of the children on the basket of knives and forks; but it was a sharp child and soon got up again: and the first thing that the other twin did was to trip over a stump, and fall, as Betty nursemaid said, "with its face in a fuz." The first thing Mr. Hodges did, was to take Miss Carnaby round the waist and give her a smacking kiss; in return for which, as her first act, she gave him a playful push, that sent him with his white ducks, into a muddy miniature pond, that had recently been stirred up by a cow in search of a cold bath. The first thing that Mr. C. did was to recommend some brandy as a preventive against catching cold; but the last thing the brandy bottle had done had been to stay at home in the cupboard. Mr. Hodges, therefore, walked off to the Green Man for his health's sake; and Master Carnaby sneaked off, nobody knew where, for the sake of blackberries;—while the nursemaid, for the sake of society, took a romantic walk with the two twins, and a strange footman. Gipsies are a wandering race, and all the performers topped their parts; the very horse roamed away like a horse that had neither parish nor settlement; and Mr. Carnaby would have gone roaming after him, if his Wife and Daughter had not hung round his neck, and made him swear not to leave 'em till the others returned, which was afterwards softened down to taking a little walk, provided he didn't go out of sight and hearing. In the mean time Mrs. and Miss C—— laid the cloth, and began to review the eatables, not without lamenting over the smash of the pigeon pie; and when they came to plan their second course, they found that the chief remove, a cold round of beef, had been pinned on the way down by a favourite bull-dog, that Master Carnaby had smuggled into the party. Luckily for the dog, he had also gone roving, with the whole forest before him, as naturally as if he had belonged to Bampfylde Moore Carew, the King of the Gipsies.

Mrs. Carnaby was one of those characters emphatically called fidgets: she never rested till each individual came back, and she never rested when they did. Mr. C—— was the first to return, and not in the first of tempers. He had been done out of his long anticipated rural walk, by setting his foot, before he had gone a hundred yards, on a yard of snake, and it had frightened him so that Mrs. Carnaby expected "it would turn his whole mash of blood, and give him the yellow jaundice." Mr. Hodges came in second, but to the impatient eye of Miss C—— certainly did not proceed from the Green Man with the straightness of a bullet from a rifle. Master Carnaby was a good third, for he had been well horsewhipped, just as he had got three little red blackberries and five thorns in his fingers, by a gentleman who did not approve of his trespassing upon his grounds. Boxer, the bull-dog, was fourth; he came back on three legs, with his brindle well peppered with number six by the gamekeeper, to cure him of worrying park rabbits. In fact, poor Boxer, as Mrs. C. exclaimed, was "bleeding like a pig," and the grateful animal acknowledged her compassionate notice by going and rubbing his shot hide against her shot silk, in return for which he got a blow quite hard enough to shiver the stick of something between a parasol and an umbrella. As for the nursemaid and the twins they did not return for an hour, to the infinite horror of the mother; but just as they were all sitting down to dinner, Betsey appeared with her charge, walked off their feet, with their "pretty mouths all besmeared" with blue and red juice; but no one of the party was botanist enough to tell whether the berries they were munching were hips and haws, or bilberries, or deadly nightshade, but maternal anxiety made sure it was

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the "rank pison." Accordingly dinner was postponed, and they set to get up an extempore fire to make the kettle hot, and as soon as the water was warm enough, these "two pretty babes" were well drenched, and were soon as perfectly uncomfortable as they had been two months before in a rough steam trip to Margate. As soon as peace was restored it transpired, from an examination of the children, and a very cross examination of the nursemaid, that they had met with a *real* gipsy woman in the forest who had told Betty's fortune, but had omitted to prognosticate that her mistress would give her warning on the spot, and that *her* gipsying would end, as it actually did, in finding herself suddenly out of place in the middle of a forest. Like other servants, when they lose a comfortable situation, "some natural tears she shed," but did not wipe them soon, as did "our general mother," for the very excellent reason that she had spread her pocket handkerchief on the ground to sit upon, somewhere between Wanstead and Walthamstow, and had left it as a waif to the lord of the manor.

[At length, the party settle to *tea.*]

Mrs. Carnaby, however, was happy; but "there is many a slip between the tea-cup and the lip." She was in the triumphant fact of pouring the hot water on her best souchong, in her best china tea-pot, when a very well charged gun went off just on the other side of the park palings, and Mrs. Carnaby had not been born like her Grace, old Sarah of Marlborough, "before nerves came into fashion." The tea-kettle dropped from her hand upon the tea-pot, which it dashed to atoms, and then lay on its side, hot watering the daisies and the dandelions that had the luck to grow near it. "Misfortunes never come single," and the gun, therefore, acted like a double one in its inflictions; for no sooner did Boxer recognise its sound than he jumped up, and with an alarming howl dashed through the rest of the tea-service, as if he had absorbed another ounce of number six; a fresh shout from the bystanders welcomed this new disaster, and with the true spirit of "biting a bitten cur," they began to heap embarrassments on the disconcerted gipsyers. They kept pitching sticks into the fire till it grew a bonfire, and made cockshies of the remaining crockery; some audacious boys even helped themselves to bread and butter, as if on the principle that the open air ought to keep open house. As there were too many assailants to chastise, the only remedy was to pack up and take to the road as fast as they could, with a horse which they found with two broken knees, the consequence of his being too curious in the construction of a gravel-pit. "You may say what you like," said Mr. Carnaby, in his summing up, "but for my part I must say of gipsying that it's impossible to take to it without being regularly 'done brown.'"

[We are glad to perceive that Mr. Hood appreciates, as we think the town universally did, Miss Kelly's never-enough-to-be-admired Sally Simkins, whose lamentations have furnished a ballad.]

A Great Projector.

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An Illuminated MS.

The Keepsake.

[The list of contributors is as usual, richly dight with noble names, but those whose genius is their only honour here shown, have produced by far the best portion of the entertainment. We have the Sandman, translated from Hoffman. by Lord A. Conyngham, and not a very lively affair; the Mortal Immortal, by the author of Frankinstein; the Caves of Groenendael, an episode of Waterloo, by Mr. Grattan; Lawrence Bayley's Temptation, a touching tale of sin and sorrow, by the Hon. Mrs. Norton; Love is the Best Physician, an affair of early attachment, by H. L. Bulwer, M.P.; the Two Barons, a melo-dramatic story of the Black Forest, by Leitch Ritchie; and last but one in our notice, though first in merit, The Widowed Bride, by Sheridan Knowles: this is a beautifully told tale of passion, fraught with bright flashes of genius, and touches of affection that steal through the heart of the reader: it occupies forty pages, and cannot be so advantageously abridged as Miss Landon's prose contribution:]—

THE HEAD. BY L. E. L.

The Countess Amalie de Boufflers was one of the very prettiest specimens of a pretty woman that Paris and nature had ever constructed. She had bright golden hair, always exquisitely dressed, whether sprinkled with powder, lighted with diamonds, and waving with feathers, or suffered to hang in the studied negligence of a crop *à l' Anglaise*. She had a hand as white as a lily, and nearly as small; a foot and ankle as faultless as the satin slippers—which their artist said required the imagination of a poet to conceive, and the genius of a sculptor to execute; her walk was the most exquisite mixture of agility and helplessness that ever paid a cavalier the compliment of attracting his attention and requiring his aid; her dancing made the Prince de Ligne exclaim, "I understand the fables of mythology—Madame realizes the classic idea of the Graces." Never did any body dress so exquisitely; Raphael himself never managed drapery to such a flow of elegance, Correggio never understood half so well the arrangement of colours, and in the management of fan, *flacon*, scarf, handkerchief, and *bouquet* she was unrivalled—"the power of science could no further go." Beautiful she was not, for the imagination and the heart must enter into the composition of beauty—that beauty which is both poetry and passion; but, after all, there is no word in French that translates our "beautiful," and who in her own sphere could have desired her to be what their language did not even express? Numberless were the lovers whom she drove to despair—and many were those whom she did not! But all her *petites affaires de cœur* were arranged in the most perfect taste; no scenes, no jealousies, no *brouilleries*; these are things which a *femme d'esprit* always avoids.

Time past on as lightly as he always steps over flowers, Brussels carpets, marble terraces, green turfs, or whatever simile may best express a path without an impediment. Every day added one to the crowd of her adorers—

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people feel so safe in an admiration which is general; to think with others is the best plan of never committing yourself—the unsupported opinion runs such risks. But Fate is justly personified as a female, in so many caprices does she indulge; and one malicious fancy which she contrived was exceedingly displeasing to *la belle comtesse*. One night her husband entered her *boudoir;* a surprise disagreeable on many accounts, but most disagreeable in its consequences. With that perfect ease which constitutes perfect good breeding, he announced that an affair of honour forced him to leave the court for a while, and madame must be ready to accompany him to his chateau by daybreak. Amalie was horror-struck: she could have been so interestingly miserable about the count's misfortune—so useful in arranging matters: such an opportunity for general sympathy might never occur again; but though she had not had many experiences of the kind, yet one or two instances of a divided opinion convinced her, that when M. le Comte did make up his mind, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, it was not to be changed, and, it must be confessed, with no better reason. There is nothing in nature so impracticable as the obstinacy of your true husband; it is the insurmountable obstacle—the Alps no female vinegar can melt. Amalie knew her destiny, and submitted to it with as good a grace as she could. "Grace," as she afterwards observed, is a duty which a woman owes to herself on all occasions." The count thanked her, kissed her hand, and bowed out of the room, leaving her to console herself as she could, and Amalie rarely wanted the means of consolation. De Boufflers was himself in despair at leaving Paris, and was only induced to take so rash a step from considering that his own chateau was preferable to the Bastile. In an agony of anticipated ennui he looked about for a resource; his wife's evil genius managed that her idea should occur to his mind. Every body said she was so charming, would not her company be better than none at all—or, worse than none at all—his own? The Comte de Boufflers was himself "the ocean to the river of his thoughts," and he decided that it was far better for half the *salons* in Paris to be *desolés* than to omit even so slight a precaution as his wife's company, when reduced to sixty miles from Paris, tapestried chambers, some fifty worm-eaten portraits, and an avenue with a rookery.

The chateau was, like the general run of chateaux left to a *concierge* and one or two old retainers, as dilapidated as their dwelling. A ghost had taken possession of one chamber —smoke of a second—a murder, ages ago, had been in a third—and a fourth swarmed with rats. The count sought refuge in shooting partridges from morning till night, and the countess in despair and letter-writing. There is such a thing as friendship, for her epistles received answers full of condolences, regret, and dearer still, news. One letter, however, from *l'amie intime*, Madame de Bethune, made her feel almost as desperate as people do when they tear their hair, drown themselves, pay their debts, or commit any very outrageous extravagancy. The precious yet cruel scroll gave a full and particular account of a late *fête* at Marli. Marie Antoinette had decided on a taste for rural and innocent pleasure, and the whole court had grown rural and innocent to a degree. Nothing was to be seen but crooks, garlands, straw hats, and "white frocks with broad sashes," quite English: then they had a real-earnest mill and a boat, and the gardens were filled with groups enacting rustic scenes. It was enough to provoke a saint—though Amalie made no pretensions to such a character, whatever she might to that of an angel—to have every body else playing at a country life, while she was acting in reality. But the worst was yet to come; the part selected by the queen herself for "*sa belle Amalie*" had of necessity been given to Madame de Mirvane, "who," pursued her informant, "looked pretty enough, but managed the dove, which she was to sit beneath a tree caressing, with no sort of grace. How differently would it have been perched on your *mignon* fingers! it was dreadful that such an interesting part, so simple and so tender, should have been so utterly wasted; but this will make her majesty still more in earnest about obtaining M. de Bouffler's return. What business has *notre bon homme* Louis with a gentleman's affair of honour?" The only consolation which the countess could devise was to try how the new and simple costume would suit her; she could at least have the satisfaction of her own approval. The next day saw her seated beneath an old tree in the neglected garden, through whose boughs the sudden sunshine fell half green, half golden, as the light of the noon and the hue of the leaf mingled together. Her hair was carelessly combed back under a wide, black chip hat, with just *un nœud du ruban;* she wore the simplest of white dresses; and, as no dove could be procured, her paroquet was fastened with a silken string, and placed in an attitude on the prettiest hand in the world. But, alas! projects fail, strings break, and birds fly away, even from such a jailer as *la belle* Amalie; suddenly the slender fastening gave way, the paroquet spread its wings, and was soon lost amid the branches. In such a case there is but one resource, and the countess executed a most musical shriek; this being of no avail, "tears were in the next degree;" but the countess had no idea of wasting such interesting things as tears on herself. so she was returning to the chateau for assistance to recover her fugitive, when a

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rustling amid the boughs overhead attracted her attention, and the next moment a singularly handsome young man sprang to the ground and presented her bird.

[The sequel may be guessed; the young stranger's manner implied that he had now seen one that he should not readily forget.]

* * * * Amalie discovered that the youth's name was Julian; and that he was *democrate et misanthrope*, but she undertook to convert him. Even with the very prettiest of preceptors, conversion is not the work of a day; so leaving it to its progress, we will take the opportunity of stating who Julian was—alas! a *roturier*. His father had carried on an extensive trade in precious stones, had travelled much, and profited in more ways than one by his travels; he early realized a competence, and, what is much rarer, early began to enjoy it. He married an English girl, and settling in the valley where he was born, led a life of seclusion, study, and domestic content—a state of existence so often a dream and so rarely a reality. Julian was brought up with every care; his natural talents were cultivated as seduously as books could cultivate them. But the knowledge of the library is not that of the world. The death of Julian's mother was soon followed by that of his father, and at nineteen the youth was left to a world from which he turned with all the desolation that attends on the first acquaintance with sorrow and death. The affection between himself and his parents had been so strong and undivided, that life seemed left without a charm when bereaved of their love.

Julian arrived in Paris—his heart full of passion, and his head full of poetry—the one to be deceived, and the other to be disappointed. His wealth, his prepossessing appearance, and some scientific introductions, for his father had been the correspondent of eminent men, opened to him several of the first houses in Paris; but such society soon made him aware that he was only there on sufferance; that "thus far and no further," was the motto of aristocratic courtesy; he felt himself the equal—ay, the superior—of half the gracious coxcombs that surrounded him, and yet an accident of birth and fortune placed him at an immeasurable distance from those whose manner mocked him with the semblance of equality.

[This obstacle and an affair of honour drive Julian from Paris to his native valley.]

A low, chill wind moaned through the streets of Paris, and a dull, small rain scarcely penetrated the thick fog which hung on the oppressed atmosphere:—in a high wind and a brisk shower there is something that exhilarates the spirits; but this damp, dreary weather relaxes every nerve, unless indeed they be highly strung with some strong excitement, that defies every external influence—but, ah! of such life has but few instances. All great cities present strange contrasts; the infinite varieties of human existence gathered together mock each other with the wildest contrasts; and if this be true of all cities and all times, what must it have been in an hour like that of which we now write, and in a capital like Paris! The revolution was now raging in all its horrors; a terrible desire for blood had risen up in the minds of men, and cruelty had become as much a passion as love. In one street a band of ruffians insulted the quiet night with their frightful orgies; in the next a worn and devoted family clung to each other, and trembled lest the wind as it moaned past might bring the footsteps of the ministers of a nation's vengeance, or rather of a nation's madness. Here was a prison crowded with ghastly wretches sickening on hope defered, till it grew into fear; there a palace where the purple availed no longer, while its wearied and wretched inmates sought courage from despair. Hate, terror, rage, revenge, all the most ghastly elements of human wretchedness and crime, were in commotion, and Paris was filled with riot and change. Yet into one luxurious haunt of rank, wealth, and grace it would seem as if no alteration had made its way. The blue satin draperies of the little boudoir, which was fitted up as a tent, were undisturbed, and the silver muslin curtains reflected back the soft light of the lamps; while roses, on which months of care had been bestowed for an hour of lavish bloom, the red light from the cheerful hearth, the rich carpet, over which the step passed noiseless, the perfumes that exhaled their fragrant essence—all mocked the desolation without. Leaning upon a couch near the window was the Comtesse Amalie, pretty as ever, changed in nothing save costume, which was suited to the classical mania of the day; her hair was gathered up in a Grecian knot, the little foot wore a sandal, and the white robe, *à l' antique*, was fastened by cameos. Suddenly a door opened—and the rain damp upon his cloak, and his hair glittering with its moisture, entered Julian; he was changed, for he looked pale and exhausted, and lip and brow wore the fixed character and the deeper line which passion ever leaves behind. Amalie rose, and, with an expression of the tenderest welcome, took his cloak from him, and with her own *mignon* hands drew the *fauteuil* towards the fire, and then placing herself on a little stool at his feet, looked up in his face with an asking and anxious gaze, perhaps the most touching that a woman's features can assume to her lover. Amalie did not love Julian as he loved her—it was not in her nature—but her light and vain temper was subdued by his earnest and impetuous one; she feared him too, and fear is the great strengthener of

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a woman's love. Besides there is something in intense passion that communicates itself, as the warmth of the sun colours the cloud, whose frail substance is yet incapable of retaining the light or heat. Amalie had no sympathy with the poetry of his character; but it gave grace to his flattery and variety to himself, to say nothing of the advantage of contrast with all her other *adorateurs*. Moreover his influence with the Jacobin clubs had warded off dangers that had crushed other families noble as that of De Boufflers. Julian, like all of an imaginative turn, deceived himself, and worshipped an idol which he had created rather than an object which existed. For some time Julian sat in moody silence, his gaze fixed on the wood embers, as if absorbed in contemplating their fantastic combinations. Amalie changed her attitude, rallied her lover on his abstraction, and asked him if it was fair to seek one lady's presence and then think of another.

"Think of another!" exclaimed he, springing from his seat: "Good God, Amalie! is there one moment, fevered and hurried as is my existence, in which you are forgotten? I love you terribly! ay, terribly! for it is terrible to have one's very soul so bound up in but one object. I would rather at this very moment see you dead at my feet than even dream of you as loving another."

The Countess turned pale; there was nothing in herself that responded to this burst of passion, and terror was her paramount sensation. "You are too violent," said she, in a faltering voice.

"Too sincere, you mean," replied he. "Amalie, our present life is intolerable;—I cannot endure longer these stolen and brief interviews. Why should we thus waste life's short season of existence? we shall not live long,—let us live together. Amalie, you must fly with me."

Madame de Boufflers looked—what she was—astounded at this proposition. "What nonsense you are talking to-night," answered she, forcing a laugh.

"You do not love me!" and his clear light eyes flashed upon her with a strange mixture of ferocity and tenderness.

She shrank before the glance, and whispered, "If I did not love you, why are you here? but think of the scandal of an elopement; *les convenances* of society must be respected."

"Curse on these social laws! which are made for the convenience of the few and the degradation of the many. Amalie, I cannot, will not steal into the house of that insolent aristocrat, your husband, like a midnight thief. You must leave him, and let my home become yours. I will watch over you,—pass my life at your side,—anticipate your slightest wish,—but you must be mine own. The law for divorce will soon pass the Assembly, and then let me add what tie or form you will to the deep devotion of my heart, my own, my beloved Amalie, as my wife."

"Your wife!" interrupted the countess, old prejudices springing up far stronger than present feelings. "How very absurd; think for a moment of the difference in our rank."

A spasm of convulsive emotion passed over his face, the veins rose on the high forehead, the blood started from the bitten lip, but in an instant the expression was subdued into a stern coldness; and if Julian's voice was somewhat hoarse the words were slow and distinct. "Amalie," said he, taking her hands in his, "my whole destiny turns on the result of this interview. Have you no fear of my despair?"

Amalie could have answered that she felt very sufficiently afraid at that moment, but, for once in her life she was at a loss for a reply; she remained silent, almost embarrassed, certainly bored,—and Julian went on.

"I will not shock your gentle ear by words of hate against the class to which you belong; but a fearful reckoning is at hand; and I am among those who will exact it to the uttermost. I warn you fly from them—be mine, for your own sake."

"Really, Monsieur Julian," said she, "your conduct to-night is most unaccountable. Come, do pray be a little more amusing."

"Monsieur Julian!" repeated he, in a deep whisper; "is it come to this? Amalie, do, I implore you, think how desperately I love you. You may believe that on your part has been the sacrifice; but what has it been on mine? For your sake I have trifled with rights I hold most sacred; I have tampered with mine own integrity; I have held back from the great task before me; I have been a faint and slow follower of that glorious freedom which now calls aloud on all her worshippers for the most entire devotion; and yet I have shrank back from the appointed duty. Amalie, come with me—be my inspiration; feel as I feel, think as I think, cast aside the idle prejudices of a selfish and profligate court, and be repaid by passion as fervent, as fond, and as faithful as ever beat in man's heart for the woman of his first and only love."

"This is really too much of a good thing," thought the countess, whose mind wandered from the love before her to the scandal and ridicule likely to be caused by her flight. "*Il faut respecter les convenances*," was her chilling reply.

Julian dropped her hands, and approached the door; he opened it, but he lingered on the threshold. "Do you let me go, Amalie?" whispered he, in a scarcely audible voice.

"I am sure," replied Madame de Boufflers, pettishly, "you have not been so agreeable that I should wish to detain you."

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The door closed, and his rapid steps were heard descending the narrow staircase; at length they died away.

"I really must put an end to this affair, it is becoming troublesome; my young republican is growing *pedante et despote*. He has none of the graces of my cousin Eugene." And Madame de Boufflers threw herself into the *fauteuil*, and indulged in a discontented reverie, in which Julian's faults and Eugene's merits occupied conspicuous places; together with the garniture of a new species of sandal which she meditated producing. In the meantime Julian pursued his way through the dark and dreary streets, suffering that agony of disappointed affection which the heart can know but once. Love is very blind indeed, but let the veil once be removed, though but for a moment, and it never can be replaced again. Then how quicksighted do we become to the errors of our past worship, and mortification adds bitterness to regret. "And is it for one," exclaimed he, "who holds the factitious advantage of a name, to be better worth than my deep love, that I have sacrificed the cause to which I was vowed, and have paused on the noblest path to which man ever devoted his energies? But the weakness is over; a terrible bond shall be made with Liberty—Liberty henceforth my only hope, my only mistress!"

The evil spirit of love left his soul for a moment, but returned, though with a strange and lurid aspect, bringing with him other and worse spirits than himself—hate, revenge, blood-thirstiness—all merged in and coloured by the excited and fanatic temper of the time. He stopped before a large hotel, from whose windows the red light glared, as if it mocked the darkness of night as much as the revel within did its silence. There was that mixture of luxury and disorder which at once so shocks and attracts the imagination. Its hangings were silk, the chairs and sofas satin, but they were torn and soiled; the servants were many, but ill-dressed and awkward; all the light elegance for which the hotel had been noted in its former proprietor's life (the Duc de N. had perished by the guillotine) had disappeared; the character of its present master was impressed on all around him. A door opened into a vast chamber crowded with fierce and eager faces, every eye assuming the expression of murder as the ruthless Danton called down their vengeance on those whom he denominated their old and arrogant oppressors.

"Some there are," exclaimed he, as he caught sight of Julian's pale and expressive countenance, "who delude themselves with the belief that their own preferences are sufficient cause for exception—who merge the public cause in private interests. What are such but cowards and traitors? unworthy to bring one stone towards the great temple of liberty about to overshadow the world, but whose foundations must be laid in blood—ay, blood!"

A hoarse and sullen murmur rather than acclamation ran through the crowd, and a few minutes elapsed ere the business of the night proceeded. Then began those fearful denunciations, which seemed to loosen every tie of nature—the father witnessed against the son, and the son against the father; the young, the aged, the innocent, the beautiful, were alike marked as victims. Suddenly Julian arose: a close observer might have noted that his brow was knit, as it is in inward pain, that his lip was white, as if the life-current had been driven back upon the heart, prophetic of the future, which doomed it to freeze there for ever; but to the careless eye he seemed stern, calm, ferocious as the rest, while he denounced Amalie, Comtesse de Boufflers, as an aristocrat, and an enemy to the people. Danton looked at him for an instant, but cowered before the wild and fiery glance that met his own.

To denounce, to condemn, to execute, were, in those ruthless days, but the work of four-and-twenty hours. The next noon but one an almost insensible female form was carried, or rather dragged, to the scaffold. It was the Comtesse Amalie. Her long bright hair fell in disorder over her shoulders; the executioner gathered it up in a rough knot—he had been told not to sever it from the graceful head. At that moment the prisoner gave a bewildered stare around—a wild gleam of hope illumined her features—she stretched out her arms to some one passionately in the crowd, "Julian, save me!" The executioner forced her to her knee—the axe glittered in the sun, and the head fell into the appointed basket, while a convulsive motion shook the white garments around the quivering trunk.

"I looked on the faces of his judges, and felt there was no hope," said an old man, as he led away the promised bride of his son, now a prisoner, doomed to death on the morrow.

"Yet the one they call Julian looks so young, so pale, and so sad, there is surely some touch of pity in him; at least, I will kneel at his feet, and implore him for mercy on Frederic."

The old man shook his head, but accompanied her to Julian's hotel, where the eloquence of some golden coins procured her admittance. She found her way to a large and gloomy chamber, where he sat surrounded with books, papers, and charts, mocking himself with a frenzied belief in the coming amelioration of the world, while his own home was a desert and his own heart a desolation. He did not perceive the fair and agitated creature that knelt at his feet, till her supplicating and broken voice roused his

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attention. He listened till her words died away into the short thick sobs of utter agony, unable to bear the picture it had conjured up of its coming wretchedness.

"Pity from me!" he exclaimed, with a quick fierce laugh; "Pity!—I do not know the meaning of the word. You might as well address your prayers to yonder bust of the stern old Roman, who sealed his country's freedom with the life-blood of his child."

The girl unconsciously looked towards the harsh features, made yet harsher by the black marble in which they were carved. And she started, for she felt that even that stern and sculptured countenance had more of human sympathy than the pale lip and cold eye of the living listener; yet love is desperate in its hope; she flung herself at his feet, she hid her face on the hand which she grasped, for she dared not look up and meet that fixed and passionless face; but still she pleaded as those plead who pray for a life far dearer than their own.

"He is so young—so good—there is so much happiness before us; his poor old father will die—he has no other child—and I——he must not look to me to supply his place. God of Heaven! have you never loved—have you no recollections of affection that can move you to pity others!"

"I have!" said Julian; and rising from his seat, he took the arm of the agitated girl, and led her to a recess in the apartment, and drew back a curtain. Horror for a moment suspended every other feeling; for, laid upon a cushion, the long fair hair streaming around, was a female head, preserved by some curious chemical process; the eyes were closed, but as if in sleep; colour had departed from lip and cheek, and something beyond even the rigidity of stone was in the face. The petitioner turned from the dead to the living, whose ashy colour, and wild fierce eye, struck more terror to her soul than the mournful mockery of the head, where life's likeness was fearfully rendered. Julian gazed on the dread memorial which he had snatched from the scaffold, with that strange mixture of hate and love, the mind's most terrible element, whereof comes despair and madness; then turning slowly to the bewildered girl, said, in a low voice, but whose whisper was like thunder when the flash is commissioned to destroy,—

"That head belonged to my mistress—she was an aristocrat—and I denounced her—— Judge if there exist one human being whom my pity is likely to spare."

His wretched petitioner gazed upwards, but hopelessly, and staggered against the wall.

"I would be alone," said Julian, and led her to the door.

She left him silently. She now knew prayers were vain. That night her lover perished beneath the guillotine;—the same blow struck to the heart of the fond and faithful girl—death was merciful, for both died at the same moment By some inscrutable sympathy with the love which yet moved him not to spare, Julian had them buried in the same grave.

[The poetry includes a few sparkling bagatelles, such as elegant folks scribble with rhodium pens. The most striking in merit are the pieces of graver cast: as, the Three Guests—Beauty, Poesy, and Piety—by Lord Morpeth; Count Sarno's Farewell to his Sons, by Mrs. George Lenox-Conyngham; the Fane of Memory, by the Countess of Blessington; the Exile's Adieu, by the Archdeacon Spencer; some anonymous Stanzas to Melancholy; and our quotations:]—

THE GLOVE.

From Schiller. By Sir William Somerville, Bart.

Before his Lion-garden gate,
The wild beast combat to await—
King Francis sat—
Around him were his nobles placed,
The balcony above was graced
By ladies of the court in gorgeous state.
And as with his finger a sign he made,
The iron grating was open laid,
And with stately step and mien
A lion to enter was seen.
With fearful look
His mane he shook,
And yawning wide
Stared around him on every side;
And stretch'd his giant limbs of strength,
And laid himself down at his fearful length.

And the king a second signal made—
And instant was open'd wide
A second gate on the other side,
From which with fiery bound
A tiger sprung,
Who, when he the lion saw,
Roar'd aloud from his frightful jaw,
And in a circle, round and round,
His tail he flung;
And stretch'd out his tongue,
And with glittering eye,
Crept round the lion slow and shy,
Then horribly howling,
And grimly growling,
Down by his side himself he laid.

And the king another signal made—
The open'd grating vomited then
Two leopards forth from their dreadful den—
They rush on the tiger, with signs of rage,
Eager the deadly fight to wage—
Who fierce with paws uplifted stood,
And the lion sprang up with an awful roar,
Then were still the fearful four:
And the monsters, on the ground
Crouch'd in a circle round,
Greedy to taste of blood.

Then fell from the terrace above,
From beauteous hand a glove,
And the tiger and lion between,
To drop 't was seen.

And the Lady Kunigund, in bantering mood,
Spoke to Knight Delorges, who by her stood—
"If the flame which but now to me you swore,
Burns as strong as it did before,
Go pick up my glove, Sir Knight."
And he with action quick as sight,
In the horrible place did stand;
And with dauntless mien,
From the beasts between

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Took up the glove with fearless hand;
And as ladies and nobles the bold deed saw,
Their breath they held through fear and awe,
The glove he brings back composed and light.
His praise was announced by voice and look,
And Kunigund received the knight
With a smile that promised the deed to requite;
But straight in her face he flung the glove
"I neither desire your thanks nor love:—"
And from that same hour the lady forsook.

[The following must awaken the sympathy of the reader:]—

MY NATIVE SPOT.
By Lord Dover.

My native spot, my native spot,
Where first I saw the day;
Oh, ne'er through life to be forgot,
Where'er my footsteps stray.

Where first I knew a mother's love,
And felt a mother's kiss;
And day-dreams of the future strove
With childhood's present bliss.

Alas! the present faded fast,
The future never came;
And life is but a wither'd waste,
And joy is but a name.

Yet midst the wreck of hopes o'ercast,
The weight of worldly ills,
With mournful pleasure still the past
My aching bosom fills.

There's naught maturer age can find
To equal those bright hours,
When the sunshine of the opening mind,
Deck'd coming life with flowers.

Each happy scene returns to view,
The loved, the dead, are there;
All gilded with the brilliant hue
Which childhood bade them wear.

My thoughts yet dwell on each loved haunt,
Beside each favourite tree;
The verdant path, the grassy mount,
An universe to me.

These speak of years of innocence,
Of many a sportive game,
Of schemes of youthful confidence,
And airy plans of fame.

Now vanish'd all—the sports have fled,
Ambition and her train
No more excite this wearied head—
The loved are wept in vain.

Yet still my native spot is dear,
When memory bids it rise;
Still hallow'd with a heartfelt tear,
Still chronicled with sighs.

[We must not omit to notice the Lines on Haddon Hall, by the Hon. E. S. Wortley, as being imbued with the poetical romance of the place.

The plates, as usual, are in superb style. Portraits and figure scenes predominate in loveliness; but Turner has contributed two splendid scenes—Havre, and the Palace of the Fair Gabrielle; and Stanfield, a terrific picture of a Storm.]

The Juvenile Forget-me-Not.

[TWENTY-SEVEN pieces in prose and verse, and eleven engravings, form the attractions of this charming little volume. Its story and sentiment are unexceptionable, and its few sketches of natutal phenomena are just in the style for the dear young readers to understand. The English Farmyard, by Mrs. S. C. Hall, has traits of piety and affection, which cannot be too early instilled into the youthful mind and heart. The following extract contains some interesting facts for children, in the form of a dialogue.]

THE FIRST MARINERS.
By the Rev. Charles Williams.

"WHAT a delightful evening!" said Frederick Elwood, when seated with his father and sister in a well-known nook at Hastings, just below the summit of a rock; "how finely, too, does the ocean stretch out before us! and above—what a glorious sky!" * * *

"Do you remember, papa, who were the most celebrated navigators in early times?" inquired Frederick.

Mr. E.—The Phœnicians, my dear. They piloted the fleets of Solomon, which "returned every three years, bringing gold and silver, ivory, apes, and peacocks;" they were also the merchants of the Egyptians, whose ships they manned and steered, and whose general use of money, hundreds of years before it was known to the Greeks, shows a familiarity with commercial enterprise truly astonishing. Maritime commerce among the Arabians was far from being so important as that which was carried on by caravans overland. Still they engaged in it at an early period; and one of their writers relates a singular fact in reference to the people at Oman. They cross over, he says, to the islands (the Laccadives) that produce the cocoa-nut, carrying with them carpenters' and all such tools; and having felled as much wood as they want, they let it dry, strip off the leaves, and with the bark of the tree they spin a yarn, wherewith they sew the planks together, and so build a ship. Of the same wood they cut and round a mast; of the leaves they weave their sails, and the bark they work into cordage. Having thus completed their vessel, they load her with cocoa-nuts, which they bring and sell at Oman.

E.—That is capital, papa; so the tree makes a ship and a cargo. I should think it is the only one in the world that can do so. But I remember you told us many things about it when you described how leaves were changed into peaches, apricots, and nectarines.

Mr. E.—I did, my dear; and on some future day we must resume the history of maritime discovery, and trace it downwards, from the Phœnicians and Arabians to Columbus, who found out America; and Cook, the circumnavigator of the globe; and Parry, who went in pursuit of the North Pole.

F.—How we shall enjoy *that*, Emma! though I hope *we* shall never sail far from home. But, papa, the creatures who live in the sea were, I should think, the *first* mariners, after all.

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Mr. E.—They were so, undoubtedly, my dear; and the navigation of their little vessels, if I may so describe them, is very curious. Some of the molluscæ move in the wide waters of the ocean either by swimming or by calmly floating with the currents. They have no feet wherewith to creep, and no arms to drag themselves; fins, therefore, supply their place. One species moves on the surface with a rapidity unexampled in its class; and the curious tethys can swim very well by means of the large semi-circular expansion of its cloak, which rises, like a tippet, above its neck. But in some cases the creature has what is called a foot, capable of being lengthened and shortened, whose motions produced along its surface, resemble "the waves and billows of the sea." One genus, by the aid of a spongy organ attached to a part of the foot, and composed of little vesicles apparently filled with air, floats without any exertion, and probably directs its course by means of a small membrane, which runs along each side of the foot, a little above its edge. There is, however, a very remarkable creature, which the sailors call "a Portuguese man-of-war" and "a galley fish." These beautiful animals are of various sizes; but one I have heard described was about as large as a hen's egg. The creature resembles a bladder, transparent rose-coloured, with a kind of keel formed in festoons, plaited like a ruff, on the upper part. This appendage, being raised above the water, serves for a sail, while numerous tentacula, or arms, proceeding from the under side, enable it to steer its course, seize its prey, or to cast anchor, as it were, and fix itself on the moving surface of the waves.

E.—Papa, I recollect how pleased we were when you described the nautilus, whose shell is little thicker than paper, with its keel, and its sail, and its arms acting as oars and a rudder.

Mr. E.—I am glad you do so, love. I should like you, too, to learn the beautiful description of it given by Mr. Montgomery:

"Light as a flake of foam upon the wind,
Keel upward, from the deep emerged a shell,
Shaped like the moon ere half her horn is fill'd;
Fraught with young life, it righted as it rose,
And moved at will along the yielding water;
The native pilot of this little bark
Put out a tier of oars on either side,
Spread to the wafting breeze a two-fold sail,
And mounted up and glided down the billow
In happy freedom, pleased to feel the air,
And wander in the luxury of light."

You have read and heard of pirates and buccaneers; and it is remarkable, that some of the cuttle-fish tribe take possession of the shell of the paper nautilus, and make it their boat. It is said, that on doing so, one of these creatures lays over each side of the shell three of its tentacula, which it uses for oars, and raises up two others, dilated at their ends by a thin oval membrane, which serves the purpose of a sail. Still, as if conscious of guilt, the little pirate is ever timorous—shrinks within its vessel on the least alarm, and sinks again into the deep.

E.—That is altogether very curious. I am sure I am quite ashamed when I do wrong; and I shall never forget how little Will Ferrars looked, as the gardener accused him of taking the apples, and then emptied his pockets. Why, papa, his face was first red, and then white, in—in—in—less than a minute.

Mr. E.—I have no doubt, my dear, he felt as many do in similar circumstances—shame on detection, and fear for its consequences;—but those who do right are free from such feelings. I hope the longer you and Frederick live, the more you will prove this to be the case. There are, however, one or two other things in reference to the tenants of the deep, which have just struck me. Navigation must have greatly advanced before fleets were sent out; while some of *them* from the earliest times have voyaged in shoals; and though it must have been very uncertain until the discovery of the mariner's compass, *they* have proceeded from place to place, without error or difficulty. A physician, when visiting a friend on Dee-side, in Aberdeenshire, saw, for example, a shoal of young eels, so closely joined together, as to appear, at the first glance, one continued body moving briskly up against the stream. It proceeded at the rate of about a mile an hour, night and day for several weeks. Whence they came, or whither they went, is unknown. The place where they were observed was six miles from the sea: and the same phenomenon is said to occur there every year. Haddocks migrate in immense shoals, which usually arrive about the middle of winter on the Yorkshire coasts. Sometimes they have been known to extend from the shore nearly three miles in breadth, and in length from Flamborough Head to Tinmouth Castle, which are nearly fifty miles apart. Three fishermen within a mile of the harbour of Scarborough frequently loaded their boats with them twice a day, taking each time about a ton of fish. * * * * * Thus that marvellous power, instinct, which adapts every creature to its circumstances, through the wisdom and goodness of the beneficent Creator, induces them to congregate together, and to make their voyages with the utmost regularity and precision. Every view of creation, then, should be accompanied by a tribute to the Deity, and by confidence in Him, who demands our trust, and who has promised to care for *us*.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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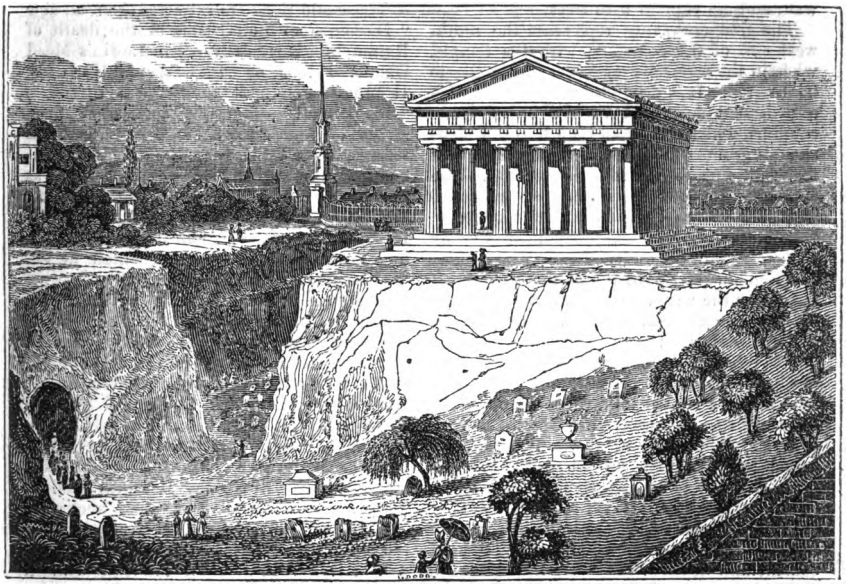
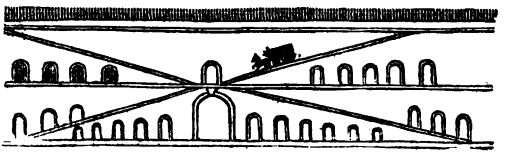


ST. JAMES'S CEMETERY, LIVERPOOL.

"Large public cemeteries, unconnected with churches, have been formed at Manchester and Liverpool, and ought to be formed on some general system by every town and village throughout the country." Such is the opinion of Mr. Loudon, in one of his really useful Gardening Tours; a view to which we have always subscribed and lent our humble aid in the pages of this Miscellany.

Liverpool has two of these cemeteries, one of which, the Low Hill, is the property of a company, and will be found described in our sixteenth volume. The other, before us, or St. James's Cemetery, is much more extensive, and has been formed by the town corporation. "This," observes Mr. Loudon, "is so far good, because it is in the spirit of what the government of a town ought to do."

This cemetery was formerly an immense stone quarry, which, having been unused for several years, was converted into a burial-place, by cutting two kinds of vaults—those in the bottom resembling graves, and others in the sides like tombs. The latter have doors, and their arrangement is shown in the sketch below: they are on the east side of the cemetery, where the face of the quarry or rock is perpendicular. Here are six roads: two from each of the upper gates, which meet in the centre, and then diverge into four others—two running horizontally, and leading to vaults half-way down the rock, and two leading downwards to the area, or garden. These vaults must be opened by the purchaser of the ground; only the entrance or doorway being made by the committee appointed to superintend the cemetery. In one of the lower vaults, directly opposite the centre arch



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in the sketch, lie the remains of the lamented Mr. Huskisson, over which a small temple, intended to contain his statue, is erecting.

The lower part of the cemetery is laid out as a garden, and forms a valuable addition to the public walks of the town. The north, west, and south sides slope from the upper wall, and are planted with trees.

The first engraving represents the north-west end of the cemetery, with the temple, wherein the service is read over the bodies to be interred. It is a handsome structure, with a pediment supported by six fluted Doric columns, which are based on a flight of steps extending on each side of the building. Not far from hence is the minister's house. The entrance-gate of the cemetery is at the south-west, adjoining which is the clerk's lodge.

To these particulars, partly furnished by the sketcher of the annexed views, we append Mr. Loudon's notice of the St. James's Cemetery, since the writer's experience in landscape gardening entitles his observations to especial consideration:—

"We have only to regret that this cemetery has been laid out and planted, and that it is also kept up, in a very commonplace manner, owing as we were informed, (in 1831,) to the want of funds. The situation is certainly singularly grand, and particularly fitted for the purpose of a cemetery; having steep, rocky sides, admirably adapted for tiers of vaults, (if that antiquated mode of burial should be persisted in for another generation,) and a level area of considerable depth of earth for ordinary burial. Our objections to the laying out of this cemetery are, that the dry clumps in the level area do not form a whole with the parts around them, being conspicuously liable to the faults common to flower-gardens. We should also have prefered more ascending and descending walks in the planted banks; and we think these banks should have comprised in them all the hardy trees and shrubs which do not require peat earth. Along the margin of the walks, at the top and bottom of the banks, we would have placed all the hardy herbaceous plants which do not require peat earth. All the peat-earth trees, shrubs, and plants we would have planted in clumps of peat earth in the open area; and we would have named one plant of each species conspicuously, so that every passer-by might read it. In regard to keeping, we would have had the gravel walks and the lawn as smooth and as closely shaven as those of any gentleman's pleasure-ground. The corporation of Liverpool is said to have an income of upwards of 150,000*l.* a year; and it does appear surprising to us that, with such means, and having already expended so much, they should not have been able to finish this cemetery as it ought to be finished, and to keep it up in proper style."*

* *Gardeners' Magazine*, vol. vii. p. 528.

RAJAH RAMMOHUN ROY.

[We are persuaded that the following additional particulars of this eminent person will be acceptable to our readers; especially as an appendix to the pages accompanying the finely engraved portrait of Rammohun Roy, in No. 627 of *The Mirror*.

These additions are extracted from an able "Discourse on the occasion of the death of Rammohun Roy, delivered in Lewin's Mead Chapel, Bristol, by Lant Carpenter, L. L. D." It bears throughout an eloquent tribute to "the perfectly unique character and endowments of that remarkable person who has recently been called from the scenes of time, but whose mind will influence in death as much as in life, and, perhaps, still more so." With reference to the kindly attention which Dr. Carpenter presumes on from his hearers, and the circumstances under which he addresses them, he forcibly observes:—]

There are "diversities of operations," but "it is the same God which worketh all in all;" and there are none of any clime or colour, who, according to the light given them, "fear him and work righteousness," but are guided by his spirit, and prepared for greater light on earth or in heaven.

[Dr. Carpenter enjoyed fourteen or fifteen years' acquaintance with the history and labours of the illustrious Brahmin, and is, therefore, enabled to speak more accurately as to his active services in the cause of suffering humanity. This portion of the Discourse will be read with heartfelt interest, while it presents a more enlarged view of these services than we were enabled to comprise in our somewhat hastily compiled notice.]

The promotion of human welfare, and especially the improvement of his own countrymen, was the habit of his life. This rested, without a doubt, on the consciousness of power to aid in the great work; and it was influenced by a strong conviction of responsibility for the use of that power. No selfish, narrow purposes influenced him; and if he sometimes yielded too much to the kindly dispositions of his nature, and if he always pursued his course with cautious prudence, he ever manifested fortitude and unyielding firmness when any great and benevolent object required exertion, and exposed him to calumny and persecution.

Such was the course he pursued for abolishing the horrid and too frequent practice of burning the living widow of a Brahmin with the corpse of her husband. This he laboured in various ways to accomplish; and in this he had a great and acknowledged influence, which should make him regarded as the friend of his country, of the female sex, and of the human race. His enlarged and benignant spirit, the tenderness and purity of his own heart, the maternal love which he had experienced, and the influences

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of that soothing kindness which he had received from the women of Thibet when he was separated from the endearments of home, aided (I repeat it) to produce in his mind those sentiments of respect for woman in her domestic, and social, and moral relations, which entirely raised him above the narrow and degrading views entertained of the female sex by his countrymen in general: and which led him to contribute, in various ways, to the just appreciation of them, and to their protection from the sordid purposes and superstitious zeal of those who degraded them by debasing rites and practices, and condemned them to self-immolation. He regarded woman, whether considered as an intellectual or as a spiritual being, as fitted by natural powers and capabilities, to be the companion, the friend, and the helper of man. In all this his sentiments admirably coincided with the genius of the Gospel, and with the spirit and conduct of its benevolent Author; and it is no unreasonable supposition, that the perception of this characteristic of the christian system contributed to his interest in our Scriptures, which record the most affecting instances of the reverential attachment of devout women to the Saviour, and their devoted faithfulness when even his disciples deserted him; and which present various indications of the readiness of the female sex to receive his heavenly truths, and to labour for the diffusion of them among mankind.

The success of the benevolent Hindoo in his exertions to rescue the women of his country from the sacrifice of them on the funeral pile, was such as must have excited delightful and thankful emotions, whenever he reflected on the good achieved. There is no doubt that it was greatly through his firmness, his enlightened reasonings, and his persevering efforts, that the Government of Bengal at last thought themselves enabled to interdict the immolation of widows. His arguments, and his appeals to ancient authorities held sacred by the Brahmins, enlightened the minds of many of them; and made the merciful interposition of Lord William Bentinck and his Council, no longer regarded by them, and by persons connected with the East India Company at home, as an interference with the religion of the Hindoos. When the interested and superstitious, as their last effort, appealed against the edict of the Government of India to the King in Council, Rammohun Roy was here to oppose the appeal; and his unwearied efforts were given in aid of that result which finally annihilated the dreadful sacrifice of the living widow, and filled his heart, and the hearts of numbers of his countrymen, with joy and gratitude. Had he lived, he would have had the deserved honour to present to our Sovereign a grateful address from many persons of high respectability in Calcutta and its neighbourhood, which is on its way to our country. This reward he did not enjoy: but he had one much higher, in seeing that the object of his earnest efforts was accomplished.

His labours for his country had, however, a much wider scope. He took an intense interest in whatever contributed, or appeared to him likely to contribute to its welfare; and his communications to our Legislature show with what closeness of observation, soundness of judgment, and comprehensiveness of views, he had considered the various circumstances which interfered with its improvement, or which, on the other hand, tended to promote it. They show him to be at once the philosopher and the patriot. Long, however, before the means were presented to him of thus publicly aiding in the political amelioration of his country, he was promoting by example and co-operation, and by the decided expression of his convictions, that means of improvement which is essential to the permanent efficacy of all others, and from which the greatest benefits may be expected in relation to social welfare, and to the reception of the Gospel—the judicious education of the young. He saw that the communication of the knowledge contained in our language, and the training to our modes of thought and reasoning, was the only sure and general way "of improving the understandings of his countrymen, and of ultimately ameliorating their hearts;" and with the assistance of two or three friends, he himself supported a school for this purpose from about the year 1822, in which sixty Hindoo children receive instruction.*

[The conclusion of the Discourse is a page of touching eloquence:—]

"Servant of God! farewell! thy work is o'er." Thou hast been summoned to that rest which remaineth for the people of God, and we shall soon commit thee to the silent tomb; but it will be with the hope of meeting thee again, when this mortal shall put on immortality, and that which is sown in weakness, shall be raised in power and glory. Thy honoured remains will not repose in ground that has been consecrated by human ceremonial, or even by the exclusive employment of it as the abode of the dead; but they will themselves hallow the spot where they rest, and it will be endeared by the remembrance of thy benignity, thine affection, and thy friendship. Never will be effaced from our memory the beamings of thy countenance, and the mild accents of thy voice; and by all who knew thee, will thy name be loved and revered.—"Blessed are the dead

* This fact is stated by Mr. Adam, of Calcutta, in his Correspondence with the Rev. Dr. Ware, of Boston, N. E., "relative to the Prospects of Christianity, and the means of promoting its reception in India:" reprinted in London in 1825.

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which die in the Lord; they rest from their labours; and their works follow them." The influences of thy labours, thine instructions, thy example, are still with us; and these will render thee still the guide and the benefactor of thy race. As respects others, thy labour will not be in vain; and as respects thyself, thou art awaiting thy reward. The day will come when the Lord of Christians will call thee from the tomb; and then, I doubt not, wilt thou hear the approving words addressed to thee, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

[The postcript to the Discourse contains several illustrative documents. Among these is the following, dated November 1, 1833, containing additional particulars of the last hours and burial of the Rajah:—]

A short time before the Rajah expired, Mr. John Hare told his Brahmin servant that if there were any observances which were required by his master's caste, or which would be satisfactory to his own mind, or to his Indian friends, he might now perform them; and Ram Rotun accordingly uttered a prayer in his master's ear, in which the frequent repetition of the word Om was alone distinguished. He also placed iron under his bolster.—Rammohun Roy says that "Om, when considered as one letter, uttered by the help of one articulation, is the symbol of the Supreme Spirit." "Om implies the Being on whom all objects, either visible or invisible, depend, in their formation, continuance, and change." What was the precise import of Ram Rotun's prayer, I have no present means of ascertaining; but those who peruse the "Prescript for offering Supreme Worship," from which the above interpretations are extracted, will not deem it improbable that the prayer was *purely monotheistical*: if it had been employed by the direction or even permission of the Rajah himself, no doubt could have existed as to the *Object* of it. Following some requirements of caste, he had been accustomed to employ, at stated times, prescribed forms of prayer derived from his ancient faith; and this was in no way inconsistent with his reception of Jesus as the specially-appointed revealer of the will of God. It is indeed the circumstance which affords the strongest ground to expect the speedy adoption of Christianity by the intelligent Hindoos, that they can receive the doctrines of Christ and his Apostles, respecting faith, worship, and duty, without renouncing, or even relinquishing, the faith and worship of Om. The Mahometan has to renounce his belief that Mahomet is the Prophet of God; and the Jew, to receive *him* as the Messiah whom his forefathers rejected, and whom his rabbis have taught to regard as a false Christ: but the Brahmins and their followers have only to go back to the purest forms of their own faith—the faith of Noah and of Abraham; and they are then prepared to be "the children of Abraham," and to become "heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ."—Rammohun Roy has been enabled to prepare the way for Christ among his countrymen; and the benefit of his labours has but commenced.

The knowledge that the Rajah had, in various ways, manifested solicitude to preserve his caste, with a view both to his usefulness and to the security of his property, and the belief that it might be endangered if he were buried among other dead, or with christian rites, operated to prevent the interment of his remains in any of the usual cemeteries. Besides this, the Rajah had repeatedly expressed the wish that, in case of his dying in England, a small piece of freehold ground might be purchased for his burying place, and a cottage be built on it for the gratuitous residence of some respectable poor person, to take charge of it. Every difficulty, however, was removed by the offer of Miss Castle, in which she had the warm accordance of all her intimate friends, to appropriate to the object a beautifully adapted spot, in a shrubbery near her lawn, and under some fine elms. There this revered and beloved person was intered, on the 18th of October, about 2 P.M. The coffin was borne on men's shoulders, without a pall, and deposited in the grave, without any ritual, and in silence. Everything conspired to give an impressive and affecting solemnity to his obsequies. Those who followed him to the grave, and sorrowed there, were his son and his two native servants, the members of the families of Stapleton Grove and Bedford Square, the guardians of Miss Castle and two of her nearest relatives, Mr. Estlin, Mr. Foster, and Dr. Jerrard, together with several ladies connected with the attendants already enumerated: and as there could be no regular entry of the interment in any official registers, those who witnessed it have signed several copies of a record drawn up for the purpose, in case such a document should be needed for any legal purposes.

[Dr. Carpenter then bears honourable testimony to the discourses of his valued friends, Mr. Aspland and Mr. Fox, on the same occasion—"the one marked by the calm and beautiful statement of sentiments respecting the Rajah, and his connexion with Christianity," in which the Doctor fully unites; and "the other by elevated energy of thought, just and discriminating views of his character, opinions and services to mankind, and glowing and splendid eloquence." Then follows an examination of certain statements in the *Asiatic Journal;* conducted in that spirit of mildness and fairness which distinguish Dr. Carpenter's notice of his other contemporaries.

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THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

The following extract from a recent letter from Ettrick Forest substantiates the correctness of the Shepherd's Portrait, and the fidelity of the accompanying Memoir, prefixed to vol. xxi. of *The Mirror*. The *likeness* was certainly not overrated by those who volunteered their opinions of its merit; so that Mr. Hogg's brief testimony, though somewhat late, is satisfactory. The Memoir, we should add, was furnished by a correspondent peculiarly well qualified for the task; and by reference to some passages in it, respecting the success of Mr. Hogg's works, the reader will perceive that the Shepherd's allusion to "kindly feeling" partakes of his accustomed modesty of character.

"Altrive Cottage, Nov. 7th, 1833.

"I received *The Mirror*, and the accompanying copies of the Memoir. With the latter I am highly pleased, as nothing has yet been published in a more kindly feeling. If practicable, I would thank you heartily for a few more copies of the Portrait and Memoir, as nothing that I have got ever proves a more acceptable present to visiters. I am better pleased with the engraving than any thing I ever saw of my phiz—*—*. I have no news from Yarrow that can be of the least interest to you. Every thing is going on rather well and prosperously, excepting literature, which your cheap publications have knocked on the head, and we will soon all be beggars.

"Yours, most truly,

"James Hogg."

THE CURFEW.

(To the Editor.)

As I am a warm advocate for retaining local customs, more especially when they can boast antiquity for their basis, and claim utility for their continuance, with that impression I beg to add the following to what has been already mentioned on the Curfew in your interesting publication.*

The custom of ringing the curfew is still kept up at Dorchester; and as far back as any written document can prove, there is every reason to believe that it has never been omitted since its original feudal institution.

The curfew (or seventh of a peal of eight bells) is rung at eight o'clock every night, for about a quarter of an hour, and afterwards as many strokes are told, as necessary to denote the day of the month: thus truly does it toll "the knell of parting day."

A bell has been rung, from time immemorial, in the same tower (that is, St. Peter's) every morning at six o'clock, from Lady-day to Michaelmas, and at seven o'clock from Michaelmas to Lady-day; and at one o'clock at noon every day. This was instituted, unquestionably, for the purpose of calling the different labourers to work; for which the sexton is paid a yearly salary by the churchwardens.

The Great Bell in St. Peter's is also tolled three times twenty strokes, a short interval being allowed between each twenty, at ten o'clock in the morning of every Monday three weeks; being the customary notice to the inhabitants of the time of holding the Town Court at the Guildhall, for public business.

Weymouth. Viator.

* See vol. xix. p. 253—273—307.

HIGHLAND PLAID.

Few persons are disposed to reject the supposition that each clan of the Scottish Highlanders formerly had its distinctive tartan, or plaid. The colour and pattern of his tartan are said to be interwoven in the very heart of a true Highlander; a theory probably devised rather to feed the patriotic pride of Scotsmen than any more useful purpose. This subject, trifling as it may appear, involves certain erroneous notions of Scottish costume which it may be advisable to correct, since they are closely connected with the history of the people. Dr. Macculloch, in his work on the Highlands and Western Islands of Scotland, has devoted a section, or chapter, to an inquiry into the antiquity of the Highland dress, from which we have condensed the following interesting passages. After refering to the distinctiveness of the tartans, Dr Macculloch observes:

Many of these patterns, formed of somewhat dingy mixtures of green, purple, and red, are admirably adapted for that which is thought to have been part of their original purpose; namely, the concealing an ambuscade among the heath and bushes, or watching the motions of an enemy. The scarlet patterns, however, must have been fully as efficacious in defeating this object; if such ever was the purpose of a tartan. Some of these mixtures are extremely beautiful, even to the eye of a painter: being judicious associations of warm and cold tints; well proportioned and well opposed, and further, finely blended by the broken hues which arise from the crossing of the different coloured threads in the other parts of the pattern. Notwithstanding the extreme division of the design, they are also frequently managed in such a manner as to produce a breadth of colouring which gives an air of solidity and repose to a mixture of tints that, for want of such care, would only dazzle and fatigue the sight.

In some of the clans, the characters of these patterns are thought to have been rigidly preserved; but, respecting many, there are disputes in which it would ill become a Sassanach to interfere. Martin does not say that the clans were thus distinguished: he merely remarks that the different islands

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had different patterns. Like most other objects of affection, their value seems to have increased just at the moment they were in danger of being lost; and hence those who had long neglected this relic of ancient distinctions, have been lately busy in inventing or imagining what they could not restore. New genera and species have thus crept into the arrangement; and, to increase the confusion which thus reigns in the natural history of tartans, the weavers of Bannockburn, backed by the ladies and the haberdashers of Edinburgh, have lately spawned an illegitimate offspring, which bids defiance to all classification. It is chiefly in the country, indeed, that there is a chance of procuring genuine specimens of the original heraldic bearings of the clans; while the solidity of the manufacture as it is woven in a Highland loom, insures that warmth and comfort which we may seek in vain in the flimsy Lowland imitations that have now superseded them in the towns.

Whatever may be thought of the convenience of the Highland dress, every one must acknowledge that the full costume, as it is worn by the Highland regiments, is highly picturesque. But even this is corrupted by the modern ostrich plume. The chief alone was formerly distinguished by some mark of this nature; by an eagle's feather; and, according to his clan, by a sprig of heath or of some other plant: distinct clans being supposed to have been distinguished each by its own botanical bearing. The effective part of this dress is the belted plaid, as it is called, or that arrangement in which the plaid is fastened to the kilt; not a separate garment to be thrown off or put on when convenient. But this is no longer to be seen in the country, except among a few of the gentlemen who choose occasionally to wear it in full dress, or as the costume of the piper or the henchman, where these are still retained. It is by no means very common now to meet even with the kilt; except among those who have much occasion for walking, and among the children, with whom, from its cheapness and convenience, it is almost universal. The bonnet is still a good deal worn, even when the rest of the dress is merely a jacket and trousers; but it is not a very picturesque ornament at any time, when unadorned, and is quite the reverse when worn with the coat and the other incongruities of English dress. Nor can much be said in this respect in favour of the kilt, unless the loose plaid happens to be used at the same time. The plaid is still much in use; particularly among old women in their Sunday attire; when it is so disposed as to form a cap and cloak both, and is sometimes fastened before, by a huge, circular, silver or pewter brooch that has descended through generations. The coarse plaid, of a plain brown and white checker, is in universal use among the shepherds and drovers, and among the children who tend the cattle; and to them it serves the purpose of cloak, umbrella, and sometimes of bedding; as its texture is sufficiently solid to keep off a great deal of rain. When wet, it is equally impervious to the blast; and, however strange it may appear, forms thus a very comfortable shelter. An ancient Highlander rolled himself in his wet plaid when he lay down to sleep on the heath.

The trousers, which anciently formed a variety of the Highland costume, under the name of trews, (whence also trouser,) the braccæ caligatæ of Giraldus Cambrensis, have now quite superseded the kilt among the shepherds, sailors, and boatmen, who have learnt to know the comfort of warmth. As long as Highland regiments are maintained, the full dress cannot be forgotten. Every year is encroaching on the kilt and bonnet; and, in no long time, it will probably be found only among the few who are laudably tenacious of ancient customs and recollections.

A few enthusiasts have amused themselves with deriving the Highland kilt from one of the dresses of the Romans, to which the resemblance is sufficiently vague.

Shocking as it may be to Gaelic pride, it does not seem very difficult to trace the origin of the belted plaid; the true and characteristic dress from which the other modifications have been derived. It is precisely, as has been often said, the expedient of a savage, unable or unwilling to convert the web of cloth which he had procured, into a more convenient shape. Rolling one extremity round his body, the remainder was thrown over his shoulder, to be used as occasion should require, in covering the rest of his person. The Roman theory of the kilt is indeed demolished at one blow, by the fact that this article of dress in an independent form, or the philibeg (feala beg), is of very modern introduction: and, what is still worse, that it was the invention of an Englishman. It was first introduced at Tyndrum about a century past, by Rawlinson, the superintendent, or agent for the lead mines; who, finding his Highland labourers encumbered with their belted plaids, taught them to separate the two into the present form.

The real origin of the dress is obvious enough, though, probably, extremely remote; but the present showy combination, which forms the entire dress, seems to be comparatively modern. It has been said that the mere philibeg of tartan cannot be very old; and that the harlequin-like masquerade dress, all of tartan, and sometimes of more kinds than one, is absolutely an affair of yesterday. It has also been said, that it must require no common share of Celtic

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credulity, even to believe that the Highlanders could have woven a tartan two or three centuries ago. As to their distinguishing their clans by the patterns of these webs, that also is said to be more than doubtful; and is asserted, at any rate, to be very modern indeed.

Scotland never stood very high in the arts it must be owned, and her list of painters is as meagre as it is modern. Consequently, her galleries of family portraits are rather more defective than her pedigrees. Yet if we go back to the time of Charles I., which is not a very great way, there are no pictures of tartaned gentlemen, nor any graphic records of kilts and plaids; though many of the Highland chiefs, such as the Gordons, and Campbells, and Murrays, had their pictures painted occasionally.

This fact proves, perhaps, some points relating to the ancient Highland dress, but it will not prove that the plaid or the tartan was unknown. It seems that as the chiefs wore mail in war, when the people were unarmed, so they also often distinguished themselves in peace, by adopting the dress of France or of the Scottish court; with one or other of which, all the greater ones, at least, were in occasional connexion. That those who were Scottish barons, such as the Atholls and the Gordons, should have done so, was to be expected. If also the common people, as appears to be true, wore, in latter days, chiefly the grey checked plaid, and that of a scanty size, rolled close, with a naked bonnet, and if, as is probable, and, I believe, true, they were in every sense poorly clad, the dress, in this form, was certainly one which no painter would have wished to copy: since, splendid and picturesque as a modern Highland dress is, it is quite easy to retain all its elements and still to make it hideous. All that follows from the preceding remark, therefore, is, that the dresses which we now see in Edinburgh, were unknown in that form, and that the ancient chiefs did not, like the modern, consider their native dress an object to be desired, or conceive it capable of the improvement which it has recently undergone.

What the Highlanders wore in their most ancient days, it is not very easy to discover from any positive documents; whether they were Celts, Norwegians, or German Picts. Their costumes have not descended to us; and there is not much to be learnt from sculptures. Such few warriors as are petrified on the ancient tombs, bear no marks of philibeg or tartan; their dresses and arms resemble those of the Lowlanders of the same age; but none of these either are of ancient date. The multitude, at the beginning, had probably as much dress as the ancient Britons or the Chippewas; and they do not seem to have had much more for a long time afterwards. A web or blanket of some kind, forming philibeg and plaid at once, was probably the whole investment. Indeed there are old people in Airdnamurchan and Morven, who pretend to have heard from their parents, that, even in comparatively recent times, when the Mac Donalds came to Ardtorinish castle, their followers had no other dress than a dirty blanket.

Attempts have been made to introduce the Highland modern dress at court. And the full plumed, petticoated, plaided, pursed, buckled, pistol-dirk-and-sworded (as Homer would say) dress, is a very showy and a very picturesque one. But it never was the dress of any court, nor of any king, nor of any Scottish noble; nor of any people. Charles Edward wore it, only out of compliment to his Highland army; and Kemble dressed Banquo and Macbeth in it, because he knew no better. The gentlemen who constitute the Celtic club and other clubs, wear it because it is handsome, or because they think themselves handsome, or for other reasons.

Fine Arts.

STATUE OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

This elegant statue of Wolsey, "in full-blown pride," is placed in a niche beneath a Gothic canopy, over the hall of Christ Church College, Oxford. It was executed by Francis Bird, and set up by Dr. Jonathan Trelaney, Bishop of Winchester. This is not one of Bird's finest works—those being the monument of Dr. Busby, in Westminster Abbey, and the representation of the Conversion in the pediment of St. Paul's Cathedral. He likewise executed the bas-reliefs under the portico, the statue of Queen Anne, and the four figures round the pedestal in front of the Cathedral.

Wolsey's statue is an appropriate embellishment of Christ Church. He began to erect this college about the year 1524, having obtained two bulls from the pope to enrich his foundation by the suppression of twenty-two priories and nunneries, the revenues of which were estimated at 2,000*l*. This proceeding gave great offence; even the king himself appears to have expressed some dislike to the measure, though he probably received a hint at the time, which led him shortly after to venture the experiment of a general suppression.

On the disgrace of Wolsey, the progress of this college was interrupted; but it is certain, from his last correspondence with the king, that he entreated for nothing more earnestly than its completion. To this the monarch, through the pressing instances of the members of the society and the university, at length consented; though he deprived the cardinal of all the merit in the establishment

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and transferred it wholly to himself, refounding it under the title of King Henry VIII.'s College, in Oxford.

(*Statue of Wolsey.*)

Of Wolsey's fall, the subsequent premonitory anecdote is related by Stow :—

"The Cardinal sitting at dinner upon Allhallowne-day, having at his boordes end divers chaplines sitting at dinner, ye shal understand that the cardinals great crosse stood in a corner at ye tables end, leaning against the hanging; and when the boordes end was taken up, and a convenient time for ye chaplaines to arise, one Doctor Augustine, a Venetian, a physitian to the cardinal, rising from the table with the other, having upon him a great gowne of boisterous velvet, overthrew the crosse, which trailing down along the lappet, with the point of one of the crosses brake Doctor Boner's head, that the bloude ranne downe, the company there standing, greatly astonied with the chaunce. The Cardinal perceiving the same, demanded what the matter meant of their sodayne amaze, and they shewed him of the fall of *his* crosse upon Doctor Boner's. And hath it, quoth he, drawn any bloude? Yea, quoth they, forsooth my lord. With that, cast he his head aside, and saide, shaking his head, *malum omen*, and therewith said grace, arose from the table, and went to his chamber."—*Stow*, p. 555.

The Cardinal was arrested a few days after, according to the same historian. I.

The Public Journals.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

(From an interesting paper in Tait's Magazine.)

In the year 1809, I had come down to Westhay, (the villa of my friend Mrs. ———,) on a visit of some months. The time of year might be May, or early in June; and the particular morning was one of peculiar splendour. Sitting by accident at a window of my dressing room, which looked out upon the approach to the house, I observed a plain-looking carriage coming up the grounds, at the rate of about four miles an hour. In those days the eye was familiar enough with the image of languid motion under all possible varieties; even the Bristol mail, the swiftest in the kingdom, did not then perform much above seven miles an hour; but a pace so *very* cautious indicated the presence of ladies; probably of *old* ladies; and a sudden recollection that it was yet scarcely twelve o'clock, argued that the party must be a privileged one; how else venture to present itself on a morning call at an hour so antediluvian? Antediluvian, indeed, were all things inside and outside the equipage. "Castor and Pollux!" exclaimed a young Oxonian of the Westhay family, "what a set out!" yet at least it wore an air of harmony in its self-consistency. The horses were manifestly pets, sleek and dull, crammed up to the throats; and apparently worked at the rate of thirty miles a-month. The coachman seemed, after *his* kind, a pet also; consequently, sleek and dull, crammed up to the throat; and worked on the same severe scale. The carriage itself had the air of being also a pet; it was hung low, was sad-coloured, roomy and considerate in its dimensions, allowing ample scope and verge enough for the most Dutch proportions, and seemed so well furnished with cushions or squabs, to speak technically, and those squabs, again, luxuriously plump and downy. We had continued speculating upon its probable contents, as the lazy equipage moved towards the house; and at last my young Oxonian friend, exclaiming suddenly to me, "By the powers, it is Holy Hannah coming to look at your premises!" shot downwards to present his arm to the ladies in executing the very difficult manœuvre of alighting. Imagine, then, at length, the portly carriage solemnly anchored alongside the main entrance of the house, the carriage door opened, and the steps duly unfolded to the very last, which grazed the surface of the ground, in preparation for discharging its jolly freightage of dames. Jolly they were,

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in every acceptation of that word; ample and roomy as their carriage; and absolutely noisy in their expressions of gaiety and good humour. Such, at least, was the description of the two sisters, who on that morning accompanied Mrs. Hannah More, but not of Mrs. Hannah More herself: she was neither large in person, nor joyous in her manner. Her deportment was lady-like and pleasing; but marked with thoughtfulness, and sometimes, perhaps, with a shade of sadness; or, to express both traits by a single word, at least of pensiveness. People who are consciously the objects of much notice and curiosity, wherever they appear, rarely obtain so complete a mastery over their feelings as to disembarass themselves entirely of that constraint and awkward reserve which accompany such a situation when continually forced upon the consciousness. Certainly, for a woman who had mixed so largely in the world, Mrs. H. More seemed to have made as small advances towards such a state of callous self-possession as any one person whom it has been my fortune to know. She had even a tremour in her manner, and at times, upon first presenting herself, a *mauvaise honte*, which almost amounted to agitation. But I am anticipating.—The visit, as it appeared, really was to myself, none being due at that time, to the family whom I was visiting. In saying this, I arrogate no particular importance beyond what Mrs. More's courtesy allowed to every scholar; and such I was reputed. My fame had been somewhat increased also, as I am ashamed to say, by a report current at that time, which imputed to me, most untruly, some shape or other—I know not exactly what—of infidel philosophy.

My curiosity was, at any rate, sufficiently strong to have carried me down to the drawing room; and, as it appeared that the visit was really to myself, it became my duty to descend. Of course, I did not keep the ladies waiting; and I had presented myself before they—so leisurely in their movements—had completed the process of seating themselves. All eyes directed me to the lion, or rather the lioness of the occasion;—the lady of the house did me the favour to present me in form to her favourable notice. She received me with most gracious and winning smiles; and I took my seat upon a sofa by her side. I had previously seen almost every body in England who enjoyed any great reputation for conversational talent; and I expected little in that way, which could dazzle *me*, from Mrs. H. More. In justice, I must say, that I found no more than I expected. Madame de Staël I had seen, but that was all. *Virgilium vidi tantum.* I could, through more channels than one, have commanded an introduction; but this my pride prevented me from seeking. Backed by no book of my own composition, I should have appeared to her a mere boy, and could not have interested her vanity in making a display before one so obscure. She, however, when she chose, or when she was adequately excited, could really perform with effect and execution; and, at times, she executed *bravuras*, or passages of colloquial effect, which electrified all who heard. Mrs. H. More was the most opposite creature in the world. She was modest, feminine, and, by nature, retiring. Her manners, which were those of a well-bred woman, accustomed to good society, and therefore free from all bustle, hurry, and excitement, supported the natural expression of her mind. It was only by a most unnatural and transient effort that she ever attempted to shine. On the other hand, to the eye, she was a far more pleasing woman than the masculine De Staël. That most pretending of God's women was a hideous-looking creature, with a huge structure of bones about the shoulders, fitter for a Mammuth or a Megatherium than a reasonable woman. Her chest, especially when viewed *en profile*, was, as a London wit remarked, like a chest of drawers. And her black hair, floating in masses about her temples, her fierce eyes, and her impassioned gestures, gave her, when declaiming, the air of a Pythoness upon her tripod, or of some dark sibyl thirsting for the blood of Œdipus. Add whiskers and mustachios, and, without a doubt, she would have frightened and put to flight the advanced posts of an army. But Mrs. H. More was soft, delicate, and agreeable; and in youth, must have been pretty. Her eyes only were too bright for absolute repose of countenance, else hers would have been nearly quiescent. Her sisters were, if not more interesting, at least more entertaining; especially Mrs. Sally, who had exuberant spirits, mirth, and good nature: and Mrs. Patty, who was distinguished for humour, or at least drollery; and from her pen had proceeded many of the most lively amongst the Repository Tracts.

SEASONABLE DITTIES.

(*By Thomas Haynes Bayly.*)

All hail to thee, hoary December!—A December Pastoral.

All hail to thee, hoary December!
All hail! (except mizzle and sleet)—
Dark month, if one half I remember,
A list of thy charms I'll repeat:
Though roses are faded, and mute is
The nightingale's song in the grove,
Thou art, among candlelight beauties,
The one of all others I love.

Now mulligatawny is chosen
For luncheons, both wholesome and nice;
And, Grange, thy brisk trade is quite frozen,
For nobody purchases ice!
There's ice on the Serpentine River,
Where ladies and gentlemen skate,
And whilst on the margin I shiver,
They flourish a figure of eight!

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Oh, come with thy thousand ingredients
For making an exquisite feast,
Oh, come with thy countless expedients
For fattening up a prize beast!
Thy cooks, whose perpetual work is
To mince meat, shall hail thy approach;
And, oh, what uncommon fine turkeys
From Norwich fly up by the coach!

Oh! all love December with reason;—
For while Hospitality feeds
Her guests, she well knows 'tis the season
For Charity's holier deeds:
And thus rich and poor have to thank it,
For gifts which impartially flow;
The pauper, when wrapp'd in his blanket,
Sighs not for a *blanquette de veau*.

Oh, come with thy Christmas vagaries,
Thy harlequin pantomime jumps,
Grim ogres, and beautiful fairies,
In gossamer trousers and pumps!
Oh, come with thy clownish grimaces,
Thy pantaloon practical wit;
And, tier above tier, merry faces
In gallery, boxes, and pit!

Oh, come with George Barnwell and Millwood,
A drama of practical force,
Which, were we disposed to do ill, would
Soon make us good people, of course!
Young Barnwell—the author alleges—
Got rid of his money too fast;
And, bother'd with pawnbroker's pledges,
He murdered his *uncle* at last!

Come hither with fun and with folly,
Bring icicle gems on thy brow,
The bright coral beads of the holly,
And pearls from the mistletoe bough.
Oh, come with thy shining apparel,
Thy robe like the snow on the hill;
And come, above all, with a barrel
Of *something* to take off the chill!

New Monthly Magazine.

THE FIDDLE—AN OXFORD-STREET REMINISCENCE.

Some few years ago, a shabby-looking gentleman, carrying in his hand a fiddle, inclosed in a green bag, entered the shop of an eminent hosier in Oxford-street.

"I want," said he, addressing himself to the obsequious man of hose, "a pair of silk stockings."

"Here are a dozen pairs," replied the shopkeeper, "of such a quality as no other house in London can offer. They are cheaper than dirt, and more durable than iron, and when they are worn out, they will cut down into capital socks; but that will not be for many years."

"Excellent qualities!" replied the shabby gentleman, with the fiddle; "but what is the price?"

"A trifle," returned the seller; "only twelve shillings a pair."

"Then put up one pair for me," said he of the green bag, "and I'll pay for them." At the same moment his right hand dived into the extreme recesses of his breeches pocket, as though he were endeavouring to select something underneath. He was not successful.

"Gracious Heavens!" cried he, "I have either lost my purse, or left it at home, and I know not how I can possibly do without the stockings; for you must understand that I am going to play at a celebrated concert to-night, and must have them to wear."

"Well, sir," replied the hosier, "that shall not trouble you; we'll send them to your house."

"Unfortunately," whimpered the man of sweet sounds, screwing up his features to the dimension of a dried codling, "I am not going home; but I will, by your kind permission, leave my fiddle as a security for the twelve shillings, only requesting that you be careful of it, and hang it up (for it is a valuable instrument), on that nail, which I see disengaged over the chimney of your back parlour."

"With all my heart," replied the hosier; and immediately conducted the musician into the parlour, where he hung up the fiddle, and having received the stockings, left the shop.

About two days after this event, a person entered the shop, and bought two or three trifling articles. Being suddenly seized with a spasmodic indisposition of stomach, he requested permission to recover himself in an arm-chair of the parlour. The hosier's humanity and civility were equal to his industry. He attended his customer with much assiduity, and by help of a little brandy, rubbing, and chafing, restored the gentleman. As soon as he was well, he began to look about the room; to admire the pictures; to compliment the hosier on his taste, when his eyes rested on the fiddle.

"What! my friend," he exclaimed, "are you a musician?"

"No, sir," said the hosier; "that fiddle belongs to a poor fellow who bought a pair of stockings of me two days back, and probably has not yet been able to raise money enough to pay for them, and redeem his fiddle."

"Allow me," said the gentleman, "to look at it—I am a judge of these matters." The fiddle being delivered to him, he drew it from the bag, and having examined it, said, as though to himself, "This is really a prodigious fine fiddle!" He then placed it to his shoulder, and negligently passing the bow across the strings, produced a few notes, which appeared to the hosier of such exquisite delicacy, that the passion of gain was for a few seconds suspended.

"This fiddle," said the stranger, "appears to be a Cremonæ of the best tune.—Mr. Nottingham," he continued, looking up at the hosier, "I have known you some years, and have dealt always with you—I know you are an honest man—I will not inform you what is my opinion of the worth of this instrument; but here is a thirty pound note, for which you will give me a receipt; and if, when the wretched musician again makes his appearance, you can purchase it for fifty pounds, this note, which I have now put into your

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hands, shall be your own." When he had thus spoken, he gave him the note, together with his card; and having received an acknowledgment for the note, departed.

He had scarcely been gone from the shop above an hour, when the musicion, in a great hurry, and much worse clothed than before, ran hastily into the shop, and, putting down the twelve shillings on the counter, requested to have his fiddle.

"Ah!" quoth the man of yarn, "I'm delighted to see you, I wish to have a few moments conversation with you;" and taking him into the back parlour, informed him of the liberal offer which the gentleman had made who had been there in the morning.

"With respect to the fiddle," said the musician, "I am well aware that it even exceeds in value what you have offered; nor would I think of selling it, but that my distresses are great, and customers are difficult to procure. To tell you the truth, I am now under arrest, an officer is with me outside, and I have only been allowed a few moments to fetch my fiddle, in order to carry it to a friend, who is ready to advance me upon it a sum of money sufficient to relieve me from arrest." The hosier saw that such was the fact.

"I will go with you," said he, "to the gentleman's house, and receive the fifty."—"Impossible!" replied the musician. "He may be from home, or otherwise; I cannot take the risk. The person I allude to is waiting my return."

The wily hosier now began to suspect that the fiddle would escape, and that the thirty pounds commission would be lost. He therefore resolved on a bold venture, and added twenty pounds of his own.

"Wait one moment," said he to the musician, "and you shall receive the fifty pounds." The musician hesitated, as if reluctant to part with his fiddle for the price: he surveyed it with tenderness, and said, "'Tis my necessities alone which induce me to part with thee, thou cheerful companion of my life—the better portion of my existence. But we must separate; and having been a long time the delight of thy master, thou must now become his support."

Tears were visible in the eyes of the wretched musician, and with a trembling hand, he delivered the instrument to the hosier, and having received the fifty pounds, hurried away from the shop in a very distressed state of mind. The hosier almost repented making such a gain from so poor a man. But "business is business."

As soon as the fiddle became the property of the hosier, he ordered a coach, and repaired to the house of the gentleman whose card he possessed. The servants informed him that their master was at home, and he was soon introduced into the library. He found himself in the presence of a gentleman very different in appearance from him whom he had seen in the morning. However, he produced the fiddle, a receipt for the money he had paid, and the card, and begged to know when he could see the owner. The gentleman appeared surprised, and, indeed, the man of stockings very soon became convinced that there must be some mistake. The gentleman acknowledged the card to be his, but declared himself quite ignorant of the transaction. The hosier was struck with dismay, and returned home in a most disconsolate state, yet not without hopes that the person who had advanced the money would soon make his appearance to claim the fiddle he had so much coveted. At all events, the instrument was valuable, and he might, after all, make a handsome profit. He was relieved from all suspense by the arrival of a customer, who was a musical instrument maker; who, having examined the iustrument, declared it to be a Dutch fiddle, value about eighteen shillings and sixpence! The sound of a fiddle, ever after, threw the hosier into fits!—*Monthly Magazine.*

EVE.

(*By the late Henry Neele.*)

Written on seeing Mr. Baily's Statue of Eve at the Fountain.

THE following poem was written by the unfortunate Henry Neele, just before the melancholy termination of his life. It is worthy of the pen of that highly-gifted writer; and its publication will add a fresh wreath to his poetic fame. Those who have seen (and who has not?) the exquisite piece of art which called forth this effusion of the ill-fated poet, will immediately recognise its graphic power of description, and the fine-toned feeling which breathes through every line. We scarcely know which to admire most, the description of the poet or the production of the sculptor. They both command our admiration, as both are emanations of a kindred spirit of genius, and that of the highest order.

NAY, 'tis no sculptured art,—'tis she—'tis she!
The fatal fair, whose bright betraying smile
Robb'd man of Paradise, but taught him love!
Oh, more than seraph-beauty!—Even man
Is but "*a little* lower than the angels;"
While woman—lovely woman—all divine,
Transcends their glittering hierarchy. This
Well knew the subtle tempter, who, albeit
Himself the semblance of a child of light
Could wear, yet chose a brighter minister
To lure to the fond ruin. Ah! on such
A face as this our primal sire might well
Gaze away Eden! Who that hung on lips
Like those, and listened to the utterings
Which made them eloquent, would still desire
The presence of angelic visitants,
Or sigh for cherub warblings? Who that felt
That soft heart beat to his, while o'er that neck,
Lock'd in Love's fond embrace, his fingers twined,
Like ringdoves nestling round the tree of life,
Would deem she lured to death?

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Yet, yet she smiles!
Yet o'er her own sweet image hangs enamour'd;
While, still and steadfastly as she, we gaze,
And share her rapturous wonder, deeming her
Scarcely less vital than ourselves, and breathless
Only from admiration!—Beautiful!
"The statue which enchants the world" no more
Boasts undivided homage; Britain claims
The laurel for her son, whose genius bids
Its sweet creation start to life and light,
Lovely as Pallas, when the brain of Jove
Teemed with divine imaginings.

New Monthly Magazine.

The Naturalist.

SPRATS.

PENNANT tells us—"The sprat, or *clupea sprattus* of Linnæus, has generally, but erroneously, been supposed a herring not grown to its full size. Its usual length is about four or five inches, and the body much deeper than that of a young herring of equal length; the back fin is placed more remote from the nose than that of the herring. But one great distinction between this fish, the herring, and the pilchard, is the belly—that of the two first being quite smooth, that of the last very strongly serrated; and another is, that the herring has fifty-six vertebræ, this only forty-eight. Besides, sprats visit our coasts, and continue with us in large shoals, when the others, in general, have retired to the great northern deeps. They come into the river Thames, below bridge, in the beginning of November, and leave it in March; and are, during their season, a great relief to the poor of the capital."

There is an old proverb, viz. *The weavers' beef of Colchester:* —"that is," says Ray, "*sprats* caught hereabouts, and brought hither in incredible abundance; whereupon the poor weavers (numerous in this town) make much of their repast, cutting rands, rumps, surloyns, chines, &c., out of them, as he goes on."—Sprats, at times, add a zest to the feast of the rich:

"So oft in feasts with costly changes clad,
To crammed maws a *sprat* new stomach brings."

P. T. W.

LOBSTERS.

ACCORDING to Pennant—"Lobsters inhabit all the rocky shores of our island, but chiefly where there is a depth of water. They deposit their eggs in the sand, where they are soon hatched; they change their shell annually, like other crustaceous animals. Previous to their putting off their old one, they appear sickly, languid, and restless. They totally acquire a new coat in a few days after casting off the former one. During the time that they remain defenceless, they seek some very lonely place, for fear of being attacked and devoured by such of their brethren as are not in the same weak situation. The circumstance of the reproduction of their claws, though surprising, is sufficiently well known."

Sturm, in his "Reflections on the Works of God, &c." gives an elaborate account of the lobster, and concludes thus: "The lobster is certainly the most extraordinary creature that exists. An animal whose skin is a shell, and which it casts off every year, to cloath itself with new armour. An animal whose flesh is in its tail and legs, and whose hair is in the inside of its breast; whose stomach is in its head; and which is changed every year for a new one; and which new one begins by consuming the old one. An animal which carries its eggs within its body till they become fruitful, and then carries them outwardly under its tail. An animal which can throw off its legs when they become troublesome, and can replace them with others. And, lastly, an animal whose eyes are placed in long, moving horns. So singular a creature will long remain a mystery to the human mind. It affords a new subject, however, to acknowledge and adore the power and wisdom of the Creator."

Pennant says "they deposit their eggs in the sand;" whereas Sturm says "they enlarge by degrees as the weather grows warm; and before Midsummer there are little live lobsters found amongst the eggs, the size of an ant, which stick to the fibres under the tail, where they remain brooding till all the eggs are hatched."

P. T. W.

Retrospective Gleanings.

ANCIENT PRICES OF FISH.

"I CANNOT," says Pennant, "give a list of the fish most acceptable in the Saxon ages; but there is a list left of those which were brought to market in that of Edward the First, who descended even to regulate the prices, that his subjects might not be left to the mercy of the venders.

	s.	d.
The best plaice	0	1½
A dozen of best soles	0	3
Best fresh mulvil—i. e. *molva*, either cod or ling	0	3
Best haddock	0	2
Best barkey	0	4
Best mullet	0	2
Best dorac, or *John Doree*	0	5
Best conger	1	0
Best turbot	0	6
Best bran, sard, and betule	0	3
Best mackerel, in Lent	0	1
And out of Lent	0	0½
Best Gurnard	0	1
Best fresh merlings—i. e. *merlangi*, whitings, four for	0	1
Best powdered ditto, twelve for	0	1
Best pickled herrings, twenty for	0	1

(This shows that the invention of pickling was before the time of Wm.

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Benkellen, who died in 1397.—See *Brit. Zool.* iii.—article Herring.)	
Best fresh ditto before *Michaelmas*, six for	0 1
Ditto after *Michaelmas*, twelve for	0 1
Best *Thames* or *Severn* lamprey	0 4
Best fresh oysters, a gallon for	0 2
A piece of rumb, gross and fat, I suspect *halibut*, which is usually sold in pieces, at	0 4
Best sea-hog—i.e. porpesse	6 8
Best eels, a strike, or ¼ hundred	0 2
Best lampreys, in winter, the hundred	0 8
Ditto at other times	0 6
(These, by their cheapness, must have been the little lampreys now used for bait.)	
But we also imported lampreys from *Nantes*. The first which came in were sold for not less than	1 4
A month after, at	0 8
Best fresh salmon, from *Christmas* to *Easter*, for	5 0
Ditto after ditto	3 0
Best smelts, the hundred	0 1
Best roche, in summer	0 1
Best *lucy*, or pike, at	6 8

"By the very high price of the pike, it is very probable that this fish had not been introduced into our ponds, but was imported at this period as a luxury, pickled, or some way preserved.

"Among these fish, let me observe," says Pennant, "that the conger is, at present, never admitted to any good table; and to speak of serving up a *porpesse* whole, or in part, would set your guests a staring. Yet, such is the difference of taste, both these fishes were in high esteem.

"King *Richard's* master cooks have left a most excellent receipt for *congur in sawse*; and as for the other great fish, it was either eaten roasted, or salted, or in broth, or *furmente with porpesse*. The learned Doctor Caius even tells us the proper sauce, and says that it should be the same with that for a *dolphin*—another dish unheard of in our days. From the great price the *lucy* or *pike* bore, one may reasonably suspect that it was at that time an exotic fish, and brought over at a vast expense," &c.—See *Pennant's London*.

P. T. W.

ANTIQUITY OF THE INNS OF COURT.

Lincoln's Inn.—It is reported, that William Earl of Lincoln, about the beginning of the reign of Edward II., being well affected to the study of the laws, first brought the professors of them to settle in a house of his, since called Lincoln's Inn. The earl was only lessee under the Bishops of Chichester; and many succeeding bishops, in after times, let leases of this house to certain persons, for the use and residence of the practisers and students of the law;* till, in the 28th year of the reign of Henry VIII., the Bishop of Chichester granted the inheritance to Francis Sulyard and his brother Eustace, both students, the survivor of whom, in the 20th year of Queen Elizabeth, sold the fee to the Benchers, for 520*l.*

The Temple.—The Temple was inhabited by a Law Society in the reign of Edward III. Upon the dissolution of the order of Knights Templars, in the reign of Edward II., their possessions came to the Crown. The New Temple, as it was then called, to which they had removed from their house in Holborn, about the beginning of Edward II.'s reign, was granted by the king, (Edward II.) successively, to the Earl of Lancaster, the Earl of Pembroke, and Hugh Despenser, the son; upon whose several attainders, the property again devolved to the Crown. In pursuance of a decree made by the Great Council at Vienna, anno. 1324, respecting the possessions of the Templars, King Edward III. granted this building to the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem; and they soon afterwards, as the tradition is, demised it, at the rent of 10*l.* per annum, to divers professors of the law, who came from Thavies' Inn, in Holborn.† At the general dissolution of religious houses, when the inheritance of this house again fell to the Crown, King Henry VIII. granted them a lease; and they continued tenants to the Crown till the 6th of King James I., when that king granted *hospitia et capitalia messuagi cognita per nomen de le Inner et le Middle Temple, sive Novi Templi*, to Sir Julius Cæsar and others, to them and their heirs, for the use and reception of the professors and students of the law.

Gray's Inn.—It is said that some professors of the law resided in Gray's Inn during the reign of Edward III., under a lease from the Lord Grey of Wilton, who was seized of the inheritance, and had a mansion there. The inheritance was in 20 Edward IV., purchased by the prior and monks of the monastery of Sheene, in Surrey, to whom the students continued tenants, at the rent of 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* per annum. At the dissolution of religious houses, Henry VIII. granted the inheritance to the Society, at the above rent, in fee farm.‡

Sergeants' Inn, Chancery Lane.—Part of Sergeant's Inn, in Chancery Lane, was inhabited by some sergeants in the time of Henry IV., when it was called Faryndon's Inn. The inheritance of it belonged to the Bishops of Ely. In the reign of Henry V. the whole house was demised to the judges, and apprentices of the law, as appears by sums accounted for to the bishop. In 9 Henry VI. it obtained the name of *Hospitium Justitiariorum*. In 2 Richard III. there is

* Dugd. Or. Jur. 231. † Ibid. 145. ‡ Ibid. 272.

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a lease of it, under the name of *Hospitium Vocatum* (Sergeants' Inn): this demise is at 4*l.* per annum.

Sergeants' Inn, Fleet Street.—It appears, in 21 Henry VI., that the sergeants then, if not before, held Sergeants' Inn in Fleet-street, under a demise from the Dean and Chapter of York, at the rent of 10 marks per annum.*

Clifford's Inn.—There is a demise in 18th of Edward III., from Lady Clifford, *Apprenticus de banco*,† of that house near Fleet-street, called Clifford's Inn. This inn had the sign of the Black Lion.

Clement's Inn was a resident for students in the reign of Henry IV., if not before.

New Inn.—New Inn had been a common inn for travellers; and from the sign of the Virgin Mary, it was sometimes called Our Lady's Inn. This house was inhabited by the students who removed from an old inn of Chancery, called George's Inn, near St. Sepulchre's Church, without Newgate.

Furnival's Inn, which once belonged to the Lords Furnival, was an Inn of Chancery in 9 Henry IV. The students held it under a lease, in the time of Edward VI. The inheritance was in the then Lord Shrewsbury, who sold it to the Society of Lincoln's Inn, under whom the Society of Furnival's Inn were afterwards tenants.

Staple Inn was an Inn of Chancery in the time of Henry V. The inheritance of it was granted in 20 Henry VIII., to the Society of Gray's Inn.

Barnard's Inn was a Law Society in the time of Henry VI.

Thavies' Inn was a resident for students in the reign of Edward III. It was granted in fee to the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn in Edward VI.'s time. This Inn, however, was sold in 1769, to Mr. Middleton; since which it has been burnt down; and now a neat range of buildings occupies its site.—C. H.

* Dugd. Or. Jur. 326. † Ibid. 141.

Notes of a Reader.

THE POLISH CHILDREN.

"The last diabolical stroke of Russian policy has been to intoxicate the children of the condemned Poles, in order that they may sing while on their way to the mines."—*Extract of a Letter.*

Forth went they from their father-land,
A fallen and fetter'd race,
To find upon a distant strand,
Their dark abiding place.
Forth went they—not as freemen go,
With firm and fearless eye;
But with the bow'd-down mien of wo,
As men go forth to die.

The aged, in their silver hair;
The young, in manhood's might;
The mother, with her infant care;
The child, in wild affright—
Forth went they all—a pallid band,
With many an anguish'd start;
The chain lay heavy on their hand.
But heavier on their heart.

No sounds disturb'd the desert air,
But those of bitter wo,
Save when at times re-echoed there
The curses of the foe.
When, hark! another cry peal'd out—
A cry of idiot glee,
Answer'd and heighten'd by the shout
Of the fierce soldiery.

'Twas childhood's voice—but, ah! how wild,
How demon-like its swell!
The mother shriek'd to hear her child
Give forth that soulless yell!
And fathers wrung their fetter'd hands,
Beneath this maddening wo;
While shouted out those infant bands,
The chorus of the foe!

And curses deep and low were said,
Whose murmur reach'd to heaven;
And sighs were heaved, and tears were shed,
And woman-hearts were riven;
While, all forgetful of their woes,
The children onward trod,
And sang—and their young voices rose
A vengeance-cry to God!

Literary Souvenir for 1834.

[The Supplement, published with the present Number, contains unique Selections from other Annuals, not included in the previous Supplement.]

CHANGES IN FRANCE.

On arriving in France, nothing strikes the traveller more than the sort of *pro tempore* character attached to all its public monuments. The handful of coin which warns us on the quay at Calais that, within the last twenty years, three races, (those of Napoleon, Louis XVIII., and Louis Philippe,) have had possession of the throne, becomes verified as we advance. Nay, so often have the conservators of the public works been taxed to alter or remove the insignia of the varying dynasties, that at the palace of St. Cloud and others, trophies of arms have been substituted in the frescoes and architectural ornaments for the Ns, Ls, and Cs, which have successively distinguished the proprietorship of the Royal domains. On the esplanade of the Invalides, a plaster cast of the *Citoyen des deux mondes*, painted over in bronze, was so scorched by the sun during the summer, that the surface blistered off; and the only image bearing the superscription of the new Cæsar in his new capital, presents the aspect of a piebald *nigger!* The splendid edifice of the Madeleine, which is re-christened and dedicated to a different object at every political change, after being intended as a church, a Temple of Glory, an Opera House, and an expiatory chapel, is now once more a Temple of Glory. The seminaries, erected for the Jesuits by Charles X., are now Normal Schools; and the monastery on the ci-devant Mount Calvaire has become a barrack, "on the Valerian Mount." But if the old institutions are travestied, and the St. Genevieve, which first became a Pantheon, next St. Genevieve again, has risen again into the Pantheon, new monuments and new institutions are not wanting.

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The improvements of the Louvre proceed; the foundations of a new bridge, new entrepots, and a new museum of natural history, are laid. Two correctional prisons are completed; and the triumphal arch of the Etoile has advanced by a story.—*Tait's Magazine.*

THE LORD MAYOR'S STATE COACH.

WHERE is the pen shall portray that gorgeous thing of things, for which no name can convey an image to the mind's eye, whose figure no geometrician after Euclid might describe, —the Mayor's State Coach,—massive in its sublimity, awful in its grandeur, redolent of gold and glass, burnished with emblems, a temple of splendour which out-juggernauts the car of Juggernaut,—a machine in glory so surpassing, that no mortal mind could have devised, no mortal artificer moulded it; a vehicle, of all others upon earth, *sui generis*, on four wheels—and such wheels, ye Powers! —on four wheels rolleth it, drawn by six horses, at the rate of one quarter of a mile per hour at their fleetest. All the gingerbread in all the stalls of all the fairs in this great empire, blazing as it may be in gilt and glitter, is a positive fool to it. Gentle reader, our pen is not of crystal, neither is our ink of molten gold; and as no poet, however favoured by the nine, could ever yet say more than that the sun is a luminous body, from which spring rays of light;—and what, prithee, might a blind man gather by such a description;—so, to those who have not beheld, may no words fashion forth an idea of the Lord Mayor's State Carriage. Box it hath, if box can be called, a cube of wool-pack, sufficient to hold two round dozen of coachmen; and in the centre of this box, difficult of discernment, yet droll, is squatted a little wonderful old fellow, equipped with whip and wig, disguised not in liquor, but in powder and rosettes a great store, to whom is confided the tremendous task of navigating this piece of hugeness through the streets of London city: and right bravely doth he accomplish his task. To *upset* it of course lieth not in the power of man; but to conduct it with due avoidance of all fixed obstacles is the affair. We wager the receipts of one month's publication—no slight offer by the by—that there is no other man in Europe who shall walk it through three streets of London, (at commonly obtuse angles,) without seriously endangering as many four storey houses, and bringing down one at least, to all intents and purposes. Is our bet taken? A team of six horses—have we not said it—is yoked to this immensity; and superb creatures they are, whether as touching action or harness. What furniture are they not decked withal! what ribbons of all colours flutter from their flanks! The stud is of itself a study! In —— But it is useless all. We throw down the pen in utter despair: how can we describe what is indescribable? Think of a gorgeous something upon four wheels, drawn by six pride-snorting animals, and, taking the nasal bone of the near leader as one point, and the extreme point of the foot-board behind the carriage, whereon stand half a dozen flunkeys (we had well nigh forgotten the flunkeys—so bedizened, so besilked, so becaned) as the other, one hundred and fifty feet in length of ground must it more or less cover! Give play to your fancy, we can say no more.—*Ibid.*

The Gatherer.

Curious Ancient Manner of getting Gold. —Sir Walter Raleigh tells us, "Not far from Caucasus are certain steep-falling torrents, which wash down many grains of gold, as in many other parts of the world; and the people there inhabiting used to set many fleeces of wool in these descents of water, in which the grains of gold remain, and the water passeth through, which Strabo witnesseth to be true." P. T. W.

Live Fuel.—Wood was formerly so scarce at Buenos Ayres, and cattle so plentiful, that sheep were driven into the furnace of lime-kilns, in order to answer the purposes of fuel. We should not have dared to repeat this fact, however undoubted, if a decree of the King of Spain, prohibiting this barbarous custom, were not still preserved in the archives of Buenos Ayres.

Henry VIII. and Nice Puddings.—The building formerly rented by the African Company, was anciently part of the dissolved priory of the Holy Trinity, Aldgate; but on account of Mrs. Cornwallis having gratified the appetite of Henry VIII. by presenting him some *fine puddings*, he granted this and other tenements to her and her heirs. This house was once the residence of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, a favourite of Queen Elizabeth. P. T. W.

Tripe versus Strype.—The house in which Count Gondomar formerly resided in Petticoat-lane, Whitechapel, afterwards became the residence of the famous annalist and historian Strype, and had been called *Strype's Court*, till, by the phraseology of the place, it obtained the name of *Tripes-Yard*. It had formerly gardens behind it, and was very pleasantly situated. P. T. W.

City Toasting.—In the *Attic Miscellany* for October, 1790, is the following anecdote: viz. "After a splendid dinner one day last year, at the London Tavern, the chairman gave the usual toast of the Adelphi, in allusion to the royal brothers; when a certain knight, who was present, when it came to his turn to give a toast, said, with great gravity, 'Mr. Chairman, as we are giving

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public buildings, I'll *give* you my house at Taunton!'"

Roman London.—In digging the foundation for the new Goldsmiths' Hall, (engraved in No. 585 of *The Mirror*,) the workmen discovered, about fifteen feet below the surface, a Roman altar, of a curious and beautiful description. On the front is a graceful figure, with a bow in the left hand, and the right drawing an arrow from the quiver over the shoulder, and on the side is a greyhound. On the back is the carving of a lyre, which is much mutilated by the tools of the labourers.

W. G. C.

Curran.—A farmer attending a fair with a hundred pounds in his pocket, took the precaution of depositing it in the hands of the landlord of the public house at which he stopped. Having occasion for it shortly afterwards, he resorted to mine host for the bailment, but the landlord, too deep for the countryman, wondered what hundred was meant, and was quite sure no such sum had ever been lodged in his hands by the astonished rustic. After ineffectual appeals to the recollection, and finally to the honour of Bardolph, the farmer applied to Curran for advice. "Have patience, my friend," said the counsel; "speak to the landlord civilly, and tell him you are convinced you must have left your money with some other person. Take a friend with you, and lodge with him another hundred in the presence of your friend, and then come to me." We must imagine, and not commit to paper, the vociferations of the honest dupe at such advice; however, moved by the rhetoric or authority of the worthy counsel, he followed it and returned to his legal friend. "And now, sir, I don't see as I'm to be better off for this, if I get my second hundred again: but how is that to be done?" "Go and ask him for it when he is alone," said the counsel. "Ay, sir, but asking won't do, I'ze afraid, without my witness at any rate." "Never mind, take my advice," said the counsel, "do as I bid you, and return to me." The farmer returned with his hundred, glad at any rate to find that safe again in his possession. "Now, sir, I suppose I must be content; but I don't see as I'm much better off." "Well, then," said the counsel, "now take your friend with you, and ask the landlord for the hundred pounds your friend saw you leave with him." We need not add, that the wily landlord found that he had been taken off his guard, while our honest friend returned to thank his counsel exultingly, with both hundreds in his pocket.—*Legal Adviser.*

Remarkable Cure of Drunkenness.—It is related of the Rev. Rees Prichard, vicar of Llandingad, but better known, (says Rees in his History of South Wales,) by the name of "the vicar of Llandovery," who died in the year 1644, that while a young man he was much addicted to drinking; and he is said to have been cured of this habit by an accidental circumstance, which some have not scrupled to consider miraculous. In his visits to the public house, he was usually followed by a goat. On one occasion, he prevailed on his companion to participate in his enjoyments, and to drink ale till it became inebriated. This one fit of intoxication more than satisfied the goat. It could never afterwards be prevailed upon to repeat the experiment. This incident, though trifling, led the master to reflect on his own condition, and induced a resolution to abstain thenceforth from his old practice.

The Lucky Leg.—During our stay at Constantinople, (says Mr. Carne,) an amusing incident befell a gentleman attached to the palace. He had lost a leg whilst in the navy, and being desirous of visiting the great bazaar, he road through it on horseback, a privilege used by none but Turks, and in these disturbed times rather dangerous. A Bostandgi Basha, an officer of some rank, being enraged on observing this, came up, and struck at his wooden leg with his sabre. The Turk's astonishment at seeing no blood flow, or wound inflicted, was very great. He lifted his sabre and cut with good will through part of the leg, but finding it all useless, he drew back, without uttering a word, and gazed intently on the Frank. W. G. C.

English Synonyma.—Greenwood, (on the English Language,) gives us various instances of its copiousness. In the word striking, he enumerates above thirty different synonymous expressions—as to smite, bang, beat, bast, buffet, cuff, hit, thump, thwack, slap, rap, tap, kick, spurn, box, yerke, pummel, punch, &c. He enumerates above forty for the word anger. P. T. W.

Genuine Letter. — Muster Hins.—Ples Sir to enquer at your Ofes at Briten about a little woden tub belong to Mister Ewart at Broom the Servent told the porter to goo to Albion House for it and the Coch left before the porter got back. Thair is no Drexings on it.

THE ANNUALS.

With the present Number,

THE SECOND SUPPLEMENT

OF THE

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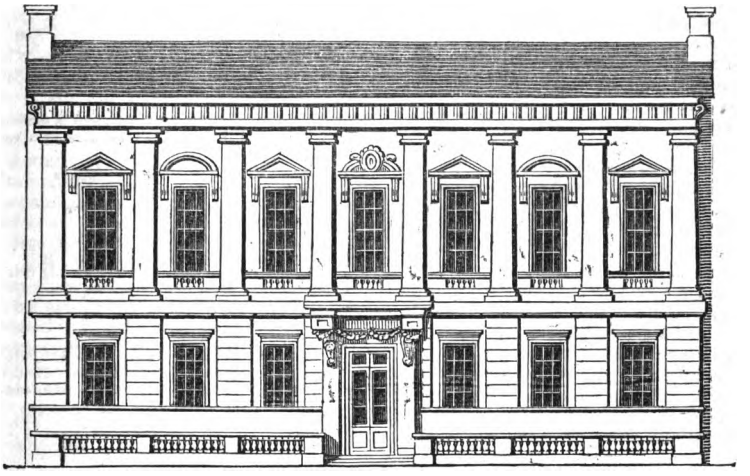
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 639.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1833. [Price 2*d*.



THE CITY CLUB-HOUSE.

This chastely elegant structure occupies the site of the Old South Sea House, opposite the church of St. Peter-le-Poor, in Broad-street. It has been erected from the design of Philip Hardwick, Esq., F.R.S., architect of the New Goldsmiths' Hall, &c. It is intended for the accommodation of "the City Club," now in course of organization; and whose list, it is expected, will include the principal merchants and bankers of the city of London. A better situation for architectural display might probably have been chosen; but it would be difficult to name a site more convenient for the first class of merchants of this wealthy metropolis. Its proximity to the Exchanges, and that splendid oasis of the City, termed "the money-market," is advantageous; while it is at the same time in the busy world, yet sufficiently removed from its focus to afford a temporary retreat from jostling noise.

The Club House is of the Palladian order. The Engraving represents the elevation of the principal front in Broad-street, which is finished with Portland and Bath stone. It has few pretensions to decorative richness; but the effect is simply handsome. The front recedes a short distance from the street, and is inclosed by a stone dwarf wall, with balustrades. The space between the lower windows is channeled; and above are eight pilasters, between which are seven well-proportioned windows, which light the principal floor. Throughout the intercolumniations, beneath the windows, extends a balustrade. Each window has a semicircular or triangular pediment, with appropriate truss-blocks; and over the central window is an ornamented escutcheon for armorial bearings. The pilasters are surmounted by a row of handsome console blocks, which crown the elevation.* The entrance is plain: over the door is a large projecting coping-stone, from the supports of which hangs a rich garland, which is festooned above the door-way, the ascent to which is by three steps. The elevation from the basement is 55 feet, and its length 83 feet.

The plan of the building is divided into three portions. The first contains the entrance hall, flanked with committee and secretary's rooms on the right, and porters and waiting-rooms on the left; beyond which, on each side, is a dining-room, 15 feet high and nearly 25 feet square. Each ceiling is divided into two panels, and enriched with a remarkably fine egg and tongue moulding. Above

* These are but imperfectly represented in the Engraving, from their necessarily diminutive size.

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these apartments, is the principal floor, entirely occupied by two drawing-rooms, 18 feet in height and 25 feet deep, and communicating, by folding doors—one room being 46½ feet, and the other 34½ feet in length; the former lit by four, and the latter by three windows. The mouldings, flowers, and other decorations of the ceilings of these rooms are singularly beautiful. Above the drawing-rooms are servants' bed-rooms.

The second, or central portion of the plan, contains the principal staircase, flanked with waiting and service-rooms, &c., and the servants' staircase; above these are dressing and bath-rooms, and another story of dressing-rooms over them. The principal staircase is of stone, and some of the slabs weigh upwards of four tons. A flight of broad steps leads from the hall to a large landing-place, whence ascends another flight, branching into two others, which lead to the apartments above. This staircase is handsomely lit from the roof.

The third portion consists entirely of the coffee-room, of noble dimensions, being a double cube in form, 60 feet long, 30 feet wide, and the same in height. The ceiling is divided into three soffite or sunk panels. It is lit by three lofty, semi-circular topped windows, each with two columns as divisions. These windows open upon a terrace, inclosed with balustrades, and forming the back-front of the club-house seen from Fountain-court.

It should be stated, that each of these portions varies in length: the first being from 83 to 90 feet; the second, 54 feet; and the third, or coffee-room, 63 feet. The total number of principal apartments is 42; and the upper story is provided with dormitories or servants.

The basement story contains the various domestic offices, upon a scale of completeness which we have never seen surpassed. Its height is 12 feet. Here are capacious cellars and larders. The kitchen is not included in the regular basement story, and has thus the advantage of ventilation by a large light in the roof. The fittings are of improved descriptions: among them are a steam-boiler; and a hot-water apparatus, by Jaques, for warming the staircases and passages throughout the building.

The estimated cost of this well-appointed structure is 8,000*l*. The interior fittings will occupy but a short time; and when completed, the whole establishment will bear comparison with any of its description in the metropolis.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE heavens were bright with many a star,
The snowy flocks were sleeping;
The moon upon her "silver car,"
Was her nightly vigil keeping,—
And sleepless were the shepherds' eyes,
Upturn'd unto the spangled skies,
Where heav'n-aspiring thought from this world's darkness flies!

The hour was come,—that shepherd band,
Were destin'd from all time,
To witness the Almighty hand
Dispense the gift divine:—
The hour was come,—the silence broke,
The voice of many a seraph spoke,
And from our fall'n race, fell off the oppressor's yoke.

The purple canopy above,
One brilliant arch became,
The beams of heaven's o'erpowering love,
Shot thro' earth's wondering frame,
Eclips'd by that "excess of light,"
The stars did pale their lustre bright,
And the wan shepherds there, did veil their dazzled sight!

For forms etherial float around,
From heav'n their strain began,
And melody was in that sound,
That told the wond'rous plan:
Angelic forms are swift careering,
Where parted clouds an arch for them is rearing,
For heaven's all-radiant host, on this cold earth appearing.

Bursting from lips, that from the throne
Of unapproached light were sent,
With grace seraphic o'er them thrown,
And eyes, on mercy's errand bent,
"Glory to God" began that legion fair,
"Goodwill to man" the message they would bear,
Unto the prostrate ones, so humbly bending there!

"Fear not," that voice of music said,
"For unto you is born,
E'en in a manger's narrow bed,
Upon this breaking morn,
A Saviour—Christ,—then speed your way, arise,
For His own star shall guide you where He lies,
And with unwavering beam illume the eastern skies!"

Moment—from ages long foretold,—
Abyss of mercy vast,
Angels, the wonder have unroll'd,
And the star shone at last:—
Star—that upon the Prophet's vision shone,
Star of the Morning! thou, and thou alone,
Proclaim'd that on this earth abode the Almighty one!

Hirton Lindsey. ANNE R——.

Anecdote Gallery.

DEAN SWIFT'S HAIR.

A CERTAIN antiquary, residing not a hundred miles from the estate and mansion of the late eccentric Lord Huntingtower, one day received from his lordship a few locks of fine, soft, bright, and beautiful hair, which an accompanying letter described to be a particular curiosity, as it was some of *Dean Swift's hair when a child.* Dr. —— received the present with joy; and placing this valuable relic of the celebrated Hibernian under a glass cover, it adorned his drawing-room, or museum, for some time. Meanwhile, Lord H. chuckled over the practical joke he had played off upon our Rutlandshire *Oldbuck*, and scrupled not to spread abroad, to the reverend gentleman's infinite mortification, when he heard of it, the manner in which he had *hoaxed* his antiquarian friend.

A son had, its seems, been born to one of his tenants, named *Swift*, for which he stood godfather, under the express stipulation that

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the boy should be called *Dean*. To this the parents assented; and in a short time, Lord H. had the pleasure of sending to the worthy antiquary, as we have seen, "some of Dean Swift's hair, when a child."

MRS. OPIE.

"I KNEW her well," said a gentleman, with whom the writer was conversing upon literary people, and the literary character,—"I knew her well in early life; she was immoderately fond of dancing; and one night that I happened to be her partner, she unfortunately wore a pair of painfully tight slippers; but, neither willing to forego the pleasures of the dance, nor to cut the shoes, *she took them off*, and actually *danced barefooted!*"

Such an anecdote of *Mrs. Opie* seems singular enough now; otherwise dancing lady-authors are not in these days phenomena. Miss Landon avows herself passionately fond of the dance, and is gay and animated in society; and Miss Crumpe and others may also be seen enjoying the delights of the ball-room, with the zest which should ever be accorded to them.

PUBLISHING.

"WHEN I wanted to publish my *Nature Displayed* in England," said M. Dufief, to some pupils who were reading to him from that work, one day, a sketch, called *Le Libraire*, and which elicited from him this comment—"I could not for a length of time meet with any bookseller willing to take it, on *any* terms; at last, one offered to do the thing *generously*, viz., to purchase the copy-right for 5*l.*! and allow me twenty copies of the work at my own disposal! I would not hear of such a scheme; and lucky was it for me that I did not. I afterwards published on my own account this grammar, of which above 20,000 copies have sold in England. I also possess the copy-right of the American edition, of which the sale is amazing."

We could add to this specimen of "the trade" many more facts, which would astonish the uninitiated, but prefer giving one in another line.

We once offered some original stanzas to a music-publisher, naming for them a price so low that we were ashamed of it, remembering that M. S. ballad-verses have been bought at prices from *one guinea* to *sixty* and *upwards*. "Very good," said the publisher, "nice verses enough, and would make a popular ballad, no doubt; but, you see, I must first set them to music, or have them set; the plate for engraving will cost five guineas; then, there are the expenses of paper, advertising, &c.; and, moreover, the uncertainty of the song pleasing the public; so that I cannot run the risk of purchasing the words. But, if you can get Miss S——, or any other famous vocalist, to sing the ballad when finished, it would probably *answer*, and I should not then object to *publishing* it."—"But, Mr. ——, not knowing Miss S——, or any one else in that line, how is she to sing it?"—"Why, you must send her *twenty guineas*, and I'll warrant she'll sing it fast enough."

After this advice, will it be credited, that this worthy offered, were it complied with, to publish our song on these terms—viz., considering the copy-right as his own, to allow us, gratis, *two dozen copies*; which, calculating them at the ordinary ballad price of 2*s.* each, would, could we have sold them all, have brought us in just 2*l.* 8*s.*—in compensation for our twenty guineas. O Conscience! where wert thou then?

MARCH OF MIND.

SURELY, in some instances, *mind* marches like the crab—by motion retrograde or oblique, instead of straight forwards. A late lamented lady explaining to her "own woman," who had requested it, the nature of meteors, and observing, that under certain circumstances "the atmosphere *ignites*," was interrupted by the damsel's exclamation of—"*Nights!* my lady—*nights!* Oh, no, then, *meteors* be n't the things *I* mean, for I sees 'em of *days* as well!"

We have by us several bills, for shoes "*sold* and *held*," (soled and heeled); and occasionally for "*dubble sold*."

A very honest, respectable, and worthy man, who cannot read, (wonderful to relate in these days,) and who has been a gardener for above twelve years, never in his life *beheld a pine apple*, or could conceive what sort of fruit it was, until we had an opportunity of showing him one. Not many days since, he astonished us with a legend, respecting "*Our Saviour's Wife!*" and seemed perfectly petrified and confounded when we told him that our Blessed Lord never had one. Yet, this man constantly attends church; but, as we have remarked, *he cannot read*; and so lamentable an idea only proves the blessing and benefit of those schools which undertake to give sound, *religious*, and moral instruction to our poorer brethren; whose feet may well slip from the right way, if their heads be filled with worse than nothing at all. The same individual amused us not a little, by stating the town to be "*surpolyfaced!*"—which puzzling word we contrived to obtain some light respecting, by tracing it to its surmised roots, "*surplus*" and "*populated*:" our clue being, the acknowledged *overpopulation* of the town whence we date.

M. L. B.

Great Marlow, Bucks.

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Manners and Customs.

ANCIENT CHRISTMAS.

THE following picture of Christmas in England, two hundred years ago, chiefly extracted from a book called *Christmas Entertainments*, appeared some time since in the *Athenæum*: "There was once upon a time hospitality in the land: an English gentleman at the opening of the great day, had all his tenants and neighbours entered his hall by daybreak, the strong beer was broached, and the black-jacks went plentifully about, with toast, sugar, nutmeg, and good Cheshire cheese; the rooms were embowered with holly, ivy, cypress, bays, laurel, and mistletoe, and a bouncing Christmas log in the chimney, glowing like the cheeks of a country milkmaid; then was the pewter as bright as Clarinda, and every bit of brass as polished as the most refined gentleman; the servants were then running here and there, with merry hearts and jolly countenances; every one was busy in welcoming of guests, and looked as snug as newly licked puppies; the lasses were as blithe and buxom as the maids in good Queen Bess' days, when they ate sirloins of roast beef for breakfast; Peg would scuttle about to make a toast for John, while Tom was harum-scarum to draw a jug of ale for Margery. And afterwards 'this great festival was in former times kept with so much freedom and openness of heart, that every one in the country where a gentleman resided, possessed at least a day of pleasure in the Christmas holydays; the tables were all spread from first to the last, the sirloins of beef, the minced pies, the plumb-porridge, the capons, turkeys, geese, and plumb-puddings, were all brought upon the board; and all those who had sharp stomachs and sharp knives ate heartily and were welcome. There were then turnspits employed, which, by the time dinner was over, would look as black and as greasy as a Welsh porridge pot, but the jacks have since turned them all out of doors. 'The geese, which used to be fatted for the honest neighbours, have of late been sent to London, and the quills made into pens to convey away the landlord's estate; the sheep are driven away to raise money to answer the loss at a game at dice or cards, and their skins made into parchment for deeds and indentures; nay, even the poor innocent bee, which was used to pay its tribute to the lord once a year at least in good metheglin, for the entertainment of the guests, and its wax was converted into beneficial plasters for sick neighbours, is now used for the sealing of deeds to his disadvantage.'"

W. G. C.

CHRISTMAS IN ITALY.

ONCE, as we were approaching Frescati, in the sunshine of a cloudless December morning, (says Mr. Rogers,) we observed a rustic group by the road-side before an image of the Virgin, that claimed the devotions of the passenger from a niche in a vineyard wall. Two young men from the mountains of the Abruzzi, in their long brown cloaks, were playing a Christmas carol. Their instruments were a hautboy and a bagpipe; and the air, wild and simple as it was, was such as she might accept with pleasure. The ingenuous and smiling countenances of these rude minstrels, who seemed so sure that she heard them, and the unaffected delight of their little audience, all younger than themselves, all standing uncovered, and moving their lips in prayer, would have arrested the most careless traveller.

W. G. C.

PLAYING CARDS.

IT is presumed by some that the amusement of cards is an oriental importation; others state that they originated in Spain. It was known at our court in the reign of Henry VII., for in the year 1502, when his daughter was married to James IV. of Scotland, she played at cards shortly after her arrival.

By the affinity of the names it would appear that we imported cards from Spain when they became fashionable, most likely made so by Philip when he came over to wed Mary. The term *flush* is a Spanish word, implying that the cards are of one colour. The early Spanish cards have actual clubs represented on one suit, and swords, *espadas*, spades, on the other. The Spanish cards were subsequently changed for French ones, being simpler in figure and easier for importation.

The manufacture of playing cards did not commence in this country till the time of James I., though the amusement was so general that the audiences at theatres used to divert themselves with them before the play began.

Whist was originally called whisk, and confined to the servant's hall; but, about 1733, a set of gentlemen, who frequented the Crown Coffee House, Bedford-row, studied it upon fixed and scientific principles; among whom was the first Lord Folkstone, ancestor of the present Earl of Radnor.

In the time of Elizabeth, primero was the fashionable game at cards, whist or whisk being ultimately banished from the drawing rooms and returned again to its original quarters among serving men and lacquies. Primero, which is a Spanish game, was imported by Philip II.; it was in high fashion as appears by the following passage in Shakspeare

"————I left him at *primero*
With the Duke of Suffolk."
Hen. VIII., act 5. sc. 1.

although this is a gross anachronism.

J. SILVESTER.

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TRICKS WITH CARDS.

Among sharpers, divers sorts of false or fraudulent cards have been contrived; as marked cards, breef cards, corner-bend, middle-bend, &c.

Marked cards are those where the aces, kings, queens, and knaves, are marked on the corners of the backs with spots of different number and order, either with clear water, or water tinged with pale Indian ink, that those in the secret may distinguish them. Aces are marked with single spots on two corners opposite diagonally; kings with two spots at the same corners; knaves with the same number transversed.

Breef cards are those which are either longer or shorter than the rest, and are chiefly used at whist and piquet.

Broad cards are those usually for kings, queens, knaves, and aces; the long for the rest. Their design is to direct the cutting, to enable him in the secret to cut the cards disadvantageously to his adversary, and draw the person unacquainted with the fraud, to cut them favourably for the sharper. As the pack is placed either endways or sideways to him that is to cut, the long or broad cards naturally lead him to cut to them.

Corner bend denotes four cards turned down finely at one corner, to serve as a signal to cut by.

Middle-bend, or Kingston-bridge, is where the tricks are bent two different ways, which causes an opening, or arch, in the middle, to direct likewise the cutting. P. T. W.

CORAL.

So children cutting teeth receive a coral. *Byron.*

Pliny says that "formerly it was deemed excellent as an antidote to poison." Brand quotes from an old work: "Wytches tell that this stone withstondeth lyghtenynge, and putteth it as well as whirlewindes, tempestes, and stormes, from shippes and houses that it is in." (We should recommend this observation to the engineers employed in repairing the Chain Pier at Brighton.) This superstition still exists in our nurseries in the coral and bells suspended round the necks of infants, for the red coral could repel witchcraft, and bells were originally used to scare away evil spirits. J. Silvester.

A SINGULAR SUPERSTITION

Exists at Portslade, near Brighton, and has been entertained within the memory of man, namely, that a dying person can be recovered if thrice carried round and thrice bumped against a thorn of high antiquity, which stands on the Down, ever ready to dispense its magic power to all true believers. A few years ago the medical attendant gave up all hope of his patient. The Goodies of the village obtained the Doctor's and the sick man's consent to restore him to health—and having carried him round the tree, bumped the dying man, and had the mortification of carrying him back a corpse, much to their astonishment at the ill success of their specific. J. Silvester.

LION-HUNTING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

By Lewis Leslie, Esq., 45th Regiment; abridged from the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.

Some years ago it was my fortune to be attached to a party of the Cape Cavalry encamped on the banks of Orange River in South Africa, for the protection of the boors on that extreme boundary against a tribe of savages who were then supposed to threaten an invasion of the Colony. That portion of our African territory extending from the Fish River, formerly the north-eastern limit to the banks of the Gariep or Orange River, had been but a few years in our possession, and then only a scanty population of Dutchmen was scattered over a space of some hundred miles. The occupation, I believe, was not recognised at that time by Government. The character of the scenery was somewhat peculiar: vast plains or flats extended in all directions, bare and sandy, rarely presenting a green blade of verdure to the weary eye. These plains were enriched or intersected by ranges of low table mountains, whose sides and summits were equally divested of all vegetation; and in passing over the country, as you crossed the lower ridge of some of these hills, a prospect of the same monotonous and barren extent was presented to the view. It was seldom we met with a human habitation, and naught enlivened the dreary scene save the various species of antelope and quagga abounding in these plains, who, frightened at the appearance of man, ran widely off in every direction. At a distance they might have been sometimes taken for vast herds of sheep and droves of cattle. If a boor's dwelling happened to be in the neighbourhood, these dwellings were always erected on the banks of some rivulet or spring, where there might be a sufficient supply of water for their flocks, and to irrigate a few limited roods of land to grow vegetables and tobacco for themselves. In the drier seasons, however, these almost pastoral farmers were obliged to forsake their more permanent abodes, and, something like the Israelites in the desert, betake themselves to tents, and, with their flocks, wander over the sandy waste in search of pasturage for their sheep and cattle. While encamped in these open plains, their craals or folds were frequently disturbed by the midnight visit of the lion; and their only escape from his attacks was in the discovery of his retreat and his destruction. His usual prey was the quagga or the antelope; but the fleetness of these animals, or their instinctive precautions

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perhaps, gave them more security than the feeble defences of a crowded craal.

It was on these occasions that I witnessed the mode in which the Boor discovered and rid himself of his troublesome neighbour, as the officer commanding was applied to, and most willingly granted the assistance of a few men, whom we were delighted to accompany.

The method by which the Boors pursue the lion will be shown by describing the last hunt at which I was present. In every instance it was the same, and in three successful, without injury to any individual of the parties. The north-east bank of Orange River, opposite our encampment, was totally uninhabited save by a few wandering Bushmen. Vast numbers of antelopes and quaggas grazed upon the plains; and, in the rugged and bare hills which intersect them, the lion dwelt during the day, and at night descended, after considerable intervals, in search of food. I have seldom seen him in the plain during the day, save when, in the extreme heat of the summer, he might be found on the wooded banks of the river; but often during the night, when we bivouacked in the open plain, and the terror of the cattle and horses bore evidence of his approach, at dawn he would be seen winding slowly his way to the loftier summit of some neighbouring mountain. One might hear the thunder of his voice at miles' distance, while every animal shook with fear. A lion of huge dimensions passed the river, which at that season was low, and carried off a horse, the property of a neighbouring Boor. For some nights previous he had been heard in a hill close to the banks of the river, to which it was supposed he had again retreated on destroying his prey. The Boors assert that the flesh of the horse is highly prized by the palate of the lion, but perhaps it is because that animal is their own most valuable property. It was proposed to cross the river the following morning and trace him to his den, with the few Boors we could collect and a party of our men. We mounted immediately after sunrise, and with a large number of dogs proceeded to the mountain, every crevice and ravine of which we examined without finding him. Gorged with his late meal, he had, perhaps, we thought, remained in the thick cover on the steep banks of the river, to which we then returned, and in passing over a narrow plain, a spot of ground was pointed out to us, by an eye-witness, where he had been seen to seize and devour a quagga some days before. The hard and arid soil was actually hollowed by the violence of the mortal struggle. The dogs had scarcely entered the thick bushy banks of the river ere they gave tongue, and they appeared to advance in the pursuit, as if the lion was slowly retreating. At times it would seem that he turned and rushed upon the dogs. We, however, could not dare to enter farther than the skirts of the jungle, with a finger on the trigger and the carbine half at the present. One single clutch of his tremendous paw unquestionably would have been fatal. For a considerable time the dogs remained silent, and we fancied we had irrecoverably lost him. With more and more confidence we examined the thicket, but without success, and were about giving up the pursuit in despair, when a Hottentot and Boor observed his footsteps in the sand. The word was again to horse. The lion's course appeared to be towards the mountain which we had left. R——, with a party of Boors and soldiers, galloped straight up the nearest declivity, while I, with a smaller number, rode round a projecting edge of the hill, into a deep ravine, to which he might have retreated. With my party I had been too late: he had been just brought to bay, as he was commencing his descent on the opposite declivity of the hill, but R—— delayed the attack until we should arrive to witness the encounter; meanwhile the dogs amused him. The ascent by which we could reach the summit was steep and rugged, but our horses were accustomed to such, and with whip and spur we urged them on. Whoever has seen the African lion at bay would assuredly say the sportsman could never behold a more stirring scene in the chase. There he was, seated on his hind quarters, his eye glaring on a swarm of curs yelping around him; his dark shaggy mane he shook around his gigantic shoulders, or with his paw tossed in the air the nearest dog, more apparently in sport than anger. We arranged preliminaries. The horses were tied together in a line, taking care to turn their heads from the direction where the lion was at bay, and likewise that they were to the windward of him, lest his very scent should scare them into flight. The retreat behind this *living* wall is the Boors' last resource if he should advance upon them, that his indiscriminate fury may fall upon the horses. Some of the Boors are excellent marksmen, and the Hottentot soldiers are far from being despicable: yet many a bullet was sent ere he was slain. Fired by the wounds he received, his claw was no longer harmless: one dog he almost tore to pieces, and two more were destroyed ere he fell. At each shot he rushed forward as if with the intent of singling out the man who fired, but his rage was always vented on the dogs, and he again retired to the station he had left. The ground appeared to be bathed with his blood. Every succeeding attempt to rush forward displayed less vigour and fury, and at last, totally exhausted, he fell; but still the approach was dangerous. In the last struggle of his expiring agony he might have inflicted a mortal wound: cautiously approaching, he was shot through the heart; twelve wounds were counted in his head, body, and limbs.

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He was of the largest size, and allied in appearance to the species which the Boors call the black lion. We claimed the skin and skull—the Bushmen the carcass, which to them is a delicious morsel; and the Boors were satisfied with knowing that he would commit no farther depredations on them.

On another occasion we roused two on the summit of a low stony hill. They were deliberately descending one side as we reached the top, and amid a shower of bullets, they quietly crossed a plain to ascend another. We followed, and they separated: we brought them to bay in succession, and slew both. It appears to me, from what I have seen and heard, that a lion once wounded will immediately turn upon his pursuers; but I am of opinion that he seldom attacks man, generally shuns his vicinity, and that he has none of the reported partiality for human flesh. In the district I described, and of which a description was necessary to show that we encountered him upon clear and open ground, the various kinds of lion were originally very numerous. The Boors enumerated three—the yellow, grey, and black. Their numbers were much diminished, principally, perhaps, from their retreating beyond Orange River to an unoccupied country, although many also were destroyed by the Boors. It has been said that the lion dwells in the plains. The African hunters almost always seek him in the mountains; and occasionally one or two will not shun the encounter, if armed with their long and sure rifles, which on almost all occasions they carry. One instance more and I have done. A party of officers, a few years previous, along with some Boors, discovered a lion, lioness, and two cubs, within a short distance of Hernianus Craal, on the frontier. The lion dashed forward to protect his mate and young ones, and attempted to defend them by shielding them with his body, until the officers, moved by his magnanimity of conduct, entreated that he might not be destroyed; but the Dutchmen were inexorable, and they killed him: the cubs fled and the lioness followed; but all were found dead of their wounds the succeeding day.

The above anecdote was related to me by an officer who was an eye-witness.

The Topographer.

THE ABBEY OF FONTEVRAUD.

Few places recorded in monastic history have acquired such celebrity as the Abbey of Fontevraud, one of the finest religious edifices in France. It stands in the valley of the same name, on the borders of Poitou and Anjou, in the department of Mayenne and Loire, and is so extensive, that when viewed at a distance, it appears like a little town of Gothic construction, embosomed in luxuriant woods. Here, in the unenviable solitude of monachism, lived the order of Fontevraud, from its first foundation, in the eleventh century, till the year 1793, when it was subverted by the Revolutionists, who drove the inhabitants from their sanctuary, and both pillaged and injured the convent. Still, Fontevraud experienced a better fate than many other beautiful Gothic edifices in France at the above period, which were entirely demolished, or left in a ruined condition.

The founder of this famous abbey was Robert d'Abrissel, a Breton priest, whose religious society was composed of penitent females. He gave his followers of both sexes, the rule of St. Benedict, and a very singular constitution, which made the nuns the superiors; the monks being subject to them. The Abbess of Fontevraud was the superior of the whole order, which soon extended into Spain: she was generally a lady of rank, and was subject to the Pope only. The foundation of the abbey took place towards the end of the eleventh century.

Robert was so famous a peacher, in his time, that Pope Urban II. commanded him, wherever he went, to harangue the people in favour of the first crusade. So successfully proved the eloquence of Robert, that many persons, from simply hearing his orations, left their families, and hastened into Palestine, where they fought under the holy banners of Godfrey of Bouillon; others, who either wanted opportunity or resolution to venture the personal hazard of fighting with the infidels, contributed a large portion of their substance in support of the sacred war.

The means adopted by Robert for the establishment of the convent at Fontevraud, is an interesting picture of the fanaticism even of those intolerant times. He wandered about the country, preaching a contempt of this world, and the merit of abandoning all earthly things, in order to devote both body and soul to the temporal and eternal service of God. His arguments and orations almost had the effect of disorganizing the community wherever he preached, and hundreds became his followers and disciples: wives abandoned their husbands, children left their parents, and parents quitted their houses, as the devoted converts of the holy wanderer. Men and women, of bad as well as good repute, composed his retinue, which at length became so numerous as to be unmanageable: wherefore Robert chose some spot where he might form his multitude into a regular order.

The picturesque forest of Fontevraud, watered by a pure fountain that issued from a rock, was selected as a convenient retreat for these infatuated people. The colony at first built themselves huts, with the branches of trees and heaps of turf, as a shelter from

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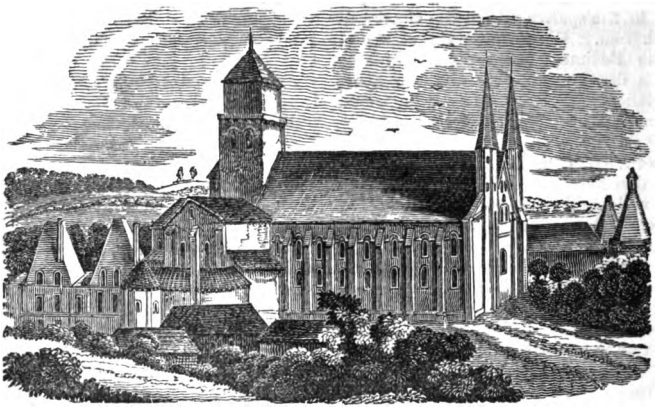

(*The Abbey of Fontevraud.*)

the weather, or during the night. The people of the neighbouring country contributed to improve this primitive mode of life of the holy man and his train. A lady, named Aramburge, gave the valley in which the great church was afterwards erected; the lords of Montreuil and Radegonde, the lands of Born and the forest of Fontevraud. Kings, princes, and nobles poured in their wealth, to aid in the pious act of building these monasteries; and, at length, the multitude occupying them were formed into some degree of order. Three hundred nuns, selected from the most reputable and best educated females, were placed in the convent near the great church, which, in size and splendour, resembled a cathedral. The others were divided into companies, each including a hundred women. Those who had formerly led abandoned lives, were placed in the convent dedicated to St. Madeleine, and called *femmes repenties*. The sick and leprous were lodged in the hospital of St. Lazare. The order of monks who were devoted to St. John, inhabited a monastery dedicated to their saint. But, of this building, the ruins of the church now alone remain. The erection of the nave of the great church is attributed to Folques, fifth Count of Anjou, about the year 1125; and many other parts of the abbey were built at that period.

Robert, the founder of this numerous order, lived to see it extended throughout the greater part of France. Towards the end of his career, he gave up his authority as superior, and invested it in the person of a beautiful lady, named Petronille de Chemille, electing her Abbess of Fontevraud, and submitted himself and all the convents to her supremacy. He died in 1117. His fanaticism appears to have been mixed with zeal less acceptable in the eyes of the Pope, for he was refused canonization in consideration of his "doubtful penance."

It is worthy of remark, that the costume of these monks and nuns never altered for seven centuries, or from their first establishment to their abolition, in 1793. The dress was that prevailing in Robert's time: the men wore black, covered by a long mantle, to which a cowl was attached; and, at the bottom of the garment, both in front and behind, appeared a small square piece of cloth, called *the Robert*; the nuns were attired in a white petticoat of fine linen, with sleeves neatly plaited; a black stomacher and belt completed the gown; the head was covered with a light black veil, and the feet by white stockings and shoes. The extreme neatness of this costume received considerable embellishment from the full folds of the long and elegant black mantle which was worn during divine service.

After the decease of Robert, the superiors of the order were generally chosen from women of the first rank. Fourteen princesses are numbered among the Abbesses of Fontevraud—many of whom richly endowed the monastery with lands, money, pictures, jewels, statues, treasures, and additional buildings. It is, however, much to be regretted, that the Revolution has spared little else than the walls of this once magnificent retreat.

Besides these interesting details of the monastery, Fontevraud has associations peculiarly attractive for the English reader, it being chosen for the burial-place of a few of our early kings, till they lost the provinces of Anjou and Mayenne, in the time of King John. A few particulars of their memorials, together with a description of the neighbouring castle of Chinon, which is inseparable from this portion of the history of Fontev-

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raud, will furnish a paper in our next sheet. Meanwhile, we cheerfully acknowledge our obligation for the staple materials of the present article to Mrs. Charles Stothard's clever and entertaining *Tour through Normandy, Brittany, &c.* in 1818.

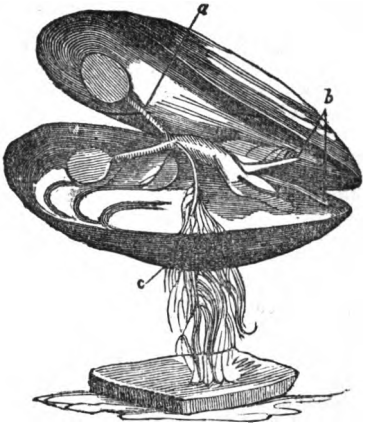
The Naturalist.

THE MUSCLE

Is a molluscous animal, which naturalists term stationary, from its being moored to rocks by what is vulgarly called the beard of the fish, but, in the language of science, the *byssus*. This consists of a bundle of blackish horny fibres or threads, connected to the animal within the shell on one side, and to the rock on the other. These threads are formed, according to Cuvier and most authors, of a glutinous matter, secreted from the base of the foot, and drawn out by the evolutions of this organ to their proper length, and moulded to their shape in a longitudinal groove on its surface. Blainville, however, considers this an erroneous account; for, according to him, the byssus is a collection of dried muscular fibres. The adductor (or leading) muscle, he says, is at first like those of other molluscous animals, contractile and living; but, being protruded beyond the shell, and attached to the rock, it becomes dried and irritable to a certain extent, and the fibres, by their dryness, become loose from the thready cable, such as we observe it. We know not which of these explanations to commend to the adoption of the reader; nor are we certain that either details apply to the common muscle, such as is eaten in great numbers at this season of the year.

The following, however, is the result of the examination of the common muscle, by the author of an ingenious series of papers on Molluscous Animals, contributed to the *Magazine of Natural History*.

From each side of the shell, in front of the great adductors, a cylindrical tendinous muscle arises, *see the Cut*, (*a*) and running forward obliquely, it meets its fellow near the centre, and opposite to the hinge, where they unite, and where they are met by other two similar muscles, (*b*,) which arise near the beaks, anterior to the lesser adductors, and run backward. From the place of union between these muscles originates the byssus (*c*) by a single root or stalk. This is firm, cylindrical, cartilaginous, and of a clear amber colour, continuing simple for a short space, when it divides, in a very irregular manner, into a few branches, which are again divided into numerous entangled threads. These are attached to the foreign external bodies by means of the foot, a tongue-shaped organ lying at the base of the byssus, distinguished by its dark violet colour, and capable of considerable extension and retraction. There is a furrow drawn along its middle, probably of use in holding the threads while they are fixed without; but you do not perceive any glandular apparatus by which the latter might be secreted, unless this should be a fleshy sheath, which, indeed, does surround the base; and the transition, from the peculiar structure of the muscle to the horny structure of the byssus, is so abrupt, that this looks rather like a new organ than a modification of the one to which it is attached, as Blainville supposes. The accompanying figure will give a good idea of what has just been described.



(*The Muscle.*)

It should be added, that the muscle which has this byssus cannot voluntarily detach itself; but, if forcibly torn away from its hold, can refix the shell, probably by forming a new byssus; and without this provision, the muscle must have become the sport of the waves.

The Public Journals.

THE STORY OF HESTER MALPAS.

By L. E. L.

[We have abridged this tender tale from twelve pages of the *New Monthly Magazine*. It here occupies but two-thirds of its original space: that is, our abridgment is equal to eight pages of the magazine. It is a sorry record of the curse of circumstantial evidence; but its chief merit lies in the telling: for, no writer of the present day, either in prose or verse, or of either sex, excels the narrator of this sad story, in the mastery of delineating the finest feelings—the tenderest touches—of our nature; this is indeed the eloquence of the heart.]

There is a favourite in every family; and, generally speaking, that favourite is the most

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troublesome member in it. People evince a strange predilection for whatever plagues them. This, however, was not the case with Hester Malpas. The eldest of six children, she was her father's favourite, because from her only was he sure of a cheerful word and a bright smile. She was her mother's favourite, because every one said that she was the very image of that mother herself at sixteen. She was the favourite of all her brothers and sisters, because she listened patiently to all their complaints, and contributed to all their amusements; an infallible method, by the by, of securing popularity on a far more extended scale.

Mr. Malpas was the second son of a prosperous tradesman in Wapping,—a sickly child. Of course, he shrank from active amusement. Hence originated a love of reading, which, in his case, as in many others, was mistaken for a proof of abilities. Visions of his being a future lord chancellor, archbishop of Canterbury, or at least an alderman, soon began to stimulate the ambition of the little back-parlour where his parents nightly discussed the profits of the day, and the prospects of their family. The end of these hopes was a very common one;—at forty, Richard Malpas was a poor curate in Wiltshire, with a wife and six children, and no chance of bettering his condition. He had married for love, under the frequent delusion of supposing that love will last under every circumstance most calculated to destroy it; and, secondly, that it can supply the place of everything else. Other sorrows soften the heart,—poverty hardens it. Nothing like poverty for chilling the affections and repressing the spirits. Its annoyances are all of the small and mean order; its regrets all of a selfish kind; its presence is perpetual; and the scant meal, and the grudged fire, are repeated day by day, yet who can become accustomed to them? Mr. and Mrs. Malpas had long since forgotten their youth; and if ever they refered to their marriage, on his part it was to feel, too late, what a drawback it had been to his prospects, and to turn in his mind all the college comforts and quiet of which his ill-fated union had deprived him. Nor was his wife without her regrets. A woman always exaggerates her beauty and its influence when they are past; and it was a perpetual grief to think what her pretty face might have done for her.

In the midst of all this, Hester grew up;—but there are some natures nothing can spoil. The temper was as sweet as if it had not breathed the air of eternal quarrellings; the spirits as gay as if they had not been tried by the wearing disappointment of being almost always exerted in vain. She had ever something to do—something to suggest; and when the present was beyond any actual remedy, she could at least look forward; and this she did with a gaiety and an energy altogether contagious. Everybody has some particular point on which they pique themselves; generally something which ill deserves the pride bestowed on it. Richard Malpas particularly prided himself on never having stooped to conciliate the relations, who had both felt, and very openly expressed, the anger of disappointed hope on his marriage. His brother had lived and died in his father's shop: perhaps, as his discarded relative formed no part of his accounts, he had forgotten his very existence. On his death, shop and property were left to his sister Hester; or, as she was now called, Mrs. Hester Malpas. After a few years, during which she declared that she was cheated by everybody,—though it must be confessed that the year's balance told a different story every Christmas,—she sold her interest in the shop, and, retiring to a small house in the same street, resolved on making her old age comfortable. It is very hard to give up a favourite weak point: but to this sister Mr. Malpas at length resolved on applying for assistance.

[This sister, Mrs. Hester Malpas, relieves his pressing wants, and proposes to receive into her house the girl Hester, who had been the only *confidante* in the father's application.]

When we expect the worst, it never happens. Mrs. Malpas caught at the idea of Hester's going to town with an eagerness which inflicted on poor Hester the severest pang she had ever known. "And is my mother so ready to part with me?" was a very bitter thought. Still, if she could have read that mother's heart, she would have been comforted. It was the excess of affection that made the sacrifice easy. All the belief in the sovereign power of a pretty face,—all the imagination which Mrs Malpas had long ceased to exercise for herself,—were exerted for her daughter. Like all people who have lived their whole life in the country, she had the most unreal, the most magnificent ideas of London. Once there, and Hester's future fortune was certain. Besides, she had another reason, which, however, from the want of confidence which ran through the whole family, she kept to herself. There was a certain handsome youth, the son of a neighbouring farmer, between whom and Hester she thought the more distance the better. She had suffered too much from a love-match herself to entertain the least kindness towards such a step. The faults we ourselves commit are always those to which we are most unforgiving. Hester herself had never thought about what the feeling was which made her blush whenever she met Frank Horton. No girl ever does. It was shyness, not deception, that made her avoid even the mention of his

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name. The word love had never passed between them. Still the image of her early playmate was very frequent amid the regrets with which she regarded leaving her native place.

Matters being arranged for Hester's departure, the evening before her departure, she went for a solitary walk, lingering amid all her old favourite haunts. Her spirits were worn out and dejected. It jarred cruelly upon her affectionate temper to find that her absence was matter of rejoicing to her whole family. The children, naturally enough, connected Hester's departure with the new indulgences, the result of their aunt's gift; and childhood is as selfish from thoughtlessness as age is from calculation. Her parents merged in the future that present which weighed so heavily upon poor Hester. She was stooping, with tearful eyes, to gather some wild flowers in the hedge, when Frank Horton, who had joined her unperceived, gathered them for her.

"And so, Hester, you are going to London, and will soon forget all your old friends." Hester had no voice to assure him that she should not. Her silence gave her companion the better opportunity of expressing his regrets, doubly touching to the affectionate girl, who had just been thinking that her departure was lamented by no one. Hester's heart was so full of love and sorrow, that it was impossible for some not to fall to his share; and they parted, if not with a positive promise, yet with a hope that their future life would, in some way or other, be connected together.

[We pass over the night's journey to London.]

On the next evening Hester found herself bewildered, cold, tired, hungry, and wretched, in the inn-yard where the coach stopped. She was roused by some one at her elbow inquiring "for the young woman that Mrs. Hester Malpas expected;" and in a moment the guard had consigned her to the care of a stranger. It was a neighbour whom her aunt had sent to meet her. Mr. Lowndes asked her how she did, received no answer, made up his mind that she was stupid and shy, considered that to talk was no part of his agreement with Mrs. Malpas, and hurried along the streets as fast as possible.

Having reached the aunt's house, Hester was sorry to part with Mr. Lowndes; she felt so desolate, that even the companionship of half an hour was something like a claim to an acquaintance.

"Come in, child," said a forbidding voice; and a hand laid upon her arm conducted her into a small but comfortable-looking parlour. The light cheered, the warmth revived, but still Hester could not muster resolution enough to look up.

"Can't the girl speak?"

Hester tried to murmur some inarticulate sounds, but gave up the attempt in despair and tears.

"Take off your bonnet."

Hester obeyed; and the readiness with which this slight act was performed, together, perhaps, with the trace of crying very visible on the face, had a favourable effect on her hostess, who parted her hair on her forehead, and said, with much kindness of manner, "Your hair is the colour mine used to be—scarcely, I think, so long;—I used to be celebrated for my head of hair." And the complacency with which the elderly dame reverted to the only personal grace she had ever possessed diffused itself over her whole manner. Hester now looked at her aunt, who was the very reverse of what she had imagined: she had always thought she would be like her father, and fancied a tall, dark, and handsome face. No such thing. Mrs. Hester Malpas was near sixty, (her niece had left age quite out of her calculation,) and was little, thin, harsh-featured, and of that whole sharp and shrewish appearance so often held to be the characteristic of singlehood.

Never was change so complete as that which now took place in Hester's life. Nothing could be more dull, more monotonous, than her existence;—the history of one day might serve for all. They rose very early;—people who have nothing to do alway make the day as long as possible:—they breakfasted—the same eternal two rolls, and a plate of thin bread and butter. Then she read aloud the chapters and psalms of the day—then sat down to some task of interminable needlework — then dinner — then (after a few weeks' residence had convinced Mrs. Malpas that her niece required exercise and might be trusted) she was allowed to walk for two hours—then came tea—then the work-basket was resumed — and Mrs. Hester told long stories of her more juvenile days—stories which, however, differed strangely from those treasured up by most elderly gentlewomen, whose memory is most tenacious of former conquests; but the reminiscences in which Mrs. Hester delighted to indulge were of the keen bargains she had driven, and the fortunate sales which she had effected. Had she talked of her feelings, Hester, like most girls, would have listened with all the patience of interest. An unhappy attachment is irresistible to the imagination of eighteen; but with these tender and arithmetical recollections it was impossible for any young woman to sympathize;—however, she listened very patiently—supper came at nine—and they went to bed at ten. This was but a weary life for a girl of nineteen, and Hester's sweet laugh grew an unfrequent sound, and her bright cheek lost its rich colour. The neighbours said that Mrs. Malpas was worrying her niece to death. This

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was not true. Mrs. Malpas was both fond of and kind to her niece in her way, and, had she noted the alteration, would have been the first to be anxious about her; but Hester's increasing silence and gravity were rather recommendations, and as to her looking pale, why she never had had any colour herself, and she did not see why her niece should have any—colour was all very well in the country.

A year passed away unmarked by any occurrence, when, one summer afternoon, as Hester was taking her accustomed walk, she heard her name suddenly pronounced. She turned, and saw Frank Horton.

"I have been watching for you," said he, hastily drawing her arm within his, and hurrying her along, "these two hours. I was afraid you would not come out; but here you are, prettier than ever!"

Hester walked on, flurried, confused, surprised, but delighted. It was not only Frank Horton that she was glad to see, but he brought with him a whole host of all her dearest remembrances—all her happiest hours came too—she faltered half a dozen hurried questions, and all about home. Frank Horton seemed, however, more desirous to talk about herself: he was eager in his expressions, and Hester was too little accustomed to flattery not to find it sweet. She prolonged her walk to the utmost, and when they separated, she had promised, first, that she would not mention their meeting to her aunt, and, secondly, that she would meet him the following day. It was with a heavy heart Hester bent over her work that evening. One, two, three days went by, and each day she met Frank Horton; the fourth, as she entered the parlour with her bonnet on, to ask, as was her custom, if her aunt wanted anything out, "No," said Mrs. Malpas, her harsh voice raised to its highest and harshest key, "you ungrateful, deceitful girl! I know what you want to go out for: take off your bonnet this moment, for out of the house you don't stir. Your young spark won't see you for one while, I can tell him."

On the Saturday night, after she had gone into her own room, the servant girl came up softly, and, giving her a letter, said—"Come, miss, don't take on so—I am sure no good will come of mistress's parting two true lovers; but dear, she never had one of her own—and such a handsome young man—but, Lord! is that her calling?" and the girl darted off, leaving Hester the letter.

A thrill of delight lighted up her pale face as she opened the precious epistle. Frank wrote to say that he knew how she had been confined to the house—that he had kept purposely out of the way—and that he entreated her to meet him as she went to church the following Sunday—that he had something very important to tell her—and that he would never ask her to meet him again. Hester wondered in her own mind whether she should be allowed to go to church—trembled at the idea of thus profaning the Sabbath—half resolved to confess all to her aunt—then found her courage sink at the idea of that aunt's severity—read the letter over again—and determined to meet him. She was late the ensuing morning, when Mrs. Hester came into her room, and exclaimed angrily, "So I suppose, as your spark has taken himself off, you do not want to go out? Please to make haste and get ready for church—I am sure you have need to pray for your sins."

Hester had not courage to reply. She dressed; and, after telling her she ought to be ashamed of making herself such a figure with crying, Mrs. Malpas dismissed both her and the servant to church. Very infirm, she herself rarely left the house, but used to read the service in the parlour, which was her sitting-room.

Trembling and miserable, Hester proceeded in the direction indicated by her lover; he was there before her—and, with scarcely a word, she followed him hurriedly till they reached a more remote street, where, at least, neither was known. As they walked along, half Hester's attention had been given to the bell tolling for church; suddenly it ceased, and the silence smote upon her heart. Never before had she heard that bell cease but within the walls of the sacred edifice.

"Oh, pray make haste—what can you have to say?—I shall be so late in church!" exclaimed she, breathless with haste and agitation.

"I shall not detain you again," replied he, in a low and broken voice. "Hester, I could not leave England without bidding you farewell, perhaps for ever!" She clung to his arm. To one who had never made but a single journey in all her life—whose idea of the world was composed of a small secluded village, and a few streets in a dull and unfrequented part of London—leaving England seemed like leaving life itself. "Yes, Hester," said her companion, gazing earnestly and sadly on her pale and anxious face, "I go on board to-day—I cannot stay here—I am off to America—I have done very wrong in renewing my acquaintance with you—but, with all my faults, I do love you, Hester, very truly and dearly. It was hard to leave my native country, and not leave one behind who would say 'God bless you!' when I left, or give me one kind thought when far, far away. I ask for no promise, Hester; but when I return, altered I hope for the better in every way, you will find Hester Malpas has been my hope and my object."

She could say nothing—the surprise of this departure overwhelmed every other feeling. She walked with him in silence—she listened to his words, and felt a vague sort of satisfaction in his expressions of attachment and

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fidelity; but she answered only by tears. Frank was the first to see the necessity of their parting. He accompanied her back to her aunt's, and Hester let herself in, as she had the key of the back door. He followed her into the passage—he clasped her to his heart, and turned hastily away. Hester was not aware that he was gone till she heard the door close after him; she wanted consolation; it would have been a relief to have spoken to any one; she felt half inclined to seek her aunt and confess the meeting, but her courage failed, and she hurried into her own little room, where she was soon lost in a confused reverie which blended her aunt's and Frank's departure together.

Leaving her to the enjoyment (as people are said to enjoy a bad state of health) of her solitary and melancholy reverie, we will follow the worthy Mr. Lowndes out of church, who, leaving his wife to hurry home about dinner, declared his intention of paying Mrs. Hester Malpas a visit. The fact was, he had missed Hester from her accustomed place in church —thought that she was still kept prisoner to the house—and considering her to have been punished quite long enough, resolved to speak a word in her favour to her aunt. He knocked at the door, but instead of being let in with that promptitude which characterized all the movements of Mrs. Hester's household, he was kept waiting; he knocked again—still no answer. At this moment, just as Mr. Lowndes' temper was giving more way than the door, the servant girl came up, who had loitered longer on her way from church, arrived, and let them in together. She threw open the parlour door, but instantly sprung back with a scream. Mr. Lowndes advanced, but he, too, started back with an exclamation of horror. The girl caught hold of his arm, and both stood trembling for a moment, ere they mustered courage to enter that fated and fearful room. The presence of death is always awful; but death, the sudden and the violent, has a terror far beyond common and natural fear. The poor old lady was lying with her face on the floor, and the manner of her death was instantly obvious—a violent blow on the back of the head had fractured the skull, and a dark-red stain marked the clean white cap, whence the blood was slowly trickling. They raised the body, and placed it in the large arm-chair, the customary seat of the deceased. "Good God! where is Miss Hester?" exclaimed Mr. Lowndes. The servant girl ran into the passage, and called at the foot of the stairs—she had not courage to ascend them. There was at first no answer —she called again—the door of Hester's apartment was opened slowly, and a light but hesitating step was heard. "Miss Hester, oh! Miss Hester, come down to your aunt." Hester's faint and broken voice answered, "Not yet, not yet—I cannot bear it."

Fatally were those words remembered against her. That evening saw the unfortunate girl confined in a solitary cell in Newgate. We shall only give the brief outline of the evidence that first threw, and then fixed the imputation upon her. It was evident that the murderer, whoever he was, had entered by the door: true, the window was open, but had any one entered through it there must have been the trace of footsteps on the little flower-bed of the small garden in front. The house, too, had been rifled by one who appeared to know it well, while nothing but the most portable articles were taken—the few spoons, the old lady's watch, and whatever money there might have been, for not a shilling even was to be found anywhere. A letter, however, was found from Mr. Malpas to his sister, mentioning that Frank Horton, who had long been very wild, had been forced to quit the neighbourhood in consequence of having been engaged in an affray with some gamekeepers, and it was supposed that poaching was the least crime of the gang with whom he had been connected. The epistle concluded by a hope very earnestly expressed, that if, as common report went, Frank had gone up to London, he might not meet with Hester, and begging if he attempted to renew the acquaintance, a stop should be put to it at once. It was proved that Hester had met this young man several times in secret, the last in defiance of her aunt's express prohibition; that instead of going to church she had met him, and he had been seen leaving the house with all possible haste about the very time the murder had been committed, and he was traced to the river side. Two vessels had that morning sailed for America, but it was impossible to learn whether he was a passenger in either. Hester's own exclamation, too, seemed to confirm every suspicion, so did her terror, her confusion, and her bewildered manner. Everybody said that she looked so guilty; and the coroner's inquest brought in a verdict for her committal.

It was a fine summer evening when Mr. Malpas and his family were seated, some in the porch of the cottage, while the younger children were scattered about the garden. There was an expression of cheerfulness in the face of the parents very different to the harsh, hard despondency of a twelvemonth since; and Hester, as her mother always prognosticated she would, had indeed brought a blessing on her family. Many an anxious glance was cast down the road, for to-day the post came in, and one of the boys had been despatched to the village to see if there was a letter from Hester. The child was soon discovered running at full speed, and a letter was in his hand. "It is not my sister's handwriting," said he, with the blank look of disappointment. Mr. Malpas opened the epistle,

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which was from Mr. Lowndes, and broke kindly, though abruptly, his daughter's dreadful situation. The unhappy father sunk back senseless in his seat, and, in care for his recovery, Mrs. Malpas had a brief respite; but she, too, had to learn the wretched truth. How that miserable day passed no words may tell. * * * *

The next evening, and Mrs. Malpas had found her way to the cell of her unhappy child. All was over—she had been tried and found guilty, not of the actual murder, but of abetting and concealing it, and the following morning was the one appointed when the sentence of the law was to be carried into effect. "This is not Hester!" exclaimed Mrs. Malpas, when she entered the cell: and even from a mother's lips the ejaculation might be excused, so little resemblance was there between the pale emaciated creature before her, and the bright and blooming girl with whom she had parted. Hester was seated on the side of the iron bedstead—her hands clasping her knees, rocking herself to and fro, with a low monotonous moan, which would rather have seemed to indicate bodily pain than mental anguish. Her long hair—that long and beautiful brown hair of which her mother had been so proud—hung dishevelled over her shoulders, but more than half of it was grey. Her eyes were dim and sunk in her head, and looked straightforward, with a blank, stupid expression. Her mother whispered her name—Hester made no answer; she took one of her hands—the prisoner drew it pettishly away. That livelong night the mother watched by her child—but that child never knew her again. After some time she seemed soothed by those kind and gentle caresses, but she never gave the slightest token of knowing from whom they came.

Morning arrived at last. With what loathing horror did Mrs. Malpas watch the dim grey light mark the dull outline of the grated window! The morning reddened, and as the first crimson touched Hester's face as it rested sleeping on her mother's shoulder, somewhat of its former beauty came back to that fair young face. She slept long, though it was a disturbed and convulsive slumber. She was roused by a noise in the passage—bolt and bar fell heavily; there was the sound of many steps—strange dark faces appeared at the door. They came to take the prisoner to the place of execution! The men approached Hester—they raised her from her seat—they bound her round childish arms behind her. The mother clung to her child, but that child clung not in return. Mrs. Malpas sunk, though still retaining her hold, on the floor. With what humanity such an office permitted, they disengaged her grasp—they bore away the unresisting prisoner—the door closed, and the wretched mother had looked upon her child for the last time.

It was about a twelvemonth after the execution of Hester Malpas that the family were seated again, on a fine summer evening, round the door of their cottage; but a dreadful alteration had taken place in all. The father and mother looked bowed to the very earth—the very children shrunk away if a stranger passed by. Mr. Malpas had inherited his sister's property, much more considerable than had ever been supposed; but though necessity forced its use, he loathed it like a curse. An unusual sight now—the postman was seen approaching—he brought Mr. Malpas a newspaper. He shuddered as he took it, for he knew Mr. Lowndes' handwriting again. He opened it mechanically, and a large "read this" directed his attention to a particular paragraph. It was the confession of a Jew watchmaker, who had just been executed for burglary; and, among other crimes, he stated that he was the real murderer of Mrs. Hester Malpas, for which a young woman, her niece, had been executed. He had entered the window by means of a plank thrown from the garden railing to the casement, when with one blow he stunned the old lady, who was reading. Mr. Malpas went no farther—the thick and blinding tears fell heavily on the paper—he could not read it aloud, but he put it into his wife's hand, with a broken ejaculation, "Thank God, she was innocent!"

*** The facts of the Jew committing the murder, and the old lady's niece being hanged, are perfectly true. It happened in Wapping some forty years since.

Notes of a Reader.

PASS OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

The perilous passage of these mountains is more frequently undertaken in the winter than is generally imagined: it is difficult to conceive the necessity or urgency of affairs which can lead persons, at such a season, through such scenes of danger. They are generally pedlars or smugglers, who mount the pass from either side, in defiance of the snows, tourmentes, and avalanches of these high regions. During the severe cold of winter the snow at this elevation forms and falls like dust; it congeals so soon, and so hard, that the particles do not attach and form flakes when they touch, as in lower regions; and instead of consolidating beneath the pressure of the traveller's feet, they rise around him in powder, and he sinks to his middle. These snow-storms, when accompanied by violent winds, are called tourmentes, and are often fatal to the poor wretches who encounter them; unable then to trace the path, they wander and fall over precipices. The avalanches, too, take their share of victims. The

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summer avalanche is caused by the submelting of the snow, which undermines its support; and the mass, once set in motion, descends with great violence. The avalanches of winter are occasioned by the masses of snow accumulating on the slopes of the mountains, where it is too dry to attach firmly; and when the weight of snow exceeds the supporting resistance of the surface of the ground, it slides off into the valley below, with a suddenness and violence which the monks who described it compared to the discharge of a cannon-ball: these are the sort of avalanches which in the winter render the approach to the hospice very dangerous. Near the convent the mountains are steep, and the traveller is exposed to almost certain destruction if an avalanche fall whilst he passes; and the poor wretch, buried beneath the mass, is found only when the snow melts, and the summer, which to him never returns, discovers the victim in these regions of winter. Under every circumstance in which it is possible to render assistance, the worthy monks of St. Bernard set out upon their regularly appointed duties. Undismayed by the spirit of the storm, and obeying a higher Power, they seek, amidst the greatest dangers, the exhausted or overwhelmed traveller; they are generally accompanied by their dogs. The sagacity of these animals is so extraordinary, that they too, as if conscious of their performing a high duty, will roam alone the day and night through in those desolate regions, discover the victim buried in the snow, and lie on him and lick him to impart warmth. They bear with them some refreshing liqueur around their necks for the poor traveller whom they may find, if he should have still sense enough left to use it; they then bark or howl—their signals for assistance, or, if the distance be too great, return to seek it. These valuable and noble animals have often deserved gold collars from the Humane Society. At present there are only four of these dogs at the convent. Not long since a mortality prevailed among them, and they had almost become extinct.

Brockedon's Excursions in the Alps.

ALBUM OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

A BOOK at the hospice contains an amusing record of visiters, characters, and opinions. Here it has been kept for several years; and I hope that it may long be sacred, and that the practice of stealing autograghs will never extend its sacrilege to the convent of the Great St. Bernard. It has, however, been done to such an extent in other places, that whole books have been stolen; and an entire one can scarcely now be found upon the usual routes of travellers, where, only three years ago, no person dared to detach a leaf. At St. Martin's, Salenches, Chamouny, &c., the visiters' books have been violated for autographs, with the same recklessness that certain *illustrators* tore out portraits and effigies, some time ago, from printed works, to gratify a mania for which they deserved the galleys.

The travellers' book on the St. Bernard is a source of amusement to all visiters. Here the divine, the actor, the man of science, the merchant, the man of rank, and the idler, have united in a general acknowledgment of the urbanity of these kind-hearted monks, whose profession is humanity, and who practise true Christianity. The divine has done justice to their worth by forgetting his prejudices against their religious precepts in a recorded admiration of their practised duties; an actor, charmed by their cheerfulness, leaves in the book his avowal that he has passed at the Great St. Bernard "the happiest day of his life;"* the philosopher's memorial thanks them for the kind interest which they took, and the assistance which they rendered him in some delicate scientific experiments; the merchant, who visits them in his six weeks' journey of pleasure, writes *ditto* to some praise of their kindness; and the painter, the poet, and the lord, leave their sketches, verses, and names, in the universal desire to acknowledge their gratification and their thanks. What execration, then, does that selfish being deserve who can rob a thousand persons of the pleasure of reading these memorials in their original locality! Yet some have even been found to boast of their *luck* in possessing such stolen autographs, without blushing for the heartless thefts by which they had been obtained.—*Ibid.*

* Keau's autograph.

The Gatherer.

While Pasta and Lelande were at Milan, a feud broke out between them in their characters of prime donne of the Scala and Canobrano. The adherents of each were as furious in their animosity as the Guelfs and Ghibelines of old. Each party had their place of rendezvous, their Café Pasta or Lelandesta, where they discussed politics over sherbet and lemonade. A hundred duels were, or would have been, the consequence, but for the interruption of the police, who could not, however, prevent a little private and polite assassination. Affairs at length ran so high as to attract the attention of government; and the disturbances at the theatre being suspected to be the cloak of some treason against the state, all hissing in public was interdicted on pain of imprisonment. An inveterate Pastaist was at a party where Lelande was present, and was so pleased with her good-nature, affability, and above all, with the refined skill with which she sang an exquisite aria of her own com-

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position, that his prejudices were wholly overcome. "Make me known to her," said he to the host. His request being complied with, he recanted his heresy, and professed himself the most enthusiastic of her worshipers. Triumph for an instant glanced in her eye, but, checking the expression, she said, "Do not deceive yourself; I owe your praises to my rival's absence; you will change your opinion to-morrow at La Scala."

"*Hope told a flattering tale.*"—Dr. Walcot and Madame Mara were on terms of the greatest intimacy. He wrote the song of "Hope told a flattering tale," expressly for her, and she sang it for the first time at one of her own benefits. The next day she sold the manuscript. The Doctor had already done the same, and the two purchasers, after a long dispute, which neither had the power to settle, agreed to wait on Mara, and solicit her interference. She consented, and as she was going in search of Dr. Walcot, he happened to cross her path in the Haymarket; he had already heard of the circumstance, and, like the prima donna, was not disposed to refund the money he had received. "What is to be done," said Mara, "cannot you say you were intoxicated when you sold it?" "Cannot you say the same of yourself?" replied the satirist; "one story would be believed as soon as the other." G. W. C.

Grassini.—When Napoleon was crowned at Milan, Madame Grassini, the celebrated singer, having attracted his attention, he sent for her, and after the usual salutations, she called to his recollection that her *debut* took place precisely at the time of his first exploits, when he was general-in-chief of the army of Italy. "I was then," she said, "in all the splendour of my beauty and talent—I was compared to the virgins of the sun—I seduced all eyes, inflamed all hearts,—the young general alone remained cold, and he was the only object of my thoughts. How singular! how strange! when I was worth something, when all Italy was at my feet, which I heroically disdained for only one look from you, I could not obtain it; and now you grant me what I have so long aspired to, when I am worth nothing and no longer worthy of you." W. G. C.

Curious Money.—The battle of Poictiers took place on the 19th of September, 1356, in which King John of France was made prisoner, and many of the French nobility lost their lives. The captive monarch, though respectfully treated, was brought to England to grace the triumph of the conqueror; the peace, in 1360, put an end to his captivity, but to obtain his liberty he made over many of the most valuable provinces of his kingdom to the King of England, and agreed to pay a ransom of three millions of gold crowns; which reduced him to the necessity of paying for the necessaries of his household in *leather money*, in the middle of which there was a little nail of silver. P. T. W.

Public Schools. — The expression may appear ludicrous, yet there is not in the course of life, a more remarkable change, than the removal of a child from the freedom and luxury of a wealthy house, to the frugal diet and strict subordination of a public school; from the tenderness of parents, and the obsequiousness of servants, to the rude familiarity of his equals, the insolent tyranny of his seniors, and the rod, perhaps, of a cruel and capricious pedagogue. Such hardships certainly steel the mind against the injuries of fortune. I shall always be ready to join in the opinion, notwithstanding Cowper (who was the exception and not the rule,) and Byron, that our public schools, which have produced so many eminent characters, are best adapted to the genius and constitution of an English people. A boy of spirit may acquire a previous and practical experience of the world; and his play-fellows may be the future friends of his heart and his interest. In a free intercourse with his equals, the habits of truth, fortitude, and patience, are sensibly matured. I.

Ancient power of Dukes.—The dignity of a duke is a Roman dignity, denominated *a ducendo*, leading or commanding; accordingly the first dukes, duces, were leaders or commanders of armies. Among the Saxons, heretochs signified the same with dukes or *duces*, leaders of their armies. In the time of Edward the Confessor, the military force of the kingdom was in the hands of the dukes, or heretochs; they had a very unlimited power, and were elected by the people in their full assembly, or folkmote, similar to the sheriffs. P. T. W.

Curious Surnames of French Kings.—Lewis I., son of Charlemagne, was surnamed Le Debonnaire, on account of the suavity of his manners.

Lewis II. the Stammerer, and son of Charles the Bald.

Lewis IV., D'Outremer, beyond the sea, being educated in England; he was the only son of Charles the Simple, by Egira, daughter of Edward the Elder.

Lewis VI., Le Gros.

Lewis IX. Saint.

Lewis IV., the Boisterous, from the rude promise of his infant years.

Philip, the Fortunate.

Philip II., Augustus.

Philip III., Le Hardi.

Philip IV., Le Bel.

Philip V., Le Long.

Philip VI., De Valois. P. T. W.

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The Mirror

OF

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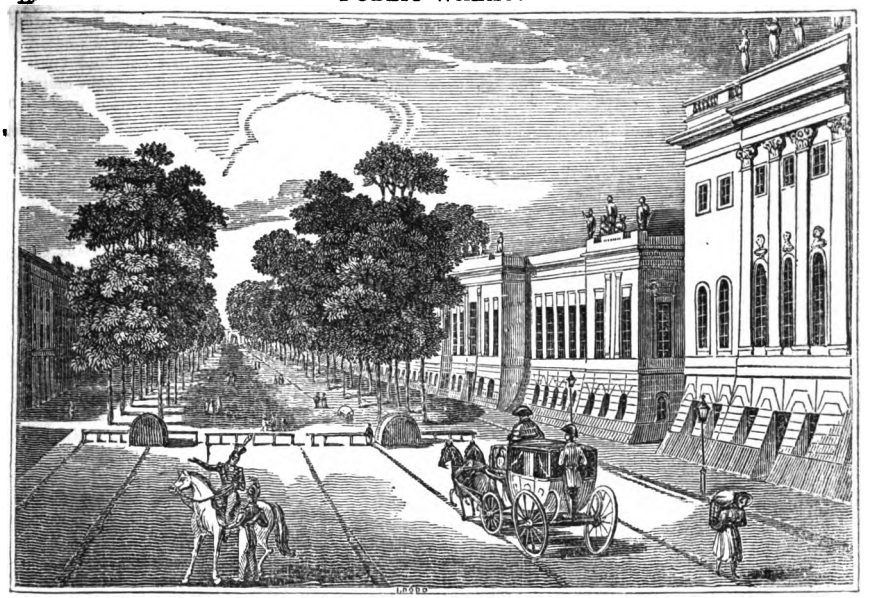

THE "UNTER DEN LINDEN," BERLIN.

Whilst the increase of public walks in England is occupying the attention of home philanthropists, it may be interesting to glance at a few of the beautiful promenades with which innumerable towns on the Continent are provided. The subject has as yet received but slight attention from the legislature of this country; but we hope the time is not far distant when every town throughout England will have its public walks or walk, since few more healthful means can be devised for the improvement of the morals and happiness of the people.

We do not recollect that the walk here chosen for illustration is mentioned by Mr. Slaney, who first proposed in Parliament the consideration of walks for the people. This is, however, one of the most magnificent promenades on the Continent; though, probably, it has less of the rural character than

BRANDENBURG GATE.

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many others. It is one of the finest portions of Berlin, justly reckoned among the most beautiful cities in Europe; and, for size and population, considered as the second city in Germany. It covers an area nearly equal to that on which Paris stands, and its general circumference is computed at twelve miles. The streets are, for the most part, straight, broad, and regular: one, in particular, called the Friedrich Strasse, is the longest and most uniform street in Europe, being nearly two English miles and a half long, or upwards of twice the length of Oxford-street, London.

The "Unter den Linden" ("beneath the limes") is flanked with the largest and best private houses in Berlin, and a few public edifices.* Dr. Granville, who certainly ranks among the most observant of modern tourists on the Continent, describes this gay and splendid street, planted with double avenues of lime-trees, as a scene far more beautiful than he had hitherto witnessed in any town either in France, Flanders, or Germany. Its length is 2,088 feet, or from the Opera House to the principal or Brandenburg Gate; and its breadth is 170 feet. It is divided into three portions, the central walk being appropriated to pedestrians; it is fifty feet wide, and covered with hard gravel. On each side are triple rows of lime trees, outside of which is a wide drive for carriages. Between the hours of twelve and two in the afternoon, during the winter season, and early in the evening during the summer months, this walk presents a most animated, cheerful, and almost theatrical appearance, from the number and variety of persons who resort thither for air and exercise. At night it is brilliantly illuminated with gas. The stranger who frequents the promenade may, in the course of two or three days' residence, pass in review every successive gradation among the different classes of society in Berlin.

The second cut shows the Brandenburger Thor, or Gate, at the western extremity of the walk just described. On the other side lies the park, 880 acres in extent, containing besides various walks, the royal palace Bellevue, and several country seats. This is, in Dr. Granville's opinion, "the most imposing and magnificent specimen of modern architecture in Berlin, and, without exception, the most colossal structure of the kind in Europe." It was built in 1789, by Langhans, in imitation of the Propylœum at Athens, but on a more stupendous scale. It consists of two colonnades placed in parallel lines across the road, 105 feet in length, and each consisting of six fluted pillars of the Grecian Doric order. These support a well-proportioned entablature, surmounted by an attic, in the centre of which stands a beautiful quadriga, (or four-horsed chariot,) with the figure of Victory, bearing in triumph the Prussian eagle. This fine group, during the French invasion in 1807, met with the fate of many other monuments of art in conquered countries, and was carried in Vandal triumph to Paris, whence, in 1814, it was conveyed back to Berlin. The elevation of the columns of the gate is 45 feet, and their diameter 5 feet 9 inches. Between the triglyphs of the frieze, (that part immediately above the capitals,) are 17 metopes, representing in *basso rilievo*, the battle of the Centaurs with the Lapithæ; and on the attic, close beneath the quadriga, another bas-relief represents the margrave Albertus Achilles siezing an enemy's standard in a battle against the people of Nuremberg. The two parallel colonnades are connected by a lateral wall, or *humerus* between each bi-columniation, and the five intercolumniations form the five great openings of this splendid gate; the principal or centre of which is 18 feet wide, and the others 12 feet 4 inches. This is, indeed, a *triumphal* entrance, and, in comparison, causes even our boasted stucco finery at Hyde and the Green Parks to hide its diminutive proportions.

* Those seen in the annexed view are the University and the Academy of Sciences. We must not, however, in candour, omit to notice Dr. Granville's remark, that "to complete this beautiful street in a suitable manner, paved *trottoirs* are still wanting. That part of it by which access alone can be had to the different handsome shops, and to the houses which flank it on either side, is roughly and irregularly paved with stones, uncomfortable and inconvenient to foot passengers."—*Travels in* 1827. (We hope this improvement has been made.)

Manners and Customs.

CURIOUS BEQUESTS.

(*From the Reports of the Commissioners on Charities.*)

JOHN WARDELL, by his will, dated 29th of August, 1656, gave to the Grocers' Company a tenement in Walbrook, to the intent that they should yearly, within thirty days after Michaelmas, pay to the churchwardens of St. Botolph, Billingsgate, 4*l.*, to provide a good and sufficient iron and glass lantern, with a candle, for the direction of passengers to and from the water side all night long, from the feast of St. Bartholomew to Lady-day; out of which sum 1*l.* was to be paid to the sexton, for taking care of the said lantern.

By indenture, 26th August, 4 Henry VIII. Roger Lupton, vicar of Cropredy, in Oxon, delivered to the churchwardens there 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, for which they covenanted to find a person to ring the curfew bell daily.—The said Roger Lupton afterwards conveyed to certain feoffees fourteen acres of land, at Wardington, on condition of their repairing the parish church and clock, and ringing the curfew and daily bell.

In 1691, John Carey, of Woodstock, gave 10*s.* a year to the clerk or sexton, to ring the eight o'clock bell at night, for the guide and direction of travellers.

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Richard Aldrige, in 1814, gave to the vicar of St. Nicholas, Bristol, 1*l.* 1*s.* annually, for performing on the 21st of October morning service, and preaching a sermon in commemoration of the glorious victory obtained by Lord Nelson, off Trafalgar, on the 21st of October, 1805; and 10*s.* 6*d.* equally between the clerk and sexton, for their attendance.

The mayor of Exeter holds lands and tenements in Sedbury, Sedford, and Salcomb, (all in Devon,) the rents of which are to be bestowed towards the buying of shrouds for prisoners who should suffer at Ringsmill, near Heavitree, the usual place of execution in the county of Devon.

It appears, from the books of the Fishmongers' Company, that Robert Harding, in 1564, gave a yearly rent of 40*s.* to the Company, to the intent that they should distribute 36*s.* thereof yearly, for ever, amongst the poor fishmongers in the parishes of St. Magnus the Martyr and St. Margaret.

The same Robert Harding, in 1568, gave to the Company an annuity of 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, issuing out of his lands and tenements in Pudding-lane, to the intent that they should pay, in the Lent season, 3*l.*—that is, in New Fish-street 30*s.*, and in Old Fish-street 30*s.*—to the use of the poor inhabiters and artificers compelled by necessity to repair thither to buy the cuttings and refuse of fish.

P. Q.

SHOPS IN MEXICO

Have no names or signs in front, and nothing is exposed in the windows.—Silversmiths' work is done in a tedious manner, and is clumsy and heavy.—The tailors make a good profit; and clothes are three or four times dearer than in England;—they sit on stools, and not with their feet under them.—Milliners' shops are carried on by men: twenty or thirty brawny fellows, of all colours, may be seen in a shop, decorating dresses, sewing muslin gowns, making flowers, trimming caps, &c.; while, perhaps, at the next door, a number of poor girls are on their knees, engaged in the laborious occupation of grinding chocolate by hand.—Confectionary and sweetmeats are in great demand; and five hundred different kinds are made.—The druggists and apothecaries ask exorbitant prices: they charge a dollar per pound for an article, the produce of the country, which is sold in England for 4*d.* Hops sell for 2*s.* 6*d.* per oz., and most drugs in proportion.—Barbers are numerous and important; and the price of shaving is ten times as much as in England.—Cabinet-makers have but few tools; and their work is very inferior and expensive. In turning, the mechanic sits on the ground in working the lathe.—Coachmakers excel all the other mechanical artists in Mexico.—Bakers' shops are large, and they make excellent bread; but the workmen are absolutely slaves, being never permitted to leave the place in which they work.—Soft cakes of Indian corn constitute the principal food of the poor.—Shops for the sale of native and Spanish brandy, wines, &c., are too common, and present too great a temptation for the poor Indians to resist.—The Water-carriers of Mexico are a numerous body: they bring water from the aqueducts to private houses, in large jars, poised on their backs. At an early hour they may be seen stretched on the bare ground, intoxicated with pulque; and, as they have no settled place of residence, they sleep at night under the first shelter that presents itself, like the Lazzaroni of Naples.

Thomas Gill.

Anecdote Gallery.

MUSICAL COMPOSERS.

Handel, at a period when he was composing oratorios, called in his carriage one morning at five o'clock, on Doctor Morell, who selected subjects from the Scriptures for those productions. The Doctor went to the window, and asked Handel, who would not leave his carriage, what he wanted. He said, "What de devil means de vord 'billow?'" which was in the oratorio the Doctor had written for him. The Doctor told him that "'billow' meant wave—'a wave of the sea."—"Oh! de vave!" said Handel; and bade his coachman return, without addressing another word to the Doctor.

Beethoven, in the ordinary concerns of life, was in a state approaching to somnambulism—so engrossed was he with musical ideas. At Vienna, on one occasion, he went into a tavern, called for the *carte*, replaced it on the table, took a pencil from his pocket, and began to write music on the back of it. Soon after, a garçon brought him soup; he replied that he had dined; and, before any objection could be made, paid a sum of money and went away.

According to an account of Dr. Crotch, given by his mother to Dr. Burney, in 1779, the first decided manifestation of this celebrated musician's precocious power of distinguishing modulated sounds, developed itself immediately after hearing a lady, of superior musical acquirements, play on his father's organ. After the lady's departure, the child cried, and would not be pacified, till, on being carried through the room where the organ stood, he screamed, and struggled to get to it; and being indulged in his wish, eagerly began beating down the keys. The next day, seated on the knee of his brother, a youth of fourteen, who at once supported the infant organist and blew the bellows of the organ, he began putting down the keys—at first promiscuously, and without any appa-

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rent selection or idea of melody; but soon after, he made an approach towards the air of "God save the King," so evident as to awaken the attention of his father, who hastened down stairs to inform himself who it was playing that tune on the organ, and discovered, with an astonishment that may be better imagined than described, that the musician was his infant son, William, then only two years and three weeks old.

Barthelemon, in 1766, composed his first Italian serious opera, entitled, *Pelopida;* which he presented at the Opera House, where it was received with uncommon success and applause. Garrick, hearing of his success, paid B. a visit, unasked and unexpected, one morning, and asked him if he could set English words to music. He replied, he thought he could. Garrick called for pen and paper, and wrote the words of a song, to be introduced in *The Country Girl*, and to be sung by Dodd, in the character of *Sparkish*. While Garrick was writing the words, Barthelemon, looking over his shoulder, set the song. Garrick gave him the song, and said, "There, my friend, there is my song." Barthelemon instantly replied, "There, sir, there is the music for it." W. G. C.

THE LION.

Mr. Thompson, in his recent Travels in South Africa, observes:—The lion will generally retreat before the awe-inspiring presence of man; but not precipitately, nor without first calmly surveying his demeanour, and apparently measuring his prowess. He appears to have the impression that man is not his natural prey; and though he does not always give place to him, he will yet, in almost every case, abstain from attacking him, if he observe in his deportment neither fear nor hostility.

My friend, Diedrik Muller, one of the most intrepid and successful lion-hunters in South Africa, mentioned to me the following anecdote, in illustration of the foregoing remarks. He had been out alone hunting in the wilds, when he came suddenly upon a lion, which, instead of giving way, seemed disposed, from the angry attitude he assumed, to dispute with him the dominion of the desert. Diedrik instantly alighted, and, confident of his unerring aim, levelled his mighty *roer* at the forehead of the lion, who was couched in the act to spring, within fifteen paces of him; but at the moment the hunter fired, his horse, whose bridle was round his arm, started back and caused him to miss. The lion bounded forward, but stopped within a few paces confronting Diedrik, who stood defenceless, his gun discharged, and his horse running off. The man and the beast stood looking each other in the face for a short space. At length the lion moved backwards, as if to go away. Diedrik began to load his gun. The lion looked over his shoulder, growled, and returned. Diedrik stood still. The lion again moved cautiously off; and the boor proceeded to load and ram down his bullet. The lion again looked back, and growled angrily; and this occured repeatedly, until the animal had got off to some distance, when he fairly took to his heels and bounded away.

On another occasion, a lion came so suddenly upon him, that before he could take aim the animal made a formidable spring, and alighted so near the hunter, that he had just time to thrust the muzzle of his gun into the open mouth of the lion, and shoot him through the head.

The following amusing story, which was related to me by some respectable farmers of the *Tarka*, who were present on the occasion, would make a good figure in *The Lion's History of Man!*—A party of boors went out to hunt a lion, who had carried off several cattle from the neighbourhood. They discovered him in a thicket, or jungle, such as abound in that part of the colony, and sent in a numerous pack of fierce hounds to attack and drive him out. The lion kept his den and his temper for some time, only striking down the dogs with his mighty paw, or snapping off a head or leg occasionally, when the brawling rabble came within his reach. But the hunters continuing in the mean time to pepper the bushes at random with slugs and bullets, at length slightly wounded him. Then arose the royal beast in wrath, and, with a terrible roar, burst forth upon his foes. Regardless of a shower of balls, he bounded forward, and in an instant turned the chase upon them. All took to their heels or their horses. One huge fellow, of greater size than alacrity, who we shall call *Hugo Zwaar-van-hewpen*, or Hercules Heavystern, not having time to mount his horse, was left in the rear, and speedily run down by the rampant *leeuw* (lion). Hugo fell,—not as Lochiel, "with his back to the field, and his face to the foe," but the reverse way; and he had the prudence to lie flat and quiet as a log. The victorious lion snuffed at him, scratched him with his paw, and then magnanimously bestriding him, sat quietly down upon his body. His routed companions, collecting in a band, took courage at length to face about; and seeing the posture of affairs, imagined their comrade was killed, and began to concert measures for revenging him. After a short pause, however, the lion resigned of his own accord his seat of triumph, relieved his panting captive, and retreated towards the mountains. The party, on coming up, found their friend shaking his ears, unharmed from the war, except what he had suffered from a very ungentlemanly piece of conduct in the lion, who it seems had actually treated his prostrate foe in the same ignominious

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manner as Gulliver did the Palace of Lilliput on a certain occasion, and for which he was afterwards justly impeached of high treason.

New Books.

LETTERS FROM SWITZERLAND AND ITALY.

[This is a moderate octavo volume from the pen of Mr. Carne, who is advantageously known for his *Letters from the East*. The author is a discreet tourist, and a pleasing writer: his remarks upon men and manners, if they do not startle by their novelty, at least interest the reader by their tone of benevolence. It would not be difficult to select many sketches of scenery of truly graphic character; but the occasional occurrence of such an epithet as "green-looking" is injudicious, if not negligent. The following is a forlorn picture, which but ill accords with our engraving about four years since.]

Winter at Lauterbrunnen.

To our home it was grateful to return, as night drew on; not heeding the cold, of such severity as is never felt in England; nor the keen wind, that came fresh from the snowy peaks opposite. Being surrounded by forests, a noble pile of wood was never spared on the hearth. The broad lake had hardly a murmur. The passing tread of the mountaineer on the frosty soil, the distant bark of the watch-dog, or some hollow and presaging sound from the precipices of snow, were heard at intervals.

Desirous at this time of the year of visiting the celebrated vale of Lauterbrunnen, we embarked for Neuhaus. It was with great difficulty that the mules could proceed; the exclamations of the peasantry, at the curiosity of the English, as they looked out of their dark chalets, was very amusing. And there were moments when we could not help envying the shelter of their warm roofs, which we were obliged to seek more than once in our own defence. But, as we advanced, the scene was one of the most singular imaginable; the extreme narrowness of the valley, that was nearly choked with snow, the tops of the tall trees at intervals breaking forth from their white shrouds, the jagged precipices, many thousand feet above our heads, each point, each crag, distinctly visible, such was the excessive clearness of the atmosphere. All life and animation had fled from the scene; the hamlet of Lauterbrunnen was half buried in the snow, and part of the roof and the chimney of the auberge were seen mocking the traveller as he passed. We wished to have proceeded to the Smadribach, but it was impossible, and were obliged to content ourselves with gazing for some time on that phantom cataract, the Staubbach.*

* See *Mirror*, vol. xiv. p. 369.

The inhabitants of this valley, as well as of some similar situations, are sadly off at this season; poverty and privation, when they come, fall unusually bitter, on account of the solitude and friendlessness of the scene.

Nothing could be more wretched than the interior of its dwellings; a destitution, not only of every comfort, but almost of every necessary of life—even the fuel did not seem very abundant; and the shivering and half-starved groups were gathered round the hearths. No one, who has not wintered in the land, can be fairly aware of the exquisite value and luxury of fuel, *à discretion*. Often, when passing by the Bernese farm-houses, around which the large broad white logs, cut from the noblest forest-trees, were piled in wanton and tempting array, even as high as the roofs—it was impossible to gaze on them without envy and desire; they seemed as precious almost as gold.

There was no bread in these homes of Lauterbrunnen, unless the hard and unwholesome cakes made of Indian corn may be called by that name; all labour out of doors was at an end, and the people are so poor, that they are allowed one suit of clothes annually by the commune. One cause of this condition is, that the soil of the valley is rocky, and hard to cultivate: another is, that many strangers from other cantons take up their abode here, and are not entitled to the assistance of the commune.

[Mr. Carne's letters were written, "during a late tour," but we are not furnished with their precise date. In one of them he describes a strong religious excitement which disturbed the tranquillity of the church on the shores of the lake of Geneva, at the time of his writing. This was the]

Sect of the Momiers.

Most of the Lutheran clergy lifted up their voices, and even stimulated the authorities to strong measures, against this novelty and heresy, as it was termed. Even the greater part of the congregations at first regarded the rising sect with suspicion; they were called Momiers in derision, the members being chiefly of the lower classes of society. But opposition, and even persecution, only made them cleave the closer to their loved sentiments.

To the dismay of its powerful adversaries, Momierism, ere long, numbered in its ranks several of the more genteel and affluent inhabitants. Ladies, often the first to espouse a new sect, not only became members, but even ardent and determined advocates; their purse, their eloquence, and their zeal, were all embarked in the cause. The priesthood and the magistracy fell into the usual error on this occasion; they had recourse to harsh and arbitrary measures. Several of the clergy who declared their adherence to the people

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were called to Geneva to render an account of their sentiments, which they decidedly refused to abandon, or to give a promise that they would not preach them to the people. In consequence, they were expelled, as summarily as the ministers of our own Charles's day, and banished from the Pays de Vaud. Such a sentence was ruin; the loss of home and stipend left them destitute; they were nearly all young men; age would have been less bold and self-denying. The ejected ministers retired to other countries, and waited till the storm should cease. A few remained behind, and continued to preach in private dwellings. For some time there was little prospect of indulgence; even ladies, without benefit of sex, were committed to durance; "gens d'armes" entered their dwellings, and the fair culprits were confined to their apartments, or in the prison, a good part of the day, to terrify them from an attendance at the meetings. At one of the latter, the soldiers, coming by surprise, locked the doors, and placed every one in jeopardy: the more active escaped through the windows. Had this happened a century ago, the fierce raids of Claverhouse and the stern Cameronians might have been maintained amidst the glens and precipices of the Alps.

The tenets, however, of these people had neither novelty nor heresy: "the religion of the Redeemer," they said, "was to be felt in the heart, not coldly, but with a deep and exquisite enjoyment: the influence of spirit, of mercy, and love, might so fill the mind, as to give security against sin, as well as a sure hope of future felicity." Sentiments, however welcome and consoling, seldom make a lasting impression without other aids and excitements: there was many a secret and loved gathering beneath each other's roof, where they told of their mutual faith and fears, and then went comforted away. These meetings were now forbidden by a decree; but they were not suppressed. How was it possible to suppress an ardent and simple body of people, who deemed it their absolute duty, as well as delight, to meet together, though the dungeon or the stake were the alternative?

Within the space of three or four years, since these sentiments were first started and discussed at Lausanne, they have been diffused far and wide, in village and hamlet, as well as town; even the *juge de pays*, as well as the merchant, have declared their adherence. In more than one situation, the people are able to maintain the minister who visits them; not a week elapses, in the chief towns of the Canton de Vaud, without several assemblies in private.

The minister's arrival at the place from his own residence is carefully kept a secret from all but the members; the large room is well lighted (for it is night), while the assembly of both sexes, the men ranged on one side and the women on the other, sit in silence. He enters at last, to their great joy; an inspiring hymn is sung, and he commences an animating and impassioned discourse, quite extemporaneous, and addressed chiefly to the feelings of his audience.

There was certainly much of the severe and gloomy spirit of Calvin in the measures resorted to in order to suppress the new sect: it is strange that the Swiss authorities should not have better understood the human mind and character than to think that menaces and imprisonment could stifle religious enthusiasm. They have proved, in this instance, the cradle from which it has sprung forth with new and unconquerable vigour. This cause is not like the transient and vehement system of the celebrated Krudener, who was also expelled the cantons a few years since for promulgating her wild sentiments. She was too lofty and refined a visionary to seize on the feelings of the common people, who could not enter into her mysticism or share in her transports. The effect she produced was short-lived, and her cause faded away for want of zealous supporters. But this system of the Momiers, though perfectly simple, is concentrated and strong, and bears with it the very elements of success and victory. No lofty or peculiar revelations are claimed; no member is exalted high above the rest for surprise or imitation; but the minister and the poorest of the people, the *avocat* and the *paysan*, the lady and the washerwoman, all meet alike on the same kindred soil, drink of the same fountain of inspiration on a footing of perfect equality, speak of their hopes, fears, and triumphs, with mutual sympathy and mutual kindness. All feel that they are embarked on the same troubled but exciting course, that the same tide wafts them onward for good or for ill; for the system is a purely spiritual one, and also an eminently social one.

The interests of the society are admirably served by the private and earnest visits of the female members to families and individuals; they enter with an air of perfect simplicity, and, being seated, commence a touching and earnest address on the subject of their best and highest interests. Two or three of their books and pamphlets are not forgotten, and are placed in the hand of the hearer. They have already their own hymn-books; many of the pieces are of original composition, and do no discredit to the genius of the composer; and treatises also, explanatory of their sentiments, touching on the darkness that shrouds too much of the land, the supineness that lulls the spirits of its people, and so on. No Quaker, however, can be more unassuming or persevering than these female disciples, whom the rest of the

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natives call Quixotes, and regard with dislike; but if success is the test of a good cause, they have it, and will reap it in future years still more abundantly. The dry, cold, comfortless system of Calvin falls every day before these humble but untired and determined innovators—the Socinianism that has thrown its blasting shadow over the shores of the lake begins to give way before the sure yet noiseless march of the obscure Momiers. A few years more, and they will, most probably, be a powerful and flourishing body of people.

One day, we were called on by a respectable female, while residing a short time in one of the towns on the lake: she entered into an exposition of their sentiments; and the conversation ended by a request that we would attend one of their assemblies, to which our curiosity acceded. This was no easy matter, for the "watch and ward" resembled not a little that of the Highland worthies of old, when pursued and hunted to mountain and cave. It was a dark and chill evening, and by the aid of a lantern we threaded our way through some narrow streets, and at last arrived at the dwelling, and then at the door of the apartment, where the service was held; the latter was carefully locked: on being cautiously opened, a devoted but not numerous assembly was within; one of the pastors, a middle-aged man, presided. The classes of society present were rather strangely mingled; but the sense of such a distinction was utterly unfelt. There was a hymn and prayer; a short address by the minister; and often—the part of the service most dear perhaps to the assembly—the detailing, by those so disposed, the religious hope and enjoyment of their own minds. The excitement was not diminished by the apprehension that the police might every moment break in, armed with "the power of this world." We also visited the village of the "Curé." It was a solitude, and not a beautiful one: the noble trees and romantic scenery of so many a Swiss hamlet were wanting here. There was an income of about sixty pounds a-year, an agreeable wife, and three children. Yet the comfort and the joy must have been chiefly within, in the mind: outwardly, there was no resource to excitement. A young and pale man, with a brilliant dark eye, full of benevolence and peace—for he was a faithful pastor, whose obscure little charge might be called his world—he evidently exulted in the progress of what he described as the "pure and fervent religion of Christ." Nearly all his people might already be termed Momiers; and he did not doubt that persecution must ere long relax, and the rejected ministers be restored. In a great measure, this has been the case; policy at last induced liberation, and a partial reluctant indulgence.

The Topographer.

SKETCHES OF NORMANDY.—FONTEVRAUD—CHINON.*

Henry the Second, of England, was attached to the picturesque banks of the Loire, and passed some time in the castle of Saumur: he was resident there when Philippe Augustus, King of France, and Richard Cœur de Lion besieged the city of Tours, which at that time belonged to Henry. It was during this siege that the English monarch received certain offers of accommodation, the acceptance of which he deferred for some days. At length, whilst he was conferring with the French King, a storm suddenly arose, and darkened all the air; the thunder burst in deafening peals, and historians relate that a bolt of electric matter fell from the clouds between the two kings, who were on horseback, without injuring either; the horses took fright, and galloped off with their riders in different directions, so that with much difficulty they again met—when immediately the thunder burst a second time, and discharged another electric bolt, which fell at the feet of the affrighted Henry, who, believing this sudden tempest a mark of divine wrath, his firmness abandoned him, and he subscribed without murmuring to the humiliating terms proposed. Henry withdrew to Saumur, overwhelmed with disasters; but the poor King's solitude was soon disturbed by Philippe presenting to him a list of the conspirators against him, at the head of which was John Lackland, Henry's favourite son, to whom he had shown so many marks of parental affection.

Chinon is not far from Fontevraud. It is a small village on the right bank of the Vienne, and is sheltered between craggy hills, on the top of the loftiest of which are the remains of the once-formidable castle which for a thousand years held the surrounding country in awe. Thither the unfortunate Henry II., shocked at finding not only Richard, but his favourite son John, also, in league against him, retired broken-hearted; and, yielding himself to bitter anguish at the disobedience of his children, he fell into despairing melancholy, which brought on a fever that soon terminated his existence within the castle, A. D. 1189. Before his decease, with the bitterness of a father's wrath he cursed his unnatural sons; nor could the intercession of the bishops and priests, who attended him in his last moments, induce the dying monarch to revoke the maledictions he had bestowed on Richard and John. Henry expired surrounded by his courtiers; who, soon after his decease, stripped the body, and laid it naked upon a table, exposed to public view, till a young page of

* Continued from page 425.

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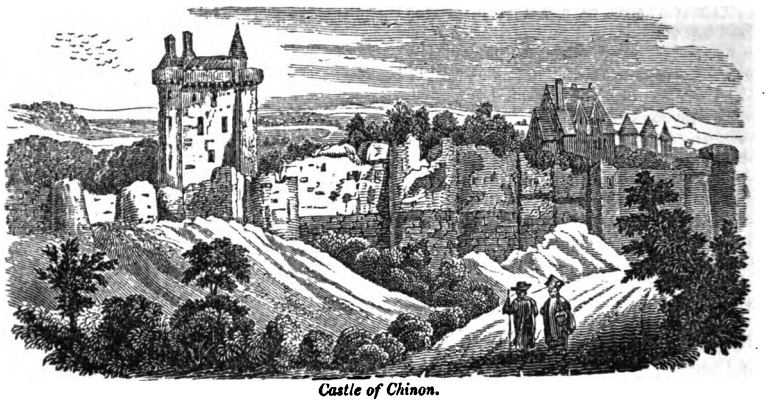

Castle of Chinon.

the late king, shocked at his master's remains becoming a public spectacle, covered the body with his own gown. Henry II. was the first English monarch buried at Fontevraud: his tomb, according to his desire, was erected in the choir of the great church, bearing a Latin epitaph of seven lines, which state the quaint truth, that, although he had conquered many kingdoms, and all the climates of the earth were insufficient for him, now only eight feet of ground serve him: the inscription then directs the reader to reflect that death levels all distinctions, and concludes with the line, that a mere tumulus now suffices him whom the world once would not satisfy.

Eleanor, queen of Henry II., who had joined Richard and John in their revolt, being imprisoned for her treachery by the King, was released on his death: she retired some years after to the convent of Fontevraud, where she died in 1204, and was buried near her husband.

Richard I., Cœur de Lion, presented to the monastery at Fontevraud a piece of the true cross, and many other relics, which he had brought from the Holy Land. He died at Chinon, of a wound he received at the siege of Chaluz in 1199, after expressing an earnest wish to be interred by the side of his father, Henry; bitterly and deeply lamenting that he had been the guilty cause of that sorrow which had brought the King to an unhappy end, by the cruel rebellion of his children. Richard was buried at Fontevraud; his bowels were deposited in the church at Poitiers, and his heart in the cathedral at Rouen.

Within Fontevraud was next deposited the heart of John, which was placed in a golden cup, near the tomb of his father, in the year 1216. Isabella of Angouleme, the queen of John was also interred here.*

The castle at Chinon was the favourite abode of Charles the Seventh. The apartments he inhabited are still in tolerable preservation, as is also the room in which he received Joan of Arc, who here addressed the king boldly in the full confidence of her inspired mission, and demanded men and arms. She was permitted to remain at Chinon, where Charles, in those times of preternatural belief, employed her as an useful instrument in giving courage and assurance to his cause. Accordingly, in the great hall of Chinon, he presented her with a suit of armour and a sword; after which, Joan, seizing her sacred banner, (so called from having a representation of the Almighty worked upon it.) mounted a beautiful white steed, and, heading a chosen body of men, sallied from the gates of Chinon to hasten to the relief of Orleans.

But we now approach a darker epoch in the annals of Chinon. Here it was that Charles VII.'s unnatural son, Louis XI., whilst yet Dauphin, dared to propose the assassination of his parent to the Comte de Chabannes, the favourite minister, who shrunk from the horrible proposal, and revealed it to his royal master. The dismal "*oubliettes*" may still be traced close behind the fire-place in the principal sitting-room; so that the haughty prince might be stretching his legs over the fire, with the utmost *nonchalance*,

* In 1816, Mr. C. Stothard visited Fontevraud to ascertain if the effigies of these personages yet existed. He found the abbey converted into a prison; and discovered in a cellar belonging to it, the effigies of Henry II. and Eleanor, Richard I. and the queen of John. The chapel wherein the figures were placed before the Revolution had been entirely destroyed; and the royal effigies were subject to continual mutilation by the prisoners, who came twice a-day to draw water from a well. Mr. Stothard made drawings of the figures; and, upon his return to England, represented to our government the propriety of saving such interesting memorials from further destruction, with the view of placing them, with the rest of our royal effigies, in Westminster Abbey. The English government failed in their application; but it has served the purpose of securing these remains from total destruction. —*Mrs. Stothard's Tour.*

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at the moment that the unfortunate wretch that had offended him might be precipitated, at his very side, into this horrid grave. The castle of Chinon, like most of the same period, has several subterranean passages, to favour escape, in case of any sudden attack. One, in the corner of the King's dormitory, ran not only to the river, but under the bed of it, to a château on the opposite side, within sight of the castle, and thence to another, it is said, at twelve miles distance.

The interior of the quadrangle of the castle at Chinon is laid out in gardens, watered by a well, 248 feet deep. Eight years ago, relates a recent tourist,* this well was the scene of a most calamitous accident: the mouth of it was, by most unpardonable negligence, left open, with only a temporary covering of straw over it; so much worse than nothing, as it hid the appearance of danger. Hanging over the aperture was an almond tree, which, luxuriant in blossoms, caught the attention of a young lady, the boast of La Touraine for her beauty, and the only child of wealthy parents, who, with their daughter and a few friends, had come, from some distance, on an excursion of pleasure, to explore the remains of the castle—her eyes fixed on the fragrant flower above her head she thought not of the cavity beneath; she sprang forward, in youthful hilarity, to catch the branch—her foot touched the straw—in an instant she disappeared and was no more! Thus, without a moment's warning of her fate, realizing, in days of peace and refinement, the barbarous death of the "*oubliettes*," in the darkest ages of cruelty.

* The Authoress of *Six Weeks on the Loire*, 1833.

Fine Arts.

RETZSCH'S OUTLINES.

Outline is drawing without shadow or colour. It is the sculptor's sketch,—the natural language in which he expresses his ideas upon paper. It addresses the eye through the medium of form alone. Its power, therefore, is the lowest of any in the arts of design, excepting only Silhouette, which has no details, and represents objects (as it were) in their profile section. Outline admits of the indication of form, substance, distance, and motion. In representing the bas-relief, and even the round figures of sculpture, its capability is almost perfect. All that can be effected by sculpture in addressing the understanding and imagination, may be accomplished by means of outline. The eye is not satisfied by the substantial relief and solidity of the sculptured marble, but it is fascinated by the elegance of contour, and the subtle inflexions of the flowing outline itself. In delineating the forms, composition, and expression of a fine painting too, its powers are wonderful, considering how much of the pictorial effect is lost by the absence of colour and chiaroscuro. A sense of the imperfect and limited power of outline, indeed, is one of the sources of the pleasure it excites. The surprise that so much should be accomplished by means apparently so simple, and the contrast between the scantiness of the labour with the abundance of the fancy displayed, greatly enhance our admiration of the artist's skill. As in the instance of the first slight sketch of the painter, our imagination fills up the imperfect outline with the colours and effects of nature, and embodies the faint indication with the animated realities of life. The trees wave in the breeze, the sun burns in the heavens, or the moon sheds her mild light; the costumes assume the splendours of colour and material; and a picture is formed by fancy in the mind's eye, which surpasses in beauty what the painter himself could realize on the canvas. All these, the artist who traces the delicate outline on the copper with the needle has a share in producing; although the means are not apparent, and scarcely the intention, except to the discriminating eye. Even these indications of pictures have an *ensemble*. The eye is at once struck with a certain effect of the relief of objects, and the gradation of distances, or keeping, as it is technically termed,—as well as by the beauty of the forms and their arrangement.

Retzsch is the first artist of the present time who has availed himself of outline to delineate complete pictures, but the practice of it is as old as the origin of drawing. It was the first, and for the time the only mode of delineation. The earliest and greatest of the old painters, Giotto and Cimabue, employed it with wonderful success. They modelled also; and hence their exact knowledge of form, and the power of their outline. Albert Durer's style, more perhaps than that of any other of the great masters, approached the character of outline in the definition of form, and the elaborate making out of details. He left behind him many works in outline. His pictures seem like finished outlines coloured and shadowed afterwards. The discovery of chiaroscuro in painting was an era in the art, from which the prominence of outline in painting dates its decline. Thereafter, the forms of objects were developed by means of light and shade; and the outline became as a mere skeleton or framework of the design, to be clothed by the more attractive beauties of colour and effect. Retzsch has taken the works of his great countryman Albert Durer, the German Raphael, for his model; while he may have derived the hint of the efficacy of pure and simple outline, and adopted the practice of it, from the beautiful designs of Flaxman in illustration of Homer, Hesiod, Dante, &c. Albert Durer

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is the source of his inspiration. Many of his figures may be traced to his master. From him he learnt to make a painter's use of the capabilities of outline. The painter has far greater and more numerous difficulties to overcome than the sculptor, who designs habitually with reference to the marble, and his outline is more complicated and charged with detail. But for Flaxman's outlines, however, we should not probably have had those of Retzsch. They are utterly dissimilar in their subjects, the mode of treatment, and style of the artist. They have only one quality in common, and that is the use of outline. Flaxman's style is essentially sculptural; Retzsch's pictorial. The compositions of the great English sculptor are severely classical, his manner occasionally pedantic in its simplicity, and his outline rigid. He seemed as if working a problem, to prove by demonstration of how few lines a draped figure might be composed: he resolved drawing into its first elements. The German artist has a fine feeling for ideal beauty in his naked figures, and a sculptural taste for the pure outline of classical forms; but his style is ornate; his outline delicate, free, flowing, and various, with subtle inflexions, and revelling in the intricacies of detail. Flaxman's designs belong to the Tuscan, Retzsch's to the composite order, if the simile may be allowed. He is not the less original, because Flaxman preceded him, but because Albert Durer supplied him with material and originated his style. Flaxman's designs might be realized in bas-relief; Retzsch's would require alto-relievo, and then would need to be translated into the phrase of sculpture. — *Foreign Quarterly Review.*

The Public Journals.

STRANGE COMPANIE.

A LITTLE child, a little child,
Upon its mother's knee,
With dimpled cheek and laughing eye,
A holy sight to see.

A thoughtless boy, a thoughtless boy,
A truant from the school,
Urging his tiny, wooden sloop
On through the glassy pool.

A musing youth, a musing youth,
With eyes fixed on a book,
Where he but sees his mistress' face
In her last farewell look.

A gay gallant, a gay gallant,
Hero of club and ball:
His father's pride, his mother's joy,
Admired and loved of all.

A traveller, a traveller,
Returned from foreign strand,
With store of wisdom, culled with care,
For use in his own land.

A happy man, a happy man,
With wife and children round;
And smiling friends, and cheerful home,
Where all pure joys abound.

A patriot, a patriot,
Intent on public good;
Who, in a court's ordeal tried,
Corruption's bait withstood.

A man of woe, a man of woe,
Bankrupt in heart and wealth—
Wife, children, hopes, all in the grave,
A bankrupt, too, in health.

A misanthrope, a misanthrope,
Disgusted with mankind;
Deserted by deceitful friends,
Whom favours could not bind.

A lunatic, a lunatic,
In melancholy mood,
Shrinking from every living thing—
Sighing in solitude.

A burial, a burial,
With none of kin to weep,
And lay the old man 'neath the sod,
To take his last long sleep.

Strange Companie, strange Companie,
Are these to meet, I ween!
Alas! they are but life's changes,
That in ONE MAN are seen!

Monthly Magazine.

SAM SLUMBER.

A Sketch. By Sylvanus Swanquill, Esq.

SAM SLUMBER was the eldest of seven sons, and one of his Majesty's most sleepy subjects. Of his brothers I know little, but Sam was my "very particular friend." All that I know is, that they were born in beds, and very great sleepers; but Sam would out-sleep them all. I believe it is common for children to come into the world with a squall; but our hero was born fast asleep. A funny thing occured at his nativity. His father, who sat in the next room, wouldn't believe the event was over; and when the nurse assured him it was, asked if it was usual for children to be still-born. As Sam grew up, his sleeping propensities increased upon him. At school, his being so often found lying about, became (if I may so say) a standing joke. He was at the bottom of his class, as you may suppose; and I have heard an old form-fellow declare, that he was never able to get ten lines by heart but once in his life; and that was on the occasion of a public examination, when he spoke the celebrated "Apostrophe to Sleep," in Henry the Fourth. Sam was never married; though I have heard him say he was once most desperately in love. The reason he gave (it might, or might not, be the true one) for not making the lady his own was, that the hours commonly allotted to courting being those in which he generally yielded himself up to the drowsy god, he couldn't keep his eyes open; and that when he ought to have been whispering soft things into his lady's ear, he couldn't get up anything better than a snore. In commerce, he cut as poor a figure as in courtship: indeed, he never attempted anything beyond a sleeping partnership, and was found too lazy even for that. He was said to be heir to a peerage, but it was a dormant peerage, and Sam Slumber was not the man to bother himself about

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"heraldic anomalies." His crest, whatever it was, was crest-fallen, and he was contented that it should remain so. And as for arms, the only arms he cared about were those of Morpheus. He was fond of literature—at least he liked to read himself to sleep. His favourite work was the Midsummer Night's Dream; after that, Washington Irving's Legend of Sleepy Hollow. The last time I saw the old fellow, he was dozing over the Bible. I peeped over his shoulder to see what chapter he'd got hold of—it was the tale of the Seven Sleepers. Sam was a decidedly pious man, and I have heard him lecture his little nephews and nieces on the impropriety of going to rest without saying their prayers: but he has confessed to me, in an under tone, that he was never able to keep awake through the *Paternoster* in his life. He attended church with the utmost regularity. There were two in the town where he lived, but he always preferred St. Martin's; for, at the other place, he said, the parson was so very loud that he made him start in his sleep. At one time, our hero took so little exercise (indeed none, apparently, beyond his sabbath walk to church) that his friends feared for his health. As if by a miracle, however, he continued to look as robust as ever, and it was at length discovered that he used to walk in his sleep. He always paid his way with the utmost exactness, though a quibbler might say he often went upon tick. He was a good man, in spite of all his foibles; and he might truly be said to be blind to his neighbour's faults—at least, he always winked at them. Sam was fond of music, and his favourite opera was *La Somnambule*. I never heard him sing but once—it was "Slumber, my darling." In painting, Sam was no mean judge. Claude and Salvator were his prime favourites. What he admired chiefly in Claude was his repose. Salvator was delightful for his "yawning caverns" and "gaping abysses." I once accompanied him to an auction to purchase a sleeping Venus. At the end of the sale, my friend found, to his great astonishment, that half the pictures in the catalogue had been knocked down to him. Sam protested he'd never bid, but the auctioneer stuck to it that he'd seen him nod. When Sam travelled (which was not often) it was always by night, that he might sleep on the road. The coach was once overturned, when three outsides broke their collar bones, and two insides had their arms put out. It was confoundedly unfortunate, he said, for he couldn't get another wink all night. If a friend got into a new house, Sam's first inquiry was—not whether there was a fine view from the windows, or a spacious garden attached, or whether it was built of stone or brick, but—"how many beds do you make up?" His whole thoughts centred in a bed: his very metaphors were drawn from it. He once offended the parson of his parish by telling him that he was "bolstered up with pride;" and he commonly described a prompt action as being done "in the twinkling of a bedpost." Nay, everything about him seemed to take a colouring from his slumbering propensities. His garden was full of beds, and his court-yard overrun with couch grass. If his friend left him a legacy, ten to one it was his best "four-post;" and if he got a prize in the lottery, it came in the shape of a pair of Witney blankets. He was once persuaded to set up a horse, but even that turned out a cribber. Sam was once afflicted with cataract, and the doctor was obliged to couch his eyes. Brandy and water was considered good for his complaint, and the worthy physician ordered him never to go to bed without a night-cap. Poor fellow! he soon "took to his bed," for good and all. The doctors were about him, and his fate was sealed. The last words he spoke were highly characteristic—"Give me my sleeping draught."

Ten years last Michaelmas day is it—how time *does* fly!—since Sam Slumber was gathered to his fathers. The last time I was in Bedfordshire, I went to visit my old friend's grave. I could hardly find it at first; but the sexton soon appeared, to point out the stone. It was overgrown with moss, and otherwise much mutilated. The only words I could make out were—"HERE SLEEPETH!"

Metropolitan.

THE PROSPECTS OF ISRAEL.

HAPLESS Israel! sad, dejected,
Grief-worn, wandering to and fro,
Long hast thou, forlorn, rejected,
Drank the bitter cup of woe;
From the land of promise driven,
From thine Eden land, and home,
With a heart all wrung and riven,
Doom'd the wide, wide world to roam.

As the dove with weary pinion,
Driven from her peaceful nest,
O'er the desert's wild dominion,
Wandering on with beating breast;
Gentile vultures swift pursuing,
Hovering o'er thy hapless flight,
All thy path with misery strewing,
As thou fleest day and night,

O'er the dark and gloomy mountains,
O'er the desert's burning sand,
Parch'd with thirst, where cooling fountains
Never lave the barren land;
Ever on and onward flying
From the tyrant's cruel grasp,
Or in bitter bondage sighing,
Slavery's fetters doom'd to clasp.

Doom'd in captive bonds to languish,
Still to drag the galling chain,
Doom'd to reap the bread of anguish
Sown in tears, and toil, and pain;
Doom'd to fierce and fiery trials
For rejection of thy God,
Smitten 'neath Heaven's wrathful vials,
And Jehovah's chastening rod.

But, oh Israel! captive daughter!
Loose thee from thy weary chain,
From thy prison-house of slaughter
Rise to light and life again:

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Burst thy cruel bonds asunder,
Rise from thy captivity,
Strike thy foes with dread and wonder,
Rise—and be thou ever free.

For the dawn of blissful ages,
Chasing sorrow's gloomy night,
Long foretold by holy sages,
Bursts upon thy longing sight:
Glory's sun has risen o'er thee—
"Rise and shine, thy light is come!"
God *himself* shall go before thee—
He shall lead the captive home.

Tinged with gold, and hues vermilion,
See the cloud that guides by day,
And the flaming bright pavilion
Which shall light thy nightly way;
For a glory and a covering,
Lo! Jehovah's shrine shall move,
Guardian angels round thee hovering,
And his banner o'er thee—*Love.*

All thy foes shall flee astounded,
Wither'd in their strength of pride;
Host on host shall fall confounded,
Strewn like leaves on Autumn's tide.
Native scenes long lost, yet cherish'd,
Fondly buried in the heart,
Where, though all around have perished,
Die not there, nor e'er depart.

While each burdened suffering creature,
From the penal yoke set free,
Shall, through all the realm of nature,
Share eternal jubilee,
And the earth in renovation,
Pouring forth her rich increase,
Shall, with all the *new* creation,
Triumph in the reign of peace.

Sharon's rosy plains and valleys,
Where the virgin lily grows;
Verdant meads and leafy alleys,
Where the peaceful flocks repose;
Judah's plains and shady mountains,
Jordan's banks and flowing tide,
Siloa's pure and sparkling fountains,
Kedron's rills that softly glide;

Zion's turrets brightly beaming,
And fair Salem's lofty towers;
Vineyards with ripe fruitage teeming,
Orange groves and olive bowers:
Wheresoe'er thine eye may wander,
Eden scenes shall still arise,
Gardens where soft streams meander
O'er thy land of paradise.

But from scenes of joy and gladness
Thou shalt turn to one of woe—
To a sight of solemn sadness,
Causing bitter tears to flow;
For thine eyes shall yet behold Him,
Whom thy fathers crucified;
And, though glory's beams enfold him,
View his hands and pierced side.

Prostrate on the earth before him,
Thou shalt weep repentant tears;
As thy God and king adore him,
And thy faith dispel thy fears;
He in love shall smile upon thee,
And his cov'nant gifts impart;
Pour his Holy Spirit on thee,
Write his laws within thine heart.

Thou shalt see his throne descending—
New Jerusalem from above;
And his *glorious saints* attending,
Rais'd to share his reign of love.
Thou, and all the race of *mortals*,
Shall to his high court repair,
And beneath its beaming portals,
Pay thy vows and homage there.

Where his saints in regal splendour,
As his bright immortal bride,
To thy tribes shall *judgment* render,
And to all the nations wide;

Where Messiah, son of David,
Aye shall reign on David's throne;
Realms, no more by sin enslaved,
Shall his righteous sceptre own.

Thee, his chosen holy nation,
He shall raise to sovereign sway;
Chief in *mortal* power and station,
Thee shall every land obey;
In the brightness of *thy* rising,
In *thy* pure millennial rest,
In *thy* life and light rejoicing,
Every nation shall be blest.

Hallow'd scenes of sacred story—
Native lands and native skies
Beaming in millennial glory,
Soon shall burst upon thine eyes;
Dewy Hermon, ever vernal,
Parent source of many a rill—
Lebanon's lofty heights eternal—
Flowery Carmel's fruitful hill.

Fraser's Magazine.

Notes of a Reader.

GARDENS AND COUNTRY-SEATS.

[These intelligent and amusing notes are from one of Mr. Loudon's most recent Tours, in the *Gardeners' Magazine*]:—

Virginia Water.—We saw the whole of this much-talked of scene for the first time; and, like most of the other garden scenes of George the Fourth, it entirely disappointed us. We walked down the grassy margin of one side of the lake, and partly up the other, so as to examine everything. To those who have never seen lakes in a country of hills and rocks, Virginia Water may be something: to us, it was tame and spiritless. Still, as far as nature is concerned, it would be unreasonable to expect any other style of beauty in the given description of country; but, when we hear it so highly spoken of as it has been in the newspapers as a garden scene, we expect to find that art has been called in to heighten what nature had indicated. For example, here is a winding lake, upwards of a mile in length, with various bays, recesses, prominences, sinuosities, and creeks, with everywhere a tame, smooth, grassy margin; the grounds on each side gently rising, and covered more or less with woods, natural or artificial. Now, what would be the additions which art would make to such a scene, in order to enhance its interest? First, the artist would arrange the turf and the wood on the margin of the water, so as to produce variety; and to admit of roads or walks, either of turf or gravel, so as to display the whole to the greatest advantage to a spectator walking or riding round the lake. Next, he would add such islands as might be necessary to throw the lake into agreeable shapes, and to vary its outline. Then he would relieve the margin of the water from the tame and spiritless effect produced by green grass joining into blue water. Afterwards, he would introduce different sorts of trees and shrubs, instead of the common sorts already existing,

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unless these were entirely indigenous, and it were intended to keep up a character of indigenous beauty: and, lastly, he would add architectural ornaments, such as a fishing-house, boat-house, covered seats, rocks, sculptures, or other objects. Instead of this, a tame drive has been formed round the lake, so conducted as to produce as little variety as can well be conceived. Nothing but a commonplace mixture of trees has been planted; no islands have been added; and no relief, by the introduction of stones or gravel, for even old roots or trunks of trees, has been afforded to the smooth grassy margin of the water. As to architectural ornaments, a gorgeous Chinese fishing-house has been built; having a highly-enriched roof with gilt ornaments, set down amidst the common woods of the country, and with nothing exotic around it. In another place, a quantity of the Elgin marbles, consisting chiefly of shafts of columns, with fragments of capitals and architraves, and some Flemish and other statues, have been set down equally without appropriate scenery; with the exception, however, of an arch, serving as a viaduct for the public road. At the dam built to raise the lake, a very good cascade has been produced; and in one or two other places there are some stones arranged in imitation of rockwork. With the cascade and rockwork we have no fault to find; and little with the Grecian fragments, which are put together with considerable taste; but all the rest we consider bad. We must not forget to mention a very handsome stone bridge, of five or six arches, which we think altogether inappropriate to lakes, and more especially to their broad parts. Bridges are best adapted to rivers, or to the narrow parts of lakes, where one, or at most two, arches will suffice for joining the opposite banks.

The Cottage of George the Fourth is taken down, with the exception of one room; and this room and the adjoining grounds are in a state of neglect.

The Garden of the Reading Gaol well deserves notice in a work, the great object of which is to improve landscape-gardening. It is, as may be supposed, small; but the governor has a taste not only for gardening, but for natural history. He has, on his lawn or grass plot, a beautiful piece of rockwork, composed of flints and fragments of mural antiquities. He has, also a variety of plants of the choicest kinds, such as Wistaria, double furze, Ribes, several species, Petunia phœnicea, and numerous pelargoniums, the whole mixed with fruit trees. There are several little green-houses, pits, and frames, well stocked with rarities. The whole was in the most exquisite order and keeping. Every advantage was taken of the high brick walls of the gaol for training vines and fruit trees. The governor had also a collection of fancy rabbits, a beautiful cockatoo, &c. The prisoners were watering the plants; and we can only account for the neatness of the whole from the abundance of hands at the command of the master. On looking through the prison we felt, as we did at Aylesbury, in 1831, the deepest regret at seeing so many persons imprisoned for mere trifles, without any reference to their reformation; which imprisonment, as the gaoler himself remarked, could only have the effect of making them worse. Great are the reforms that are wanting in this department of national police; and much remains to be imitated from the French and American practices. How this is to be effected in a country divided into what may be called castes, and where a sympathy for the lower classes in any that are above them is sure to involve obloquy, is what we cannot foresee. Providence, however, wisely orders all things for the best, and everything is advancing, however slowly. After all that has been done in America, however, in the way of prison discipline, it is now found that prevention, by early education, is the only effectual check to crime, next to that of abundant employment.

In one of the Churchyards at Reading we observed very handsome and economical tombs. A space, ten feet or twelve feet deep, is inclosed by a wall, so as to leave the interior of the size of a large coffin. This wall is carried up to the surface, where it is finished with a corniced coping, one foot high of hewn stone. On this coping is placed a cover of one block of stone, with mouldings worked on it, so as to give it the appearance of the top of a sarcophagus. This cover is put on with mortar, so as to be air-tight, and is removed when interments are to take place. In this way, a family vault of almost indefinite capacity occupies very small space: but we do not recommend it; as the idea of piling one coffin on another is offensive, and every time the cover is removed there must be danger from pestilential effluvia. There is no mode of burial, in our eyes, equal to that of single graves in an open cemetery, field, or wood.

Strathfieldsaye—His Grace the Duke of Wellington.—We entered this noble park by an avenue a mile in length of elms, of a broader leaved kind than the common English elm, and forming a tree of less altitude. The surface over which this avenue passes is undulating, which detracts somewhat from its first impression; but, as it is found to increase in length as we advance along, the sentiment of grandeur is recalled, and by prolongation is even heightened. We expected the surface of the grounds to be flat, but were agreeably surprised to find a gentle hollow running through them in the direction of the length of the park, in the bottom of which hollow is the river Loddon, widened, and otherwise

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heightened in effect. The park is as well wooded as could be desired, with trees of all ages and sizes, but chiefly with old oaks and elms. The avenue of elms terminates at a short distance from the house, where the pleasure-ground commences on the left, and a plantation continues to the kitchen-garden and stable offices to the right. The approach road is still continued in a straight line between them, till it terminates in a circular road round a piece of turf about one hundred feet in diameter, to the left of which is the entrance front of the house; to the right, and also in front of the long avenue, are straight roads forming approaches in different directions.

Mr. Cooper (the intelligent gardener) informed us that the Duke of Wellington gave him some chestnuts which he had received from America, gathered from the tree which General Washington planted with his own hands, and from which (more fortunate than we have been, though we have received chestnuts three times from the same tree, once from Mrs. Seaton of Washington, and twice from Dr. Mease of Philadelphia,) he has raised three or four plants. We should be curious to know on what principle these chestnuts were sent to the Duke of Wellington: not that the merits of the latter general are at all less than those of the former, because we believe that the actions of all men are the joint results of their organization and the circumstances in which they are placed; but that we should like to know the feelings of the sender, and whether he was a Briton or an American. As to the Duke of Wellington's private character as a husband and a master, all that we have heard at Strathfieldsaye and its neighbourhood places him, and also the late duchess, very high in our estimation. A spot was pointed out to us where it was intended to erect the new palace, the model for which, we were informed, is in one of the rooms of the present house. The present house is not worth improving for such a park, which, when the purchases made by the duke, who, like a wise man, does not spend half his income, are added to it, will extend sixteen miles in length, and include the same length of the river Loddon. Half this length of the river, and the country as far as Southampton, will be seen from the intended palace. After all, however, we have no desire to see a palace built at Strathfieldsaye; and, if the duke acts in conformity with the spirit of the age in which he lives, he will divide his estate equally between his two sons, and let them build what they think fit. Henceforth palaces will only be built for public purposes; the tendency among all private persons is no equalization; first in knowledge, and, secondly, indeed consequently, in wealth and comfort.

The charger which the duke rode at Waterloo is kept in a paddock adjoining a small flower-garden, from which the late duchess used frequently to feed him with bread from her own hands. During the battle, the duke was on this horse fifteen hours, without once dismounting, and it has never been ridden since that day. It is a small chestnut horse, slightly made, and as it was quite a colt at the time of the battle, it is wonderful how its strength was equal to the excessive fatigue it must have undergone. There is a proverb in some parts of England, that a chestnut horse is always a good one, and that it will always do more work than any horse of the same size, of any other colour, and this horse seems to furnish an illustration of its truth.

RAILWAYS.

[We quote the following from the *Companion to the Almanac* for the ensuing year:—]

London and Birmingham Railway.—After a great deal of trouble, expense, and delay, an act was obtained during the late session of parliament for carrying this proposed great public improvement into effect, and measures are already taken for executing it. Some part of the line is staked out, and everything promises a speedy completion of the work.

Going out of London the road will pass along north of the Regent's Park, and through, or near to, the towns of Pinner, Watford, Hemel-Hempstead, Berk-Hampstead, Leighton-Buzzard, Fenny-Stratford, Blisworth, Rugby, Coventry, and Stowbridge, to Birmingham. Harrow, Rickmansworth, Tring, Woburn, Stony-Stratford, Newport-Pagnel, Towcester, Northampton, Daventry, Lutterworth, Kenilworth, Coleshill, and Solihull, will be all, at and within five miles of the line of the railway, and at and within ten miles of it lie the towns of St. Alban's, Dunstable, Wendover, Aylesbury, Buckingham, Olney, Leamington, Warwick, and Nuneaton. The highest elevations the road will have to reach are Tring, Kilsby, and Berkswell summits; it will pass through ten tunnels, and cross the rivers Colne, Ouse, and Avon. The estimated cost of the work, after allowing for contingencies, is 2,500,000*l.*, including the purchase of land, and of engines, wagons, and coaches. The rate of travelling on the railway for coaches will be twenty miles per hour, and in the journey from London to Birmingham there will be a saving in time between the present mail coach and the railway carriage of nearly six and a-half hours, the former taking twelve hours to perform the distance that the latter will do in five hours thirty-eight minutes.

Besides the direct communication afforded by the proposed road to places upon and near to its line, there will be an almost equal advantage to the important towns of Dudley

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Walsall, Kidderminster, Wolverhampton, Litchfield, and Tamworth, and so on to other towns and cities beyond, and on either side, to Warrington, to which last a grand junction railway is projected to perfect the line from London by Birmingham, to Liverpool and Manchester. Messrs. G. Stephenson and son are the engineers under whose direction and superintendence the London and Birmingham Railway is placed.

London and Greenwich Railway. — A joint-stock company has been formed, and is now incorporated by Act of Parliament, for constructing a railway from London to Greenwich, for the cheap and rapid conveyance of passengers and goods in carriages and wagons, to be drawn by locomotive steam-engines. The line proposed for the railway is near that of the Deptford Lower Road; it will commence near the south end of London Bridge, and go in almost a straight line to Deptford, in passing through which town it will bend a little to the left and fall into Greenwich at or near Thornton Row. The railway will be on an arched viaduct, so that no existing communications may be either intercepted or even interrupted by it.

One of the most important immediate advantages proposed to be derived to the public from this work is the obviating the necessity of steam packets coming higher up the river than Greenwich, and so avoiding the dangerous navigation of the densely-crowded Pool. Indirectly it is proposed as the first of a continuous chain of railroad by Gravesend, Chatham, Rochester, and Canterbury, to Dover, thus facilitating to a still greater extent our means of communication with our neighbours on the Continent.

It is contemplated, too, that, from the cheapness and rapidity with which people engaged in business in town may go to and from Deptford and Greenwich by the railway, a great number of houses in those towns, now uninhabited, will find tenants in many such persons, who will in their turn have the advantage of obtaining superior houses at very low rents. The length of the rail-road will be three miles and a half, and it is computed that the carriages will go the whole distance on it in twelve minutes. Mr. G. Landmann is the engineer of the work.

ROYAL POETRY.

In the *Deutscher Musen Almanach* for 1834, which has just made its appearance, we find a new poetical production of his Bavarian Majesty. Kings so seldom appear before the world in the capacity of authors, that their efforts in this way arouse the attention of readers, who naturally expect something out of the usual course from such a quarter.—Genius, however—that divine spark which oftener illumes the cottage than the palace will in vain be looked for in the present poem of his majesty, who merely makes it the vehicle of his apprehensions, lest the excitement produced by the last French revolution should leave nothing standing in Europe. Our readers who share our curiosity will, we hope, not be displeased with the following attempt to make the royal muse speak English:—

EUROPE AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF 1830.

Freer now, and happier far than ever,
Renovated youth the nations show;
After many a year's conflicting fever,
Ruin's sweeping stream has ceased to flow.

But, alas! Pandora's lid up-starting,
Forth the secret, brewing evil flies;
Each will have—that pledge to all imparting—
His own lov'd fancy; none that suit denies.

Vertigo has now the nations taken,
Forward in the gulph impelled along;
O'er the rocks of passion rudely shaken,
Vain the ship unscath'd can voyage long.

Even the strongest—Albion's pillars—tremble;
What on earth that's stable now is left?
Reason overwhelmed would vain dissemble:
Of all stay the universe is reft.

Tongue-confusion everywhere arises,
As of old at building Babel's tower;
Holiest ties the multitude despises,
Driven impetuous by the tempest's power.

From all hearts, alas! hath God departed,
And each man erects himself his God;
On the aspects of the pious-hearted
Paleness sits; the mocker is abroad!

Like old Saturn on his children feeding,
So doth Revolution with the brood
From her teeming fruitfulness proceeding;
Thrones—both old and new—alike her food.

Now with blindness are mankind o'ertaken,
Hist'ry the same lesson still unveils;
Never upon them will day awaken,
Even their own experience on them fails.

Kind and gentle means are now a fable,
Reason's the only arbiter and guide;
Only stern resolve for help is able;
She alone our rescue can provide.

Foreign Quarterly Review

LOST ICELANDIC COLONY.

A Voyage to the East Coast of Greenland, by Captain-Lieutenant Graah, of the Danish Royal Navy, has lately appeared, in 1 vol. 4to, with 8 coloured plates and a map of Greenland. In this work, Captain Graah has given an account of the expedition performed by him in the years 1828-31, by command of the Danish government, with the view of discovering some traces of the lost Icelandic colony, supposed by many to have been located on the east coast of Greenland. This expedition was in several points of view highly important, tending as it did to the solution of a curious historical problem, and entitles both the government which projected, and the individual who performed it, to the highest praise. The results of Captain Graah's expedition may be stated in a few words. He found no trace whatever of European colonization anywhere along the east coast, though he penetrated to a higher northern latitude than that under which the vanished colony

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if ever located there at all, must have been situated. Though, however, he may thus be said to have failed in the principal object of the expedition, his narrative is not on that account the less interesting. In removing the doubts that hitherto prevailed upon this subject; in determining by personal examination, as well as sound argument, that the *East Bygd*, as it was called, (the site of the vanished colony,) lay, not on the East, but on the *West* coast of Greenland, having been named *East* only in reference to another Bygd (or inhabited district) further West; in exploring an extensive tract of coast never before visited by Europeans, reaching from Cape Farewell, the southernmost point of Greenland, as far north as latitude 65½°; and in furnishing a map of this coast, as well as a corrected one of the West Coast, Capt. G. has rendered an essential service to science. The work comprises—1st. An introduction, giving an account of the settlement of Greenland by the Icelanders, and a sketch of the History of the Colony up to the period of its supposed destruction by the *Skrellings*, or Esquimaux, as well as notices of the various attempts that have been made, from the time of King Frederic II. to the present, to reach the east coast, and rediscover the colony, or at least its site. 2nd. The personal narrative of the expedition, comprising an account of a race of natives whom he met with on the east coast, differing in many points from the West Greenlanders, with a description of their manners, religion, mode of life, &c. 3rd. Five appendices, of which the first is devoted to a dissertation on the subject of the true site of the *East Bygd*, and a critical examination of the various passages in the old Icelandic chronicles in which mention of it occurs—the others containing zoological, botanical, meteorological, and other scientific observations. A translation of this work, which may be regarded as no unworthy companion to the narratives of the various expeditions of our own distinguished navigators to the Polar seas, and particularly to that of Scoresby, has been made by an English gentleman, formerly a member of one of our universities, at present resident in Copenhagen, and, we understand, will shortly make its appearance in London.—*For. Quar. Review.*

The Gatherer.

White ants of the Brazils.—The following account of a singular annoyance, occasioned by the white ant, at Para, is given by a recent traveller:—"A feeling of unpleasant chill, which extended right across our bodies, awoke us one night. We felt about us in the dark, and discovered a cold, greasy-feeling mass, swarming onwards across the bed. It was formed by a myriad train of termites; and the linear space which they occupied, running upon and against each other at all points, was eighteen inches wide. They followed their beat in a straight line, without suffering themselves to be disturbed by the fate of those which preceded them, and had been killed by the application of hot water. There was no end to the march of these insects until break of day, by which time the slain had accumulated to a large basket-full. Fortunately, they found nothing in the apartment which could attract their voracity; some oil-paintings only had been stripped of their colours and canvas."

W. G. C.

Aquatic Postman.—The mode in which letters are carried in some countries is curious. The postman who is the medium of communication between the coasts of the Pacific Ocean and the provinces which are situated on the east of the Andes, *swims* for two days down the river Chamaya, and through a part of the Amazon, carrying his bag of letters wrapped about his head, like a turban. There is scarcely an instance of the letters ever having been lost, or even wetted.

The first Boxing Match upon Record.—According to Pennant, Sir John Perrot fought the first boxing match upon record, in one of the stews at Southwark, where he beat two of the king's yeomen of the guard; an action which brought him into public notice at that time. This Sir John Perrot was the supposed son of Henry VIII., by Mary, wife to Thomas Perrot, Esq. of Haroldstone, in the county of Pembroke. In his great stature and high spirit, he bore a strong resemblance to that monarch. He was in high favour in the following reign. In that of Queen Mary he fell into disgrace, on account of his attachment to the reformed religion. When Queen Elizabeth succeeded, he experienced the smiles of his sovereign and sister. At length he was constituted lord deputy of Ireland, where he grew very unpopular by reason of his haughty conduct, was recalled, unjustly accused, and condemned of treason. His sentence was respited; but he died of a broken heart, unable, from his lofty spirit, to brook the ill-treatment he met with, from one he thought so *near* an ally. He died in the Tower of London, in September, 1592.

P. T. W.

CAPTAIN ROSS.

Vol. XXII. of the Mirror, with a Steel-plate Portrait of Captain Ross, R. N., an outline of his Public Services, upwards of 100 Engravings, and 450 closely printed pages, price 5s. 6d., is now publishing.

Part 145, price 8d., and Part 146, price 10d., (completing Vol. XXII.) are also ready.

The Supplementary Number, containing the Portrait of Captain Ross, Memoir, Title-page, Index, &c. price 2d., will be published on January 4, 1834.

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